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...And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the Spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Boston, March 27th 1879.

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THE NEW MUSEUM IN ROME.

FIG. 1.—SARCOPHAGUS FOUND AT CAMPO VERANO AND NOW IN THE NEW MUSEUM IN ROME.

THE spot on the Capitoline Hill, once occupied by the famous temple of Jupiter, is now the site of the most interesting museum in Rome. This is a monument of the care of the city in archæological research, all of the statues, bronzes, jewels, gems, ancient glassware and objects of terra cotta having been found in the soil since 1870, that memorable epoch when the Eternal City became in fact, as it had long been in dreams and in ardent desire, the capital of Italy.

The New Museum consists of eight rooms in the Palace of the Conservators, on the right of the Piazza of the Campidoglio. The beautiful Capitoline Hill is not less the pride of the city now than it was in ancient times, when it was crowned by the splendid temples whose foundations still remain there. The ascent is made by an inclined plane with curb-stones the width of the street, commonly called in Rome a "*cordonata*." On either side of this are lovely gardens, in one of which, on the left, is kept a wolf, the typical animal of the city. Colossal statues and other relics gathered from the ruins of the ancient city are ranged at the summit, and the remaining three sides of the square Piazza are occupied by palaces designed by Michel Angelo. The colossal bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius ornaments the center of the Piazza, and the palaces on the right and left contain museums. Doubtless the so-called Capitoline Museum on the left, begun long ago by Pope Clement XII., is the more valuable collection. Its "Dying Gladiator," its green basalt "Boy Hercules," its red antique "Dancing Faun," and its "Venus," are known for their beauty all over the world. But to the Roman citizen, or the stranger domiciled in Rome, the New Museum is more attractive than either the Capitoline, the Vatican, or the Lateran collections. It has the charm of novelty, and is constantly receiving additions from excavations. "This is the work of New Italy," they say, "made within the last eight years. It is the fruit of our fatigues, of our enterprise, and is not due to any pope long time dead."

The New Museum represents many wide, new streets, laid out and planted with young trees, on the old Esquiline Hill; many vast fabrics risen, as if by enchantment, in the air, to be inhabited by a new population. It is, in fact, the exponent of the new city which has been added to Rome on the heights between Santa Maria Maggiore and San Giovanni in Laterano within the last few years. The "new quarter" grows like a wild vine from one day to another. Like a new Proteus, it constantly changes its aspect. It is a city, smiling, airy, with a wide view of the rolling Campagna and of the distant blue Alban Hills. If convenient modes of locomotion were established, few of the Romans would hesitate to ex-

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change the narrow streets of the old city, the high walls, the hidden gardens sending out fragrance from invisible flowers, for the light and air and open view of the new section. It is a bit of modern life so different from the old city that the Roman loves it as the expression in visible form of the new and liberal government. When excavations are being made for the foundations of houses, for the leveling of squares or streets, for the laying of tubes or other substructions, the evening walk of the Romans is to that locality. They watch the laborer's pickax with absorbing interest, and if fortune is propitious and yields a statue, an *anfora*, a wall, a vase, the excitement becomes intense, and the crowd of amateur archæologists is increased to great proportions.

The New Museum, therefore, is the favorite child of the Romans. They have nourished it and brought it up. It is the joy of the past and the present, and the emblem of hope for the future. The "Infant Hercules" (Figure 3), leaning upon his club, smiles upon them as they enter, and holds out to them the three golden apples of the Hesperides. The "Commodus" (Figure 5) with its exquisite finish and elaborate ornamentation, —a serpent-like and fatal beauty,—makes them appreciate the liberty of the present, and rejoice that such tyrants no longer oppress them. And the Muses, the Tritons, the vases and fountains discovered on the site of the imperial gardens and that of Mæcenas on the Esquiline, remind them that that desert will now again blossom like the rose, not alone for the rich and powerful but with delights for all.

FIG. 2.—END OF SARCOPHAGUS IN THE NEW MUSEUM IN ROME.

Some of the most interesting objects of this collection were found in the new cemetery of the city called Campo Verano. It is on the Via Tiburtina, near the ancient church of San Lorenzo, and from ruins found there it is supposed also to have been used for a cemetery in ancient times. The ground is perforated with catacombs showing that it was also used by the primitive Christians for a similar purpose. In one place where the side of a hill has been cut away, the ground presents the appearance of a broken honey-comb. The "Infant Hercules," the "Mother Earth" and a beautiful sarcophagus with bass-reliefs of a marine character are the principal objects found at Campo Verano now in the New Museum. The first and second of these were found together in a room, the ruined walls of which may still be seen there. The "Mother Earth" was seated in a small niche in the wall, and the "Hercules" was broken in fragments and surrounded by pieces of wall and stucco, suggesting that this statue also had been similarly situated. They probably formed part of the buildings of the ancient Roman cemetery, as the character of these two deities, the Mother Earth and Hercules, accorded with funeral ceremonies. Hercules, the conqueror of Cerberus, returned from the infernal regions, seemed to promise to the dead a second and happier existence, while the departed were recommended to the tender care of the Mother Earth.

The sarcophagus (Figures 2 and 3) was found near the Basilica of San Lorenzo at Campo Verano. The representation of Nereides and Tritons on the front were made in pagan times, but the words *Promote Habeas* with the cross beneath indicate that the sarcophagus was afterward used for Christian burials.

Another sarcophagus in the Museum (Figure 4), much larger than this and of superior workmanship, represents the Caledonian chase on the front, and the lid, which was not made for it, represents the pair who were buried within. This was found at Vicovaro near Tivoli and on the bank of the river Aniene, which in the lapse of centuries had gradually risen and filled the excavations where it lay. The water had washed away in great measure the gilding and colors with which it was originally ornamented.

The Via Appia has contributed to the New Museum the half of a colossal foot supposed by archæologists to have belonged to a statue of the Egyptian goddess Isis. It was found near the church of San Cesarea,

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a locality which ancient catalogues indicate as the site of a temple of Isis although this sculpture is the only index we now have of it. The sandal, which is about four inches thick, is skillfully wrought with marine animals, Tritons and little water Cupids. The hand of a master is so evident in this work that some have not hesitated to ascribe it to the same artist who sculptured the wonderful "Laocoon" of the Vatican. Many of these sculptures have the rare value of being unique examples of the subjects which they represent. These are the Madre Terra, the colossal group of Hercules taming the horses, the old peasant woman carrying home a lamb, the fountain in the form of a large horn ornamented with exquisite bass-reliefs, and others.

The collection of busts is also rare. Among them are the Commodus decorated with the attributes of Hercules; the same

FIG. 3.—COMMODUS AS THE INFANT HERCULES; IN THE NEW MUSEUM IN ROME.

emperor in his youth; Pompeia Plotina, the wife of Trajan; Faustina, senior; Manlia Scantilla and Didia Clara,—the wife and daughter of the unfortunate emperor who preceded Septimus Severus—and the lovely head of Antonia, daughter of Octavia and Mark Anthony. Of all the portraits of ancient Roman women that have descended to us this is almost the only one which responds to the modern idea of refined, cultivated and intelligent womanhood. It is rather larger

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than life and bears the number fifty in the central octagonal hall of the Museum. It is the image of a pure, valorous and gentle soul full of life and sweet majesty. Such, in fact, is the character which history records of this noble woman. The diadem which encircles her head is an almost certain index of imperial rank, but the bust is recognized as that of Antonia from its resemblance to two gold coins bearing her portrait and name which exist in the numismatic collection of this museum. Plutarch speaks with admiration of the conjugal love of Antonia, and other historians praise her courage and generosity. This bust is as remarkable for its rare workmanship as for the beauty of the features, and it is admired by the best sculptors of Rome.

There is also a head of an Amazon, evidently broken off from some statue, which among the multitude of larger objects may easily be unnoticed. But it is so beautiful that once seen it is not likely to be forgotten. It was found in the garden of Mæcenas on the Esquiline, and, like all the other sculptures found there, is of superior workmanship. The value of a statue is known, says Winckelmann in his "History of Ancient Art," by the care with which the hair is wrought. Nothing can exceed the exquisite finish of this head. The features are elegantly chiseled and express the pain and terror which a womanly nature would instinctively feel at taking part in scenes of war and bloodshed.

The bust of Pompeia Plotina, the wife of Trajan, is a noble and womanly head. It is extremely valuable, not only for the rarity of the subject but for its perfect condition and good workmanship. The hair, which is dressed high on the forehead, impairs the natural beauty and dignity of the countenance, but this style, introduced by Julia, the daughter of Titus, was modified by Pompeia and abolished by the succeeding Empress Sabina, the wife of Hadrian. The contrast between the simple and graceful Greek knot in which the hair of Antonia is tied and this artificial combination of braids and puffs is remarkable. The hair of the Amazon is brought up around and over the head with inimitable grace. The head of Commodus in his youth is beardless, with the hair finely cut, while the marble is beautifully white and polished.

The most curious sculpture in the museum is the bust of the Emperor Commodus (Figure 5) found in the imperial gardens on the Esquiline in the year 1874. It was found together with several other rare sculptures: the Venus called *Lamiana*; the Muses—Terpsichore and Polymnia; the two half-figures of Tritons and the half-figure of Bacchus. This part of the Esquiline has long been a deserted and uninhabited plain, subject to the researches of all who cared to excavate there. This explains the comparative paucity of results from the extensive excavations which have been made there for the construction of houses and leveling of streets and squares. The ground had been dug over more than once except in two spots, one of which yielded these beautiful statues. Wherever in the course of the excava-

FIG. 4.—SARCOPHAGUS FOUND NEAR TIVOLI AND NOW IN THE NEW MUSEUM IN ROME.

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tions walls were found which indicated a large edifice the hope of finding a rich harvest of these subterranean fruits was destroyed by the presence of lime furnaces in which the broken fragments of the statues were thrown and burned. One of these was discovered in the Aldobrandini Gardens, in which are the ruins of a large building. The stone furnace was filled with pieces of sculpture which immediately upon being exposed to the air dissolved into powder. When, therefore, these seven rare statues were found together the joy of the archæologists of the city commission was unbounded.

The bust of Commodus is of Pentelic marble 1.18 meters high. Its form is exceedingly rare if not absolutely unique. This extravagant and cruel emperor, who was assassinated at the age of thirty-one by three of his intimate associates in the palace, is represented with the emblems of the Roman Hercules. The sculpture shows about one-half of his person, including the arms and hands. This style began to be used in the time of Septimius Severus, and was continued until the period of the Antonines. Examples of it, however, are extremely rare, only two others of this character being known in Rome. The unworthy son of Marcus Aurelius was the only one of the Roman emperors who dared publicly to assume the emblems of divinity, and to represent himself as a living god. This usurpation of divine honors disturbed the minds of the people, and was the occasion of many poetical satires, one of which, written by Lampredio, has descended to us. The Senate, however, basely acceded to his wishes, and greeted him as Hercules, the god of strength of body and force of mind. The head, shoulders, and hands of Commodus, as well as the pedestal upon which the portrait rests, are ornamented with the various emblems of the wonderful mythological tasks of Hercules. The skin of the Nemean lion which Hercules killed is thrown over the head, while its paws are drawn around in front and tied together on the neck. The right hand holds the club by means of which he performed his deeds of valor. The left holds out the three golden apples consecrated to Venus, which were guarded by nymphs called Hesperides, aided by a terrible dragon. Hercules killed the dragon and brought the apples to Euristeus, who had prescribed twelve tasks for him as an expiation for having killed his own children. The serpent which he killed when a child is coiled around the same hand; so also is the girdle of Hyppolite, the queen of the Amazons, the capture of which was another of the twelve tasks. The pedestal of the bust, generally an indifferent part of the sculpture, is of so rare invention that it merits particular attention. The part nearest to the bust is a shield or light buckler of the Amazons, in the shape of a half-moon, referring to the name he had assumed of Amazonio, or Conqueror of the Amazons. He was hailed by this title in the games of the Circus, and also by the Senate, which basely consented to all of his demands during his life, although immediately after his death it mocked and derided him, and caused all of his numerous busts and statues to be broken or concealed. Dione, a contemporaneous writer, relates that when Commodus, having proclaimed his intention to shoot with an arrow whomsoever he should select in the theater, in imitation of Hercules, these noble fathers applauded him, exclaiming, "Thou art the chief! Most happy! Conqueror! Conqueror! *Unus ab omni memoria!* Conqueror of the Amazons!" This shield of the Amazons, as well as the two kneeling figures of that race of female warriors (one of which was broken off), may refer also to his having changed the names of the twelve months of the year, calling the first Amazonio. The shield is between two cornucopias—the cornucopia being the emblem of the peace and abundance which the new Hercules had brought to the Roman earth. The globe clasped by the lower parts of the cornucopias is the emblem of eternity, and it is encircled by a band, upon which are inscribed three signs of the zodiac. These, however, are inverted from their original order to adapt them to circumstances of the birth and life of Commodus. Every accessory, therefore, of this curious bust has a studied allegorical meaning, and is valuable on this account, as well as for the beauty of its workmanship and its almost perfect preservation. This latter quality is due to its having been but a short time exposed to the action of the elements previous to the death of Commodus.

History records that the insane desire to represent Hercules was conceived by Commodus only two years previous to his assassination, and as this bust was immediately upon that event removed and concealed or buried, it thus preserved its exquisite polish. History and the coins of the period had recorded this str[illegible]aspiration of the infam[illegible]emperor, b[illegible]as no illustration

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FIG. 5.—COMMODUS AS HERCULES.

of it in sculpture previous to the discovery of this bust. The spot where this, together with six other valuable sculptures, was found now corresponds to the southern part of Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, in the new quarter on the Esquiline. It was formerly the site of the Imperial Gardens, the splendors of which are described by Nibby, in his guide-book of ancient Rome. At various times objects of the rarest art have been found here. Among these are the statues of Niobe and her family and the struggling athletes in the Uffizii Gallery at Florence; the "Discobulus" of Merone, now in the Pallazo Massimo at Rome, and the famous fresco called "Nozze Aldobrandine" in the Vatican. The "Commodus," the "Venus," the two Muses, the two half Tritons, and a

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half-figure of Bacchus were found together in the ruins of two subterranean rectangular rooms, and had evidently fallen there upon the giving way of the floor above them, which corresponded with the ancient level of the soil.

The cellars where the statues were found broken into fragments communicated with a vast and magnificent subterranean corridor, or *cripto portico*, two hundred feet long, having one end curved and a line of columns in the center. These columns were of yellow breccia and their fragments were scattered here and there on the floor while the bases still retained their original positions. The bases were formed of stucco, but were probably originally covered with gilt to render them worthy of the columns. The mosaic pavement was formed of all the varieties of rare colored alabasters.

The "Venus" is sculptured in Greek marble of fine grain and is slightly inferior to the ordinary stature of a woman. It was broken into many fragments but they have been found and re-united. The arms except the left hand are lost, however, and the statue remains imperfect. But enough remains to show that it is a Venus just issued from the bath who is tying her hair with a ribbon. She has already passed it twice around her beautiful head and the unfastened end still remains in her hand. This is judged to be a copy made by some Roman artist of one of the ten famous statues of Venus made by ancient Greek sculptors and said by Pliny to have adorned the temples and public squares of Rome. The eye accustomed to the softer attractions attributed first to Venus by Praxiteles—this ideal being modified by his imitators until it became the image of mere sensuality—does not immediately recognize a Venus in this chaste and dignified figure. The primitive idea of this goddess was never separated from thoughts of majesty and decorum. It was the noble embodiment of the ancient Greek idea of love. This statue, although only a copy and imperfect in its workmanship, faithfully represents this noble conception of the goddess as a beautiful figure full of grace and feminine elegance and dignity. The serious expression of the face is almost pathetic, while the arrangement of the hair is very simple. This combination of qualities induces the learned to believe that the statue is a reproduction of a Venus made by the ancient Greek sculptor Scopas. This artist was anterior to Praxiteles, and, while he was the first to repres[illegible]e goddess of love without drapery, he yet preserved the elevated, tender and pathetic expression which distinguished her at first. The statue of which this is supposed to be a copy is said by Pliny to have been so beautiful that its presence alone was sufficient to embellish the humblest spot. It stood in the temple of Mars near the Flaminian Circus.

The two statues of Muses found in the same spot as the "Commodus" and the "Venus" are supposed, like the latter, to be copies of works by some celebrated sculptors. The originals were probably in one of the temples or porticoes of Rome, several of which are mentioned by the classics as containing the series of the Muses. The simplicity and elegance of their attitudes, as well as a certain severity of expression, indicate that they are of an ancient school of art, and they are known to be copies from the fact that the execution of the statue is greatly inferior to the invention. Portions of the drapery are not well finished, the hair is not accurately sculptured and the back of the statue is incomplete. Notwithstanding, they are fine works of art and are especially interesting as being all that remains of ancient originals. They represent Terpsichore, the inspirer of sacred song, and Polymnia, the Muse of memory and therefore of silence and meditation. She expressed her thoughts by pantomime, and in this statue is represented in the act of gesticulating. The former is supposed to have held a lyre before her although both the lyre and her arms are wanting to the statue.

The "Tritons" are half statues in Greek marble. They are not broken, however, the remaining part, representing a fish, having probably been sculptured in a different material. These marine deities, half man, half fish, guided the sea-horses attached to the car of Neptune. Their hair, heavy with water, falls on their shoulders in thick masses while the face and body are covered with scales. They probably formed part of some magnificent fountain which ornamented the Imperial Gardens,—the ancient Romans having an abundance of water conducted into the city by the aqueducts. The fountains in gardens and public squares were of an infinite variety of design and this museum gives examples of various singular and beautiful ideas. There is a fisherman sleeping beside a flowing stream of water; a Silenus, the god of drunkenness, stooping on on[illegible] with a heavy recipient upon

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FIG. 6.—RHYTON IN THE NEW MUSEUM AT ROME.

his shoulder; but instead of wine (the evil effects of which are seen in his countenance), a stream of water issues from its aperture.

One of the most beautiful sculptures in the New Museum is a fountain in the form of a horn or drinking vase, called by the Greeks a "Rhyton" (Figure 6). It was found in the year 1874, on the site of the gardens of Mæcenas on the Esquiline, a spot which has yielded many other rare specimens of ancient art. It is sculptured in fine Greek marble, and is 1.17 meters long. The name of the author, Pontius, an Athenian, is written upon the front, but even without this index the lightness and elegance of the form, and the ability shown in the bass-reliefs would have proved its Greek origin. The base is a rhomboid from which rise four large leaves of the water-lily. The Rhyton is divided into three parts: the winged Chimera upon which the horn rests, the middle part, ornamented with hollowed lines, and the upper part, upon which are sculptured with great skill two figures of women dancing. The edge is carved and ornamented, and the interior is hollow. The beauty of such a fountain, with rare flowers growing out of the brim, with a stream of water issuing from below the fantastic animal at its base, and with the four leaves of the aquatic plant apparently growing out of the basin of water in which it was placed, can be well imagined. Such ornaments of a garden were often placed in pairs, and the jets of water were so arranged as to cross each other; but although the ground where this was discovered has been carefully searched, no companion to it has as yet been found.

The connection between the horn of an animal and a fountain arose from the use among the ancients of the horn as a drinking vessel. The cavity held wine or water which they drank from the edge. But to render it more convenient, as well as to gratify their sense of beauty, they ornamented the point with the body of some animal,—a horse, a lion, a dragon,—varying the form or uniting the attributes according to fancy. Thus it will be seen in this Rhyton that the lion's head is ornamented with goats' horns and a horse's mane, while the Chimera has wings and the feet of a bull. When the horn was thus altered into a recipient of liquids which could stand upon a table, it was natural to pierce an aperture in the point in order to draw off the wine or water at pleasure, and from this the transition to a fountain was easy.

The strange and varied history of that part of the Esquiline upon which this vase

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FIG. 7.—STATUE OF URANIA, FOUND IN THE GARDEN OF MÆCENAS; NOW IN THE NEW MUSEUM AT ROME.

was found rivals the romance of any work of imagination. In the early days of republican Rome it was used as a vast cemetery for the artisans and the poor, and in the layers of these archæological deposits are found large burial pits called *puticoli*, and also *colombari*, where the ashes of the dead after cremation were deposited. Hor-

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ace describes this cemetery as one thousand feet long and three hundred wide, but this did not include all the ground used for that purpose. So many persons were buried there that the spot finally became unhealthy and infectious, the resort of robbers and infamous persons, as well as the place for public executions. Mæcenas, the friend of Augustus, obtained permission to convert a part of it into a garden, and the remainder was afterward used by the emperors for the same purpose. The level plain of the Esquiline was thus transformed from a deserted and dangerous locality into the delightful retreat of the rich, the powerful, and the learned. The soil, which has been removed in the works necessary to level the streets there, reveals not only the artistic relics of the gardens, but a stratum of soil beneath which they buried the people's cemetery previous to making the gardens,—the cemetery, with its *puticoli* and *colombari*,—and more wonderful than all, beneath the Roman cemetery another of still more ancient date, the character of which is entirely Etruscan.

The construction of the walls of these tombs and the vases and other articles found in them, leave no doubt that they are the tombs of the early Etruscan inhabitants of Rome. They are imbedded in the virgin soil, and thus, after twenty-five hundred years return to the light—a curious reminder to the modern inhabitants of Rome of the antiquity of the city. Two generations of pagan Romans have thus demonstrated to modern Christians their respect for the last resting-places of the dead. One cemetery is built over another, and over that is laid with pious care, a stratum of earth which preserves from desecration the graves even of the poor and the working classes. The only disturbance to which they have been subjected is the incidental one of beams or supports of the buildings above, which have pierced the soil in various points. But where the Etruscan laid his loved ones with care in their stony sepulcher, or where the Roman placed the urn or the vase in the dove-cote *colombario*, there they have rested in peace through all the changes of the eternal city. They have returned to the light even now as if by chance, for it was with no plan of archæological research that the city made excavations in this locality, and these discoveries were made in the course of the labors necessary for the laying out of new streets and digging the cellars of houses. Many of these statues formed part of a wall made in the sixth century.

These beautiful relics of antiquity had been broken into fragments and used by the barbarians of that period for what they considered a useful purpose. A colossal Hercules with two horses forming a group was found broken into two hundred fragments, which with infinite patience were put together by an artist. An exquisite colossal vase was in seventy pieces, and all of the sculptures were found more or less broken. The head of a statue would frequently be found at a long distance from the other parts, as in the case of the beautiful statue of Urania, the Muse of Astronomy (Figure 7), found in the garden of Mæcenas in 1874. It was broken into twenty pieces, which had formed part of a wall, and which, until recently, have been lying in the magazine under the tower of the Campidoglio, as the abundance of fragments awaiting the labors of the sculptor to restore them to their original condition is so great, that some time elapses from the discovery of a statue and its appearance in pristine beauty in the Museum. As each statue is restored it is removed from the magazine to the Museum, and the visitor is thus constantly surprised by the addition of some beautiful work of art to the treasures collected there. Ancient mythology classed the Muses with the Nymphs and Naiads of the woods, and their altars and statues were often placed in gardens or forests and near running streams. The Nymphs, however, were represented half draped, while the Muses were entirely covered. The rarity of this statue consists in the fact that while the books at her feet, the sandals, the mode of dressing the hair, and the ideal expression of the countenance leave no doubt that it is a Muse, the statue is covered only with a *pallio* or rectangular shawl, which leaves the arm and shoulder bare. The ample mantle, clinging lightly to the form, displays the grace and elegance of the beautiful members. It was worn by the Greek poets, philosophers and orators, and is not unadapted to the Muse, especially when situated as this was in a garden, and partaking of the character of the Nymph.

This statue is supposed to have been one of a series of the Muses, all probably wearing the *pallio*, which ornamented the entrance or vicinity of the Odeum, a small theater built in this garden by Mæcenas. This beautiful relic of ancient architecture is the most remarkable ruin which the recent excavations have brought to light. The finding of such ruins and halls underground in Rome is as marvelous as the dis-

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coveries made at Pompeii and Herculaneum. The final ruin of those cities was the work of one tremendous day, while the burial of these treasures was the slow result of time; yet not less entirely were these hidden from the eye, and not less strange is their uncovering.

The Odeum was smaller than a theater and was used for music or for recitations of poetry. It was roofed with glass to retain the sound, and the walls were ornamented by frescoes. The floors and the steps arranged for seats were of marble. The Odeum of Athens held eight thousand persons. Domitian built one and Trajan two in Rome, and examples of them may be seen at Tivoli and Pompeii. This one held over three hundred persons and was found on the site of the garden of Mæcenas. The ruin may now be seen on the Via Merulana near the church of Santa Maria Maggiore.

The well-known love of literature and the arts which has transmitted the name of the friend and vice-regent of Cæsar to our day readily explains the presence of such a building on his possessions. He became very rich through the generosity of the emperor, and his house was the rendezvous of all the artists and learned men of Rome. Whoever contributed to the pleasure of the company was welcome at his table, and Augustus called it a "*parasitica mensa*." The poet Horace, to whom he presented a farm in Sabina, says that Mæcenas bought ground on the Esquiline which had been used as a cemetery for the people. There he made a garden and built a house which was conspicuous for its high tower. He rarely went to the city, but passed his time here in the company of poets and artists. He loved all kinds of luxury, the theater and pantomine, and, according to Tacitus, was the first to introduce scenic representations in Rome. This rectangular building, buried beneath the soil for centuries, is then the spot where this patron of the arts and his friends Horace, Virgil and other famous men spent part of their time in literary pleasure. It was originally built half underground with a glass roof, the walls being depicted with imitations of the trees and flowers without. These literary epicures retired in the heat of the day to this cool and beautiful retreat

FIG. 8.—TERRA COTTA BASS-RELIEF REPRESENTING THE PARTING OF THESEUS AND ARIADNE, IN THE NEW MUSEUM AT ROME.

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where the intellect was delighted by poetry and music. The hall is 10.60 meters wide, 24.40 long and 7.40 high, but the height to the apex of the glass vault over head would have been thirteen meters. One end of the hall is semicircular and the curved wall is indented with five rectangular niches intended to represent windows. Each side of the building has also six of these false windows and they are all ornamented with frescoed plants and flowers. The walls are painted with a red ground upon which small figures in black are frescoed in lines around the base. Among the ruins of the edifice were found two busts of elderly men, but as they bear no resemblance to any others in marble or on coins or medals, it is impossible to know whose portraits they may be. Future studies by the members of the Archæological Commission of the city may decide that these are portraits of men whose names are familiar to the world.

The collection of articles of glass and terra cotta fills a large room of the New Museum. The most remarkable of these objects is a bass-relief in terra cotta representing the parting of Theseus and Ariadne upon the sea-shore (Figure 8). It is a beautiful composition. The expressive attitudes of the figures are full of sentiment and clearly depict the grief of parting. This subject is very rare, and the bass-relief is therefore highly prized, although it is broken and a part is wanting. The original was probably due to some noble master of the Attic school, as the grace and sublimity of style could not have been the work of an ordinary artist.

FIG. 9.—BRONZE THENSA OR ROMAN SACRED CAR PRESENTED TO THE NEW MUSEUM OF ROME BY AUGUSTO CASTELLANI.

Augusto Castellani, the distinguished archæologist and student of ancient jewelry, presented the New Museum with a Thensa or sacred car (Figure 9) which, with extraordinary skill, he had combined in its original form. An antiquarian brought him one day a quantity of broken and rusty pieces of bronze, which he bought. The

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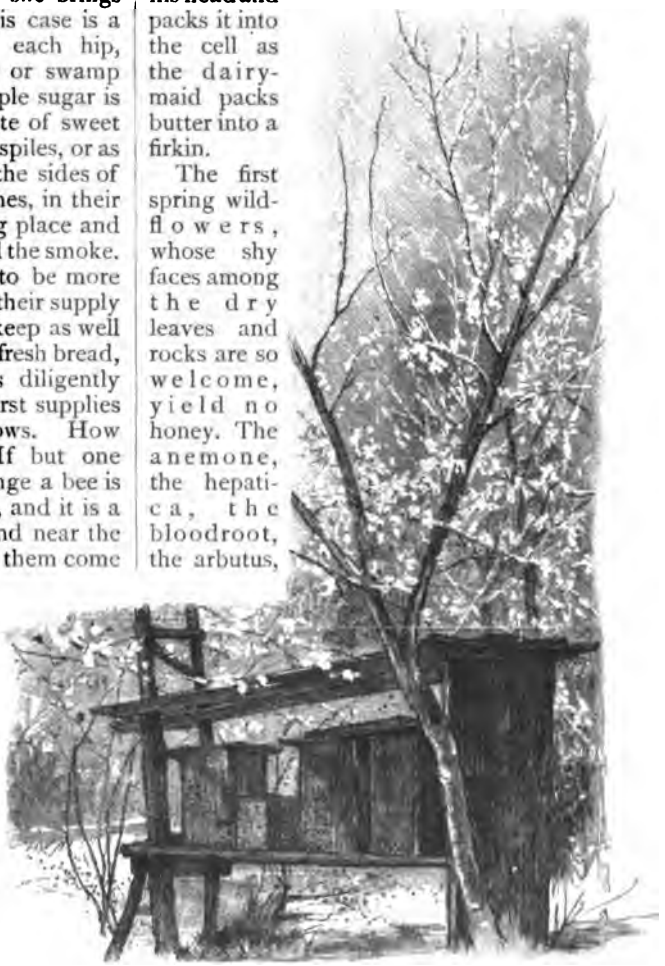
bronze was raised in small figures, forming pictures which evidently indicated some mythological story, and after months of study he discovered that on the metal strips originally nailed around the car was depicted the history of Achilles and a Bacchic procession. While polishing the figures of the Bacchic procession, he found a car with four wheels drawn by two tigers, in which Ariadne was seated. Imitating the shape of this car, he succeeded in adapting all the fragments of bronze to it and finally reproduced the *thensa* or car which was used by the Romans to carry the images and sacred vessels of the gods to the races. The narrow form and heavy style of this car, as well as the sacred scenes depicted upon it and the value of the metal with which it was covered,—the bronze having probably been gilt,—are proofs of the success of this reproduction. This is one of the most interesting objects in the Museum, which is also indebted to Augusto Castellani (not Alessandro) for an entire collection of bronzes, Etruscan vases, and articles of terra cotta.

THE PASTORAL BEES.

THE honey-bee goes forth from the hive in spring like the dove from Noah's ark, and it is not till after many days that she brings back the olive leaf, which in this case is a pellet of golden pollen upon each hip, usually obtained from the alder or swamp willow. In a country where maple sugar is made the bees get their first taste of sweet from the sap as it flows from the spiles, or as it dries and is condensed upon the sides of the buckets. They will sometimes, in their eagerness, come about the boiling place and be overwhelmed by the steam and the smoke. But in the spring bees appear to be more eager for bread than for honey; their supply of this article, perhaps, does not keep as well as their stores of the latter; hence fresh bread, in the shape of new pollen, is diligently sought for. My bees get their first supplies from the catkins of the willows. How quickly they find them out! If but one catkin opens anywhere within range a bee is on hand that very hour to rifle it, and it is a most pleasing experience to stand near the hive some mild April day and see them come pouring in with their little baskets packed with this first fruitage of the spring. They will have new bread now; they have been to mill in good earnest; see their dusty coats, and the golden grist they bring home with them.

When a bee brings pollen into the hive he advances to the cell in which it is to be deposited and kicks it off as one might his overalls or rubber boots, making one foot help the other; then he walks off without ever looking behind him; another bee, one of the in-door hands, comes along and rams it down with his head and packs it into the cell as the dairy-maid packs butter into a firkin.

The first spring wild-flowers, whose shy faces among the dry leaves and rocks are so welcome, yield no honey. The anemone, the hepatica, the bloodroot, the arbutus,



BEES AND

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TELLING THE BEES.

the numerous violets, the spring beauty, the corydalis, etc., woo all lovers of nature, but do not woo the honey-loving bee. It requires more sun and warmth to develop the saccharine element, and the beauty of these pale striplings of the woods and groves is their sole and sufficient excuse for being. The arbutus, lying low and keeping green all winter, attains to perfume, but not to honey.

The first honey is perhaps obtained from the flowers of the red maple and the golden willow. The latter sends forth a wild, delicious perfume. The sugar maple blooms a little later, and from its silken tassels a rich nectar is gathered. My bees will not label these different varieties for me as I really wish they would. Honey from the maple, a tree so clean and wholesome, and full of such virtues every way, would be something to put one's tongue to; or that from the blossoms of the apple, the peach, the cherry, the quince, the currant,—one would like a card of each of these varieties to note their peculiar qualities. The apple-blossom is very important to the bees. A single swarm has been known to gain twenty pounds in weight during its continuance. Bees love the ripened fruit, too, and in August and September will suck themselves tipsy upon varieties like the sops-of-wine.

The interval between the blooming of the fruit-trees and that of the clover and raspberry is bridged over in many localities by the honey locust. What a delightful summer murmur these trees send forth at this season! I know nothing about the quality of the honey, but it ought to keep well. But when the red raspberry blooms, the fountains of plenty are unsealed indeed; what a commotion about the hives then, especially in localities where it is extensively cultivated, as in places along the Hudson! The delicate white clover, which begins to bloom about the same time, is neglected; even honey itself is passed by for this modest, colorless, all but odorless, flower. A field of these berries in June sends forth a continuous murmur like that of an enormous hive. The honey is not so white as that obtained from clover, but it is more easily gathered; it is in shallow cups while that of the clover is in deep tubes. The bees are up and at it before sunrise, and it takes a brisk shower to drive them in. But the clover blooms later and blooms everywhere, and is the staple source of supply of the

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finest quality of honey. The red clover yields up its stores only to the longer proboscis of the bumble-bee, among our native bees, else the bee pasturage of our agricultural districts would be unequaled. I do not know from what the famous honey of Chamouni in the Alps is made, but it can hardly surpass our best products. The snow-white honey of Anatolia in Asiatic Turkey, which is regularly sent to Constantinople for the use of the grand seignior and the ladies of his seraglio, is obtained from the cotton-plant, which makes me think that the white clover does not flourish there. The white clover is indigenous with us: its seeds seem latent in the ground, and the application of certain stimulants to the soil, like wood ashes, causes them to germinate and spring up.

The rose, with all its beauty and perfume, yields no honey to the bee, unless the wild species be sought by the bumble-bee.

Among the humbler plants let me not forget the dandelion that so early dots the sunny slopes, and upon which the bee languidly grazes, wallowing to his knees in the golden but not over-succulent pasturage. From the blooming rye and wheat the bee gathers pollen, also from the obscure blossoms of Indian corn. Among the weeds, catnip is the great favorite. It lasts nearly the whole season and yields richly. It could no doubt be profitably cultivated in some localities, and catnip honey would be a novelty in the market. It would probably partake of the aromatic properties of the plant from which it was derived.

Among your stores of honey gathered before midsummer you may chance upon a card, or mayhap only a square inch or two of comb, in which the liquid is as transparent as water, of a delicious quality, with a slight flavor of mint. This is the product of the linden, or bass-wood, of all the trees in our forest the one most beloved by the bees. Melissa, the goddess of honey, has placed her seal upon this tree. The wild swarms in the woods frequently reap a choice harvest from it. I have seen a mountain-side thickly studded with it, its straight, tall, smooth, light-gray shaft carrying its deep-green crown far aloft, like the tulip or maple.

In some of the north-western states there are large forests of it, and the amount of honey reported stored by strong swarms in this section, during the time the tree is in bloom, is quite incredible. As a shade and ornamental tree the linden is fully equal to the maple, and if it was as extensively planted and cared for, our supplies of virgin honey would be greatly increased. The famous honey of Lithuania in Russia is the product of the linden.

It is a homely old stanza current among bee-folk that

> "A swarm of bees in May
> Is worth a load of hay;
> A swarm of bees in June
> Is worth a silver spoon;
> But a swarm in July
> Is not worth a fly."

A swarm in May is indeed a treasure; it is, like an April baby, sure to thrive, and will very likely itself send out a swarm a month or two later; but a swarm in July is not to be despised; it will store no clover or linden honey for the "grand seignior and the ladies of his seraglio," but plenty of the rank and wholesome poor man's nectar, the sun-tanned product of the plebeian buckwheat. Buckwheat honey is the black sheep in this white flock, but there is spirit and character in it. It lays hold of the taste in no equivocal manner, especially when at a winter breakfast it meets its fellow, the russet buckwheat cake. Bread with honey to cover it from the same stalk is double good fortune. It is not black, either, but nut-brown, and belongs to the same class of goods as Herrick's

> "Nut-brown mirth and russet wit."

How the bees love it, and they bring the delicious odor of the blooming plant to the hive with them, so that in the moist warm twilight the apiary is redolent with the perfume of buckwheat.

Yet evidently it is not the perfume of any flower that attracts the bees; they pay no attention to the sweet-scented lilac, or to heliotrope, but work upon sumach, silkweed, and the hateful snapdragon. In September, they are hard pressed, and do well if they pick up enough sweet to pay the running expenses of their establishment. The purple asters and the golden-rod are about all that remain to them.

Bees will go three or four miles in quest of honey, but it is a great advantage to move the hive near the good pasturage, as has been the custom from the earliest times in the Old World. Some enterprising person, taking a hint perhaps from the ancient Egyptians, who had floating apiaries on the Nile, has tried the experiment of floating several hundred colonies north on the Mississippi, starting from New Orleans and following the opening season up, thus realizing a sort of perpetual May or June, the chief attraction

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being the blossoms of the river willow, which yield honey of rare excellence. Some of the bees were no doubt left behind, but the amount of virgin honey secured must have been very great. In September the colony hold of hands, or hook themselves together in long lines that hang in festoons from the top of the hive, and wait for the miracle to transpire. After about twenty-four hours their patience is rewarded, the honey is turned into

HIVING THE BEES.

should have begun the return trip, following the retreating summer south.

It is the making of the wax that costs with the bee. As with the poet, the form, the receptacle, gives him more trouble than the sweet that fills it, though, to be sure, there is always more or less empty comb in both cases. The honey he can have for the gathering, but the wax he must make himself—must evolve from his own inner consciousness. When wax is to be made the wax-makers fill themselves with honey and retire into their chamber for private meditation: it is like some solemn religious rite; they take wax, minute scales of which are secreted from between the rings of the abdomen of each bee; this is taken off and from it the comb is built up. It is calculated that about twenty-five pounds of honey are used in elaborating one pound of comb, to say nothing of the time that is lost. Hence the importance, in an economical point of view, of a recent device by which the honey is extracted and the comb returned intact to the bees. But honey without the comb is the perfume without the rose,—it is merely sweet, and soon degenerates into candy. Half the delectableness is in breaking down these frail and

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exquisite walls yourself, and tasting the nectar before it has lost its freshness by contact with the air. Then the comb is a sort of shield or foil that prevents the tongue from being overwhelmed by the first shock of the sweet.

The drones have the least enviable time of it. Their foothold in the hive is very precarious. They look like the giants, the lords of the swarm, but they are really the tools. Their loud, threatening hum has no sting to back it up, and their size and noise make them only the more conspicuous marks for the birds. They are all candidates for the favors of the queen, a fatal felicity that is vouchsafed to but one. Fatal, I say, for it is a singular fact in the history of bees, that the fecundation of the queen costs the male his life. Yet day after day the drones go forth, threading the mazes of the air in hopes of meeting her whom to meet is death. The queen only leaves the hive once, except when she leads away the swarm, and as she makes no appointment with the male, but wanders here and there, drones enough are provided to meet all the contingencies of the case. One advantage, at least, results from this system of things; there is no incontinence among the males in this republic!

Toward the close of the season, say in July or August, the fiat goes forth that the drones must die; there is no further use for them. Then the poor creatures, how they are huddled and hustled about, trying to hide in corners and by-ways! There is no loud, defiant humming now, but abject fear seizes them. They cower like hunted criminals. I have seen a dozen or more of them wedge themselves into a small space between the glass and the comb, where the bees could not get hold of them, or where they seemed to be overlooked in the general slaughter. They will also crawl outside and hide under the edges of the hive. But sooner or later they are all killed or kicked out. The drone makes no resistance, except to pull back and try to get away; but (putting yourself in his place) with one bee a-hold of your collar or the hair of your head, and another a-hold of each arm or leg, and still another feeling for your waist-bands with his sting, the odds are greatly against you.

It is a singular fact, also, that the queen is made, not born. If the entire population of Spain or Great Britain were the offspring of one mother, it might be found necessary to hit upon some device by which a royal baby could be manufactured out of an ordinary one, or else give up the fashion of royalty. All the bees in the hive have a common parentage, and the queen and the worker are the same in the egg and in the chick; the patent of royalty is in the cell and in the food; the cell being much larger, and the food a peculiar stimulating kind of jelly. In certain contingencies, such as the loss of the queen with no eggs in the royal cells, the workers take the larva of an ordinary bee, enlarge the cell by taking in the two adjoining ones, and nurse it and stuff it and coddle it, till at the end of eighteen days from the egg it comes out a queen. But ordinarily, in the natural course of events, the young queen is kept a prisoner in her cell till the old queen has left with the swarm; and not only kept, but guarded against the mother queen, who only wants an opportunity to murder every royal scion in the hive. The queens, the one a prisoner and the other at large, pipe defiance at each other at this time—a shrill, fine, trumpet-like note that every ear will at once recognize. This challenge, not being allowed to be accepted by either party, is followed, in a day or two, by the abdication of the old queen; she leads out the swarm, and her successor is liberated by her keepers, who, in her time, abdicates in favor of the next younger. When the bees have decided that no more swarms can issue, the reigning queen is allowed to use her stiletto upon her unhatched sisters. Cases have been known where two queens issued at the same time, when a mortal combat ensued, encouraged by the workers, who formed a ring about them, but showed no preference, and recognized the victor as the lawful sovereign. For these and many other well-known facts we are indebted to the elder Huber.

It is worthy of note that the position of the queen-cells is almost always vertical, while that of the drones and workers is horizontal; majesty stands on its head,—which fact may be a part of the secret.

The notion has always very generally prevailed that the queen of the bees is an absolute ruler, and issues her royal orders to willing subjects. Hence Napoleon the First sprinkled the symbolic bees over the imperial mantle that bore the arms of his dynasty; and in the country of the Pharaohs the bee was used as the emblem of a people sweetly submissive to the orders of its king. But the fact is, a swarm of bees is an absolute democracy, and kings and despots can find no warrant in their example. The power and authority are entirely vested in the great mass, the workers. They furnish all the

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brains and foresight of the colony, and administer its affairs. Their word is law, and both king and queen must obey. They regulate the swarming, and give the signal for the swarm to issue from the hive; they select and make ready the tree in the woods and conduct the queen to it.

The peculiar office and sacredness of the queen consists in the fact that she is the mother of the swarm, and the bees love and cherish her as a mother and not as a sovereign. She is the sole female bee in the hive, and the swarm clings to her because she is their life. Deprived of their queen, and of all brood from which to rear one, the swarm loses all heart and soon dies, though there be an abundance of honey in the hive.

The common bees will never use their sting upon the queen; if she is to be disposed of they starve her to death; and the queen herself will sting nothing but royalty—nothing but a rival queen.

The queen, I say, is the mother bee; it is undoubtedly complimenting her to call her a queen and invest her with regal authority, yet she is a superb creature, and looks every inch a queen. It is an event to distinguish her amid the mass of bees when the swarm alights; it awakens a thrill. Before you have seen a queen you wonder if this or that bee, which seems a little larger than its fellows, is not she, but when you once really set eyes upon her you do not doubt for a moment; you know *that* is the queen. That long, elegant, shining, feminine-looking creature can be none less than royalty. How beautifully her body tapers, how distinguished she looks, how deliberate her movements! The bees do not fall down before her, but caress her and touch her person. The drones, or males, are large bees too, but coarse, blunt, broad-shouldered, masculine-looking. There is but one fact or incident in the life of a queen that looks imperial and authoritative: Huber relates that when the old queen is restrained in her movements by the workers, and prevented from destroying the young queens in their cells, she assumes a peculiar attitude and utters a note that strikes every bee motionless, and makes every head bow; while this sound lasts not a bee stirs, but all look abashed and humbled, yet whether the emotion is one of fear, or reverence, or of sympathy with the distress of the queen mother, is hard to determine. The moment it ceases, and she advances again toward the royal cells, the bees bite and pull and insult her as before.

I always feel that I have missed some good fortune if I am away from home when my bees swarm. What a delightful summer sound it is! how they come pouring out of the hive, twenty or thirty thousand bees, each striving to get out first! It is as when the dam gives way and lets the waters loose; it is a flood of bees which breaks upward into the air and becomes a maze of whirling black lines to the eye and a soft chorus of myriad musical sounds to the ear. This way and that way they drift, now contracting, now expanding, rising, sinking, growing thick about some branch or bush, then dispersing and massing at some other point, till finally they begin to alight in earnest, when in a few moments the whole swarm is collected upon the branch, forming a bunch perhaps as large as a two-gallon measure. Here they will hang from one to three or four hours, or until a suitable tree in the woods is looked up, when, if they have not been offered a hive in the mean time, they are up and off. In hiving them, if any accident happens to the queen the enterprise miscarries at once. One day I shook a swarm from a small pear-tree into a tin pan, set the pan down on a shawl spread beneath the tree, and put the hive over it. The bees presently all crawled up into it, and everything seemed to go well for ten or fifteen minutes, when I observed that something was wrong; the bees began to buzz excitedly and to rush about in a bewildered manner; then they took to the wing and all returned to the parent stock. On lifting up the pan, I found beneath it the queen with three or four other bees. She had been one of the first to fall, had missed the pan in her descent, and I had set it upon her. I conveyed her tenderly back to the hive, but either the accident terminated fatally with her or else the young queen had been liberated in the interim, and one of them had fallen in combat, for it was ten days before the swarm issued a second time.

No one, to my knowledge, has ever seen the bees house-hunting in the woods. Yet there can be no doubt that they look up new quarters either before or on the day the swarm issues. For all bees are wild bees and incapable of domestication; that is, the instinct to go back to nature and take up again their wild abodes in the trees is never eradicated. Years upon years of life in the apiary seems to have no appreciable effect toward their final, permanent domestication. That every new swarm contemplates migrating to the woods seems confirmed by the fact that they will only come out when

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the weather is favorable to such an enterprise, and that a passing cloud, or a sudden wind after the bees are in the air, will usually drive them back into the parent hive. Or an attack upon them with sand or gravel, or loose earth or water, will quickly cause them to change their plans. I would not even say but that, when the bees are going off, the apparently absurd practice, now entirely discredited by regular bee-keepers but still resorted to by unscientific folk, of beating upon tin pans, blowing horns, and creating an uproar generally, might not be without good results. Certainly not by drowning the "orders" of the queen, but by impressing the bees as with some unusual commotion in nature. Bees are easily alarmed and disconcerted, and I have known runaway swarms to be brought down by a farmer plowing in the field who showered them with handfuls of loose soil.

When a swarm leaves for the woods they are off before you fairly know it. They drift away from the hive in a wide-spread and apparently aimless concourse, then suddenly gather up their skirts, draw together their forces, and away they go, a humming, flying vortex of bees, the queen apparently in the center and the mass revolving about her as a pivot, over orchards and meadows, across creeks and swamps, or woods and deep valleys, straight for the appointed tree, slow at first, so that you can keep up with them, but presently with a speed that would tire a fox-hound. In this flight the individual bees do not move in right lines, or straight forward like a flock of birds, but round and round like chaff in a whirlwind; unitedly they form a whirling, revolving, nebulous mass fifteen or twenty feet across, that goes as straight as a projectile to its mark. They are not partial as to the kind of tree, —pine, hemlock, elm, birch, maple, hickory, —any tree with a good cavity high up or low down. A swarm of mine ran away from the new patent hive I gave them, and took up their quarters in the hollow trunk of an old apple-tree across an adjoining field. The entrance was a mouse-hole near the ground. Another swarm in the neighborhood deserted their keeper and went into the cornice of an out-house that stood amid evergreens in the rear of a large mansion. But there is no accounting for the taste of bees, as Samson found when he discovered the swarm in the carcass (or more probably the skeleton) of the lion he had slain.

In the woods of all parts of the country that have been settled any length of time, these wild swarms are more or less abundant, and furnish the occasion for one of the most delightful pastimes the autumn brings, namely, bee-hunting. Nearly every neighborhood in the back country has its noted bee-hunter, usually one of those picturesque characters that savor so strongly of the wild, and with an eye that will follow a bee nearly as far as ordinary vision will follow the flight of a bird.

One night on the Potomac a party of us unwittingly made our camp near the foot of a bee-tree, which next day the winds of heaven blew down, for our special delectation,—at least so we read the sign. Another time, while sitting by a water-fall in the leafless April woods, I discovered a swarm in the top of a large hickory. I had the season before remarked the tree as a likely place for bees, but the screen of leaves concealed them from me. This time my former presentiment occurred to me, and, looking sharply, sure enough there were the bees, going out and in a large, irregular opening. In June a violent tempest of wind and rain demolished the tree, and the honey was all lost in the creek into which it fell. I happened along that way two or three days after the tornado, when I saw a remnant of the swarm, those, doubtless, that escaped the flood and those that were away when the disaster came, hanging in a small black mass to a branch high up near where their home used to be. They looked forlorn enough. If the queen was saved the remnant probably sought another tree; otherwise the bees must have soon died.

I have seen bees desert their hive in the spring when it was infested with worms or when the honey was exhausted; at such times the swarm seems to wander aimlessly, alighting here and there, and perhaps in the end uniting with some other colony. In case of such union, it would be curious to know if negotiations were first opened between the parties, and if the houseless bees are admitted at once to all the rights and franchises of their benefactors. It would be very like the bees to have some preliminary plan and understanding about the matter on both sides.

Bees will accommodate themselves to almost any quarters, yet no hive seems to please them so well as a section of a hollow tree—"gums" as they are called in the South and West where the sweet gum grows. In some European countries the hive is always made from the trunk of a tree, a suitable cavity being formed by boring. The old-

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fashioned straw hive is picturesque, and a great favorite with the bees.

There is an old superstition still cherished in some parts of the country that in order to have luck with bees, you must tell them of any death that occurs in the family. If you fail to do this they will go off or will perish in the hive. In the edge of the evening, after the bees are all in from the day's toil, if it be summer, the master or owner approaches the hive, raps gently upon it, and when the bees respond with their inquiring buzz, says softly, "John [or Mary] is dead." It is a roundabout recognition of the fact that unless you take a lively interest in your bees, and become intimate with them and they with you, and have a good understanding on both sides, they will not prosper under your care.

The life of a swarm of bees is like an active and hazardous campaign of an army; the ranks are being continually depleted, and continually recruited. What adventures they have by flood and field, and what hair-breadth 'scapes! A strong swarm during the honey-season loses, on an average, about four or five thousand per month, or one hundred and fifty per day. They are overwhelmed by wind and rain, caught by spiders, benumbed by cold, crushed by cattle, drowned in rivers and ponds, and in many nameless ways cut off or disabled. In the spring the principal mortality is from the cold. As the sun declines they get chilled before they can reach home. Many fall down outside the hive, unable to get in with their burden. One may see them coming home utterly spent, and dropping hopelessly into the grass in front of their very doors; before they can rest the cold has stiffened them. I go out in April and May and pick them up by the handfuls, their baskets loaded with pollen, and warm them in the sun or in the house, or by the simple warmth of my hand, until they can crawl into the hive. Heat is their life, and an apparently lifeless bee may be revived by warming him. I have also picked up drowning bees while rowing on the river, and seen them safely to shore. It is amusing to see them come hurrying home when there is a thunder-storm approaching. They come piling in till the rain is upon them. Those that are overtaken by the storm doubtless weather it as best they can in the sheltering trees or grass. It is not probable that a bee ever gets lost by wandering into strange and unknown parts. With their myriad eyes they see everything; and then, their sense of locality is very acute—is, indeed, one of their ruling traits. When a bee marks the place of his hive, or of a bit of good pasturage in the fields or swamps, or of the bee-hunter's box of honey on the hills or in the woods, he returns to it as unerringly as fate.

Honey was a much more important article of food with the ancients than it is with us. As they appear to have been unacquainted with sugar, honey, no doubt, stood them instead. It is too rank and pungent for the modern taste; it soon cloys upon the palate. It demands the appetite of youth, and the strong, robust digestion of people who live much in the open air. It is a more wholesome food than sugar, and modern confectionery is poison beside it. Beside grape sugar, honey contains manna, mucilage, pollen, acid, and other vegetable odoriferous substances and juices. It is a sugar with a kind of wild natural bread added. The manna of itself is both food and medicine, and the pungent vegetable extracts have rare virtues. Honey promotes the excretions and dissolves the glutinous and starchy impedimenta of the system.

Hence it is not without reason that with the ancients a land flowing with milk and honey should mean a land abounding in all good things; and the queen in the nursery rhyme, who lingered in the kitchen to eat "bread and honey," while the "king was in the parlor counting out his money," was doing a very sensible thing. Epaminondas is said rarely to have eaten anything but bread and honey. The Emperor Augustus one day inquired of a centenarian how he had kept his vigor of mind and body so long; to which the veteran replied that it was by "oil without and honey within." Cicero, in his "Old Age," classes honey with meat and milk and cheese as among staple articles of a well-kept farm-house.

Italy and Greece, in fact all the Mediterranean countries, appear to have been famous lands for honey. Mount Hymettus, Mount Hybla, and Mount Ida produced what may be called the classic honey of antiquity, an article doubtless in no wise superior to our best products. Leigh Hunt's "Jar of Honey" is mainly distilled from Sicilian history and literature, Theocritus furnishing the best yield. Sicily has always been rich in bees. Swinburne (the traveler of a hundred years ago) says the woods on this island abounded in wild honey, and that the people also had many hives near their houses. The idyls of Theocritus are native to the island in this respect, and abound in bees—"flat-nosed

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bees" as he calls them in the Seventh Idyl —and comparisons in which comb-honey is the standard of the most delectable of this world's goods. His goatherds can think of no greater bliss than that the mouth be filled with honey-combs, or to be inclosed in a chest like Daphnis and fed on the combs of bees; and among the delectables with which Arsinoë cherishes Adonis are "honey-cakes," and other tidbits made of "sweet honey." In the country of Theocritus this custom is said still to prevail: when a couple are married the attendants place honey in their mouths, by which they would symbolize the hope that their love may be as sweet to their souls as honey to the palate. It was fabled that Homer was suckled by a priestess whose breasts distilled honey; and that once when Pindar lay asleep the bees dropped honey upon his lips. In the Old Testament the food of the promised Immanuel was to be butter and honey (there is much doubt about the butter in the original), that he might know good from evil; and Jonathan's eyes were enlightened by partaking of some wood or wild honey; "See, I pray you, how mine eyes have been enlightened, because I tasted a little of this honey." So far as this part of his diet was concerned, therefore, John the Baptist, during his sojourn in the wilderness, his divinity-school-days in the mountains and plains of Judea, fared extremely well. About the other part, the locusts, or, not to put too fine a point on it, the grasshoppers, as much cannot be said, though they were among the creeping and leaping things the children of Israel were permitted to eat. They were probably not eaten raw but roasted in that most primitive of ovens, a hole in the ground made hot by building a fire in it. The locusts and honey may have been served together, as the Bedas of Ceylon are said to season their meat with honey. At any rate, as the locust is often a great plague in Palestine, the prophet in eating them found his account in the general weal and in the profit of the pastoral bees; the fewer locusts, the more flowers. Owing to its numerous wild flowers and flowering shrubs, Palestine has always been a famous country for bees. They deposit their honey in hollow trees as our bees do when they escape from the hive, and in holes in the rocks as ours do not. In a tropical or semi-tropical climate bees are quite apt to take refuge in the rocks, but where ice and snow prevail, as with us, they are much safer high up in the trunk of a forest tree.

The best honey is the product of the milder parts of the temperate zone. There are too many rank and poisonous plants in the tropics. Honey from certain districts of Turkey produces headache and vomiting and that from Brazil is used chiefly as medicine. The honey of Mount Hymettus owes its fine quality to wild thyme. The best honey in Persia and in Florida is collected from the orange blossom. The celebrated honey of Narbonne in the south of France is obtained from a species of rosemary. In Scotland good honey is made from the blossoming heather.

California honey is white and delicate and highly perfumed, and now takes the lead in the market. But honey is honey the world over; and the bee is the bee still. "Men may degenerate," says an old traveler, "may forget the arts by which they acquired renown; manufactures may fail, and commodities be debased, but the sweets of the wild flowers of the wilderness, the industry and natural mechanics of the bee, will continue without change or derogation."

AT ODDS WITH LIFE.

'T is a toilsome path to climb,
But all climbing is sublime
(If you think so). One flight more!
Yonder is the studio door.
Artists' eyries should be high.
Don't you think so? Near the sky;
Up above the small affairs
Of our lower life of cares;
Up, far up, in regions where
Stars and comets float in air;
In an atmosphere that brings
Glimpses of unusual things
Unto those who dare to soar
To the shifting, changeful shore
Of strange fancies, fair and far.
Tired, Elsie? Here we are.

No one here! Sit down, my dear.
Rest a moment. It is clear
He will soon return. You see
Palette, brushes, carelessly
Flung about in artist fashion.

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Ah, these men of fire and passion
Love disorder, and it seems
To befit a man of dreams.
Let me whisper something, dear;
I've a fancy—though I fear
'T is irreverent, indeed—
That our average artists need
Something more of that fine fire
Which ethereal dreams inspire,
To redeem them from the trace
Of an easy common-place.

This the merit of our friend:
He begins where others end.
With all their fidelity,
Color, form, and harmony,
He has something better worth;
Something of a nobler birth,
Born of earthquakes, lightnings, storms.
He has friends in fairy forms,
Such as throng the midnight hours,
Play with meteoric showers,
Ride auroras through the sky,
Mount the crescent moon on high,
Then go fishing down the night
For lost stars of faded light;
Familiar, he, of elf and gnome;
All fantastic shapes that roam
Sceptred, winged, a glorious band,
Through the mystery-haunted land—
Wondrous land of fire-fly gleams—
Seen of poets in their dreams.

But the dreamers,—men who see
Shadowy forms of mystery
In the earth and sea and sky;
Men whose wingèd fancies fly
To the uttermost, remote
Realms where shapes ethereal float;
Men whose fine sense subtly hears
Music from the distant spheres,—
Often miss their heritage
In this heartless, hurrying age,
Though, too late, their fame may be
Handed to posterity.
For they seem at odds with life,
Armored feebly for its strife.
And our friend, whose picture there
Shadows forth such white despair,
Hath his trials, I surmise;
For, within his hungry eyes,
When I saw him last, I read
Something curious, vague, and dread.
Then I said that I would buy
This Prometheus, and his eye
Lit up strangely, with a fire
Born of some extreme desire.
Think you Famine's specter stood
With him in his solitude?
Had we sooner come, indeed,
It perhaps had served his need.
But you like it? Then to-day
There shall be no more delay.
See what vigor, grandeur, gloom;
What an atmosphere of doom!
What a hopeless, vast despair,
In that figure lying there
Chained with iron links and rods:
Awful eyes, that judge the gods!
Face of agony untold,
Yet contemptuous, scornful, bold!
Bare, cold rocks, uplifted high
To a lowering, thunderous sky;
And a sea in league with fate,
Making all things desolate!
Yes, with somber feeling tainted,
But a picture grandly painted!
Such a canvas lifts the soul
Out of Habit's dull control,
Plumes Imagination's wing,
And crowns the artist like a king.

What a strange collection here!
Curious, is it not, my dear?
Rubbish, some good folk would say,
In their lofty, stupid way,
Lacking insight. Who can tell
What suggestions herein dwell?
See this travesty in wood
Of a human attitude.
There a figure stuffed with hair,
Semblance of a lady fair.
Bits of armor, china, lace,
Plaster hands, a foot, a face,
A sword, a Malay creese, a knife
Fit to take a pirate's life;
Gobelin tapestry, faded, rare,
Screening in yon alcove there
Such a dismal effigy
Hanging from a beam. You see?

Well, my gentleman is late.
Elsie, since we still must wait,
What thing better can I do
Than to make love, sweet, to you?
Nay, no prudery, my dear!
What vague presence do you fear?
Rosy lips, one little kiss!—
Elsie, darling, what is this?
Trembling, and your face is white!
What has frozen you with fright?
Tell me, precious! Speak to me!
Do you dread yon effigy?
No, no, no, my sweet, 'tis naught!
'T is not living, as you thought!
See, 't is nothing you should fear!
It is—— horror! What is here?
Come away! come! come! 't is true,
This is not a place for you!

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A STORY OF THE LATIN QUARTER.

"He is one of the Americans," his fellow *locataires* said among themselves. "Poor and alone and in bad health. A queer fellow."

Having made this reply to those who questioned them, they were in the habit of dismissing the subject lightly. After all it was nothing to them, since he had never joined their circle.

They were a gay, good-natured lot and made a point of regarding life as airily as possible and taking each day as it came with fantastic good cheer. The house—which stood in one of the shabbiest corners of the Latin Quarter—was full of them from floor to garret—artists, students, models, French, English, Americans, living all of them merrily, by no means the most regular of lives. But there were good friends among them; their world was their own and they found plenty of sympathy in their loves and quarrels, their luck and ill-luck. Upon the whole there was more ill-luck than luck. Lucky men did not choose for their head-quarters such places as this rather dilapidated building,—they could afford to go elsewhere, to places where the Quarter was better, where the stairs were less rickety, the passages less dark and the *concierge* not given to chronic intoxication. Here came the unlucky ones, whose ill-luck was of various orders and degrees: the young ones who were some day to paint pictures which would be seen in the Palais de l'Industrie and would be greeted with acclamations by an appreciative public; the older ones who had painted pictures which had been seen at the Palais de l'Industrie and had not been appreciated at all; the poets whose sonnets were of too subtle an order to reach the common herd; the students who had lived beyond the means allowed them by their highly respectable families and who were consequently somewhat off color in the eyes of the respectable families in question—these and others of the same class, all more or less poor, more or less out at elbows and more or less in debt. And yet, as I have said, they lived gayly. They painted, and admired or criticised each other's pictures; they lent and borrowed with equal freedom; they bemoaned their wrongs loudly, and sang and laughed more loudly still as the mood seized them; and any special ill-fortune befalling one of their number generally aroused a display of sympathy which, though it might not last long, was always a source of consolation to the luckless one.

But the American, notwithstanding he had been in the house for months, had never become one of them. He had been seen in the early spring going up the stairway to his room, which was a mere garret on the sixth story, and it had been expected among them that in a day or so he would present himself for inspection. But this he did not do, and when he encountered any of their number in his out-goings or incomings he returned their greetings gently in imperfect French. He spoke slowly and with difficulty, but there was no coldness in his voice or manners, and yet none got much further than the greeting.

He was a young fellow, scarcely of middle height, frail in figure, hollow-chested, and with a gentle face and soft, deeply set dark eyes. That he worked hard and lived barely it was easy enough to discover. Part of each day he spent in the various art galleries and after his return from these visits he was seen no more until the following morning.

"Until the last ray of light disappears he is at his easel," said a young student whom a gay escapade had temporarily banished to the fifth floor. "I hear him move now and then and cough. He has a villainous cough."

"He is one of the enthusiasts," said another. "One can read it in his face. What fools they are—these enthusiasts! They throw away life that a crown of laurel may be laid upon their coffins."

In the summer some of them managed to leave Paris, and the rest had enough to do to organize their little excursions and make the best of the sunshine, shade and warmth. But when those who had been away returned and all settled down for the winter, they found the "American," as they called him, in his old place. He had not been away at all; he had worked as hard as ever through midsummer heat and autumn rain; he was frailer in figure, his clothes were more worn, his face was thinner and his eyes far too hollow and bright, but he did not look either discouraged or unhappy.

"How does he live?" exclaimed the *concierge* dramatically. "The good God knows!

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He eats nothing, he has no fire, he wears the clothing of midsummer—he paints—he paints—he paints! Perhaps that is enough for him. It would not be for me."

At this time—just as the winter entered with bleak winds and rains and falls of powdery snow—there presented herself among them an arrival whose appearance created a sensation.

One night, on his way upstairs, the American found himself confronted on the fourth floor by a flood of light streaming through the open door of a before unoccupied room. It was a small room, meagerly furnished, but there was a fire in it and half a dozen people who laughed and talked at the top of their voices. Five of them were men he had seen before,—artists who lived in the house,—but the sixth was a woman whom he had never seen and whose marvelous beauty held him spell-bound where he stood.

She was a woman of twenty-two or three, with an oval face whose fairness was the fairness of ivory. She was dark-eyed and low-browed, and as she leaned forward upon the table and looked up at the man who spoke to her, even the bright glow of the lamp, which burned directly before her face, showed no flaw in either tint or outline.

"Why should we ask the reason of your return?" said the man. "Let us rejoice that you are here."

"I will tell you the reason," she answered, without lowering her eyes. "I was tired."

"A good reason," was the reply.

She pushed her chair back and stood upright; her hands hung at her sides; the men were all looking at her; she smiled down at them with fine irony.

"Who among you wishes to paint me?" she said. "I am again at your service and I am not less handsome than I was."

Then there arose among them a little rapturous murmur and somehow it broke the spell which had rested upon the man outside. He started, shivered slightly and turned away. He went up to the bare coldness of his own room and sat down, forgetting that it was either cold or bare. Suddenly, as he had looked at the woman's upturned face, a great longing had seized upon him.

"I should like to paint you—I," he found himself saying to the silence about him. "If *I* might paint you!"

He heard the next day who she was. The *concierge* was ready enough to give him more information than he had asked.

"Mademoiselle Natalie, Monsieur means," he said; "a handsome girl that; a celebrated model. They all know her. Her face has been the foundation of more than one great picture. There are not many like her. One model has this beauty—another that; but she, *mon Dieu*, she has all. A great creature, Mademoiselle."

Afterward, as the days went by, he found that she sat often to the other artists. Sometimes he saw her as she went to their rooms or came away; sometimes he caught a glimpse of her as he passed her open door, and each time there stirred afresh within him the longing he had felt at first. So it came about that one afternoon, as she came out of a studio in which she had been giving a sitting, she found waiting outside for her the thinly clad, frail figure of the American. He made an eager yet hesitant step forward, and began to speak awkwardly in French.

She stopped him.

"Speak English," she said, "I know it well."

"Thank you," he answered simply, "that is a great relief. My French is so bad. I am here to ask a great favor from you, and I am sure I could not ask it well in French."

"What is the favor?" she inquired, looking at him with some wonder.

He was a new type to her, with his quiet directness of speech and his gentle manner.

"I have heard that you are a professional model," he replied, "and I have wished very much to paint what—what I see in your face. I have wished it from the first hour I saw you. The desire haunts me. But I am a very poor man; I have almost nothing; I cannot pay you what the rest do. To-day I came to the desperate resolve that I would throw myself upon your mercy—that I would ask you to sit to me, and wait until better fortune comes."

She stood still a moment and gazed at him.

"Monsieur," she said at length, "are you so poor as that?"

He colored a little, but it was not as if with shame.

"Yes," he answered, "I am very poor. I have asked a great deal of you, have I not?"

She gave him still another long look.

"No," she said, "I will come to you to-morrow if you will direct me to your room."

"It is on the sixth floor," he replied; "the highest of all. It is a bare little place."

"I will come," she said, and was turning away when he stopped her.

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"I—I should like to tell you how grateful I am—" he began.

"There is no need," she responded with bitter lightness. "You will pay me some-day—when you are a great artist." But when she reached the next landing she glanced down and saw that he still stood beneath, watching her.

The next day she kept her word and went to him. She found his room poorer and barer even than she had fancied it might be. The ceiling was low and slanting; in one corner stood a narrow iron bedstead, in another a wooden table; in the best light the small window gave his easel was placed with a chair before it.

When he had opened the door in answer to her summons, and she saw all this, she glanced quickly at his face to see if there was any shade of confusion upon it, but there was none. He appeared only rejoiced and eager.

"I felt sure it was you," he said.

"Were you then so sure that I would come?" she asked.

"You said you would," he answered. He placed her as he wished to paint her, and then sat down to his work. In a few moments he was completely absorbed in it. For a long time he did not speak at all. The utter silence which reigned—a silence which was not only a suspension of speech but a suspension of any other thought beyond his task—was a new experience to her. His cheek flushed, his eyes burned dark and bright; it seemed as if he scarcely breathed. When he turned to look at her she was conscious each time of a sudden thrill of feeling. More than once he paused for several moments, brush and palette in hand, simply watching her face. At one of these pauses she herself broke the silence.

"Why do you look at me so?" she asked. "You look at me as if—as if——" And she broke off with an uneasy little laugh.

He roused himself with a slight start and colored sensitively, passing his hand across his forehead.

"What I want to paint is not always in your face," he answered. "Sometimes I lose it, and then I must wait a little until—until I find it again. It is not only your face I want, it is yourself—yourself!" And he made a sudden unconscious gesture with his hands.

She tried to laugh again,—hard and lightly as before,—but failed.

"Myself!" she said. "*Mon Dieu!* Do not grasp at me, Monsieur. It will not pay you. Paint my flesh, my hair, my eyes,—they are good,—but do not paint *me*."

He looked troubled.

"I am afraid my saying that sounded stilted," he returned. "I explained myself poorly. It is not easy for me to explain myself well."

"I understood," she said; "and I have warned you."

They did not speak to each other again during the whole sitting except once, when he asked her if she was warm enough.

"I have a fire to-day," he said.

"Have you not always a fire?" she asked.

"No," he answered with a smile; "but when you come there will always be one."

"Then," she said; "I will come often, that I may save you from death."

"Oh!" he replied; "it is easier than you think to forget that one is cold."

"Yes," she returned. "And it is easier than you think for one to die."

When she was going away, she made a movement toward the easel, but he stopped her.

"Not yet," he said. "Not just yet."

She drew back.

"I have never cared to look at myself before," she said. "I do not know why I should care now. Perhaps," with the laugh again, "it is that I wish to see what you will make of *me!*"

Afterward, as she sat over her little porcelain stove in her room below, she scarcely comprehended her own mood.

"He is not like the rest," she said. "He knows nothing of the world. He is one of the good. He cares only for his art. How simple, and kind, and pure! The little room is like a saint's cell." And then, suddenly, she flung her arms out wearily, with a heavy sigh. "Ah, *Dieu!*" she said, "how dull the day is! The skies are lead!"

A few days later she gave a sitting to an old artist whose name was Masson, and she found that he had heard of what had happened.

"And so you sit to the American," he said.

"Yes."

"Well—and you find him——?"

"I find him," she repeated after him. "Shall I tell you what I find him?"

"I shall listen with delight."

"I find him—a soul! You and I, my friend—and the rest of us—are bodies; he is a soul!"

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The artist began to whistle softly as he painted.

"It is dangerous work," he said at length, "for women to play with souls."

"That is true," she answered, coldly.

The same day she went again to the room on the sixth floor. She sat again through an hour of silence in which the American painted eagerly, now and then stopping to regard her with searching eyes.

"But not as the rest regard me," she said to herself. "He forgets that it is a woman who sits here. He sees only what he would paint."

As time went by, this fact, which she always felt, was in itself a fascination.

In the chill, calm atmosphere of the place there was repose for her. She found nothing to resent, nothing to steel herself against, she need no longer think of herself at all. She had time to think of the man in whose presence she sat. From the first she had seen something touching in his slight stooping figure, thin young face and dark womanish eyes, and after she had heard the simple uneventful history of his life, she found them more touching still.

He was a New Englander, the last surviving representative of a frail and short-lived family. His parents had died young, leaving him quite alone, with a mere pittance to depend upon, and throughout his whole life he had cherished but one aim.

"When I was a child I used to dream of coming here," he said, "and as I grew older I worked and struggled for it. I knew I must gain my end some day and the time came when it was gained."

"And this is the end?" she asked, glancing round at the poor place. "This is all of life you desire?"

He did not look up at her.

"It is all I have," he answered.

She wondered if he would not ask her some questions regarding herself, but he did not.

"He does not care to know," she thought sullenly. And then she told herself that he did know, and a mocking devil of a smile settled on her lips and was there when he turned toward her again.

But the time never came when his manner altered, when he was less candid and gentle, or less grateful for the favor she was bestowing upon him.

She scarcely knew how it was that she first began to know the sound of his foot upon the stair-way and to listen for it. Her earliest consciousness of it was when once she awakened suddenly out of a dead sleep at night and found herself sitting upright with her hand upon her heavily throbbing heart.

"What is it?" she cried in a loud whisper. But she spoke only to herself and the darkness. She knew what it was and did not lie down again until the footsteps had reached the top of the last flight and the door above had opened and closed.

The time arrived when there was scarcely a trifling incident in his every-day life which escaped her. She saw each sign of his poverty and physical weakness. He grew paler day by day. There were days when his step flagged as he went up and down the staircase; some mornings he did not go out at all. She discovered that each Sunday he went twice to the little American chapel in the Rue de Berri, and she had seen in his room a small Protestant Bible.

"You read that?" she asked him when she first saw it.

"Yes."

She leaned forward, her look curious, bewildered, even awed.

"And you believe in—God?"

"Yes."

She resumed her former position but she did not remove her eyes from his face and unconsciously she put her hand up to her swelling throat.

When at length the sitting was over and she left her chair he was standing before the easel. He turned to her and spoke hesitantly.

"Will you come and look at it?" he asked.

She went and stood where he bade her and looked. He watched her anxiously while she did so. For the first moment there was amazement in her face, then some mysterious emotion he could not comprehend—a dull red crept slowly over brow and cheek.

She turned upon him.

"Monsieur!" she cried, passionately. "You mock me! It is a bad picture."

He fell back a pace, staring at her and suddenly trembling with the shock.

"A bad picture!" he echoed. "*I* mock you—*I*?"

"It is my face," she said, pointing to it, "but you have made it what *I* am not! It is the face of a good woman—of a woman who might be a saint! Does not *that* mock me?"

He turned to it with a troubled, dreamy look.

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"It is what I have seen in your face," he said in a soft, absent voice. "It is a truth to me. It is what *I* have seen."

"It is what no other has seen," she said. "I tell you it mocks me."

"It need not mock you," he answered. "I could not have painted it if I had not felt it. It is yourself—yourself."

"Myself?" she said. "Do you think, Monsieur, that the men who have painted me before would know it?"

She gave it another glance and a shrill laugh burst from her, but the next instant it broke off and ended in another sound. She fell upon her knees by the empty chair, her open hands flung outward, her sobs strangling her.

He stood quite near her, looking down.

"I have not thought of anything but my work," he said. "Why should I?"

The following Sunday night the artist Masson met in going down-stairs a closely veiled figure coming up. He knew it and spoke.

"What, Natalie?" he said. "You? One might fancy you had been to church."

"I have been," she returned in a cold voice,—"to the church of the Americans in the Rue de Berri."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Has it done you good?" he asked.

"No," she answered, and walked past him leaving him to look after her and think the matter over.

She went to her own apartment and locked herself in. Having done so, she lighted every candle and lamp—flooding the place with a garish mockery of brightness. She sang as she did it—a gay, shrill air from some *opéra bouffe*. She tore off her dark veil and wrappings. Her eyes and cheeks flamed as if touched by some unholy fire. She moved with feverish rapidity here and there—dragging a rich dress from a trunk, and jewels and laces from their places of safe keeping, and began to attire herself in them. The simple black robe she had worn to the chapel lay on the floor. As she moved to and fro she set her feet upon it again and again, and as she felt it beneath her tread a harsh smile touched her lips.

"I shall not wear you again," she stopped her song once to say.

In half an hour she had made her toilette. She stood before her glass, a blaze of color and jewels. For a moment she sang no more. From one of the rooms below there floated up to her sounds of riotous merriment.

"*This* is myself," she said; "*this* is no other."

She opened her door and ran down the staircase swiftly and lightly. The founder of the feast whose sounds she had heard was a foolish young fellow who adored her madly. He was rich, and wicked, and simple. Because he had heard of her return he had taken an apartment in the house. She heard his voice above the voices of the rest.

In a moment she had flung open the door of the *salon* and stood upon the threshold.

At sight of her there arose a rapturous shout of delight.

"Natalie! Natalie! Welcome!"

But instantaneously it died away. One second she stood there, brilliant, smiling, defiant. The next, they saw that a mysterious change had seized upon her. She had become deathly white, and was waving them from her with a wild gesture.

"I am not coming!" she cried, breathlessly. "No! No! No!"

And the next instant they could only gaze at each others' terror-stricken faces, at the place she had left vacant—for she was gone.

She went up the stairs blindly and uncertainly. When she reached the turn of the fourth floor where the staircase was bare and unlighted, she staggered and sank against the balustrades, her face upturned.

"I cannot go back," she whispered to the darkness and silence above. "Do you hear? I cannot! And it is you—you who restrain me!"

But there were no traces of her passion in her face when she went to the little studio the next day as usual. When the artist opened the door for her, it struck him that she was calm even to coldness.

Instead of sitting down, she went to the easel and stood before it.

"Monsieur," she said, "I have discovered where your mistake lies. You have tried to paint what you fancied must once have existed, though it exists no longer. That is your mistake. It has never existed at all. I remember no youth, no childhood. Life began for me as it will end. It was my fate that it should. I was born in the lowest quarter of Paris. I knew only poverty, brutality, and crime. My beauty simply raised me beyond their power. Where should I gain what you have insisted in bestowing upon me?"

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He simply stood still and looked at her.

"God knows!" he answered at length. "I do not."

"God!" she returned, with her bitter little laugh. "Yes—God!"

Then she went to her place, and said no more.

But the next Sunday she was at the American chapel again, and the next, and the next. She could scarcely have told why herself. She did not believe the doctrines she heard preached, and she did not expect to be converted to belief in them. Often, as the service proceeded, a faint smile of derision curved her lips; but from her seat in the obscure corner she had chosen she could see a thin, dark face and a stooping figure, and could lean back against the wall with a sense of repose.

"It is quiet here," was her thought. "One can be quiet, and that is much."

"What is the matter with her?" the men who knew her began to ask one another. But it was not easy for them to discover how the subtle change they saw had been wrought. They were used to her caprices and to occasional fits of sullenness, but they had never seen her in just such a mood as she was now. She would bear no jests from them, she would not join in their gayeties. Sometimes for days together she shut herself up in her room and they did not see her at all.

The picture progressed but slowly. Sometimes the artist's hand so trembled with weakness that he could not proceed with his work. More than once Natalie saw the brush suddenly fall from his nerveless fingers. He was very weak in these days, and the spot of hectic red glowed brightly on his cheek.

"I am a poor fellow at best," he would say to her, "and now I am at my worst. I am afraid I shall be obliged to rest sooner than I fancied. I wish first I could have finished my work. I must not leave it unfinished."

One morning, when he had been obliged to give up painting, through a sudden fit of prostration, on following her to the door, he took her hand and held it a moment.

"I was awake all last night," he said. "Yesterday I saw a poor fellow who had fallen ill on the street, carried into the Hôtel Dieu, and the memory clung to me. I began to imagine how it would be if such a thing happened to me—what I should say when they asked for my friends,—how there would be none to send for. And at last, suddenly I thought of you. I said to myself, 'I would send for her, and I think she would come.'"

"Yes, Monsieur," she answered. "You might depend upon my coming."

"I am used to being alone," he went on; "but it seemed to me as I lay in the dark thinking it over, that to die alone would be a different matter. One would want some familiar face to look at ——"

"Monsieur!" she burst forth. "You speak as if Death were always near you!"

"Do I?" he said. And he was silent for a few seconds and looked down at her hand as he held it. Then he dropped it gently with a little sigh. "Good-bye," he said, and so they parted.

In the afternoon she sat to Masson.

"How much longer," he said to her in the course of the sitting,—"how much longer does he mean to live—this American? He has lasted astonishingly. They are wonderful fellows, these weaklings who burn themselves out. One might fancy that the flame which finally destroys them, also kept them alive."

"Do you then think that he is so very ill?" she asked in a low voice.

"He will go out," he answered, "like a candle. Shall I tell you a secret?"

She made a gesture of assent.

"He starves! The *concierge* who has watched him says he does not buy food enough to keep body and soul together. But how is one to offer him anything? It is easy to see that he would not take it."

There was a moment of silence, in which he went on painting.

"The trouble is," he said at last, "that a man would not know how to approach him. It is only women who can do these things."

Until the sitting was over neither the one nor the other spoke again. When it was over and Natalie was on the point of leaving the room, Masson looked at her critically.

"You are pale," he remarked. "You are like a ghost."

"Is it not becoming?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Then why complain?"

She went to her own room and spent half an hour in collecting every valuable she owned. They were not many; she had always been recklessly improvident. She put together in a package her few jewels, and even the laces she considered worth the most. Then she went out, and, taking a *fiacre* at the nearest corner, drove away.

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She was absent two hours, and when she returned she stopped at the entrance, intending to ask the *concierge* a question. But the man himself spoke first. He was evidently greatly disturbed and not a little alarmed.

"Mademoiselle," he began, "the young man on the sixth floor ——"

"What of him?" she demanded.

"He desires to see you. He went out in spite of my warnings. Figure to yourself on such a day, in such a state of health. He returned almost immediately, wearing the look of Death itself. He sank upon the first step of the staircase. When I rushed to his assistance he held to his lips a handkerchief stained with blood! We were compelled to carry him upstairs."

She stood a moment, feeling her throat and lips suddenly became dry and parched.

"And he asked—for me?" she said at last.

"When he would speak, Mademoiselle—yes. We do not know why. He said, in a very faint voice, 'She said she would come.'"

She went up the staircase slowly and mechanically, as one who moves in a dream. And yet when she reached the door of the studio she was obliged to wait for a few seconds before opening it. When she did open it she saw the attic seemed even more cold and bare than usual; that there was no fire; that the American lay upon the bed, his eyes closed, the hectic spots faded from his cheeks. But when she approached and stood near him, he opened his eyes and looked at her with a faint smile.

"If—I play you—the poor trick of—dying," he said, "you will remember—that the picture—if you care for it—is yours."

After a while, the doctor, who had been sent for, arrived. Perhaps he had been in no great hurry when he had heard that his services were required by an artist who lay in a garret in the Latin Quarter. His visit was a short one. He asked a few questions, wrote a prescription, and went away. He looked at Natalie oftener than at the sick man. She followed him out on to the landing, and then he regarded her with greater interest than before.

"He is very ill?" she said.

"Yes," he answered. "He will die, of course, sooner or later."

"You speak calmly, Monsieur," she said.

"Such cases are an old story," he replied. "And—you are not his wife?"

"No."

"I thought not. Nevertheless, perhaps you will remain with him until——"

"As Monsieur says," she returned, "I will remain with him 'until——'"

When the sick man awoke from the sleep into which he had fallen, a fire burned in the stove and a woman's figure was seated before it.

"You are here yet?" he said faintly. She rose and moved toward him.

"I am not going away," she answered, "if you will permit me to remain."

His eyes shone with pathetic brightness, and he put out his hand.

"You are very kind—to a poor—weak fellow," he whispered. "After all—it is a desolate thing—to lie awake through the night—in a place like this."

When the doctor returned the next morning, he appeared even a shade disconcerted. He had thought it quite likely that, upon his second visit, he might find a scant white sheet drawn over the narrow bed, and that it would not be necessary for him to remain or call again; but it appeared that his patient might require his attention yet a few days longer.

"You have not left him at all," he said to Natalie. "It is easy to see you did not sleep last night."

It was true that she had not slept. Through the night she had sat in the dim glow of the fire, scarcely stirring unless some slight sound of movement from the bed attracted her attention. During the first part of the night her charge had seemed to sleep; but as the hours wore on there had been no more rest for him, and then she had known that he lay with his eyes fixed upon her; she had felt their gaze even before she had turned to meet it. Just before the dawn he became restless, and called her to his side.

"I owe you a heavy debt," he said drearily. "And I shall leave it unpaid. I wish—I wish it was finished."

"It?" she said.

"The picture," he answered, "the—picture."

Usually he was too weak for speech; but occasionally a fit of restlessness seized upon him, and then it seemed as if he was haunted continually by the memory of his unfinished work.

"It only needed a few touches," he said once. "One day of strength would complete it—if such a day would but come to me. I know the look so well now—I see it on your face so often." And then he lay watching her, his eyes following her yearningly, as she moved to and fro.

In the studios below, the artists waited in

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vain for their model. They neither saw nor heard anything of her, and they knew her moods too well to be officiously inquisitive. So she was left alone to the task she had chosen, and was faithful to it to the end.

It was not so very long it lasted, though to her it seemed a life-time. A few weeks the doctor made his visits, and at last one afternoon, in going away, he beckoned her out of the room.

He spoke in an undertone.

"To-night you may watch closely," he said; "perhaps toward morning—but it will be very quiet."

It was very quiet. The day had been bitter cold and as it drew to a close it became colder still, and a fierce wind rose and whistled about the old house, shaking the ill-fitting windows and doors. But the sick man did not seem to hear it. Toward midnight he fell into a deep and quiet sleep.

Before the fire Natalie sat waiting. Now and then a little shudder passed over her as if she could not resist the cold. And yet the fire in the stove was a bright one. She had smiled to herself as she had heaped the coal upon it, seeing that there was so little left.

"It will last until morning," she said, "and that will be long enough." Through all the nights during which she had watched she had never felt the room so still as it seemed now between the gusts and soughing of the wind. "Something is in the air which has not been in it before," she said.

About one o'clock she rose and replenished the fire, putting the last fragment of coal upon it and then sat down to watch it again.

Its slow kindling and glowing into life fascinated her. It was not long before she could scarcely remove her eyes from it. She was trying to calculate—with a weird fancy in her mind—how long it would last, and whether it would die out suddenly or slowly.

As she cowered over it, if one of the men who admired her had entered he might well scarcely have known her. She was hollow-eyed, haggard and pallid—for the time even her great beauty was gone. As he had left her that day, the doctor had said to himself discontentedly that after all these wonderful faces last but a short time.

The fire caught at the coal, lighted fitful blazes among it, and crept over it in a dull red, which brightened into hot scarlet.

And the sick man lay sleeping, breathing faintly but lightly.

"It will last until dawn," she said,—"until dawn, and no longer."

When the first cinder dropped with a metallic sound, she started violently and laid her hand upon her breast, but after that she scarcely stirred.

The fitful blazes died down, the hot scarlet deepened to red again, the red grew dull, a gray film of ashes showed itself upon it, and then came the first faint gray of dawn, and she sat with beating heart saying to herself,

"It will go out soon—suddenly." And the dying man was awake, speaking to her.

"Come here," he said in a low, clear voice. "Come here."

She went to him and stood close by the bedside. The moment of her supreme anguish had come. But he showed no signs of pain or dread, only there was a little moisture upon his forehead and about his mouth.

His eyes shone large and bright in the snowy pallor of his face, and when he fixed them upon her she knew he would not move them away.

"I am glad—that it is—finished," he said. "It did not tire me to work—as I thought it would. I am glad—that it is—finished."

She fell upon her knees.

"That it is finished?" she said.

His smile grew brighter.

"The picture," he whispered—"the picture."

And then what she had waited for came. There was a moment of silence; the wind outside hushed itself, his lips parted, but no sound came from them, not even a fluttering breath; his eyes were still fixed upon her face, open, bright, smiling.

"I may speak now," she cried. "I may speak now—since you cannot hear. I love you! I love you!"

But there came to her ears only one sound—the little grating shudder of the fire as it fell together and was dead.

The next morning when they heard that "the American" had at last fulfilled their prophesies, the *locataires* showed a spasmodic warmth of interest. They offered their services promptly, and said to each other that he must have been a good fellow, after all—that it was a pity they had not known him better. They even protested that he should not be made an object of charity—that among themselves they would do all that was necessary. But it appeared that their help was not needed—that there

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was in the background a friend who had done all, but whom nobody knew.

Hearing this they expressed their sympathy by going up by twos and threes to the little garret where there was now only icy coldness and silence.

Not a few among them were so far touched by the pathos they found in this as to shed a tear or so—most of them were volatile young Frenchmen who counted their sensibilities among their luxuries.

Toward evening there came two older than the rest, who had not been long in the house.

When they entered a woman stood at the bed's head—a woman in black drapery, with a pale and haggard face which they saw only for a moment.

As they approached she moved away and going to the window stood there with her back toward them, gazing out at the drifted snow upon the roof. The men stood uncovered, looking down.

"It is the face of an Immortal," said the elder of the two. "It is such men who die young."

And then they saw the easel in the shadow of the corner and went and turned it from the wall. When they saw the picture resting upon it, there was a long silence. It was broken at last by the older man.

"It is some woman he has known and loved," he said. "He has painted her soul —and his own."

The figure near them stirred—the woman's hand crept up to the window's side and clung to the wooden frame.

But she did not turn, and was standing so when the strangers moved away, opened the door and passed, with heads still uncovered, down the dark rickety stairs.

A fiercer cold had never frozen Paris than held it ice and snow bound through this day and the next. When the next came to its close all was over and the studios were quiet again—perhaps a little quieter for a few hours than was their wont.

Through this second day Natalie lived—slowly: through the first part of the morning in which people went heavily up and down the stairs; through the later hours when she heard them whispering among themselves upon the landings; through the hour when the footsteps that came down were heavier still, and slower and impeded with some burden borne with care; through the moment when they rested with this burden upon the landing outside her very door, and inside she crouched against the panels —listening.

Then it was all done, and upon those upper floors there was no creature but herself.

She had lighted no fire and eaten nothing. She had neither food, fuel, nor money. All was gone.

"It is well," she said, "that I am not hungry, and that I would rather be colder than warmer."

She did not wish for warmth, even when night fell and brought more biting iciness. She sat by her window in the dark until the moon rose, and though shudders shook her from head to foot, she made no effort to gain warmth. She heard but few sounds from below, but she waited until all was still before she left her place.

But at midnight perfect silence had settled upon the house, and she got up and left her room, leaving the key unturned in the lock. "To-morrow, or the day after, perhaps," she said, "they will wish to go in.' Then she went up the stairs for the last time.

Since she had heard the heavy feet lumbering with their burden past her door a singular calm had settled upon her. It was not apathy so much as a repose born of the knowledge that there was nothing more to bear—no future to be feared.

But when she opened the door of the little room this calmness was for a moment lost.

It was so cold, so still, so bare in the moonlight which streamed through the window and flooded it. There were left in it only two things—the narrow, vacant bed covered with its white sheet, and the easel on which the picture rested, gazing out at her from the canvas with serene, mysterious eyes.

She staggered forward and sank down before it, uttering a low, terrible cry.

"Do not reproach me!" she cried. "There is no longer need. Do you not see? This is my expiation!"

For a while there was dead silence again. She crouched before the easel with bowed head and her face veiled upon her arms, making no stir or sound. But at length she rose again, numbly and stiffly. She stood up and glanced slowly about her—at the bareness, at the moonlight, at the narrow, white-draped bed.

"It will be—very cold," she whispered as she moved toward the door. "It will be—very cold."

And then the little room was empty, and the face upon the easel turned toward the

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entrance seemed to listen to her stealthily descending feet.

The next morning, the two artists who had visited the dead man's room together, were walking—together again—upon the banks of the Seine, when they found themselves drawing near a crowd of men and women who were gathered at the water's edge.

"What has happened?" they asked as they approached the group. "What has been found?"

A cheerful fellow in a blue blouse, standing with his hands in his pockets, answered.

"A woman. *Ma foi!* what a night to drown oneself in! Imagine the discomfort!"

The older man pushed his way into the center, and a moment later uttered an exclamation.

"*Mon Dieu!*"

"What is it?" cried his companion.

His friend turned to him, breathlessly pointing to what lay upon the frozen earth.

"We asked each other who the original of the picture was," he said. "We did not know. The face lies there. Look!"

For that which Life had denied her, Death had given.

A DAY ON THE DOCKS.

THE night was almost gone. Not a star appeared, for the sky was black with clouds steeped in the gloom of night. A cold wind pierced me like a knife as I looked up and down the deserted wharves. Scarcely a sound—scarcely a human tread where the busiest throngs of all the great city surge in their daily ebb and flood. A deep groan shook the air; and a great wraith of steam arose from the river, floated over the low sheds along the docks, and came over the street. As the specter looked down on the glare of gas it flushed faintly, then disappeared in the sky. Beyond the brilliant sheds of Washington Market the river was a black expanse peopled with black ships; neither ships nor river could be seen, but their presence was felt through their gloom. The opposite shore of Jersey City showed a long belt of lights, like a zone of stars scattered along the horizon. I turned again to the street and the strange life about me.

This scene began my walk along the docks of New York. I started here, at Washington Market, because the day of the city first begins here, at night, and its scale of social life begins here at the lowest degree. Higher types are not wanting. For this water-front is the beach of a great sea of humanity. Toilers and idlers, drift and treasure, blooming youth and cold cadavers, all are found in this surging surf of human life. I penetrated still farther into the market, where it was thronged with butchers and grocers buying Sunday dinners for two millions of mouths. Wagons filled the narrow alleys half covered by low, projecting roofs and awnings. Some of the open stalls were hung full of crimson and yellow meat; others were piled up with green vegetables; and some were decked with turkeys, ducks and other game. The wagons, too, were heaped with these contrasted colors.

The market-men were strong, ruddy figures, plump and comfortable in their long frocks. They rushed about in every direction among the wagons and stalls, one hugging a carcass of mutton, another struggling under a quarter of beef, and others plying hammer and adz while boxes and barrels were trucked about. Geese and men screamed and shouted, horses began to strike fire from their feet, the wagons moved, the alleys became a stream of meats and fruits, and the Sunday dinners started on their cheerful errands. And the whole scene of turmoil glowed like a magic world, dim in form yet intensely vivid, just under the blackness of night. Then some of the market-men began to depart, and I fancied they had a nipping and an eager air. So I followed them, and soon entered a large and elegant restaurant near by. The shining marble and mirrors, the glare of gas-lights, the warm air and the savory smells were certainly very welcome. The chairs were well filled with visible appetites in gray frocks and slouch hats. Broad, smooth, ruddy faces appeared through the columns of steam from plates. They were indeed a stag party—heavy, healthy and hearty; and the whole scene was imbued with the sentiment of feed.

When I returned to the street, day-break had come. The heavens wore a gray veil

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through which the day struggled and at last looked down on the city. The irregular front of roofs, and the still more irregular sheds over the piers, appeared dimly far up and down West street. The gas-lights paled; the colors faded; and the city put on its common dress of dirty gray.

in a general way from the front platform of the car, it seemed disgusting to every sense. We sailed through a canal of filth, fetlock deep with black mud. Moreover, there was scarcely an attractive object in the whole view. The air throbbed with loud cries, here and there a hoarse curse, and the gen-

AMONG THE FIGURE-HEADS.

The plan of my walk was to begin at West Thirty-fourth street, pass down the west side of the city to the Battery, and then up the east side to the Dry Docks. This route includes all the chief objects of interest on the wharves, and presents them in the order of their succession, as a visitor will naturally find them. Having done, then, with the earliest scene on the docks,—the opening of Washington Market,—I jumped on a car to ride up town to begin the regular tour of the water-front. As I surveyed the scene

eral bedlam of low life. New York is bordered with rat-holes and rotten cribs, gin-mills and junk-shops. As you survey these superficial features you wonder that anything good should exist within such vile borders. A sensible savage would suggest that the water-front of a sea-port should be occupied by warehouses, large docks, industries connected with ship-building and other conveniences for maritime trade. But New York is neither savage nor sensible; and the miserable houses on our water-

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front are given up to every kind of trumpery retail trade. The structures on the docks are no better. Most of the piers are uncovered, an unfortunate circumstance in this inclement climate. Only here and there a shed covers a wharf and shelters the traffic of a ferry or an ocean steamer. The piers themselves are disgraceful. A few piles are driven in the mud, timbers are laid over them, and planks are spiked over these. When they have rotted sufficiently, these piers are offered by the city to the commerce of the world at exorbitant rents. They are too narrow even for the circulation of a junk-cart. The wonder is that a respectable ship will submit to be delivered in such a berth. Nevertheless, this unsightly, dangerous, and inconvenient water-front of New York offers very interesting studies. It is full of striking industries, that show by some astonishing feats, what strength, skill, and endurance men develop under the high pressure of commerce. It offers some of the most curious scenes of a great city's life, for it is the daily path of every kind of people, and it is crowded with the products of all nations. In short, the docks are a great panorama of human life, filled with its toils, pleasures, and miseries, and enlivened with the most picturesque aspects of human nature.

The industrial features of the water-front are quite as interesting as the more picturesque scenes; and they began at once to impress me with the remarkable amount of labor man performs here with the aid of his inventions, with the enormous proportions of every commodity and every industry, and with the extraordinary skill and endurance developed in individuals. I came at once to examples in point at the foot of Thirty-fourth street, the beginning of our walk. The great, useless Manhattan Market was the single exception to general activity. It was empty, quiet as a cathedral, and even more spacious. The market-scene contained two Sisters of Charity, pacing silently over the pavement to a solitary butcher's stall. The roof resounded with the twittering of sparrows flying among the net-work of iron braces. The pier, however, was a busy scene, with five brigs from Prince Edward's Island unloading that day 40,000 bushels of potatoes, and with lines of men tossing cabbages from canal-boats in the slip to wagons on the pier. Then I entered the grain elevator and mill, a humming hive of industry, a great cavern, dimly lighted, and obscured by mists of flour. Three men were at a weighing machine under a grain spout; one was weighing, one was bagging, and another was tying up fifteen sacks of oats per minute and delivering them to a wagon below. Further up among the shadows, the mists, and the whirling shafts, I saw a solitary man with his hands on another apparatus, by which he screened, weighed, and put in a bin, 5,000 bushels of grain per hour. Then I climbed down among the shafts and great timbers to the street, and resumed my way southward. I soon came to a coal-yard, where two bulky fellows in the hold of a canal-boat were shoveling coal into the elevating buckets. They wore only boots, trowsers, and an undershirt without sleeves. Their great arms, strong necks, and manly, though heavy, faces, were all black and grimy with coal-dust and sweat. They shovel 200 long tons of coal per day. Farther on was a man working in a lumber-yard containing $300,000 worth of choice lumber. He could pile 30,000 feet of green lumber in a day. Beyond this were some ice-wagons loading from barges at the dock; in summer they will cart away 20,000 tons per week, and distribute it all over the city and the suburbs, in quantities from ten pounds to 300 tons per day in a place. There are the iron-works, a great, shadowy cavern, with here and there a fire in its gloom, steam-giants groaning and striking blows that shake the earth, and men coming from dark corners to the forges and glowing at their toil like fiery demons. There is the cotton-press, a monster whose jaws close on a bale with a pressure of 1,000 tons, compress it to the thinness of one foot, and thus prepare 70 bales per hour for shipping to Europe. There is the wood-yard, where a saw and a knife cut and split four cords of wood per hour,—besides other industries on the walk, too many to be described.

But another aspect, also, of city life is presented in this part of the wharves. A mile or more of the shore below Thirty-fourth street is occupied chiefly by lumber-yards. The region is known among a certain class as Timber Town Hotel. This extensive establishment is a summer resort for the vagabonds of the city. It is what the French would call an *Hôtel meublé*, since it offers only beds. And yet it is full of lodgers every night from April till November. All the human experiences, from birth to marriage and death, literally transpire under its spacious roof. Sunday toilets are performed at the hydrant, with such odd bits of mirror, combs, and ribbons as the gutter may have

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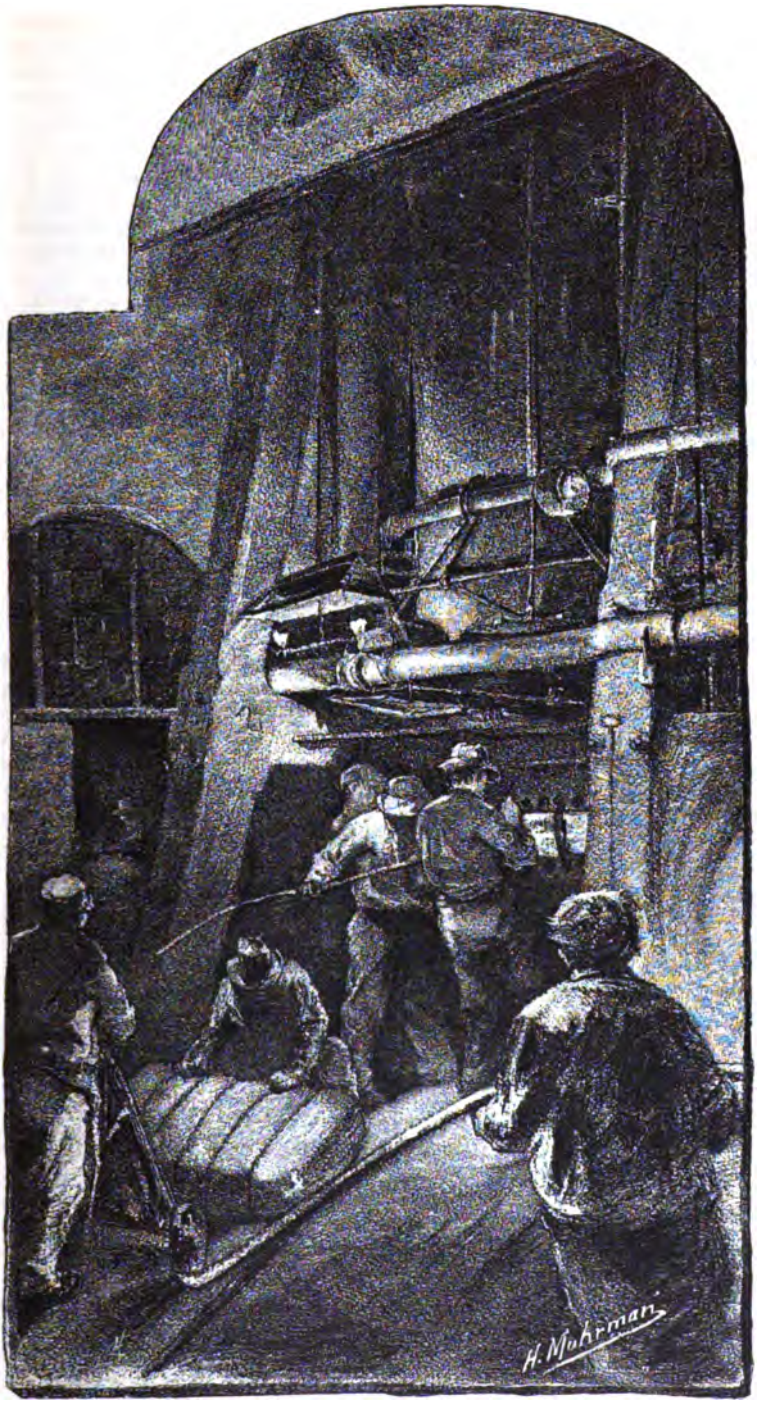

A COTTON PRESS.

yielded. Then the independent guests depart for their day's excursion, without paying their bills or caring even to close the door. And at night they return to the hospitality of misery. The bulletins of the hotel were filled with notices announcing a reward of

$50 for the recovery of several tierces of lard stolen from a neighboring warehouse. Some years ago this front was infested with gangs of thieves and smugglers. But they have moved away, some to municipal offices of trust and emolument, others to subordinate positions in certain state institutions; and Thirteenth avenue is now a quiet lumber region.

The walk has brought us down to West Eleventh street, where you leave the quieter docks devoted to the bulky commodities of grain, lumber, iron, and ice, and enter the bustle of the great sea-port. Here begins the beach of humanity, and it extends for miles, all around the lower half of the city. Long lines of men and teams surge up and down, farther than the eye can see or the ear can hear their busy march. And along the piers lie fleets of ships from every quarter of the globe. The scene, as a whole, is grand; too large, too full of intense activity, too vivid with all the colors of human life, for any one to grasp or portray. The first object met here is the oyster market. It is a long block of two-storied sheds built on boats. Little verandas and arched windows under the projecting roofs give them a tasty look. Broad gang-planks, leading up from the boats to the wharf, form the sidewalk. In front are wagons loading with baskets of oysters, carts taking away heaps of shells, and piles of barrels, kegs, and baskets standing about the doors. The place smells of the salt sea, and the characters idling about are from the sea-shore. Skippers in blue pea-jackets discuss the merits of their crafts and their oyster-beds. Other men, with their hands in their pockets, lean against the buildings and chew their quids, while keeping a weather eye on the crowded street. Here and there a wharf loafer overhauls a pile of refuse shells and cullings, to find a few rejected oysters. Inside the boat is a row of twenty busy men, seated along one side. Each sits on a low stool, and spreads his knees wide apart, on each side of a pile of oysters and an upright iron bar. A pail of water for washing, a pail for the oysters, and a basket for shells, stand before him. He catches up an oyster, lays its edge on the iron bar, and knocks off a chip of the shells with his short, heavy knife; then he pries open the shells, and in a twinkling takes the slippery tenant between his thumb and the blade and tosses it into the pail. The men are grimy, silent, deft, and quick at their work; and they must be attentive to open 6,000 oysters each in a day. 30,000 barrels a year are sold in this house, and about 2,500,000 barrels in the entire city. The slip in the rear of the market is filled with pretty sloops. The place is a net-work of masts and rigging, with here and there a basket hoisted by a tackle, and a sail hanging in shaded folds. Men are going from boat to boat, and some are coming over gang-planks to the market, with baskets on their shoulders. A peddler of bright mittens and socks is trading with a black cook in a cabin gangway; and on another boat the head and shoulders of a woman and a child appear above deck. The sun shines on them all, and here and there flashes up from the bits of water between the sloops.

FLOATING ELEVATOR TRANSFERRING GRAIN FROM A CANAL-BOAT TO AN OCEAN STEAMER.

Ocean steamers occupy several consecutive piers below Tenth street and give their locality a distinctive character. I went on board one of the ships and looked down her hold, four stories deep. It was all dirty and disordered with barrels, cases, lumber. The donkey engines were rattling, tackles were running, officers were whistling, gesticulating, and hallooing up and down the hold. A gang of men were laboring below to get a great log of mahogany out with the tackle. Another hold was like an ant's hill—swarming with men loading sacks

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of grain. An elevator alongside raised the grain from a canal-boat, and then sent it down a spout pouring two six-inch streams of wheat. A man opened and closed the valves of the spout while two adjusted the sacks under it; four sewed up the bags as fast as they were filled at the rate of about eight per minute. Sometimes a ship arrives so late that only three days are allowed for the work. 3,000 tons of freight are to be taken out, and as much put in, besides her coal. 200 men are set to work in her; she swarms and buzzes night and day like a hive. Every hatchway and port-hole is giving or taking some kind of package, from a steam-engine to a log of wood. But the men work methodically, under the direction of skillful stevedores, and steam does the hoisting; so at the appointed time she is ready again for sea.

A SECTIONAL DOCK.

The population of the wharves is wonderfully varied. In fact, if all who use them be included in the estimate it will embrace parts of the whole human family. Drift from every nation comes to this beach; and men, women and children from every field of life come and go in this restless tide of humanity. Some classes, of course, have a connection with the wharves more permanent than that of a passenger; such are the various artisans connected with shipping, the merchants whose wares come chiefly by water, and other men established in the houses along West and South streets. But one of the most interesting classes refrain, for obvious reasons, from occupying any permanent abode. They are the wandering owls, hawks, and foxes of the population; they prey by day and night on the rest of creation, and hide in the dens along this water-front. This region of the ocean steamers is their chief lurking-place. My interest in these thieves, wharf-rats, smugglers and their kind, led me to engage one of the steamboat squad of police to row me about for a view of the life and scenery under the wharves. We embarked at Charlton street in a small boat, suitable for entering narrow passages, and commenced our explorations at low tide. We picked a passage among canal-boats and lighters filling the slip, and finally reached the open water to pull up the river a few blocks. Fortunately, the day was bright, though cool, so we had a good light for our subterranean voyage. The officer talked freely of his experiences:

"You see, sir, there are two kinds of watermen, as there are of landmen,—honest and dishonest ones. And besides these, there is a third kind, the negotiator between the thief and the honest man. There is one, now, rowing around that pier. He is a licensed junkman; he holds a license for running a boat and buying and selling old refuse articles of any kind—a kind of water-ragman. Well, these fellows sell a great deal more than they buy; and what they buy was often neither bought nor earned, but stolen by the wharf thieves. But they have a license and that shields them."

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As the man rowed by us in his dirty brown boat, with a large pile of old ropes in the stern sheets, the officer hailed him.

"Well, Jerry, you've made quite a haul. It cost something, I suppose?" queried the officer, significantly.

"Yes, sir," said the man with a sly smile on his averted face as he rested on his oars. "It cost enough."

"But it was your own price, I'll bet. Anything new going on?"

"Well, no; not much. Only the Doctor was caught nappin' by a flat last night, and his plant was dug up. I guess he'll garden somewhere else now."

When we had parted the officer resumed:

"Perhaps you don't understand his lingo. He meant that one of the wharf-rats, called the Doctor, had been arrested last night by a policeman and that his plant, or his plunder, planted or hidden away, had been found. He thinks the Doctor will have to cultivate a patch at Sing Sing."

The view of the piers from the water is singularly out of keeping with the grandeur of the city, or with the commercial activity at their inner end along West street. If it were not for the dignity of the great harbor and the vast collection of fine ships, the city front would be contemptible. The docks are a tattered, dirty fringe to the city. They are of all widths that are too narrow, of all lengths too short; a few are covered with sheds, but the most are bare piers on open cribs of spiles and braces. Scarcely any life is seen on the pier-heads; they seem deserted country docks, waiting to receive some inland steamboat. The activity is on the streets, and inside of the piers, or on the water, covered with steam-tugs and ferry-boats. But I forgot the piers in the presence of the great ocean steamers, whose grandeur and beauty are very impressive when seen from a little boat. We soon turned under the pier of the Christopher street ferry and left the sunshine for shadows, among long rows of piles sprinkled with barnacles, and under a low, level roof of heavy stringers, braces, and planks. At last we came to a large square structure, like a flat-boat, floating on the water and supporting one end of the ferry bridge. Between the top or deck of the float and the bridge there is a large space.

"This," said the officer, "is one of the best hiding-places they have—on top of this float. Sometimes they cut a hole in the planks and then use the inside of the float for a store-room. It is protected from rain by the ferry-house, and it is safe from the tide, because the float always floats above the waves. The tramping of the passengers overhead drowns any noise these men make in operating down here, and they can live in safety here till discovered by some boating expedition. The passengers overhead don't imagine that they walk over a robber's cave, but some strange things are done under ground as well as over it. We lately found $3,700 worth of velvets and silks on such a ferry-float in Jersey City. They get such goods from the European steamers, where the people often aid them in smuggling. Men on the ships drop overboard packages of cigars or other valuables, and they generally fall in one of these boats of thieves. Sometimes a private watchman on a dock accepts an invitation to the neighboring saloon, and leaves the pier long enough for the purposes intended. Sometimes the thief saws part of a plank out from under a pile of goods and then fills his boat; or he bores an auger-hole up till he taps a barrel of liquor, and runs it into his own cask. They have a thousand tricks of the kind. One of us lately heard a man working at a pile of fruit. He soon filled his boat under a hole in the planking and then started away; but just as he came out from under the pier, the officer above dropped a slip-noose over his head and hauled him up to the dock, and that thief was about as much surprised as any man you ever saw."

We resumed our voyage, passing under pier after pier, picking our way through the intervening slips filled with various craft, or prowling under West street, where it is built over the water on piles. This under side of the city is a shadowy world even at high noon, and its structure, as well as its seclusion, makes it as good as a forest for hiding. The piles stand in rows running across the pier, a stringer or heavy timber lies on top of each row, joists lie across the stringers, and planks cover the whole. Thus between the top of each stringer and the planks there is quite a space, where boxes and bundles can be hidden. The under side of a pier can hold a good sloop-load of packages, and a box on a stringer is invisible to any one passing under the pier, unless he passes very close to it. There are many miles of piers about the city, and each pier has a great quantity of stringers. So here is a vast region of secrecy right under the busiest part of New York. Many of the piers are supported on such a dense

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forest of spiles that only the smallest skiff can pass through the narrow, tortuous openings. Formerly the thieves had a channel of this kind from one end of the city to the other, by which they could travel nearly the whole distance without showing themselves.

"You see, sir, here are plenty of chances to hide. These cribs of beams and spiles, mouths of sewers, odd holes here and there along the rocky shores, and all of it covered over from daylight, and some of it almost inaccessible,—all that you would think is enough for any set of thieves. But it is not; for we follow them up and clean out their holes. They find new places now and then. Once we discovered a lot of hardware and tools hidden under the guards and in the paddle-box of a steamboat that was laid up for the winter. Many things they hide under water, such as spelter and other metals. It is almost impossible to discover these 'plants'; but sometimes we hit on them by chance. Once, a man who had been loafing about the deck of one of the Troy steamboats threw overboard a valuable hawser, and then plunged overboard himself before anybody could catch him, although the boat and the wharf were full of people. Both the hawser and the man fell into a skiff alongside the steamboat and disappeared under the pier. He had the start, and of course escaped before any of us could get a boat and follow him. But we heard of him afterward under a certain pier, and we went there to look for the rope. We dredged between the piles for three days, and by good luck hooked up the hawser. These men sometimes get their deserts without any of our help. One of them who had stolen a boat-load of pig-iron, ran under Pier 49 to hide. That pier had a shaft and gearing under it for hoisting ice. He hitched his boat, and then climbed up near the shaft; the gearing caught his clothes, and we found him in pieces scattered over his boat. Wharf-thieves used to be more successful than they are now; they were organized in regular gangs. But we have broken them up, scattered them, and driven the most of them away from the docks."

Still darker scenes might be recorded of this under side of the docks. The actors appear first in the city's brighter haunts of pleasure, or in its miserable dens of want and crime. Then they wander in the streets alone; and gradually but surely stray to the water. Night is around them, in them. The city behind them sparkles with life. But it cannot penetrate their night, nor light their dark passage under these waves to the morgue.

We came at last to the slip of the oyster market, picked our way among sloops and lighters, and passed under the crooked pier at the foot of West Tenth street. Here we followed a long, narrow passage between the back of the new sea-wall on the right and rows of spiles on the left. The faint light shone through the forest of spiles and lighted a dismal, slimy cavern, bounded by the green ledges of the wall, the rocky shore full of dens and holes, and the heavy timbers close overhead. Large rats stared at us from the beams, sewers vomited filth and the water and the air were unendurably loathsome. This is known as "Hell's kitchen." It may seem incredible that any free man should choose such a place for his abode; yet where could a criminal find more congenial gloom? We found a home in Hell's kitchen, but the host was not visible. A few boards lay across three stringers, and a bed on these was made of a heap of rags and papers from the gutter. A few vials of medicine completed the picture of utter misery with suggestions of sickness and death. When at last I disembarked, I was glad to walk again in the sunshine and feel the presence of honest life and industry on the docks. The docks are a dangerous region for the unwary stranger. Here the most expert of all thieves—the confidence-man—meets him as he lands, and commences one of those games so plausible while they are played, so absurd when they are over. Even well-read school-teachers and prominent business men of this very smart city are among the victims. The fox will probably always catch the goose; and doubtless this is better than for all of us to be either foxes or geese. Besides this cunning class, the docks have many ordinary thieves who depend more on their heels and hands. The wharves are the general market of the city, where every kind of produce is landed and kept until bought and stored in shops or houses. Of course, it is impracticable to guard thoroughly such a long line of merchandise; and the irregular, nook-and-corner structures along the docks offer abundant shelter for prowlers. There is a man for every place in this world; so the docks are full of irregular, nook-and-corner men, preying on every kind of produce landed on the wharves. There are little children picking up pieces of coal in their caps and aprons; women with baskets, loi-

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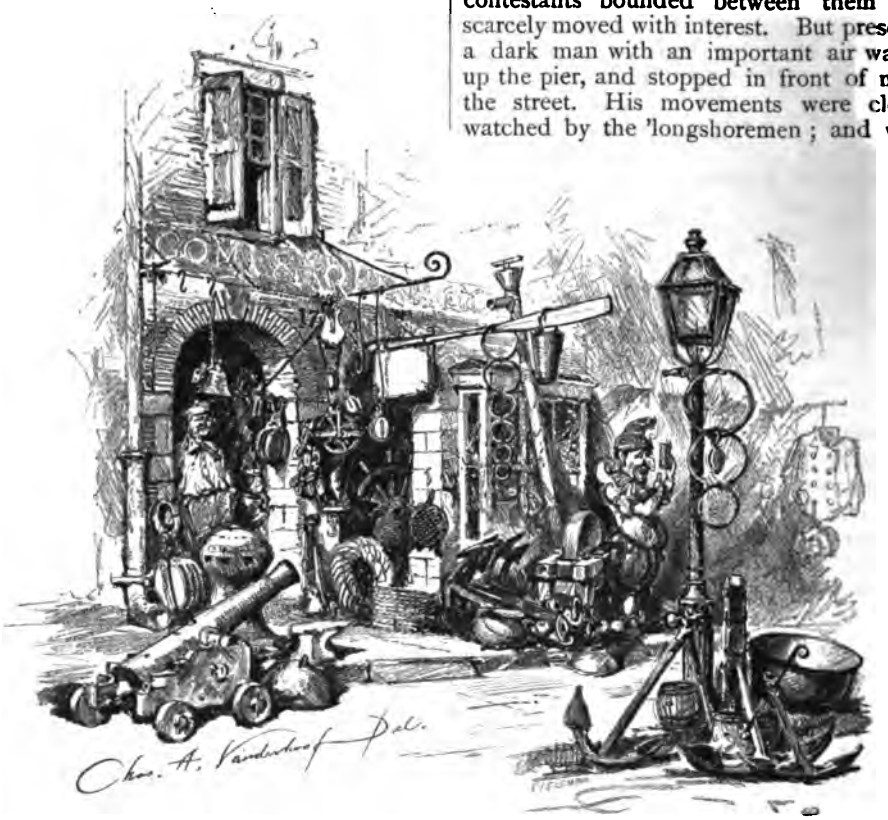
tering about the market sheds to pick up potatoes or onions that may roll from a barrel; men overhauling heaps of rubbish for a stray bit of food; and a great many loafing about, and waiting for any opportunity to take or accept anything in the world. Some of these are organized in gangs and accomplish quite important results. The cotton thieves, for example, operate with much daring and success. A squad of boys, with sheath-knives in their sleeves, steal up to the side of a truck-load of cotton, cut open the bales, pull out armfuls of cotton and escape to their nooks and corners. If they are noticed and molested, a squad of men join, ostensibly, in the charge or pursuit, but to really defeat the capture of the rascals.



SHIP-CHANDLERY.

As I walked along southward I was jostled by a continuous stream of men, of wonderful diversity, of every shade of cleanliness, honesty, industry, and intelligence. In fact, every species seemed to be represented; some labeled by their ragged coats, and others mislabeled in the same way. At last I came on a crowd of peculiar aspect at the corner of Spring street. It was a hundred or more 'longshoremen, standing in two parallel lines, between which two of them were competing for drinks at "hop-skip-and-jump." They were ragged and dirty; they were heavy, lifeless, and even monotonous in various shades of ignorance. They waited for the jumping; yet when the contestants bounded between them they scarcely moved with interest. But presently a dark man with an important air walked up the pier, and stopped in front of me in the street. His movements were closely watched by the 'longshoremen; and when he came to a halt there, they all hurried over to my corner, and forming a line on the curb-stone, bent all their attention on this man from the pier. He was a stevedore seeking a few more hands to help unload one of the steamers. He looked gravely and slowly up and down the line, and finally nodded to one of the men, who then left the ranks and walked toward the ship. The rest stood motionless, and kept their eyes fixed on those of the stevedore, while they silently chewed their quids with the vigor of expectation. They seemed subjected to the severest discipline. When a dozen men had been selected, the stevedore turned to follow them

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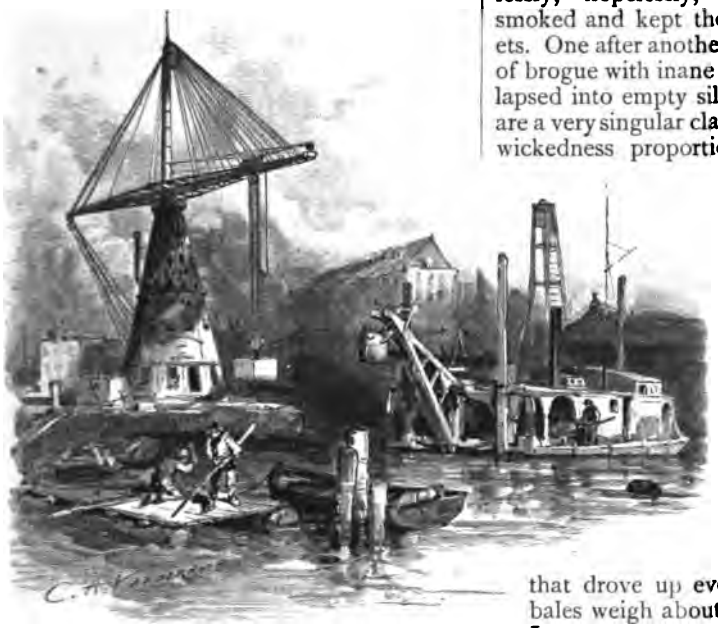

DERRICK AND DREDGING BOAT.

to the ship. The rest of the crowd broke up into groups of loungers leaning against the wall, and relapsed into their habitual stolidity and inertia. The day was cool, so they kept up a perpetual yet aimless movement of big feet; still they had not the wit to button their coats. They stood about aimlessly, hopelessly, uncomfortably; they smoked and kept their hands in their pockets. One after another broke out in a new key of brogue with inane inflections, and then relapsed into empty silence. Altogether they are a very singular class,—apparently without wickedness proportioned to their physical brutality; without thrift or intelligence; without purpose, and without any apparent knowledge or hope of better things.

A livelier scene was in action on the pier opposite, where the Southern steamers land their cargoes of cotton. Hundreds of bales covered the quay, and men were loading them upon trucks that drove up every few minutes. The bales weigh about 500 pounds each, yet I saw two negroes put fourteen of them, or 7,000 pounds, from the ground upon a wagon in nine minutes. It was a treat to watch their sinewy arms and strong backs as they tossed the bales about with apparent ease.

West street contracts to its original meanness below Canal street. The general view here is of a narrow street crowded with

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A GARBAGE DUMP.

trucks and horse-cars moving slowly. The docks for river craft in this vicinity and farther south are a busy place, even at night, in the early summer; for then large quantities of fruit, and other perishable articles, arrive every day. They must be delivered to the commission merchants and market men before daylight, to be ready for sale in the early morning. Wagons begin to arrive about midnight; the piers are soon crowded with vehicles, and with men working at the top of their speed in unloading boats and loading wagons. It is a bedlam of boxes, baskets, and barrels, lighted with lanterns. By sunrise the berries and peaches have been bought by grocers; they are at once carted up town, and exposed for sale before breakfast.

The railroad freight depots on the docks are also busy centers for man and beast. The front of the low shed is covered with the names of distant cities and states. The approach to it is filled with teams from all parts of the city with all kinds of merchandise in cases and barrels. Within the wide opening are seen piles of boxes; also little cabins, near the front, with a platform scale on each side, and men signing receipts, marking cases, and calling out weights and addresses. Behind these are lines of men going and coming with truck-loads of freight. They pass to the rear and over a gang-plank on to a barge carrying ten freight cars. When the cars are loaded the barge is towed across the river, where they are run on to the railroad and sent to the distant cities and states named on the front of this freight depot. This is one of the most important industries of the docks. One company sends and receives 20,000 cars a year; it employs sixty men to handle the freight, and twenty-eight clerks for the systematic booking of every package in its 150,000 tons of merchandise.

In the midst of all this commercial wealth, we meet another side of life at the garbage-dump. The pier is built quite high, that the carts may rise above the heap of refuse on the deck of the lighter even at high tide. The space just under the floor of the pier, between the rows of piles, is inclosed with old planks, and divided into several rooms, one for storing bones, one for tin-cans and old metal, one for old boots and shoes, and one for rags. At one dump a room is fitted up for living. The planks are lined with refuse pieces of oil-cloth, then a layer of carpet is spread all around; more oil-cloth is tacked on, and finally the walls are papered and the floors carpeted with more refuse pieces. The room is warm and inhabitable even there under the dock, and but a foot above spring tide. But the whole scene is extremely repulsive, although the business is quite profitable. The city hires a trimmer to trim or pile the loads on the lighter. He lets out this work to two or three Italians for one-half of the pickings, and now and then visits his dump, dressed in broadcloth, kids, and diamonds. The Italians sell the bones, metal, rags, and boots to peddlers, and thus make from $12 to $20 per week. The watchman on the pier told me that they live chiefly on the garbage, that they save enough money in a few years to go home as a count and spree it a while, and then return from sunny Italy to claw over the garbage of New York.

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A SIDEWALK RESTAURANT.

Now and then they allow their wives and sweethearts to come from Baxter street and help pick. Then the garbage pile is covered with a picturesque company of grimy and ragged figures eagerly snatching refuse in a cloud of offal dust. It is a strange phase of life. They have their social distinctions, too, for the cartmen who collect the refuse consider themselves immeasurably superior to the pickers. And certainly they have, at least, the advantage of an honest and hard-working horse.

But I was loitering too long on the many details of this west side of the city, so I pushed on southward again to Washington Market. It is a quaint little village of low sheds, very narrow alleys, and very small blocks,—all on the pier-side of the street. But as I had seen it in its more picturesque aspect of night, I did not enter it now. One of its queerest nooks, however, a sidewalk restaurant on a street corner, attracted me, and I walked, or rather, in one stride stepped, into the midst of it and called for a cup of coffee. The place is five feet wide and twelve long on the ground, though of no exact dimensions on the ceiling. For it is the space under an outside flight of stairs, inclosed with glass and boards. It rents at $540 per year. A shelf on each side of the entrance serves as a table where two men can sit on stools. Mine host is a plump, pompous German with the taciturn and important air of a public functionary. Such is the run of custom, and such are the customers, that he keeps his place open night and day. After drinking my coffee, I continued my walk, past more freight depots, more ferries, more shipping, to the end of this western side of the city at the Battery.

The Battery is the only oasis of the docks. This little park on the southern point of the island is very welcome after miles of dirty

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bustling wharves. The granite sea-wall and the clean walks are such a contrast to the rickety and disgraceful piers! One is almost ready to despise the prudence and economy that limited such work to the Battery-front, and to one stone pier. I rested a moment in this delightful retreat, while the distant roar of the city came from behind me through the trees, and mingled with the softer splash of waves. The bay stretches away in front, showing cities on every shore, islands, busy ferries and steamers puffing about, and fleets of great ships from the sea. It is the meeting-point of two worlds,—the commerce of the continent and the trade of the ocean; yet it is a quiet nook, where your dreams are quickened, not broken, by the distant whistle of the locomotive, the strokes of the ship's bell, the roar of the city, and the murmur of the ocean.

The rush of commercial life met me again at South Ferry, as I rounded this end of the city and turned eastward. The flour trade begins here, and extends along South street, and up the side streets. Coenties Slip is one of the oldest parts of the docks. The view up the wedge-shape street is quite picturesque, with the converging rows of old houses, and here and there a dormer-window above the pinched and faded fronts. The elevated railroad is a surprise in this picture of the past. What amazement it would have caused if it had been dropped into the place a hundred years ago! One can imagine the wigs and night-caps thrust out of the little windows. The finest view of ships in the port of New York is just east of Coenties Slip. For several blocks one side of the street is a row of high bows at the edge of the docks. Bowsprits run in over the wagons and the traffic of the street, and beyond these masts and rigging make a forest. The vessels are all noble clippers, pressing close to the city. You can put your hand on their anchors, their figure-heads, and their shapely bows. They seem almost human in their confident intimacy. The view down one of these uncovered piers is quite animated with the loading and unloading of ships.

SAILORS' CHAPEL.

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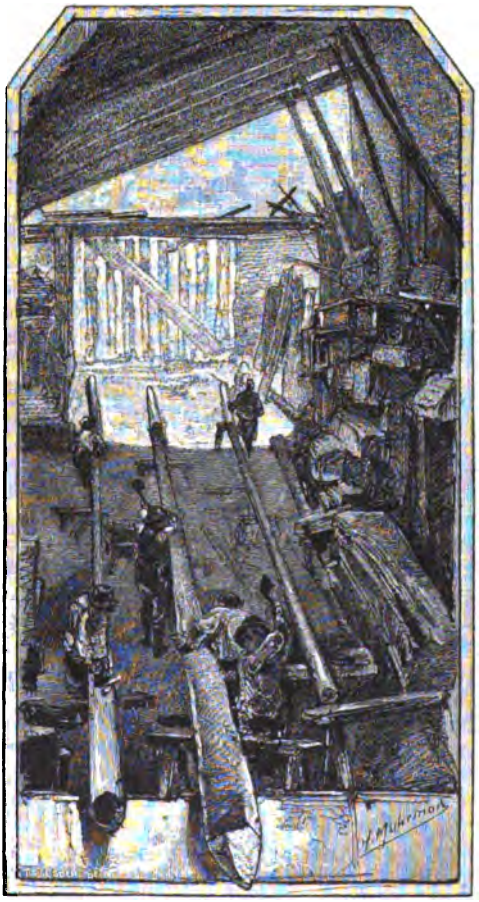
Carting is one of the most important divisions of wharf life, for horses throng along all the docks to move every day thousands of tons of freight and thousands of people. A characteristic scene is a long line of loaded trucks, waiting at the pier of some one of the Southern steamers. One of these lines began at South street, ran up Maiden Lane to Broadway, and down Fulton to South street again. Part of the line had two trucks abreast, and, if it had been in single file, the total length would have been four-fifths of a mile. Some of the trucks stood in the line twenty-four hours, and some came three times without reaching the ship. Every truck was overloaded by taking the loads of those who could not wait for their turn. The loads of New York teams are amazing. Two horses usually haul fourteen bales of cotton, four hogsheads of tobacco, or twenty-five barrels of flour or sugar. But the market-men take the heaviest loads. One horse commonly draws twenty to twenty-five barrels of apples, but sometimes he takes as many as forty barrels, and often over three tons of oranges or lemons. None of these loads are hauled up steep hills, but the pavements are often defective with holes or hollows, the car-tracks are troublesome, and the footing is slippery; moreover, the route is never clear, so that frequent stops and starts also make the labor very heavy. Even with the best of feed and care the average service of a horse in this over-work is but four years.

But the day was waning, and I left the cartmen to their day or night of waiting and hurried forward on my walk. In the rear of the Fulton Fish Market I saw a smack unloading with a scoop-net live cod-fish from the well in her hold to a crate or car alongside. This car is a large covered box floating in the water like a raft; it is about twelve feet square and five deep; its sides and bottom have cracks for the flow of water in and out, and it will keep alive about 4,000 pounds of black-fish. The slip, half filled with long rows of these cars, can hold 100,000 pounds of live fish. Near by are the vessels from the tropics, unloading oranges, bananas and lemons. And on the dock were eager figures diving into the barrels of damaged fruit for now and then a half-sound orange. There are more busy freight depots along South street, and steamers from the Mediterranean, and others from Maine. There are also canal-boats stowed away here and there in a slip for the winter, while the captain and his family live in the cabin and enjoy a season of metropolitan life. There is also a welcome sign of civilization among all this roughness of the docks—the Bethel ship with its cross and its church bell. One hopes that some social pleasures may await the sailor landing from boisterous seas; but these miserable boarding-houses and hotels for seamen scarcely encourage the hope. South street has strong naval characteristics. Not only do you find a large fleet of ocean clippers along the dock, but you meet the sailors themselves, congregating within sight of their vessels. You very seldom see the typical jolly tar in his sailor's shirt. They are generally a lot of



A SPAR YARD.

dull-looking men, unshaven, dressed in patched coats and caps, and devoted to their black pipes. They sometimes pace up and down the sidewalk as if still on their watch; but oftener loaf about in small

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groups and lean against the wall. They wear an uneasy expression in the city, as if out of their element, and wishing to make sail and stand out to sea. North of Market street the surroundings are entirely maritime. The houses are full of ship-chandlery,—great cables, blocks, anchors and wheels; the signs of sail-lofts flap from upper stories; boats run their bows out-of-doors; spar-yards are full of men hewing great timbers; and shipsmith shops glow with forges and echo with blows on the anvil. Here and there a window is full of quadrants, compasses, chronometers and other navigating instruments. On the water-side are the dry-docks where some large ocean steamers were being repaired by gangs of men. The great hulls looked imposing with their high masses contrasted with such mites as men. I found also a figure-head carver making a woman for a new vessel. I had always been interested in the wooden sex. This man is their creator. He marks a center line on each side of the square block from which the figure is to be made; then he sketches the profile outline on two sides of the block and hews down to those lines. Then he sketches the front view on the hewed sides and cuts the block down. Afterward the corners are reduced to that plump roundness so characteristic of the figure-head. From four to six days suffice for making the average specimen. Just now the Indian is the prevailing fashion in this race.

The last great rush of life along the docks is the afternoon crowd at the ferries. So I returned to the more populous part of the docks to see the close of the day. Not to be too alliterative, I call Fulton Ferry a funnel for folks. They converge at the wicket from all directions, and slip in out of sight as if engulfed in oblivion. The squalor of South street is thus crossed by sparkling streams of wealth and fashion, flowing down from the heights of the city. As the people come in close columns, you see a panorama of hats and chins; as they pass, hats and noses, and as they crowd about the ferry entrance, hats and back hair. They are a crowd devoted to bundles, for every one has a package or a bag. One poor woman carries a great bundle of tailor-work; and an elderly man, rather excited by his own hurry and the bustle of the street, comes on a run, while a turkey's long neck hangs out of his basket and whips about his legs. There go two youths with guns on their shoulders and glowing anticipations on their faces. In fact, the air seems loaded with sighs, and songs, and flitting visions of human lives.

But the street is as crowded as the sidewalk. From curb to curb, and as far as you can see, it is full of wagons as closely packed as the pieces of a puzzle. It is a long line of piles of merchandise; a driver is perched on every pile, and a team is before it. There are loads of oranges, boxes of tea, four-bushel bags of pea-nuts, cases of silk and Indian shawls, a steam-boiler, and coops of geese that stick up their heads and look concerned. Indeed, parts of every quarter of the earth are here rolling on wheels along the docks. The wagons are emblazoned with the modern heraldry of commerce—signs and trade-marks. There is the great four-horse truck strong and plain. There is the jaunty butcher's cart with the sleek, saucy butcher; there is the brewer's wagon with its fat horses; and there is the elegant carriage moving with a low, soft murmur like the rustle of silk. It is the great army of commerce moving slowly along with the roar of wheels and the sharp click of hoofs. But now they halt by their own crowding. Not a figure moves where just now all were in ceaseless, eager activity. The street becomes as quiet as a country road. But here and there a driver hails his fellow in gruff tones, jeering the stupid teamster who blocked the lines of march. So they all stand still in a hopeless blockade. But presently one wagon moves a few feet; the next drives up behind, and then the next, and the short motion runs along the whole line like a wave, away off to the distance. Then they all stop again and the puzzle is a new one through fresh entanglements. Meantime a policeman walks here and there among the wagons and teams, and tries to keep all in moving order. But here is the key-wagon of the jam. It is loaded with over seven thousand pounds of lemons; and the horse is stalled with his enormous load. The right fore-wheel is in a slight hollow in the pavement. The horse turns to the left to twist it out of the hollow; he leans to the task, strains every cord in his strong limbs, and almost gets the load in motion. But he finally slips on the treacherous pavement, the fire flies from his shoes, and after a courageous struggle the poor animal falls. Then the policeman and the driver loosen the harness that holds him like a net; they lift his head, speak to him; he kicks and scrapes on the smooth stones, and finally regains his feet. When all is ready

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again two or three men put their shoulders to the wheels, the horse pulls again with the nervous energy of a fine nature, and at last the key-wagon is drawn out of the blockade. At the first movement every horse awakes and waits. The drivers gather up the reins, and steady their teams. The horses arch their necks, cautiously plant their feet as if on ice, and crouch to the hard, steady pull. The army moves again all along the line; and the roar breaks out afresh. In the general uproar you distinguish the separate noises near by,—the chuckle of heavy wheels on the axle, the sharp click of horses' feet, the rattle of light carts, the tinkle of street-car bells. Humanity also roars; and you hear, besides the low tramp of feet on the pavement, the constant babble of voices,—the scream of the newsboy, the whistle, the whining speech of peddlers or beggars, the loud gruff shout, and the more melodious fragments of passing conversation. The scene is crammed with eager struggling men and horses, and the air is filled with the roar of their toil. But under this combat are also the softer strains of human joy and sorrow.

Twilight lent the docks the poetry of mystery and color. The sun, setting in a crimson sky, touched the bay, the shipping and the brick house-tops with a ruddy light. The scene was almost Oriental in richness. Then as the shadows of night fell the lights of the city made another view. The piers were still more obscure, the shipping was more gloomy with massive black hulls and overhanging rigging, and the water shone with the blackness of night. The houses were lighted here and there, but scarcely offered any cheer. A few straggling teams passed with their last loads. After that the occasional rumble of cars, and the tinkling of bells were the only sounds along the street. Here and there a ferry-boat whistled, and then the splashing of her wheels sounded from the slip, but soon died away over the waves. Now and then a suspicious figure skulked along the docks; a watchman yawned on his monotonous beat; sounds of gruff life issued from a groggery, and fainter echoes from the heart of the town floated down a street. But out on the piers the silence of night reigned above the eddying tide and enveloped the city for a short repose.

THE VOYAGER.

I.

"FRIEND, why goest thou forth
When the wind blows from the north,
And the ice-hills crush together?"

"The work that me doth call
Heeds not the ice-hill's fall,
Nor wind, nor weather."

II.

"But, friend, the night is black,
Behold the driving wrack
And wild seas under!"

"My straight and narrow bark
Fears not the threat'ning dark,
Nor storm, nor thunder."

III.

"But oh, thy children dear!
Thy wife—she is not here—
Let me go bring her!"

"No—no—it is too late!
Hush—hush! I may not wait,
Nor weep, nor linger."

IV.

"Hark! Who is it that knocks
With slow and dreadful shocks,
The very walls to sever?"

"It is my master's call.
I go, whate'er befall;
Farewell forever."

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VILLAGE LAWN-PLANTING.

SMALL VILLAGE LOT PLANTED FOR GENERAL EFFECT.

LAWN-PLANTING, to be successful, must have definite aims and purposes. It must not be taken up at random, but must have a clearly foreseen end or result in view. For those employing landscape architects and gardeners, the accomplishment of well-planned and practical lawn-planting is much easier; yet there are always, for any one, difficulties which must be met with judgment and some degree of skill, whatever be the assistance rendered.

The amount of money to be spent is ever a prime consideration. Indeed, much injury to the reputation of lawn-planting is often wrought by carelessly formed estimates. People say the planting will cost

NOBLE SILVER FIR (PICEA NOBILIS).

JAPANESE MAGNOLIA (MAGNOLIA STELLATA).

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too much. They seldom, however, fix their estimates high, but generally so low that the real cost greatly exceeds the amount previously estimated. Of course, reasons for these mistaken estimates are easy to find, and first and foremost is lack of proper attention to the subject. If people would give the same close study to the lawn that they give to building a house or buying a horse, results would be more satisfactory. It is evident, therefore, that the way to secure good lawn-planting is to do it yourself. Acquire all information as to right methods, listen to all suggestions, but make the work your own, no matter who assists you. To this end, visit parks and nurseries and learn to love plants and recognize their individual characteristics, their likes and dislikes as well as their beauties. This will make you master of the situation in any case.

One thing is certain, however: there must be a catholic taste shown in selecting plants, if the lawn is to be properly laid out. The tendency to follow mere fancies, or to use only particular and favorite plants, must be kept in strict abeyance. Many and various plants should be employed intelligently. Hardy deciduous trees, shrubs, evergreens, herbaceous and bedding plants, —in short, everything that conduces to the beauty of the lawn, must be united into one harmonious whole. Doubtless there are occasions when a mass of color, obtained by using many plants of one kind, is desirable, but generally a variety of plants and methods of combination is more desirable. The eye thus never becomes sated, and is ever renewing its pleasure. But what is the actual condition of lawn-planting as practiced to-day on myriads of small places throughout the country,—places, moreever, that belong to intelligent people? The entire collection consists frequently of a few fruit-trees in the background, an elm, a Norway spruce, an arbor vitæ hedge, with a bed of the glowing coleus. All these plants, be it noticed, are of the most pronounced and coarsest type. They may be and are valuable in suitable positions or in other combinations, but are decidedly ill-fitted for the interior of a small place, both from the character of their beauty and their habit of excessive growth. We intend no disrespect for either of these varieties, many of their qualities being, in their own way, most admirable; but we do say that if other and good selections were made after studying parks or nurseries, fewer poor lawns would exist. Were this the general practice, the ubiquitous tree dealer, with his wonderful plates of impossible plants, would be forced to seek for pastures new, and leave the field open for intelligent lawn-planting. Landscape gardening (or lawn-planting, which in a sense is a synonymous term, although the latter treats specially of planting, while the former includes also drainage, road-making, etc.), seems very difficult to some, and is practically considered a myth by others. To one class we can only say, practice it yourself and difficulties will soon disappear; it has no arcana into which you cannot pierce. To the other we answer, lawn-planting exists, and has its æsthetic laws, just as taste in general has definite laws.

One word as to the presentation of lawn-planting systems. For practical work, performed by experts, maps drawn to a scale, with the plants and their positions indicated by figures or symbols, are necessary. But even then much scope must be allowed to the individual taste of the planter, for no map is so successfully and practically drawn as to form an absolute model for planting.

For general suggestions to the uninitiated in planting, we believe sketches of certain parts of the lawn should be more used. The trees appear then before you as they will actually seem, and you feel the reality and possibility of the scene in a way that no map can suggest.

Yet the real question is, how can we best make clear, even with pictures and maps, the practical application of lawn-planting in any form. Perhaps the best method will be to show a place which we have planted ourselves, with all its defects and graces, and thus trace out for you something of the methods and materials used. It may be, doubtless, more or less like other people's lawns, and by no means such as every one will want. Since we possessed, however, a lot of fifty feet by one hundred and fifty feet, and accomplished certain results which we believed were successful within given limitations, we have thought our experience might benefit others. We have also endeavored to make the character of the work more clear by the few foregoing illustrations of the actual plants,—portraits that have been carefully studied from the originals as they stood in our grounds.

Let us see, then, what we actually did with this lot fifty feet by one hundred and fifty feet. We found, to tell the truth, much work already done for us. The house and fences—tight board fences—were built, so

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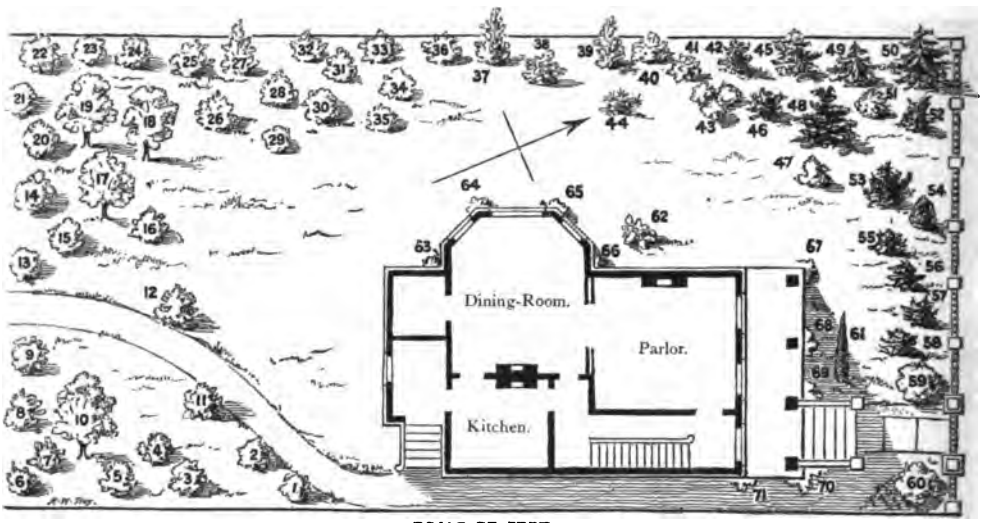

WORKING PLAN FOR THE PLANTING OF A VILLAGE LOT.

1, Euonymus nanus; 2, Calycanthus lævigatus; 3, Syringa sinensis; 4, Lonicera Tartarica; 5, Deutzia crenata fl. pl.; 6, Weigela rosea; 7, Spirea prunifolia; 8, Forsythia viridissima; 9, Spirea Thunbergii; 10, Æsculus hippocastanum; 11, Amygdalus pumila; 12, Spirea callosa alba; 13, Pyrus Japonica; 14, Colutea arborea; 15, Spirea Nepalensis; 16, Weigela nana variegata; 17, Acer rubrum; 18, Acer platanoides; 19, Liquid amber; 20, Spirea Douglassi; 21. Syringa grandiflora; 22, Ligustrum Californicum; 23, Amorpha fruticosa; 24, Weigela rosea; 25, Syringa Emodi; 26, Cornus alba; 27, Tamarix Africana; 28, Euonymus Europeus; 29, Hibiscus variegatus; 30, Hypericum kalmianum; 31, Lonicera Tartarica; 32, Syringa Josikea; 33, Spirea Fortunii macrophylla; 34, Viburnum plicatum; 35, Deutzia gracilis; 36, Symphoricarpos glomerata; 37, Tamarix Indica; 38, Exochorda grandiflora; 39, Spirea opulifolia aurea; 40, Spirea Thunbergii; 41, Cercis Japonica; 42, Abies Conica; 43, Dwarf Japanese Maples; 44, Pinus strobus pumila; 45, Picea cilicica; 46, Pinus sylvestris pumila; 47, Magnolia stellata; 48, Picea nobilis; 49, Retinospora obtusa; 50, Pinus Cembra; 51, Ghent Azalea; 52, Abies Orientalis; 53, Abies Canadensis pendula; 54, Biota elegantissima aurea; 55, Abies Gregoriana; 56, Juniperus suecica nana; 57, Abies Canadensis macrophylla; 58, Retinospora plumosa aurea; 59 and 60, Spirea Thunbergii; 61, Thuja pyramidalis; 62, Hydrangea paniculata; 63, Clematis Sophia; 64, Clematis Jackmanii; 65, Clematis Helène; 66, Clematis azurea grandiflora; 67, Wistaria sinensis; 68, Lonicera brachypoda; 69, Ampelopsis quinquifolia; 70, Wistaria magnifica; 71, Periploca græca.

that, the ground being tolerably level, we had already the most definite features established. To be sure, the house was wooden, and the fence a stiff angular affair, which did not by any means harmonize with the lines of the building. On the other hand there was a good bay-window, giving out on a side lawn, and a rich, well-drained soil in which to grow plants. The board fence had its advantages too, for it shut out a neighbor's chicken yard and sundry other unsightly objects. Altogether we flattered ourselves that we had obtained a comfortable and rather picturesque-looking house, in just the spot that suited our convenience.

We had, it is true, indulged in sundry delightful dreams of a stone Gothic cottage of the purest and richest style, with mullioned windows, etc.; and above all, surrounded with well-ordered plantations constructed on the soundest principles of art, and in strict accordance with the architectural spirit of the house.

But what were we to do? We had not really, if we confess the truth, a great deal of money to spend; and we must be near the railroad station, the doctor and the schools. And then there were actually many advantages about the home we had selected. From an æsthetic point of view, the style of our house was not to be mentioned lightly, and the bay-window was decidedly a feature. Therefore, with plenty of good turf on the lawn, a few shrubs, and a high board fence to protect us from uncongenial neighbors, we felt that our lot might have its compensations after all.

We believed, too, that in many of the choice and dwarf plants that had come of late from Japan and elsewhere, there existed great and little-known capacities for producing pleasing and lasting effects upon the lawn. There, we thought, lay our chance of doing something uncommon. But do not let us convey the idea that we did our work in a year. Our means were limited, and we had a notion moreover that all plants must be selected personally in the nursery after much study on our part. This took time, so that more than one year passed before we completed our plantation, and at least eight before the place looked as shown in the picture. We should explain also that we never bought large plants, and we feel

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assured that to this chiefly we owe the perfect development of each specimen.

Let us now look at the working plan and see how we did this planting that produced the effect shown in the first picture. It will be readily seen that the combinations are very simple, based on few principles other than exhibiting the plant in the best manner possible. Plants cannot, indeed, be treated as the architect treats his wood or stone. They are living things, not blocks, and their treatment on the lawn to be successful must be individual, must correspond with their higher organism. A few of these principles, as we have seen, are light deciduous shade to the south, evergreens to the north, open lawns, skirting shrubbery, and on small places, at least, few if any large trees to encumber the ground with their roots.

In dwelling on the lawn-planting conditions and possibilities of our lot, we found ourselves thinking of it as a real picture. There were extreme distance, background, a broad, interesting middle space, and in front, the very choicest and richest plants convenient for close inspection from the main stand-point.

The first thing we felt in looking at our back-yard—for we always want such places treated first—was a bare distance, long, narrow, and confined. We were necessarily confined, but none the less, there was a certain amount of breadth of treatment possible for us. A kitchen garden, moreover, which, according to some, should occupy this bare distance was not likely to prove, under our management, a source of either profit or pleasure.

Potatoes, peas and tomatoes were not satisfactory that always came (when not eaten up by bugs and worms) just as everything of the sort could be had in market for just half what they cost us. We therefore decided to give up any attempt at a kitchen garden, and content ourselves with grapes and small fruits trained against the board fence. The middle of the back-yard, thirty or forty feet square, we devoted to grass for the purpose of croquet, drying clothes or amusing children, and thus also obtained the desired open treatment. To shut out this more or less (probably less) attractive part of the lot, we conceived the idea of throwing across the lawn, about fifty feet from the rear of the house, an irregular belt of large shrubbery, broader at the sides than in the middle, at which point, as shown on the map, we contrived an entrance to the rear grounds. The peep thus given from the front lawn back to another region, as it were, greatly increased the apparent extent of the lot, and gave it perspective. In short, you thus looked back through the picture which was otherwise shut in by shrubbery and trees. The exposure, in this case, was to the south, which requires for shelter from the sun, light, deciduous foliage. Had the direction been north, we would have used evergreens, probably hemlocks, the graceful foliage of which is easily kept within bounds by pruning. As a general rule, evergreens afford a heavy, peculiar shade, which is less agreeable in summer than that of deciduous trees. On the other hand, evergreens are specially fitted for protecting from cold, north winds.

But to return to the shrubs used as a background to the regular lawn; it will be seen that they are disposed on the map in mass. It is, indeed, the only mass proper on the place, for we conceived that a small place, except in the actual background, should exhibit in every case an interesting and visible individual specimen. The shrubs that here make up the mass are large, rapid-growing varieties, such as *Spireas prunifolia*, *Douglassii*, *Thunbergii* and *Nepalensis*; *Colutea arborea*, *Ligustrum Californicum*, *Weigela rosea* and similar varieties; *Pyrus Japonica*, etc.; *Syringa grandiflora*, etc.; *Forsythia viridissima*, *Deutzia crenata*, fl. pl., and one or two varieties of amorpha. We beg pardon for presenting such an array of botanical names, but after haunting nurseries for some years, we have learned that we are more apt to get the plant we want, if we ask or write for it by its correct botanical name. The bridal-wreath spirea, for instance, is a more suggestive and pleasing name than *Spirea prunifolia*, but then you see *Spirea prunifolia* is understood nearly the world over. Well, we had our shrubs, and in this case, we made the planting very simple, for what we wanted was a mass, a screen, a background to produce the desired picture effect. Interested friends told us we must plant a hedge, but we had our own ideas about that, one of which was that it was stiff and formal, a monstrosity that could only be tolerated where nothing else was possible. Then we had seen arbor vitæ hedges badly injured by severe winters, and had been bored by their monotonous color, which, administered in large doses, becomes almost disagreeable. Osage orange hedges, cheap, rampant and suckering, might do on the prairie farms of the West, but were a nuisance on small places. We did not doubt that many hedges were more or less satisfactory when properly grown, pruned, and protected. But supposing we were sick or lazy, and could not afford to hire

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it done? On the whole, we determined to take a new departure, and make our hedge of deciduous shrubs. It could not, of course, be exactly a regular hedge; but it would be pleasant, however, to look upon in a southern exposure, with flowers blooming here and there all summer. We set them in the ground very simply, with no measurement specially, only on a general rule of four feet apart and two or three rows deep, planted alternate fashion. We nevertheless, as already noted, managed to distribute about through the mass a continual series of bloom during the entire growing season. Pruning we always attended to at least once a year, but at different seasons; late flowering varieties usually in winter or early spring, and the early flowering ones immediately after blooming. The labor of pruning, however, was not great or excessively systematic, for we specially wanted informality and irregular grace. It suited our ideas of a background: that is, we did not want a smooth wall of foliage against or near which to erect our individual arboreal works of nature's art. But, although we felt pleased with this novel hedge, there was still something needed. The shade it gave was insufficient, because we made it a rule to keep it down to eight feet or so, by pruning from time to time both roots and branches. It is surprising how many years deciduous shrubs can be thus kept, if pruning is practiced, and not shearing. Besides the shade, we conceived that the artistic effect of the background would be improved by introducing one tall group of trees,—for, indeed, the place would not admit of more. It made the background, we thought, more interesting, and contrasted with and relieved the low size of the other plants.

One other quality we sought to secure by this feature, and that was additional and prominent color. Many otherwise well-arranged plantations fail decidedly in effect from a lack of variety and richness of color. Are we not, perhaps, more apt to think of form than color, in grouping plants on the lawn? However, the way we accomplished the effect we wanted was by planting in a triangle, eight feet apart and in the south-west corner of the lot, three deciduous shade-trees, namely, a Norway maple, a scarlet maple, and a liquid amber. They are all somewhat broad and round-headed, and not really lofty. Their coloring, also, is very lovely in spring, especially the foliage and flowers of the scarlet maple. In fall they are yellow and crimson and gold; and, by training them together as one head of foliage, contiguous branches being pruned year by year, a grand, variegated color effect was produced. Under these trees we had seats, and, with the house, turf, and plants in front, we congratulated ourselves on having a very pleasant grove for a lot fifty feet by one hundred and fifty. When this was done, however, our lawn did not seem well balanced; so we planted, in the opposite and south-east corner, a horse-chestnut. The horse-chestnut has a shadowy, yet light-colored, broad foliage, which consequently relieved and offset the effect of the darker maples and liquid amber on the other side of the lot. To be sure, the horse-chestnut becomes rusty sometimes by August; but then so do many other trees, and beside the spot where this one was planted was just a little low, which suits the horse-chestnut. The horse-chestnut acquires a bad name sometimes when it is planted on high, dry land, which seldom agrees with its constitution. You see, we had not only taken up the notion that all plants, even individual members of a variety, have each their characteristic and peculiar expression or appearance, but also that it pays to consider their simplest habits in the most painstaking way. We grew, thereby, to seek and enjoy their company more, and they seemed to flourish better and appear better under a treatment which thus considered their slightest needs.

Having planted a true background,—for the last fifty feet of the lot had a remote value as an effect in the picture,—we began to arrange the groups on the main body of the lawn. We say body, but it was so narrow—twenty-five feet—that we were obliged to content ourselves with planting only the outskirts, or edges. In fact, our lawn proper was very precious to us. We thought the plants should be subordinated to the turf rather than turf to plants. Having, therefore, dug the lawn deep, and sowed it thickly with grass-seed, we arranged for a long sweep of green through to the very front. A few jutting points of shrubbery, here and there, served to enlarge the appearance of the place by the irregular, indeterminate contours thus produced. With extended turf came also increased breadth and distance, and likewise a delightful field for the play of sunlight and shadow. Lawn-mowers have done wonders, in these latter days, in the development of perfect lawns. Consequently, no excuse exists now for poor turf.

Keeping in mind that turf was of prime importance, we proceeded to complete the

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rest of our planting. Around the bower of trees we clustered the ordinary shrubs of the background; but as we approached the front with our plantation we selected, as a rule, choicer and choicer specimens. We have come, indeed, to recognize distinct relations between plants, much as we recognize them between men. Social distinctions can hardly be applied to plants; but none the less have we ordinary plants whose special province is in mass,—that are, in a certain sense, plebeians. Other worthy plants perform yeoman service, either singly or in mass, and fail only in exhibiting distinguished qualities. Such qualities are reserved for choice (though not necessarily rare) plants, aristocrats that court the most minute attention and appreciation of their beauty. They are all, truly, excellent and honorable members of the commonwealth of the lawn, only each class has its special duties to perform, individually and collectively. You will notice, therefore, that among the plants we used toward the front there is a richer contrast, and that their individual relations demand closer consideration. In short, the plants were finer, and must receive, therefore, more artistic treatment. We require, moreover, here as well as in all deciduous grouping, not only a bouquet of flowers and foliage, but a bouquet of flowers and foliage that will present some pleasing form or color throughout the season.

The practical consideration also comes in that we are obliged to plant the face of a high board fence, to plant it out, in fact, with deciduous shrubbery which is specially suited for the purpose. There is a double row and here and there a triple row of shrubs used, the larger ones back and the smaller ones in front,—the natural way of planting all shrub groups. But everything in becoming choicer does not necessarily become expensive in the same ratio,—a plant is not better because it is expensive, neither, on the other hand, is it always preferable because it is cheap. Occasionally we find very cheap plants with the choicest qualities for ornamental effect.

Let us then turn to the picture, and touch briefly on the important qualities of the few plants there distinguishable. These plants are the special ornaments of the scene, and are therefore rightly prominent. The other plants on the map are well worthy of study, but we prefer to dwell on special favorites in the picture. That you might understand the full meaning of our preference, we wish it were possible for you to look with us on their dew-laden charms on a fresh June morning, or in the evening, when the level rays of the setting sun, streaming athwart the lawn, bring out to the best advantage both color and form. The more vertical rays of noon seem to deaden the effect of flowers and foliage. If you seek the best effect of a plant always stand between the plant and a sun not too far above the horizon. But what are the plants in question? First comes a lilac near the grove. In spite of much said to the contrary, a lilac is not considered a choice plant. It is true some have gone so far as to say that the lilac is worthy to occupy the place of the rhododendron, where the rhododendron fails to thrive, but people generally do not think so, and all the eloquence in the world will hardly change their opinion. If the lilac were a plant recently introduced from remote regions of Asia there would be more chance, but hardly now. We confess, however, to a decided liking for the lilac, and then, you know, there are lilacs and lilacs, and the *Lilac emodii*, which we have used, is one of the finest of its genus. Few realize the complete, and even utter, diversity of form and color and general value that exists among plants of every genus, as we shall find still better exemplified when we come to look hereafter at one or two spireas. *Lilac emodii* is well fitted for the position we have chosen for it, being tall, dark-green and of well-defined, bold outline. The flowers are dark purple. Choice and more difficult to propagate than other lilacs, it must always be singled out for admiration; and as we look on it from the grove at our leisure, we feel that its striking form harmonizes well with the character of the plants in the neighborhood. But what have we in front, making evident and relieving the lilac's large and peculiar outline? *Cornus alba*, or the red-stemmed dog-wood, is a broad, irregular-growing shrub, not rare, but very picturesque. Its red stems are peculiarly striking in winter, and throughout the summer and fall its rich, glossy foliage continues to retain a marked and curious habit. It is a cheap plant, but choice,—one of the plants that attract alike singly or in mass. Gradually we employed, as we left the background, plants of richer qualities and always of diverse form from those in the immediate neighborhood. The *Euonymus Europeus*, standing back near the fence, is, unlike the dog-wood, very erect, with dark-green leaves, but specially remarkable in fall for bright scarlet berries, four-hooded, and brilliant until winter. No

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plant is more striking in fall, and in summer the flowers, as well as the foliage, are attractive. Near the euonymus, with broader shrubs between, is a tamarisk, in some respects the most graceful of all shrubs. Its delicate foliage, tenderly green, waving and plume-like, has an oriental appearance curiously different from any other shrub. The exquisite pink flowers come on the ends of the branches, and when the whole plant is laden and glistening with dew or rain, the effect is charming. This is a cheap shrub and an old shrub, easily transplanted, and hardy in every way. Then why is it not better appreciated? For the simple reason that it is seldom pruned, or else pruned improperly. Few shrubs need more intelligent pruning, for it is a rampant grower, and, if neglected, develops long, naked branches with straggling foliage on the outer parts. Witness, in proof of this, numerous instances of unkempt, naked tamarisks in certain squares of New York City. Such forlorn specimens no one would accept as a gift, much less attribute to them charming qualities. Pruning should mean with the tamarisk a severe cutting back, every year or two, within a short distance of the old wood, to encourage bushiness and renew vigor. But to do this without further knowledge will end in failure. Tamarisks are commonly found of three varieties, *Africana*, *Gallica* and *Indica*. The first blooms in June, the second in July or thereabouts, and the last in August and September; this last is, moreover, very strong-growing. It follows, therefore, that the early varieties must be pruned sharply immediately after blooming, while there is yet time to make a new growth, and the late flowering ones in winter or early spring.

All the large shrubs to which we have just referred should have plenty of space to develop. They should be also not less than four feet apart, for we do not believe, on this part of the lawn at least, that shrubs should be crowded to a degree that will obscure their individual beauty. The smaller shrubs in front may, of course, be planted nearer, say three feet. There is a notion abroad, among very high authorities, too, that all shrubs, when required in a group, should be piled together *en masse*, two or three feet apart, with a view to immediate effect, to be thinned afterward as the case may require. We fear, however, that these high authorities forget that few like to sacrifice a plant once established. It is, besides, very difficult to take out a shrub here and there from a group and leave the remaining plants as well related to each other in position as they were before. We early made up our minds, after some unfortunate experience of crowded planting, that in every group of plants we constructed there should be plenty of room for each individual to develop its full beauty. The pruning could be so managed, we knew, as to restrain excessive development for a score of years.

You see long association with, and study of, plants, from a lawn-planting point of view, had taught us to prize the individual effect of a plant at least as much as its appearance in mass. We felt more and more every year that not only every variety, but every plant of the variety, had a different and characteristic expression varying with each month of the year. No wonder, then, we felt strongly on the subject of crowding.

We had also another peculiar notion, which more than one friend combated, and that was to spade only around each plant from year to year, leaving untouched spaces of turf between. Indeed, we grew to dislike very much the patches or beds of raw spaded earth into which so many groups of shrubs are huddled. Culture is undoubtedly necessary for all plants, but we have found spading for a small space about each plant and liberal fertilizing, productive of entirely satisfactory results.

Our planting came now closer to the front and to the termination of the board fence. Here are two remarkable shrubs, one tall and spreading, the other round and compact. They are both spireas, but utterly different, noteworthy instances of the diversity of appearance found in varieties of the same genus. The tall one, *Spirea opulifolia aurea*, has strong, decided outlines and rich golden leaves, all studded, as it were, in June with short-stemmed white flowers. It is picturesque and beautiful, and need not be rare, for it is easily propagated.

Directly in front is *Spirea thunbergii*, most delicate and exquisite of spireas. It should have been the bridal wreath spirea, but had not probably arrived from Japan when that name was given to *S. prunifolia*. The leaves are scarcely more than half an inch long, and of a light-green, almost yellow, color. They weep and cluster in picturesque masses all over the bush, and are loaded with numerous white flowers in early spring, which weigh them down like snow-wreaths. But their special perfection and glory comes in late fall, when the deli-

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cate flushes and tinges of pink, crimson and yellow are truly wonderful to behold.

To those who have followed carefully our planting thus far, and who have also noted the prices in nurserymen's catalogues, it will be evident that we have done our work cheaply. We could not, however, leave deciduous plants without introducing a few gems as we approached the foreground. Among the few we notice in the picture, and one of the very best on our lawn, is the Japan Judas-tree. It is a true shrub, of moderate growth, although not exactly dwarf. Every characteristic, in other respects, is rich and choice, well fitted to grace the most conspicuous part of the lawn. The wood or bark is drab and the branches more or less erect and well defined, although the general outline is broad or round. Lustrous, and of firm and fine texture, the heart-shaped leaves have a remarkable effect during every season after early spring until late fall. But the crowning beauty of the plant is the flowers, which come out early, before the leaves. Wreathing the branches with close-clinging clusters, they are very numerous and of a fine red color. No richer or more beautiful shrub, in its own peculiar way, exists than the Japan Judas-tree, but it is not commonly offered in nurseries, and is therefore little known.

We reached now the transition point of our shrubbery where we felt it necessary to pass into evergreens on the north-west side of the house. A feeling of dislike for abruptness, however, prompted us to allow a few choice deciduous plants to stray over among the evergreens, though, as a rule, we like to see one or the other completely predominate. In doing this we employed, as will be seen by the map, three of the exquisite Japanese maples, the leaves of which are wonders for varied colors and deeply cut forms. Here also we planted the rare Japanese magnolia *stellata*, or *halleana*, a shrub, both hardy and slow of growth, with delicate, pure white, sweet-scented flowers somewhat resembling the clematis or the water-lily. These flowers come earlier in the spring than those of any other magnolia, and bloom freely while the plant is yet only three or four years old. You will note in the illustration of this plant how picturesque and graceful are the shapes and masses it assumes. In this case they suggest a wreath of laurel, and in all cases make a very effective background for the white and spotless flowers. A Ghent azalea, likewise, adorns this part of the lawn, brightening with rich-hued flowers the outskirts of the evergreen groups. The hardy or Ghent azalea stands almost without peer among hardy deciduous shrubs. Fine in foliage and tint of bark, the rich and varied hues of its flowers range from white and yellow to pink and deep orange almost on the same petal, and it is, moreover, dwarf. By this time we came to employ evergreens entirely, and as we were in the foreground we selected specimens of a richness of color and form that would repay the most lingering examination. We were obliged, at the same time, to choose moderately dwarf plants that, treated now and then with a touch of knife and spade, could be kept eight feet or less for a score of years. The house, fifteen feet only from the road, we could not wisely, and would not wish to, shut in entirely from that direction. It seemed as if a glimpse of the lawn was due to passers by, and that a view of the street from a partially sheltered position would be always agreeable to the occupants of the house. Shut in as much as possible on the sides, we felt that the front should be partly open.

In the foreground of the picture, among the last stray deciduous shrubs you can see two or three of the specimen evergreens we used. The dwarf white pine is rounded and distinct with all the soft richness and marvelous penciling of needles which always strikes one in pictures of any variety of the white pine. We have also the conical Norway spruce in the immediate foreground and on one side. This evergreen is probably the favorite among all the choicer evergreens. Its conical symmetry is perfect, never requiring a touch of the knife. It is also hardy, easily transplanted and blessed with all sorts of practical qualities. Every one likes it, moreover, because it suggests a perfect specimen of a common Norway spruce, with which all are familiar. Then there is the noble silver fir (*Picea nobilis*) singly and very effectively illustrated. In color it might almost be termed the richest of evergreens; and the foliage, furthermore, groups itself into picturesque masses which make the contour as varied as the color is charming. It is from the Rocky Mountains and attains great size there, but grows very slowly while young and could be readily kept twenty years as a small-sized evergreen.

The picture of our modest attempt at lawn-planting is now nearly before you, described as well as space will permit.

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Around the bay-window, the architectural point of interest in the scene, we have trained white and blue wistarias, and covered the lower portion with beautiful clematis vines, Jackmanni, viticella, Hellêne and *Azurea grandiflora*, bearing purple, pink, or white flowers. Mingled among these, and trained along the brick-work of the foundation, are exquisite Japanese creepers *(Ampelopsis veitchii)*, which cling like ivy to whatever they touch, and are moreover hardy and beautifully colored in fall. Indeed, we have trained vines about the house in every suitable position, honeysuckles, wistarias and Virginia creepers, feeling that the angles and stiff outlines of the buildings were thus softened, relieved and rendered picturesque. One thing however we were particular about, and that was to leave sufficient openings among the vines of our piazza to let in light and air, and breezes, for that matter, to drive away mosquitoes. The most prominent angle of the house, the recess of the bay-window, as appears in the picture, is planted out with the broad foliage of a *Hydrangea paniculata grandiflora*, by some called the finest of shrubs. Massive and effective it certainly is all through the fall, when its great panicles of flowers, eighteen inches long, array themselves successively in white, purple, pink, and deep crimson.

And so you have our lawn in a certain way before you for what it is worth.* We do not assert that it has high artistic value, or that it presents an authoritative selection of plants. But we do assert that it is the result of careful study of much lawn-planting material, and of the pursuance of a settled system based on simple and practical artistic rules. It may be still insisted that lawn-planting admits of the widest and most diverse treatment, and that every one must do as he pleases. But even to those who refuse to take an artistic stand-point, we refuse the right to select a position for each plant on the lawn by tossing up the several contents of a bushel of potatoes, and fixing the positions on the respective spots where the tubers fall. We have known such advice given, and therefore warn against it, absurd as it is. People are, moreover, always ready to accept the teachings of a toss-penny philosophy. Besides this, there are many so-called systems in vogue. They assume various shapes. One confides in the intuitive taste of a newly fledged lawn-planter pro found in the criticism of paintings or bonnets. Another plants his trees in straight rows, and lines his paths with shrubberies from end to end. The conceptions of such people, in regard to lawn-planting, are all mixed and confused, without form and void. We must refer to correct standards and definite principles if we expect to succeed in lawn-planting, and seek first of all to know plants individually. To sum up a great deal in a few words, we must endow our lawn "with the grace, the diversity, the unforeseen, the fleeting suppleness of a living thing without diminishing the effect of the masses." At the same time, we should also "deck its surface with the most elegant series of painted and sculptured ornaments." Taine says this of the most wonderful product of Grecian art, the Greek temple, but it applies with no less force to the well-planted lawn.

* The cost of plants for this lawn was less than fifty dollars.

FALSE AND TRUE.

THE false is fairer than the true. Behold
Yon cloudy giant on the hills supine!—
The figure of a falsehood that doth shine,
Armored and helmeted, in such a gold
As in the marts was never bought or sold,—
Giant and armor the exalted sign
Of shapes less glorious and tints less fine—
Of forms of truth outmatched a thousand fold!
Ah, Poesie! Thou charmer and thou cheat!
Painting for eyes that fill with happy tears,
In tints delusive, pictures that repeat
Dull, earthly forms in heavenly atmospheres!
How dost thou shame the truth, till it appears
Less lovely far than thy divine deceit!

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A NARROW STREET.

I.

THE street was narrow and steep, with ugly rows of dingy white houses catching hold of and clinging to each other all the way down on either side as though in fright; the door-ways—little caverns—all alike, save that some were a trifle more begrimed than others. Smirches low down signifying children within; smirches higher up announcing as plainly as a sign-board that the man of the house worked with his hands—possibly at the foundry across and beyond the lower street upon which this ladder-like thoroughfare was made to rest. Still, the street was respectable and even tidy to a degree, but dreadful to be chained to and forced to spend a strong devouring life in, when one remembers the lovely nooks and corners in this great world of ours which nobody has yet found out or filled.

In one of these houses, near the foot of the ladder, where they could easily step off if fortune ever did hold out a hand to them, lived the three sisters to whom this story relates. They were three orphan girls, or women, for Achsah, the youngest, was nineteen. And they took care of themselves; a homely pitiful phrase, true enough, for they had no brother or male relative in the world. And they were poor. I had almost forgotten to tell it, but women who take care of themselves are usually poor. There are plenty to shelter and provide for and admire the rich.

Margaret, the eldest, made bonnets. They were very good bonnets, conscientiously sewed and sure to outlast the prevailing fashion. Somewhat prim in style, perhaps, especially as to the bows, which would assume a serious cast. But sitting in the little back-parlor year after year striving to bedeck other people and ruminating upon life—as one is inclined to do at thirty-five—was it strange that the work of the hands should follow the curve of the thoughts? And life had been a serious matter to Margaret. There was a tradition in the family that she had had a lover once. It was far beyond the reach of Achsah's recollection; it was a very faint tradition indeed, but it lifted the eldest sister into the region of romance in the eyes of the other two. Susan, the second sister, was near Margaret in age. She was plain of face and without any of Margaret's deftness of hand. She was only sister Susan "who kept the house,"—one of the thousand and one good, undistinguished women who are in life what paving-stones are to the much be-traveled street,—extremely necessary, but filling the lowliest place. With the assistance of a little maid, who came at odd times, she baked and brewed, or would have, if brewing had been desired in the household. She tended the house-fire—that flame we ought to worship if we do not—and she prepared the simple meals. And here begins and ends the story of a life.

Last of all came Achsah. That little consonant gives to the name a hard sound. It is like the hidden grain of strength in the girl's character,—for she was no sweet, insipid maiden. New England bears soft, voluptuous women only by chance. They are a freak of nature in that keen-edged atmosphere, or flowers forced to unnatural bloom by rare sunshine and under plate glass; her own children, from the pine woods or along the curling edge of the sea, are of another kind. Achsah was thin, nervous, cold, to outward seeming; but the earth, though ice lies unmelted on its bosom, is said to smolder and burn within. She was brown of face, with hair almost a shade paler, and yet so silken soft where it was brushed smoothly down and away from her face as to seem dark in certain lights. This pale brown hair, heavy and of great length, was Achsah's crown of glory, which she regarded with indifference, as do the most of us our crowns. We set up false gods even in ourselves. This, with a pair of clear, straightforward eyes, "clear, without heat," gray, and cool, and deep as still pools, made up her only claim to beauty. For the rest, she was quietly shy, not obtrusively bashful. She had been a school-teacher for five years, and had thus gained the power to meet a legion of eyes without shrinking, although to be entirely at ease these should be some degrees below the level of her own. In the church, the great church at the top of the hill where the choir chanted Te Deums and Misereres, and had even introduced a cornet into the Gloria Patri (O shade of John Wesley!), in this church where Achsah's friends, so far as she had any, were to be found, she was regarded as an exceedingly quiet young person, rather self-willed in the Bible class,

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where she held to her opinions stoutly, but upon the whole uninteresting, and certainly no beauty. But in her own home the judgment was far different. She was an impetuous child, willful upon occasions and glowing into beauty when roused to enthusiasm. In fact, she was the pride of the eyes and the delight of the hearts of the two old maids who had been mother and sister combined to the younger girl ever since her earliest recollection.

It was evening, and the bonnets had been put out of hand. With these every trace of the day's work was swept away, the drab moreen curtain drawn before the work-table in the back parlor, and Margaret, who was not so strong as she had been once, stretched herself wearily upon the lounge in her own particular corner. Susan still moved briskly about. She had set out the tea-table just in front of the open stove, where a small fire was freshly lighted; for these early spring evenings were sharp, with a cutting east wind. She pulled the edge of the rug into a more exact line with the seam of the carpet, straightened the folds of the heavy curtain which shut off the prosaic, work-a-day corner of the room, with its ugly blocks and great drawers, and, last of all, brought from the window-sill a hyacinth, just pushing its pale beauty up from a Belgian glass, and placed it in the center of the table, whence its sweetness seemed to radiate and perfume all the room. Achsah was the young heroine to these two women, for whom life was to be made bright and beautiful, so far as it could be; and this was Susan's hour.

"What can keep Achsah so late?" Margaret asked, almost querulously—patient Margaret, who was never ill-tempered. But it had been an unusually tiresome day, the "opening" day of the season. The little front parlor had been filled with a crowd ingenious in fault-finding. Even the few buyers had insisted upon impossibilities—especially upon that of being made beautiful by Margaret's bonnets. As though she could do God's work!

"The clock is striking now, Susan."

"It is the night of the tea-meeting at the church. She may be there," Susan replied, with a regretful glance over the tea-table so invitingly spread.

"Don't let us wait any longer, then," and Margaret rose languidly and approached the table. But at that moment the street-door opened and shut. There was a hasty step through the small entry, and Achsah appeared.

"Susan, how delightful! The fire just at the right point, too! I am glad now that I did not stay at the church. The minister was there. He is better, though he looks like a ghost. He came out to-night to urge upon the ladies this matter of entertaining the ministers during Conference week." She had tossed her hat carelessly upon the lounge; her shawl followed. It had been unpinned at the first respiration in the warm and rather heavily scented room. She was already sipping her tea and breaking the crisp slices of toast with an enjoyment it did Susan's heart good to see. One would never have known this lively young woman with her glowing face for the same Achsah Bray who had sat in wooden silence in the church parlor a half hour before. Even Margaret brightened. It was like opening the doors and windows and letting in a breath of fresh air to these two women to have Achsah come home at night. "Yes," she went on, when the minister's health, and the attendance, and various minor matters had been discussed, "there are not half places enough for them yet."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the sisters sympathetically as to the minister, upon whom fell the task of providing temporary homes for the members of the Conference during the week of its session.

Achsah had finished her tea. She leaned back in her chair.

"No; but pray don't clatter so, Susan." And Susan, who had begun to remove the tea-things, set down her cups meekly at this imperious request. "And so," Achsah went on, "I gave him our names."

"To take a minister? Why, Achsah Bray!" Seven days of breakfasts, dinners, and teas trooped by in formidable procession before Susan's dull imagination. Even Margaret was stirred.

"Child, how could you?"

"But, Margaret, how could I refuse? He asked us each in turn. Everybody said 'two' or more. I only said 'one,' and had a mind to add 'and a small one,' for really I don't know what we shall do with him. Of course I shall give up my room."

"We shall have to make the best of it now," Margaret rejoined, thoughtfully, "though we have almost forgotten the fashion of hospitality."

"I wonder who will come to us," Achsah asked later in the evening. "Perhaps Mr.

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Severne,"—a minister who had left their church but a year or two before.

"That is not probable," Margaret replied with decision.

"But improbable things are the ones that come to pass. Still, Mrs. Cooper mentioned his name. He will go there, with the bishop I suppose. Bishops and popular ministers always do gravitate toward Mrs. Cooper's; no, indeed, we shall have some poor old minister from a back country charge, full of the peculiar trials of his last station." Achsah's eyes, fixed upon the fire, grew dreamy and far away as a seer's. "We shall enter with all our hearts into his very moderate hopes for the coming year, divided between two churches equally distant, undesirable and heavily in debt. He will regard us through owl-eyed spectacles, gold-bowed, a present from some summer sojourner in his country parish, and his efforts to make these serve the purpose for which they were intended, rolling his eyes over and around and beneath,—for to see through them will be utterly impossible,—will give to him a wild appearance which the general benevolence of his natural countenance cannot overcome."

"Achsah!" protested Susan, trying not to laugh.

"Yes; and he will be constantly mistaking one of us for the other and 'sister'-ing us continually. And he will be crowned with a wig,—one of those jet black abominations, apparently sold by the dozen, having no individuality, so to speak. And he will make long prayers, especially in the morning, Susan, dear, when the apprentices are at the door, referring to us each as 'thy handmaiden', and his wife, whom he will call his 'companion,' will have been left at his last 'field of labor' with his household stuff, sitting in the midst of the confusion like the ancient widows among the ruins of Jerusalem. And he will have had one daughter—who died," Achsah added, softly. "It may be that we shall remind him of her," she said in a suddenly hushed voice.

"Well, dear, he shall be welcome," Margaret spoke. The picture Achsah had called up was real for the moment.

"And he must go somewhere," added Susan.

"And I have brought it upon myself," said Achsah. "And I believe I love him dearly already, and shall be sorry when he goes away." She ended with a little broken laugh that had a sound of tears in it, as she stretched her hand toward the candle beside the pile of school-books on the table.

II.

It was late in the afternoon one day early in the following week, that there came a long-drawn pull at the bell, ending in a faint tinkle, tankle, tonkle, which brought Susan in a great flurry from the kitchen, saying, "Suppose you go, Margaret; *he must have come!*" And Margaret, not a little disturbed in her own mind, laid down Mrs. Tibbs's "material"—as creased and wrinkled and worn as the material of old Mrs. Tibbs herself—and went to open the street door. The soft spring sunshine was dying away over hills and valleys, which Margaret had never seen, and of which she had scarcely any conception. One straggling ray shot down the dingy street, dazzling the woman's eyes so that she could hardly make out the heavy and rather awkward figure of a man, unmistakably young, standing upon the steps and nervously shifting a traveling bag from one hand to the other, as she opened the door.

"Miss Bray?" he said inquiringly, scowling with embarrassment till his heavy eyebrows met, as Margaret hesitatingly assented. Could it be possible that this was their expected guest? "My name is Doane—Jacob Doane. I am a member of the Conference, and was sent here——"

"Oh yes," Margaret said with nervous cordiality, setting the door wide open. "We were looking for you; pray come in."

She ushered him into the parlor with hospitable bustle, not a little flurried internally and almost doubting the propriety of receiving this young stranger into a family made up of women alone. His sharp eyes glanced quickly over the room taking in everything, Margaret could see, even to the row of empty bonnets, each upon its stick, like flowers gone to seed upon their stalks. Ought she to have removed them, mindful of his serious calling? Would they appear to him as pomps and vanities? But they were very modest bonnets, she reflected hastily, and two of them in crape, which certainly suggested serious thoughts. She set out a chair and opened the blinds, with an attempt to give an air of inhabitation to the room, which, like an obstinate individual, silently protested, and only appeared more stiff and uncomfortable than before. She heard Achsah come in and go to the back parlor. Susan's slow step moving about in the next room came to her ears. She ex-

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cused herself and went out to them, shutting the door carefully behind her, and still holding the knob in her hand, she confronted Achsah with a grave and troubled face.

"My dear," she said, "he has come; and —*it is a young man!*"

Achsah stood in the floor, her hat, just removed, in her hand.

"Margaret!" Her eyes opened wide in dismay.

"Yes, dear. What shall we do?"

"Suppose you speak to the minister," suggested Susan.

"That would make us ridiculous," said Achsah, turning red.

Margaret considered.

"He seems like a modest young man." Some poor boy from the country, she thought, who had heard a divine call, perhaps at the plow, and had left it, as the fishermen by the Galilean Sea left their nets to follow the Master. "Perhaps he had better stay," she said slowly. "We can hardly send him away or ask for a change. It would, as Achsah says, make us ridiculous. No; I think he must stay."

And neither Susan nor Achsah demurred.

"Come in and be introduced to him." But Achsah hung back. "Take Susan."

"You had better go and have it over with," said Susan. "I shall see him at tea-time, which will be quite soon enough," she added with unconscious sarcasm.

So Achsah followed Margaret reluctantly to the parlor and was presented to the stranger, who rose from a chair much too small for him, to make an embarrassed salutation, half thrusting out his hand which Achsah saw too late. "My youngest sister, Achsah," Margaret had said primly, stepping aside that Achsah might appear, and thinking that he would not be ill-looking if he were not so painfully shy. "We must try to put him at his ease," the old maid thought kindly, as she led the way out to tea; being much put at ease herself by his confusion. But this was not to be effected at once, with all her good intentions.

III.

WHAT could it be? Jacob Doane had been their guest for two days when Achsah was roused from her sleep in the early morning by a regular but unusual sound which seemed to come from the small back-yard under her window.

Susan had already risen and gone down. Achsah peered cautiously through the closed [illegible] But the yard had shrunk so close to the house that it could not be overlooked from the window. In itself, the sound was in no way remarkable. It was not even interesting. Certain conditions of the family affairs rendered it simply perplexing. The noise was that of a wood-saw in vigorous motion. Achsah dressed herself in the worn and faded school-dress which would not be pulled into graceful folds, and appeared even more dingy than usual, when, for some unaccountable reason she tried the effect of a knot of bright ribbon at her throat, then she hastened down-stairs. Susan was moving about preparing breakfast. The warmth of the small kitchen was very grateful after the fireless room in which Achsah had made her toilet. She lingered a moment warming her fingers over the stove, when—could it be possible!—through the twisted panes of the small windows opening upon the yard, she discovered their guest, his coat removed, his felt hat at a most unclerical angle, his stout shoulders bent over that most prosaic of instruments, a wood-saw. She had forgotten her curiosity as she ran down the stairs until this strange sight met her eyes.

"Susan! what does it mean? And where did the wood come from?"

"I really don't know, dear. It was being thrown into the yard when I came down this morning. Brother Doane was making the fire, and ——"

"Making the fire?"

"Yes, dear; I knew you would be vexed. But he would do it, and—and he made it yesterday morning."

Achsah hardly heard her reply.

"But the wood," she said. That was a serious matter. "We have ordered none. There is some mistake," and she started for the door.

"He thought I had better take it in," said Susan, signifying Jacob Doane by a gesture. "You might have spoken for it, or he said it was perhaps a present from a friend."

"A present from a friend!" Achsah repeated in scorn. "Who would dare send us such a present? As though we were paupers. Susan! It is not for us at all."

"But see here, dear," and Susan unpinned a slip of paper fastened carefully to the bosom of her gown, pointing to their name and the number of their house, with the street, written legibly upon it.

Achsah was puzzled. All at once, as she held it in her hand, she felt herself grow hot to her hair. There was something strangely familiar about this scrap of paper. She

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hastened into the back parlor and searched out the school-exercises she had been correcting the evening before with Jacob Doane's bashfully proffered assistance. It was as she suspected; the scrap in her hand had been carelessly torn from the half-quire left upon the table. A bungler at artifice this young man must be indeed!

She was very angry, with the anger that has mortification for a spur. They were poor, they had nothing but what Margaret and she earned with brain and fingers for their support. But was their poverty so apparent as to appeal to a casual visitor? Their store of wood might be low, but they could have borne bitter cold rather than a gift from such a source. For he was as poor as themselves. Had he not confessed it the night before, when they sat around the fire? The quiet, the familiar companionship of the past two days, with some discovered sympathy of tastes had moved them to talk of themselves. Before she knew it, Margaret was telling the story of their father's death and of her mother's long illness, leaving the two girls at last, with Achsah scarcely more than a baby, in their arms. And Jacob, in turn, forgetting his painful shyness in sympathy, told how he, too, had been left alone in the world; of his fight for knowledge and self-support, of the long, lonely years in the seminary which he had but just left. Yes, he was as poor as they. And to think he should do this thing—that he should shame them, she said to herself, her pride rising. He had thought her a pale, plain young woman, when she followed Margaret into the parlor to speak with him for the first time the day he came. But she was no pale, plain young woman now, as she walked straight past bewildered Susan and stood with hot, shining eyes before the startled young wood-sawyer.

"Did you write that?" and she held the paper straight out before his confused eyes.

He was a minister of God, but he had nearly uttered a lie.

"Yes." His eyes blinked, his face reddened, but he spoke up manfully, since he must speak.

"We are poor," she said, with the slow, high-stepping tone of passion held with a tight rein, "but you might have spared us the open confession of our poverty. You have made it a shame to us."

"Miss Achsah!"

"Now," she went on, unmoved by his astonished exclamation, "will you be so kind as to have this taken away?"

Perhaps she thought he would proceed at once to obey her. She was in that unnatural, strained attitude of mind when one feels equal to the removing of mountains. But he only grasped the wood-saw more firmly. His overhanging brows knit together, almost hiding his eyes.

"No," he said, taking off his hat deliberately. "I will not."

Utter amazement made Achsah dumb.

"See here," he went on, throwing down the saw and resuming his coat, self-assured and bold as a lion now that there was something to fight for. "You say that you are poor. So am I. Is honest poverty a disgrace? You own that you are proud. So am I. Could I take from you women and give nothing back? I, a man, strong and young! If you insist, this shall be taken away, and I will go too. But I am proud," and now the scowling brow cleared, his eyes twinkled. "I can't allow you to think me poorer than I am. I have earned something with my own hands the past year—enough to make it possible for me to help a friend." His voice was wonderfully gentle and sweet as he added, "I thought I might help you, since all men are brothers to all women."

It was so wide a proposition that Achsah stood burning and tingling to her fingerends, with no word at her tongue's end to refute it.

"If you knew," and he spoke with difficulty now, his voice husky, his manner diffident, "if you could know what it is to a man who has had neither mother nor sisters for years to be permitted to come into a home like yours—if you could understand what the companionship of gentle women is to one who has lived only with men and books——" He turned abruptly, kicked the wood away with his foot, and made as though he would leave the yard by the gate.

"Don't go," said Achsah, faintly.

He turned again with a sudden bright smile. It broke over his face like sunshine out of a cloud.

"Then it may stay?" he said.

"Yes; that is, if you want to," Achsah replied in confusion, hurrying into the house. And nothing more was said of the cause of offense. Perhaps it was made a sacrifice upon the altar of friendship; it was certainly offered up with fire.

After this, the guest slipped easily into the ways of the small household, which adapted itself to the new-comer without

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rub or jar. It came to seem a habit of long standing that prayers should follow the cheerful early breakfast, after which Jacob Doane took himself away for a stroll about the town before the opening of the daily session of the Conference.

"We dine at one," Margaret had said the first morning as he was going out at the door.

"I shall not return until tea-time," he replied, promptly. Then he appeared absorbed in the contemplation of the hat in his hand. "I fear—indeed I am sure—that I shall not be able to dine with you at all. Don't expect me." And he bolted suddenly out of the door before Margaret, who was the mouth-piece of the family, could even express their regret.

"They are invited round," Susan ventured in explanation. "They are asked out to dine together. Of course he prefers it to sitting down with three women alone."

"Yes," Achsah assented, absently. She was revolving a suspicion in her mind.

"And so convenient for you, Margaret," Susan went on innocently. The outbreak of apprentices and bonnets in the back parlor need not now be repressed at noontime. Susan could serve the modest dinner of the sisters in the kitchen, as usual.

"It could not be better if we had arranged it ourselves," Margaret said with alacrity.

They never knew, kind souls, to how few of these fine dinners their young unknown guest was invited, or that a sandwich or a few crackers eaten as he strolled along the wharves or through the park, or sat with his head in an old book in an alcove of the great library to which he had gained access through a friend, made up the fine repasts to which their imaginations consigned him. Sometimes their questions pressed him close. It was hard to evade the innocent curiosity of the two old maids. But Achsah came to his relief.

"Don't, Susan; why should he tell us about the fine people he meets? We should die of envy," she said with a gay laugh. "And is it true that there is to be an afternoon session?" she stumbled on. She had caught the fleeting expression of confusion upon his face, changed quickly to relief as she turned the subject. She was convinced that there had been no dining out for their friend—that day at least.

"O Susan," she said carelessly the next morning, as she stood before the glass folding her shawl with uncommon exactitude, "suppose we only lunch at noon while Mr. Doane is here, and have something hot and nice for tea. Don't you think young men enjoy a bit of meat for supper?"

"I wonder I had never thought of it before! So we will, dear, if Margaret does not mind."

Margaret fell in with the proposition at once; and Achsah had the satisfaction of knowing from that time that their guest did not go hungry.

The evening brought them all together, when the day's work was over for each one, the curtains drawn, shutting them in from the outside world, the lamp throwing its soft light over the small, cheerful room; the fire revived by Jacob's own hand—these four people, two of them young, and who had known scarcely any companionship of each other's sex in all their lives before. They discussed every question of the day. They plunged into far-off philosophies without fear, Margaret and Susan listening, though comprehending little of it all. Or they read aloud—Jacob and Achsah taking turns—poetry mostly, poetry tried in the furnace of time. Shakspere made one of their company often. The ancients stood in their midst. Margaret slept peacefully and Susan dozed in her chair, while Jacob and Achsah lived the lives that never were. The small hours crept upon them more than once while they were thus lost to the present. The faint bells striking the time from the upper town startled and scattered them at last.

IV.

"How pretty our Achsah is!" said Susan, who stood at the parlor window one afternoon as Achsah and Jacob Doane came down the street together. They had met by accident, and walked home side by side. It happened thus, to-day; it had many days; —one of those blessed happenings only half contrived. "See, Margaret; she is prettier than ever this spring." And the two old maids together watched their darling through the closed blind. Her dress was faded and out of fashion; her shabby hat was set awry upon her handsome braids; but each fine line, tint and expression in her face was sharpened and intensified. It was as though a new life had been breathed into it. Margaret sighed as she watched them. She herself had been young once, but youth though beautiful would not stay. Was love more enduring? A faint hope had sprung to life in the poor old

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heart at sight of these two coming down the dingy street together in the mist fast turning to rain. The young man had grown into Margaret's yearning love. Oh, if he could be theirs! If this crown of life which had been denied to Susan and herself could but fall upon Achsah! His self-forgetfulness, his strong heart and gentle helpful ways, with his unswerving look toward the right, had won Margaret's awe-full love—such a love as a mother might give to a son who had consecrated his life to a noble purpose. He had come to seem like her own, to this soft-hearted woman whose "own" had been so few. But disappointment had staid with her for years. She was used to its presence. She sighed as she hastened to open the door.

"Perhaps you will all go up to the church to-night," Jacob said as they rose from the tea-table; "the appointments will be read off at the close of the session."

"To-night!" Margaret and Susan exclaimed in a breath. "Will the Conference adjourn to-night?" There was another question upon their faces.

"Yes," he said, answering both. "I shall leave in the morning."

Achsah gave one startled look at the speaker, then turned to pick up the school-books which had fallen upon the floor; he had told her nothing of this as they walked home together.

"I had forgotten you had to go at all," Susan said simply.

"It does not seem a week," Margaret added in her gentle voice. "But I have learned that there is a difference in weeks. This has been the shortest in the year to us."

"You are very kind." He stood by Margaret's lounge. He took her thin hand in both his strong ones and pressed it impulsively.

"And Achsah and I will be glad to go to the church." Margaret was leaning back in her corner pale and tired, but she spoke cheerfully. She had caught the eager expression upon Achsah's face at Jacob's suggestion, and she remembered her own youth.

"You had better wear my gray shawl, dear," she said, when they had gone to Margaret's room to get ready.

"Your best shawl, Margaret?"

"Yes, dear. Your cloak is a little shabby. You can throw your water-proof over it, you know," and Margaret turned her face away, ashamed of her innocent scheming to make Achsah appear at her best.

But when they opened the door they found the mist had changed to a steady rain.

"Oh, Margaret, this will never do. You must not think of going out. We shall have to give it up," Achsah said.

Margaret hesitated.

"You shall go without me. It would be a pity for you to miss it. You will take care of her, I am sure" (to Jacob). "I am afraid to venture," and she drew back as a great gust of wind wet with rain blew in at the door.

Jacob assented almost eagerly, and Margaret saw them set off in the rain before going back, well pleased, to her comfortable corner by the fire.

Achsah and Jacob had met and strolled home together more than once during the week. But there was something strange and almost solemn to her to-night in this walk along the quiet streets through the darkness and falling rain with her hand upon his arm. Only once did Jacob break the silence between them—to ask if she were well wrapped up against the storm as, having gained the top of the hill, the wind and rain met them with fresh fury, almost twisting them off their feet. He left her at the church door.

"I shall do very well. I am quite used to the place and I see there are vacant seats in the gallery," she said, dismissing him nervously, as the bright light struck their faces and more than one acquaintance stared with curiosity. She joined the crowd pressing up the stairs and was being squeezed into a narrow space in one of the seats overlooking the assembly when a familiar voice addressed her from behind.

"Is that you, Achsah Bray? Did you ever know such a crush?" Mrs. Cooper was patting her silk skirts into shape. The bishop's wife was beside her. She had been pointed out to Achsah the day before. Shy at finding herself in such fine company, Achsah replied stiffly with an embarrassed bow, as she finally took her seat.

"Excellent girl, but so quiet."

The whisper hardly reached her. She was leaning over watching the scene of confusion on the floor below. The members of the Conference were pouring in and taking their seats; messengers were running to and fro; the secretaries had already got under way with a great show of papers and a hurried scratching of pens. The gray-haired bishop was mounting the stairs to the pulpit. He raised his hand; it seemed to drop silence upon the assembly. At that moment Achsah's lowered eyes fell upon Jacob Doane—modest in his air, as became a young man

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among his elders, yet quietly assured as one among his peers. He seemed to Achsah to form a center to the little group with whom he had been conversing. His features were rugged, his figure ungraceful, and yet "like Saul among his brethren" rushed to her mind. Then she felt her cheek grow hot against the gallery-rail at this unconscious confession.

It was late in the evening that a sudden hush of expectation fell upon the assembly as the venerable bishop, feeble and trembling, slowly arose, and after a few words of preparation and a brief prayer, began in a quavering voice to read the appointments of the men before him for the next year. The time had gone by when they were to be sent into the wilderness. Many of them already knew their destination. More than one had said the final word deciding his station for the coming year. But there was still sufficient uncertainty to make the hour one of intense interest. Achsah leaned forward with eyes wide open and lips apart.

"It is nothing to us," Mrs. Cooper was saying, in a shrill whisper. "We know very well who is coming to us. Why, Achsah Bray, I should think you were hearing your own fate!"

Achsah sat upright, blushing scarlet. But she had heard more than this. "Durham, Jacob Doane." The bishop read it out distinctly—with peculiar distinctness it seemed to Achsah. The words rung in her ears.

"How tiresome it is!" said Mrs. Cooper, when it was over and the last name read out. "That is, when you know beforehand where everybody is going in whom you have any interest."

Achsah answered at random. Durham—some unknown village, at a distance, probably, since the name was unfamiliar to her ears. Money will bridge almost any space. But he was poor. And when he had gone away would he ever come to them again? The organ shook the house with a jubilate. The crowd pressed her on every side as it forced its way out—nodding and smiling and exchanging greetings. Jacob was waiting for her at the door. They left the crowd behind them and turned into the more quiet streets, crossing the deserted park under the dripping elms. The rain was over. The moon struggled out from the broken clouds.

"Do you know anything of this Durham where you are going?" Achsah asked, when they had picked their way among the pools in the park and emerged into the street again.

"Not much; except that it is a factory-village. The church is a handful of mill-operatives. There must be something to do there," he added, with repressed enthusiasm. "My heart warms already toward this, my first people!"

Achsah felt a sympathetic thrill as they crossed the street and began to descend the hill.

"Is it far?" she ventured presently, returning to her own thoughts.

"From here?" A sudden, tender light crossed Jacob's face. "Do you care to know? Do you really care? Oh, Achsah ——" but before she could reply his manner had changed. "It is fifty miles, or more. Yes, it is far," he said, in his usual hesitating voice; for shyness made him slow of speech unless aroused. "But you will let me hear from you sometimes, Miss Achsah? And I may write occasionally, may I not?"

Achsah's heart was beating fast. She could hardly reply; but she managed to assent to both propositions with outward calmness before escaping into the house.

(To be concluded.)

TWO SERMONS.

BETWEEN the rail of woven brass
That hides the "Strangers' Pew,"
I hear the gray-haired vicar pass
From Section One to Two.

And somewhere on my left I see—
Whene'er I chance to look—
A soft-eyed girl, St. Cecily,
Who notes them—in a book.

Ah, worthy goodman,—sound divine!
Shall I your wrath incur,
If I admit these thoughts of mine
Will sometimes stray—to her?

I know your theme, and I revere;
I hear your precepts tried;
Must I confess I also hear
A sermon at my side?

Or now explain this need I feel,—
This impulse prompting me
Within my secret self to kneel
To Faith and Purity.

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THE METROPOLIS OF THE AMAZONS.

WINDOW SCENE IN PARÁ.

PARÁ is a city with a manifest destiny. It looks unimportant enough from the river; a row of white and yellow washed warehouses along the water-front; the ancient-looking custom-house; and, rising over all, the square towers of two or three churches. Rampant Swamp forest draws close in on either side as if it would reclaim its royal ground and bury the town in green glories; turbid water sweeps angrily around the point, and the score or two of vessels lying before it tug at their anchors and rock uneasily.

All day we have been running along the low, forest-lined shores; past white-rolling surf at the mouth of the river; past fishing-canoes with their odd, three-cornered sails and little palm-thatched cabins; past a few tile-covered *fazendas*, and tiny white chapels half hidden in the forest, and farm-houses with rows of cocoa-nut palms and broad-leaved banana-plants. The northern horizon might have been the ocean, and the shores of Marajó a thousand miles away, for aught we could see; so broad is the Pará estuary. Only near the city the channel is narrowed by islands—and such islands! All

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glorious with regal palms and tangled vines and tall forest trees. Then there is the little round cheese-box fort, in looking at which we speculated curiously whether the big gun on the parapet would be more dangerous to a hostile ship or to the walls themselves; and we came to anchor two miles below Pará, the city of the future—the city that shall yet enrich the world with its commerce, —sometime, perhaps, the true metropolis of Brazil. For no other place can wrest from Pará her title of nobility; by her situation she is Queen of the Amazons.

We sit on deck and watch the great purple storm-clouds piling themselves up in the eastern sky, and the sun-touched towers sharply outlined against them,—purple passion-robes for this tropic queen. And we dream of white-sailed vessels bearing to all climes the wealth of the Amazons and the Andes; rows of stately warehouses and pillared mansions, and parks that shall eclipse all art in their splendor of tropical vegetation. But then—so it goes with dreams—the purple clouds change to black and send down a deluge of rain over the ship, hiding our sunset towers and dissolving our air-castles.

There are no piers except the small ones of the Amazonian Steamboat Company. Freight is landed in lighters, and passengers and luggage are taken ashore in boats, whereof there is a small fleet manned by exceedingly dirty Portuguese boatmen; you pay from one dollar to ten, according to the state of the tides and your own state of greenness. However, our deep-draught steamer has to anchor so far below the town that it would be a long pull for the men and the passengers' purses; so a steam-launch is arranged for us all. We leave the good *City of Rio de Janeiro* a little loth, for it has grown home-like during our voyage; we are proud of the ship as a splendid specimen of American skill, and proud of Captain Wier and his officers as American sailors and gentlemen.

We move up the river in the rich morning sunshine, landing at the custom-house wharf, where all foreign baggage must be examined. Climbing the oozy, half-ruined stairs, we pause at the top to look about. There is a little pagoda-shaped building on the wharf with sleekly dressed custom-house officials sitting by the door. Grouped around are negro porters, cartmen with red sashes about their waists, rough-looking sailors, women with trays of oranges, diminutive horses and donkeys dragging two-wheeled carts—a rich tropical picture in a glowing frame of sunshine. And now we notice that the sun makes itself felt less in heat than in light. The temperature is not oppressively high; a New Yorker transported to Pará in August would call it refreshing; but blazing and quivering in the air, streaming down through every alley, flooding streets and house-tops, comes the dazzling white light. Red and yellow colors are painful; shadows are dark pits cut out of the ground, and an object in the shade is defined only by vivid degrees of blackness. It takes a long time for the eyes to accustom themselves to this superabundance of sunshine.

The custom-house is an immense stone structure with two great towers at the end, recalling its ancient glories. It was formerly a convent, but, by the decay and final extinction in Pará of the order that tenanted it, the building reverted to the government and was turned over to its present uses; only the little chapel is still reserved for religious purposes. The walls are all blackened with mildew, and clusters of weeds grow about the tile-roof; within, the long, dark corridors and massive pillars stand in stern contrast to the piles of barrels and boxes and crates of wine. The walls may have their dark secrets; many a noble life has burned itself out in these old convents. But our baggage inspector does not concern himself about that; he glances through his gold-rimmed spectacles with a critical eye for our trunks and valises, and brings up no pictures of gray-robed monks and penitential tears.

For my own part I have nothing to say against the Brazilian custom-house official, who is courteous enough, though with a consuming sense of his own importance, developed precisely in inverse proportion to his rank in the service. Some travelers appear to think that they cannot pass the Brazilian frontier without bribing the officers. This is unjust. In all my travels I never paid out a milreis in that way and never had occasion to. A little quiet politeness is all that is required.

From the custom-house, passing the line of stately royal palms by the water-side, we can stroll down the *Rua da Imperatriz*. It is a broad, well-paved street with rows of prim-looking white and yellow buildings, two and three stories high; tall, arched door-ways and those ugly green doors that are seen in all tropical American cities. Here the larger wholesale houses are located; orderly establishments, the counting-room

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and warehouse generally together on the ground floor, while the stories above may be occupied for offices and dwellings. The merchant looks cool and respectable in his spotless white linen clothes. If we enter the store he will receive us politely, but in business hours he is not given to wasting time in words; in financial matters we will find him careful and methodical—not easily outwitted even by a Yankee.

THE FORT, PARÁ.

Unfortunately, many American merchants go to Brazil with very vague ideas of the country and its people. Young commercial men imagine that they can secure a footing at once, simply by placing American goods, often of a very inferior grade, on exhibition. Commonly they get discouraged after the first few months and leave the country in disgust. The worst of these abandoned enterprises is that they deter other and wiser men from entering the field. Americans may as well dispossess their minds of all these crude ideas. If we are to secure a commercial footing in Brazil, it will be by careful and persistent effort, and by studying the wants of the people, not by wild speculation. It is no wonder that these young clerks, ignorant of the language and the country, are unable to compete with the shrewd Brazilian merchants and with well-established English and German houses. Our American manufacturers should employ experienced agents, and in most cases, probably, they would do well to ally themselves with enterprising Brazilian houses, or with American residents of old standing. Then they must be content with small profits at first; new wares must push their way little by little. Especially must they avoid flooding the Brazilian market with inferior goods, or those that are not suited to the wants of the people. Brazilian merchants, for instance, complain that the patterns of American print cloths do not please their customers. The fault is that our manufacturers have sent them the high-colored, showy goods which are sold to Southern negroes. The more refined Brazilian taste prefers the light striped and flowered French and English prints. Americans, too, must be reconciled to the tediousness of Brazilian commerce. Our active business men are

AT THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

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loth to accustom themselves to these endless delays. Custom-house, travel and freight shipments, licenses, all require a large stock of that peculiarly Brazilian virtue—*paciencia*. If you take a note, it is for a year or twenty months, or more; if you are promised a custom-house clearance on Monday, expect it on Thursday.

In large transactions, the Pará merchant is governed, perhaps, rather by a wholesome regard for the law than by any abstract moral reasoning. In retail business, I am bound to say that he is quite as reasonable as his northern brother. I seldom had occasion for "beating down" a shop-keeper.

On the *Rua da Imperatriz* we see nothing of that confusion of boxes and bales, carts and wagons, that characterizes a northern wholesale street. There are a few heavy carriages, but all burdens are carried on the heads of Portuguese and negro workmen, or on the ugly little two-wheeled carts. One feature which strikes us favorably is the absence of that gaudy array of projecting signs, which is such an eye-sore in a northern city. Instead of being obliged to twist our necks trying to find a name in the confusion, we see it printed in small, legible characters on the side of the white doorway, attracting the attention at once. But in the neighboring *Rua dos Mercadores* the retail stores are often covered with kalsomine patterns, got up with an artistic eye to the possibilities of ugliness, and with whole advertisements printed on them. This *Rua dos Mercadores* may be called the fashionable shopping street, though the phrase seems misapplied in a place where ladies hardly ever enter a store. During the morning hours it is very lively and not unpicturesque. The dry goods merchants hang bright-colored cloths and hammocks about their doors, and some of them have their shop-fronts decorated with gorgeous banners, or huge gilt devices. Horse-cars (or rather mule-cars) run through the street and are generally well filled with pleasure-seekers going to Nazareth, or business men coming from their houses. Looking down to the *Largo do Palacio*, you see the gray cathedral towers in the background rising above the low buildings of the street.

The shops themselves are small, but well stocked; the different branches of trade occupying separate establishments, as in a northern town. The scale of prices is instructive. French broadcloths, silks and woolen goods are nearly, or quite, as cheap as in the United States; cotton cloths, shoes, cutlery, etc., range from fifty to a hundred per cent. higher; glass and wooden wares are abominably dear, while coffee, sugar and cotton, which the country ought to produce in surplus, cost more than at home. Books and paper are high-priced and of very inferior manufacture.

But the tropical side of Pará commerce is seen in the market. We must visit it before the sun is high, for it is almost deserted later in the day. It occupies nearly a whole block; approaching on the side of the *Rua da Imperatriz* we see nothing remarkable about the exterior, which is much like the whitewashed stores around it; only, gathered about the high arched door-way, there are groups of noisy negresses, some of them with trays of fruit which they are retailing to passers-by,—piles of glossy oranges, bunches of yellow bananas and plantains, fragrant pine-apples and the less familiar mangoes and alligator-pears. Their business involves an immense amount of wrangling, but we can forget that in the artistic effect of the scene, the unconscious grace of attitude, and the richness of contrasted color in fruit and dress and shining black faces. Passing these we enter the main building—a long, tile-roofed corridor, running around a square court toward which it is everywhere open. The meat and fish-stalls are in this court. The corridor is lined with stands for the sale of fruit, vegetables, tobacco and cheap trinkets.

So much for the building; but the scene within is indescribable; it is not so much one picture as a hundred, all melting into one another, and changing and rechanging like the colors of a kaleidoscope. Not like a street scene with its rapid movement; nobody is in a hurry, but hardly anybody is still; as if the whole visible world were in a chronic state of sauntering. And we saunter along with the rest, watching the animated groups around us.

Standing here we can get the background of that fruit-stand, with its heaped-up purple and gold. The coatless and barefooted fruit-sellers glance at us curiously as they wait on their customers,—servant girls, for the most part, who have been sent to fill their baskets with oranges and bananas. Here comes a dark-skinned Diana—a stately mulatto woman, with her crimson skirt gathered in picturesque folds at the waist, and her white chemise falling away negligently from one shoulder; her fine face is set to an expression of infinite scorn,

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of withering contempt, too deep for words. To be sure, all this acting is occasioned by a difference of three or four cents in the price of a string of beads, and the villainous-looking Portuguese gimcrack-seller who is the object of her wrath only laughs diabolically and makes himself look a degree uglier than before; soon she catches sight of an acquaintance and her scorn melts into a broad grin. So the two stroll away together, chattering as only these women can.

That dark, handsome fellow, daintily sipping his paper cigar, is a *Mameluco*—so Brazilians call a cross between the Indian and white races. Something of the flashing Lusitanian fire he has shining through the indolent grace of his gestures; much of the half-savage independence of his brown ancestors; but the mixture is tempered neither by the intelligence of the white nor the docility of the brown races; the *Mamelucos* bear a deservedly hard name on the Amazons.

Squatted on the stone pavement is a toothless old crone, half Indian, half mulatto, with a pot of yellow *mingau* soup—a preparation of tapioca and bananas. Her customers—mostly Portuguese cartmen and sailors—receive their portions in black calabashes, and swallow the mixture with evident gusto, gossiping, meanwhile, with one another, or exchanging not over delicate remarks with the negro and mulatto servant girls who pass them. These latter bring pails and earthern pans on their heads, and a little farther on we see a score of them grouped about a butcher's stall; the newcomers set their pans on the counter and produce little bundles of copper money; the butcher cuts the meat into shapeless chunks and, by some feat of calculation, flings to each a share apportioned to the money she brought; and the purchaser marches away with the pan of meat balanced on her head, her tongue running the while like a Chinese rattle. All the marketing is done in this way, through the medium of servants.

Observe these baskets of black berries, like grapes in color and size; they are the fruit of the *Assaí* palm, the slender, graceful *Euterpe* that we saw on the river-banks.

THE ASSAÍ STAND.

One sometimes hears an alliterative proverb:

"Quem veiu para Pará parou;
"Quem bebeu Assaí ficou;"

which we may translate, as Mrs. Agassiz has done:

"Who came to Pará was glad to stay;
"Who drank assaí went never away."

It is well, then, for us to learn how this famous *vinho d'assaí* is made.

In a dark little shed at the back of the court, two mulatto women are rubbing off the black pulp of the berries in great bowls of water, crushing them vigorously with their bare hands and purpling their arms with the chocolate-like juice. After the first batch has been rubbed out, the liquid is de-

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canted from the hard nuts to another lot of berries; these latter being treated in like manner, the resulting thick soup is strained through a wicker-work sieve and dealt out to the eager customers.

some of them, no doubt, are getting beastly drunk on the proceeds; the canoes, meanwhile, are occupied by their families, and one cannot help noting the marked difference of character displayed by the two races.

THE MARKET WHARF.

Yes; the *Americanos* will have assaí *com assucar;* so the little shirtless son scampers off after sugar: ordinary customers at the stand are of the lower classes, who drink their two cents' worth of assaí with only a little mandioca meal by way of seasoning. In the forest, where sugar was scarce and the fruit plenty, I learned to like it quite as well so myself; its brisk, nutty flavor is rather spoiled by the sweetening. However, our newcomers may prefer the civilized side; so the sugar is added, and we take a taste of the rich liquid. Even the squeamish ones empty their bowls, and begin to suggest to themselves the possibility of entertaining another half-pint. Talk no more of sherbet and ginger-beer and soda-water; hereafter we abjure them all, if we may but have our purple assaí. And observe,—as Mr. Weller has it,—that "it's wery fillin'." One can make a respectable lunch of it and nothing else.

Back of the market, by the water-side, there are other picturesque scenes. Here are numbers of canoes drawn up on the shore, the larger ones with a little cabin of palm-thatch or boards in the stern. The Indian and mulatto boatmen, for the most part, are selling their produce on shore, and The flashily dressed negresses and mulattoes are chattering and quarreling at the tops of their voices, while their not over clean children tumble about on the muddy shore, laughing, screaming, crying, as the case may be, but always making a noise of some kind. The Indian women, on the contrary, are very quiet, sitting still in the canoes, and perhaps carrying on a subdued conversation. They are dark; not copper-colored, like our Northern tribes, but of a clear rich brown. Some of the younger ones are decidedly handsome, and almost all are exquisitely neat in their tasty, light-colored calico dresses, sometimes with simple ornaments. The children—little ones are dressed *au naturel*—are shining and clean and sleek, and always very quiet.

Many of these Indians have come from the surrounding rivers, a hundred, two hundred, occasionally even five or six hundred, miles away. Most of them will sell their small cargoes and leave with the return tide. The women and children will see nothing more of the city than is visible from the water, or, at most, they will be treated to an hour's walk about the town, or a visit to one of the churches. And that is enough. They do not care to

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CITY SCAVENGERS.

remain longer among the sweltering streets and glaring white walls. They long for their cool, shady forests, where they can swing their cotton hammocks by the waterside, and lounge away the hot noon hours, as free from care as the birds are above them.

Besides the small canoes, there are many larger ones belonging to traders, who make long voyages on the upper rivers. They bring back forest produce which they have received in exchange for their wares. Here are bales of crude rubber in flask-shaped masses as it came from the molds; tall baskets of mandioca-meal, the bread of the poorer classes; bundles of dried salt *piraruçú* fish; bags of cacáo and Brazil-nuts. There are turtles, too, reposing peacefully on their backs, and odd-looking fish, and pots of crabs and shrimps. Not a few of the canoes bring monkeys and parrots, but their owners are loth to part with these. On the Amazons all classes are extravagantly fond of pets.

Formerly all the commerce of the river was carried on in trading-canoes. Now the steamboats have taken their place; trading centers have been established at various points along the river, and the canoes make shorter voyages. We can see the busy wharf of the Amazonian Steamboat Company from our breakfast-room at the Hotel do Commercio, and two or three of their vessels are lying in the river; they make voyages at longer or shorter intervals to the Madeira, Purús, and Tapajós; twice a month passage can be engaged to Manáos, and from there other lines extend their trips almost to the base of the Andes. There are several smaller companies, but they are all thrown into the shade by this rich Amazonian line, with its numerous branches. It has a large subsidy from the government, too much, probably, for its wants, now that the enterprise is well established.

At Pará one day is like another. The mornings are cool and pleasant. From ten till two the heat increases rapidly, commonly reaching 92° or 93° Fahrenheit. A little later great black clouds appear in the east, spreading rapidly over the sky and turning the intense glare to a twilight darkness. In a few minutes the rain comes pouring down in great dense masses, flooding the streets, hiding vessels on the river, drenching unlucky boatmen and their passengers, and then—ere we know it, the shower has passed, and the sun looks down brightly on the freshened earth. Sometimes the first shower is followed by another one, and even a third; after that the clouds disappear, or hang like purple curtains on the western horizon. By sunset the ground is dry, and all nature is smiling. This is the rule all the year round; only the wet season, extending from January to May, is

A PEEP AT THE AMERICANOS.

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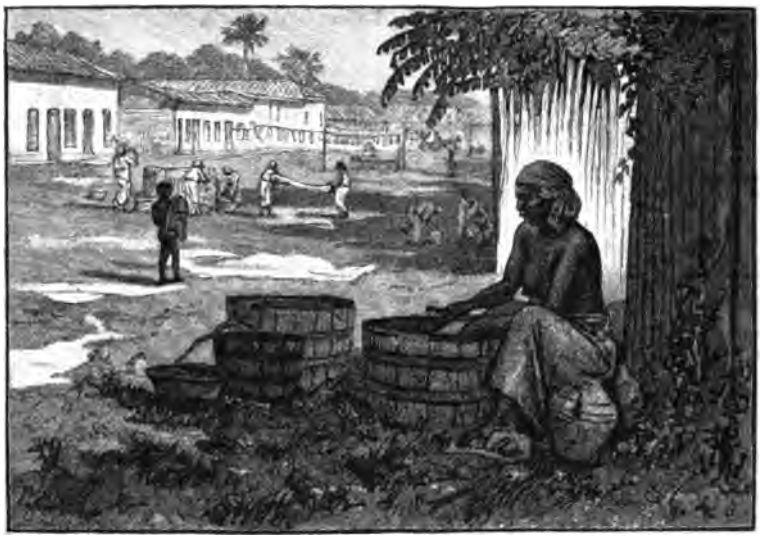

A PARÁ LAUNDRY.

distinguished by more copious showers, sometimes lasting until evening, with an occasional day or night of continued rain; while, in the height of the dry season, a week may pass without any showers at all, but even then the ground is watered by the heavy dews.

Pará would be a healthy city if sanitary rules were properly observed. The streets, it is true, are kept decently clean, but in many of the houses there are filthy courts, the receptacles for garbage and rottenness of every kind; it is a wonder that people can live within range of their stench. As it is, there are many cases of typhoid; but yellow fever, though it appears nearly every year, takes a milder form than at Rio de Janeiro, and the number of deaths from it is not very great. Sometimes intermittent fevers are prevalent.

If we walk out after midday, we shall find the streets almost deserted, though the heat is not excessive. At four o'clock the wholesale stores are closed, and the merchant goes home to his dinner. Retail establishments are kept open until after dark, but they do little business.

The evenings are delightful. Walking out in the better quarters, we find the whole population out-of-doors, gentlemen sitting before their houses under the mango-trees, smoking, or sipping the after-dinner coffee and enjoying themselves with their families. The merest chance-acquaintance makes us welcome at once to these groups; chairs are brought, coffee and cigars are served, and we may sit for an hour, chatting with our host and watching the groups around us.

THE THEATER, PARÁ.

Out of business hours the Paraense is the most sociable person you can imagine. Pleasure is his occupation; the cares of his counting-room are all locked up in the safe with his day-books and ledgers. You get acquainted despite of yourself; everybody knows everybody else, and insists on introducing him. I have found no other Brazilian city where there is so little ceremony. We see people dressed sensibly in white linen; except on state occasions, the sweltering black coats of the southern provinces are not *de rigueur* in Pará. There the

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women wear natural flowers in their hair; but in Rio de Janeiro and Bahia they must needs disfigure themselves with abominable French bonnets.

Since the establishment of hotels, the rule of universal hospitality is no longer adhered to, but most of the better classes still keep open table to their acquaintances, at least for the late afternoon dinner. People live well and simply, though with too great a preference for animal food. Portuguese or French wine is generally served with breakfast and dinner, and there is a light dessert of fruit.

In domestic life, many of the old bigoted notions concerning women are still retained; but at Pará one no longer sees ladies shut up from all intercourse with visitors and banished from the table. In exact proportion to the advance of more liberal ideas, the standard of private morals has risen; and though there is vast room for improvement in this respect, though infidelity on the part of the husband is still looked upon as a venial sin, still vice has no longer that openness and unrestrained license that formerly made it painfully conspicuous.

As in Rio de Janeiro, the city merchant has his *chacara* in the outskirts, so here he has his *rocinha*,*—a country dwelling in the city, a house with ten acres of back door-yard. The finest *rocinhas* are in the suburb of Nazareth, to reach which we can take the mule-drawn cars which we saw on the *Rua dos Mercadores*. The seats are well filled with passengers of both sexes and all colors,

A SOLDIER, PARÁ.

* Diminutive of *roça*, a clearing. The word is apparently a provincial one.

A PARÁ DAIRY.

many of the laborers without coats and barefooted, but clean and neat.

From the business part of the town we pass first through a series of narrow streets, where there is hardly room for passers-by to avoid the car. The streets are close and dirty and uninteresting; black mold spreads itself on the kalsomined walls, and weeds hang over the projecting tile roofs. An apology for a side-walk exists in some places; but there are so many ups and downs to it that pedestrians generally prefer the roadway. We get glimpses of slovenly looking women peering out from behind the swing-blinds, and dirty children disappearing through the open door-ways as the car comes up; looking in, we see nothing but blank white walls and bare floor. And down into the barren street the sun sends its liquid gold, and casts black shadows, just as it does in a thousand other ugly places.

Turning next into the great *Largo da Polvora*, we pass on by the pillared *Theatro*, one of the finest of the public buildings, whose white walls are set off well by the heavy foliage behind them. As for the *Largo*, it is a great, treeless waste, like a dozen others in the city; but the sides are lined with magnificent dark mango-trees, and the houses are of a better class than those we have seen; very fresh and pretty some of them are, with their facings of glazed white and blue tiles. We observe these tile-facings in many places along the *Rua de Nazareth*, where we turn off from the *Largo;* decidedly the prettiest dwellings in the city are here, and they are contrasted with rows of noble mango-trees, like those of the square. The gardens in front of some of the houses are stiff and pedantic, it is true; but in this climate Nature gets the better of the gardeners, and, despite them, will disport herself in glorious masses of foliage and bloom; plants, such as grow in our

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green-houses at home; but not the delicate nurslings of the North; great, hearty shrubs, with the vigor of their forest homes fresh on them, and their untrammeled roots sinking a yard deep into the rich loam.

But the gardens are tame compared to those neglected *rocinhas* where the grounds are yard, orchard, wilderness, all thrown together; where flowering vines clamber over the fruit-trees, and the rich flowers are smothered in richer weeds, and rampant second growth threatens to annihilate the whole estate, as it undoubtedly would, did not the inhabitants make a sally sometimes with axes and wood-knives. I think Nature here has a grudge against humanity, with its angular houses and fences; she wants to round off everything to suit her flowing fancy. But if, instead of the blows and hard words she gets, she were coaxed and patted on the back, how she would break out into smiles and loveliness! Ah, well! I suppose we shall go on abusing her while the world lasts; but she will have her rights, for all that. From this primly dressed child, daubing and mussing its frock in the gutter, to the tumble-down houses of the side-streets, half covered with moss and weeds, she is forever picking up our ugly art and turning it into something picturesque. Even the new white chapel at Nazareth is getting its coating of gray and brown mold, and the artist will go on painting it with delicate touches and rejoicing in its beauty, till vandal man comes along with his whitewash brush and spoils the work of years.

The chapel is dedicated to *Nossa Senhora de Nazareth*, who is not to be confounded with Nossa Senhora of anything else. You see this one is remarkable for a miracle which she performed in the eleventh century, when the devil, in the form of a deer, was leading a noble hunter over a precipice. As she saved the life of the hunter, she is entitled to especial regard,—may be invoked, for instance, in cases where *Nossa Senhora de Belem* has failed utterly, and *Nossa Senhora da Esperança* has given little hope.

Our Lady of Nazareth, then, is the patron saint of Pará, and every year there is a grand festival given in her honor. Then the city is thronged with strangers, often from towns three or four hundred miles away. Our Lady is carried in solemn procession through the streets, and the church is daily filled with worshipers. The great square near by is lined with booths, and gay with flags and transparencies. Every night there is a display of fire-works; costume dances are extemporized; theaters with execrable actors attract the public, especially on Sunday evening, and for a week the city is given over to universal enjoyment. People are orderly and quiet. There is less hard drinking than you see on any holiday at the North, and hardly any quarreling and fighting.

I do not think there is a very strong religious feeling either in Pará or in the other Brazilian cities. The more ignorant negroes and mulattoes delight in the brilliant ceremonies of the Catholic Church. Better educated people yield a discreet assent to the forms and observances, but there is very little deep feeling underlying their zeal. The explanation is to be looked for in the utterly corrupt condition of the clergy. In Brazil a virtuous priest is the exception. I do not say that there are none who do their duty with zeal and reverence, and practice their own precepts; but the majority lead lives that give the lie to their preaching and bring the church into disrepute with all thinking men.

The present Bishop of Pará is one of those remarkable men whose names will always be landmarks in the history of the Church. Pure in his own life, he has gathered around him a body of young priests who emulate the sacrifices and virtues of the early Jesuit missionaries. I have met these young men at Pará and in some of the river towns. One of them I esteem as a personal friend—a man whose life is above reproach, and whose scanty income is all expended in deeds of charity and kindness. If the Bishop of Pará is to be praised for this work, he is unquestionably to be censured for his interference with political matters. The feeling is rapidly advancing in Brazil that church and state must be disunited. If the ecclesiastical power meddles with the secular one there is always strong comment. Sometimes the government resists the priests, and then there is a storm, often ending in popular tumults, as was the case recently in Pernambuco. The bishop holds, in the fullest sense, that the state should be subservient to the church, and the whole to the See of Rome. Hence he is unpopular with a large class of the people. These, led by the Masonic brotherhood,—a body of great political importance in Brazil,—keep up a determined resistance to the bishop and his party. An extreme wing of this Liberal party has developed into Communism, or some-

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thing very much like it. Hatred of the Portuguese immigrants is a cardinal principle of their creed; the overturning of both state and church power seems to be their ultimate object. It is difficult to estimate the real strength of this party. In 1835 it made itself felt in a general insurrection, which flooded the province with blood. Pará was given over to a mob of the worst character; all the respectable inhabitants were obliged to withdraw from the city, and it was only after a long season of anarchy that order was restored by the arrival of troops from the south. Since then there has been no direct outbreak, and it is probable that the party has lost much of its influence.

bare, except around the altar. One sees three or four conspicuous life-size figures of saints, which on certain days are carried through the streets in procession, with ringing of bells and firing of rockets, attended by red and green coated brotherhoods and dainty little child-angels with spangled dresses and gauze wings. For the rest, religion involves nothing more than an occasional visit to the confessional and pretty liberal contributions to the church treasury and to the poor.

Aside from the churches and the custom-house, we shall find little to interest us in the public buildings. The president's palace is a great, glaring, barrack-like structure, looking out on one of the squares. Within

MONKEY JOE'S.

Emphatically, an American need not fear to express his principles in Brazil; he is protected as well by public opinion as by the government. Even the priests, who might be supposed to be intolerant, will discuss theological differences with the utmost good-nature and with no small powers of argument.

We can visit the churches almost any morning, or go to hear high mass at the Cathedral on Sunday. There is more glitter and ceremony than in our northern Catholic churches. Worshipers stand and kneel on the stone floor, for there are no seats. The churches are high and rather

it is richly furnished, but with that stiffness and lack of ornament that characterize all Brazilian dwellings. The Episcopal palace is still worse; jammed in among the surrounding buildings, it looks like a warehouse.

It is a pity that the Paraenses have left their public squares the weed-grown wastes that they are. Only in some of them there are picturesque wells, and, of a sunny day, when our walks take us past these, we see groups of noisy washerwomen drawing water over the curb and spreading their clothes on the grass to dry. There are no water-works aside from these wells. Water is hawked

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about the town in great hogsheads set on ox-carts and attended by rough-looking *Gallegos** with red scarfs and glazed hats. As for milk, that is carried around by the cow, who, with her bleating calf tied to her tail, is driven from door to door and milked in sight of the customers. Of course, under these circumstances, watered milk is unknown.

There are a hundred other odd characters in the streets,—bakers with great baskets of bread; negro women selling sweetmeats, or pots of *assai*, or tapioca soup; porters carrying heavy trunks on their heads, and so on. Ladies buy their dresses by samples carried around from house to house. If you engage board of a family the meals are sent to your room.

When we have "done" the streets, and the dirty little wine-shops, and the animal store with its monkeys and wild hogs and boa-constrictors and electric eels, we have yet the never-failing beauty of vegetation in the outskirts. Everything seems buried in green; here is a ruined house, for instance, —a wonderful picture, enshrouded in flowering vines until hardly a beam or a square inch of wall is visible; a rolling, tumbling, rollicking mass of foliage; the very ruin seems to catch the infection, passing its last days in a kind of tottering hilarity. And so it is with everything on which this rampant plant-life can get a hold; palings, stumps, heaps of rubbish, are all draped and curtained and padded with vines and weeds till their rough angularities have disappeared under the soft curves, as you have seen a pile of sticks covered with snow.

The Monguba avenue has lost much of its ancient glory; the trees, for some reason, are dying, and no care is taken to renew them. But the *Estrada de São José* more than fills its place. There is something so wonderful in the stately simplicity of palm-trees, and these royal palms are among the most beautiful of their tribe. Looking down the long avenue we see the feathery tops almost meeting overhead and quivering with the lightest breath of wind, lending, somehow, a kind of dignity to the tapering stems which do not sway as other trees do, even in a storm.

We can follow out this road to the gas-works, and back of that on to the wet ground near the river; there the second growth is one tangled mass, with palms, and vines,

ESTRADA DE SÃO JOSÉ.

and great glossy *Arums* by the water-side; not the little arrow-heads of our brooks, but trees, with leaves a foot long and almost as broad, like polished shields among the vines that clamber over them.

Or we can visit the Botanical Garden, where the not very elaborate culture has only given Nature a better chance to show her skill. And when gardens and outskirts and second growth are all familiar, a little walk beyond the city limits will bring us to the high forest, thick, dark, massive, where the few roads are mere paths, and one may lose himself almost within sight of the cathedral towers.

Finally, there are the lowland channels, with the indescribable richness of swamp vegetation, with palms and broad-leaved wild bananas, and I know not what of the grand and beautiful in plant life. One could spend weeks in excursions about this netted water-system.

The channels are the great highways of travel and commerce, for the few roads that extend inland from the city are soon lost in the tangled forest. Canoes are constantly arriving with loads of produce from the interior, and two or three times a week the river steamers discharge their cargoes at the city wharves.

Aside from her most important export,—rubber,—Pará sends us Brazil nuts, cacáo, and various drugs; but sugar, coffee and cotton are largely imported from the South,

* A term of reproach, originating in the hatred of the Portuguese for the Spaniard, and especially for the natives of Gallicia.

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and the immense riches of Amazonian timber are untouched.

The time must come when all these things, and more, will fill the markets of Pará, when the Pacific republics will make the Amazons and its metropolis the guardians of their commerce. The northern channels are more or less obstructed near the mouth, and the furious currents make it difficult for vessels to enter; it is not probable, then, that Macapá or other northern ports will ever offer any serious rivalry to Pará. As commerce increases a new port will be formed, eight or ten miles below the present one, where the banks are high and the river deep enough for the largest steamers; already there is a much-talked-of project for building a railroad to this point; when this is done, the old city will still be the residence of the richer classes, but foreign trade will all turn to the new harbor.

THE BOTANICAL GARDENS.

Soon or late, the future of Pará is secure. A century hence, the ships of all nations will crowd to her wharves, bearing away the riches of half a continent. Assuredly, it will be our fault if we do not profit by the commercial center that is forming so near us. To turn this tide of wealth to our own doors, while yet the stream is small, is a problem that may well engage the attention of our rulers and of every thoughtful American.

APRIL.

Oh, strangely fall the April days!
The brown buds redden in their light,
And spiders spin by day and night;
The willow lifts a yellow haze
Of springing leaves to meet the sun,
While down their white-stone courses run
The swift, glad brooks, and sunshine weaves
A cloth of green for cowslip leaves
Through all the fields of April days.

Oh, sweetly fall the April days!
My love was made of frost and light,
Of light to warm and frost to blight
The sweet, strange April of her ways.
Eyes like a dream of changing skies,
And every frown and blush I prize.
With cloud and flush the spring comes in
With frown and blush maids' loves begin,
For love is like rare April days.

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CHIMNEY SWALLOWS.

I SLEPT in an old homestead by the sea;
And in their chimney nest,
At night, the swallows told home-lore to me,
As to a friendly guest.

A liquid twitter low, confiding, glad,
From many glossy throats,
Was all the voice, and yet its accents had
A poem's golden notes.

Quaint legends of the fireside and the shore,
And sounds of festal cheer,
And tones of those whose tasks of love are o'er,
Were breathed into mine ear.

And wondrous lyrics felt, but never sung,—
The heart's melodious bloom;
And histories whose perfumes long have clung
About each hallowed room.

I heard the dream of lovers as they found
At last their hour of bliss,
And fear and pain and long suspense were drowned
In one heart-healing kiss.

I heard the lullaby of babes, that grew
To sons and daughters fair;
And childhood's angels singing as they flew,
And sobs of secret prayer.

I heard the voyagers, who seemed to sail
Into the sapphire sky,
And sad, weird voices in the autumn gale,
As the swift ships went by;

And sighs suppressed and converse soft and low
About the suff'rer's bed,
And what is uttered when the stricken know
That the dear one is dead;

And steps of those who in the Sabbath light
Muse with transfigured face;
And hot lips pressing, through the long, dark night,
The pillow's empty place;

And greetings of old friends whose path
In youth had gone apart,
But to each other brought life's aftermath,
With uncorroded heart.

The music of the seasons touched the strain,
Bird-joy and laugh of flowers,
The orchard's bounty and the yellow grain,
Snow-storm and sunny showers.

And secrets of the soul that doubts, and yearns,
And gropes in regions dim,
Till meeting Christ with raptured eye, discerns
Its perfect life in Him.

So, thinking of the Master and His tears,
And how the birds are kept,
I sank in arms that folded me from fears,
And, like an infant, slept.

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"HAWORTH'S." *

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Surly Tim, and Other Stories," Etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A SEED SOWN.

THERE had been, as it seemed, a lull in the storm. The idlers did not come over from Molton and Dillup as often as they had done at first. The strikes had extended until they were in full blast throughout the country, but "Haworth's," so far, had held its own. Haworth himself was regarded as a kind of demi-god. He might have done almost anything he pleased. It was a source of some surprise to his admirers that he chose to do so little and showed no elation. One or two observing outsiders saw that his struggle had left its mark upon him. There were deep lines in his face; he had lost flesh and something of his air of bravado; at times he was almost haggard. As things became quieter he began to take sudden mysterious journeys to London and Manchester and various other towns. Ffrench did not know why he went; in fact Ffrench knew very little of him but that his humors were frequently trying and always more morose after such absences. He himself had alternately blown hot and cold. Of late the fruit of his efforts had rather the flavor of ashes. He was of even less importance than before, in the Works, and he continually heard unpleasant comments and reports outside. As surely as his spirits rose to a jubilant height some untoward circumstance occurred to dash them.

"I should have thought," he said fretfully to his daughter, "that as a Broxton man and—and a gentleman, the people would have been with me, but they are not."

"No," said Miss Ffrench, "they are not."

She knew far more than he did himself. She was not in the habit of allowing any sign to escape her. When she took her frequent drives she kept her eyes open to all that happened.

"If they dared, there are a good many of them who would be insolent to me."

"Why should they not dare?" asked her father with increased irritation.

"THERE WONT BE ANY NEED O' SO MANY O' YOU LADS."

"Because they know I am not afraid of them—because I set them at defiance; and for another reason."

The other reason which she did not state had nothing to do with their daring. It

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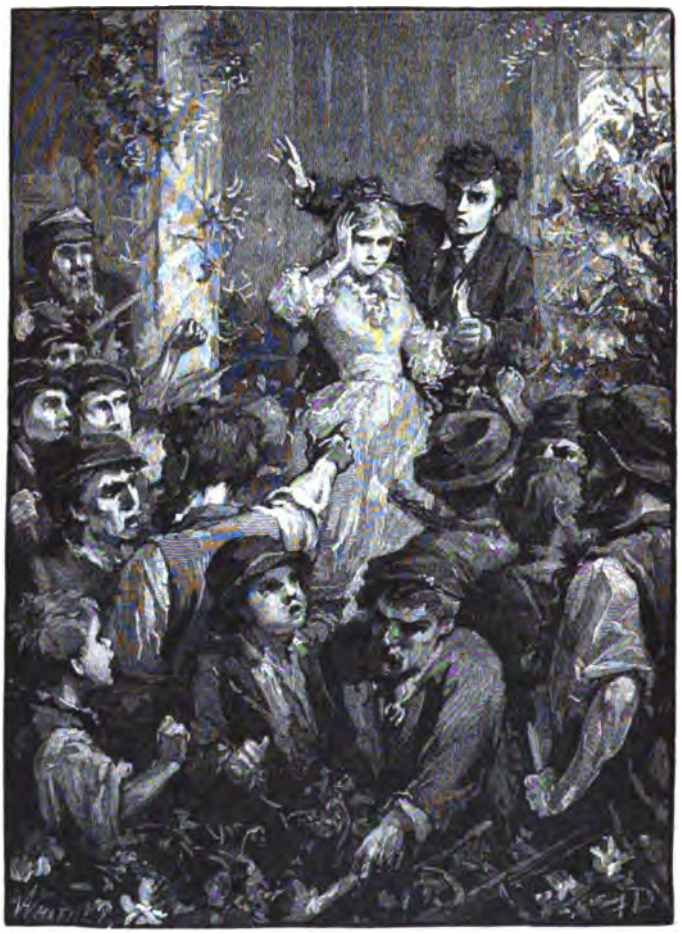
was the strong one that in the splendor of her beauty she had her greatest power. Ordinary womanhood would scarcely in itself have appealed to the chivalric sentiment of Broxton, Molton and Dillup, but Rachel

gland," was once remarked rather sullenly by one. "Not i' England, let aloan Lancashire—an' be dom'd to her,"—this last added with a shade of delicate significance.

But there was one man who saw her with



"SHE STAGGERED UNDER THE STROKE."

Ffrench driving slowly through the streets and past the "beer-house" doors, and turning her perfect, unmoved face for criticism to the crowd collected thereat, created a natural diversion. Those who had previously been in a sarcastic mood, lapsed into silence, the most inveterate 'bacco consumers took their pipes out of their mouths, feeling it necessary to suspend all action that they might look after her with a clearer appreciation. They were neither touched nor softened, but they were certainly roused to an active admiration which, after a manner, held them in check.

"Theer is na another loike her i' En-

eyes different from the rest. If he had not so seen her, existence would have been another matter. He seemed to live a simple, monotonous life. He held his place in the Works, and did well what he had to do. He was not very thoroughly understood by his fellows, but there existed a vague feeling of respect for him among them. They had become used to his silence and absent-mindedness and the tasks which seemed to them eccentricities. His responsibilities had increased, but he shouldered them without making any fuss and worked among the rest just as he had been wont to do when he had been Floxham's right hand in the

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engine-room. In more select circles he was regarded, somewhat to his distaste, with no inconsiderable interest. He was talked of privately as a young man with a future before him, though the idea of what that future was to be, being gathered from Ffrench, was somewhat indefinite. His own reserve upon the subject was rather resented, but still was forgiven on the score of eccentricity. For the rest, he lived, as it were, in a dream. The days came and went, but at the close of each there were at least a few hours of happiness.

And yet it was not happiness of a very tangible form. Sometimes, when he left the house and stepped into the cool darkness of the night outside, he found himself stopped for a moment with a sense of bewilderment. Haworth, who had sat talking to his partner and following Rachel Ffrench's figure with devouring eyes, had gained as much as he himself. She had not spoken often, perhaps, and had turned from one to the other with the same glance and tone, but one man left her with anger and misery in his breast, and the other wondered at his own rapture.

"I have done nothing and gained nothing," the young fellow would often say to himself as he sat at the work-table afterward, "but—I am madly happy."

And then he would lie forward with his head upon his folded arms, going over the incidents of the night again and again—living the seconds over, one by one.

Haworth watched him closely in these days. As he passed him on his way to his work-room, he would look up and follow him with a glance until he turned in at its door. He found ways of hearing of his life outside and of his doings in the Works.

One morning, as he was driving down the road toward the town, he saw in the distance the graceful figure of Mr. Briarley, who was slouching along in the somewhat muddled condition consequent upon the excitement of an agreeably convivial evening at the "Who'd ha' Thowt it."

He gave him a critical glance and the next moment whipped up his horse, uttering an exclamation.

"There's th' chap," he said, "by th' Lord Harry!"

In a few seconds more he pulled up alongside of him.

"Stop a bit, lad," he said.

Mr. Briarley hesitated and then obeyed with some suddenness. A delicately suggestive recollection of "th' barrels" induced him to do so. He ducked his head with a feeble smile, whose effect was somewhat obscured by a temporary cloud of natural embarrassment. He had not been brought into immediate contact with Haworth since the strikes began.

"Th' same," he faltered, with illusive cheerfulness,—"th' same to yo' an'—an' mony on 'em."

Then he paused and stood holding his hat in his hand, endeavoring painfully to preserve the smile in all its pristine beauty of expression.

Haworth leaned forward in his gig.

"You're a nice chap," he said. "You're a nice chap."

A general vague condition of mind betrayed Mr. Briarley into the momentary weakness of receiving this compliment literally. He brightened perceptibly, and his countenance became suffused with the roseate blush of manly modesty.

"My best days is ower," he replied. "I've been misforchnit, Mester—but theer wur a toime as th' opposite sect ha' said th' same—though that theer's a thing," reflecting deeply and shaking his head, "as I nivver remoind Sararann on."

The next moment he fell back in some trepidation. Haworth looked down at him coolly.

"You're a pretty chap," he said, "goin' on th' strike an' leaving your wife and children to starve at home while you lay in your beer and make an ass of yourself."

"Eh!" exclaimed Mr. Briarley.

"And make an ass of yourself," repeated Haworth, unmovedly. "You'd better be drawin' your wages, my lad."

Mr. Briarley's expression changed. From bewilderment he passed into comparative gloom.

"It is na drawin' 'em I've getten owt agen," he remarked. "It is na drawin' 'em. It's earnin' 'em,—an' ha'in' 'em took away an'—an' spent i' luxuries—berryin'-clubs an' th' loike. Brass as ud buy th' nessycerries."

"If we'd left you alone," said Haworth, "where would your wife and children be now, you scoundrel? Who's fed 'em and clothed 'em while you've been on th' spree? Jem Haworth, blast you!—Jem Haworth."

He put his hand in his pocket, and, drawing forth a few jingling silver coins, tossed them to him.

"Take these," he said, "an' go an' spend 'em on th' 'nessycerries,' as you call 'em. You'll do it, I know well enow. You'll be

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in a worse box than you are now, before long. We'll have done with you chaps when Murdoch's finished the job he's got on hand."

"What's that?" faltered Briarley. "I ha' na heerd on it?"

Haworth laughed and picked up his whip and reins.

"Ask him," he answered. "He can tell you better than I can. He's at work on a thing that'll set the masters a good bit freer than they are now. That's all I know. There wont be any need o' so many o' you lads. You'll have to make your brass out of a new trade."

He bent a little to settle a strap.

"Go and tell the rest on 'em," he said. "You'll do it when you're drunk enow, I dare say."

Briarley fumbled with his coins. His air became speculative.

"What are you thinkin' on?" demanded Haworth. "It's a bad lookout, isn't it?"

Mr. Briarley drew a step nearer the gig's side. He appeared somewhat pale, and spoke in a whisper. Muddled as he was, he had an idea or so left.

"It'll be a bad lookout for him," he said. "Bless yo'! They'd tear him to pieces. They're in th' humor for it. They've been carryin' a grudge so long they're ready fur owt. They've nivver thowt mich o' him, though, but start 'em on that an' they wouldn't leave a shred o' it together—nor a shred o' him, eyther, if they got the chance."

Haworth laughed again.

"Wouldn't they?" he said. "Let 'em try. He'd have plenty to stand by him. Th' masters are on his side, my lad."

He touched his horse, and it began to move. Suddenly he checked it and looked back, speaking again.

"Keep it to yourself, then," he said, "if there's danger, and keep my name out of it, by George, if you want to be safe!"

Just as he drove up to the gates of the yard Murdoch passed him and entered them. Until then—since he had left Briarley—he had not spoken. He had driven rapidly on his way with a grim, steady face. As Murdoch went by he got down from his gig, and went to the horse's head. He stood close to it, knotting the reins.

"Nor of him either," he said. "Nor of him either, by——"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A CLIMAX.

THE same night Mr. Briarley came home in a condition more muddled and disheveled than usual. He looked as if he had been hustled about and somewhat unceremoniously treated. He had lost his hat, and was tremulous and excited. He came in without the trifling ceremony of opening the door. In fact, he fell up against it and ran in, and making an erratic dive at a chair, sat down. Granny Dixon, who had been dozing in her usual seat, was roused by the concussion and wakened and sat up, glaring excitedly.

"He's been at it again!" she shouted. "At it again! He'll nivver ha' none o' my brass to mak' way wi'. He's been at——"

Mrs. Briarley turned upon her.

"Keep thy mouth shut!" she said.

The command was effective in one sense, though not in another. Mrs. Dixon stopped in the midst of the word "at" with her mouth wide open, and so sat for some seconds, with the aspect of an ancient beldame ordinarily going by machinery and suddenly having had her works stopped.

She would probably have presented this appearance for the remainder of the evening if Mrs. Briarley had not addressed her again.

"Shut thy mouth!" she said.

The works were set temporarily in motion, and her countenance slowly resumed its natural lines. She appeared to settle down all over and sink and become smaller, though, as she crouched nearer the fire, she had rather an evil look, which seemed to take its red glow into her confidence and secretly rage at it.

"What's tha been doin'?" Mrs. Briarley demanded of her better half. "Out wi' it!"

Mr. Briarley had already fallen into his favorite position. He had placed an elbow upon each knee and carefully supported his disheveled head upon his hands. He had also already begun to shed tears, which dropped and made disproportionately large circles upon the pipe-clayed floor.

"I'm a misforchnit chap," he said. "I'm a misforchnit chap, Sararann, as nivver had no luck."

"What's tha been doin'?" repeated Mrs. Briarley, with even greater sharpness than before; "out wi' it!"

"Nay," said Mr. Briarley, "that theer's what I've getten mysen i' trouble wi'. I wunnot do it again."

"Theer's summat i' beer," he proceeded, mournfully, "as goes agen a man. He towd me not to say nowt an' I did na mean to, but," with fresh pathos, "theer's summat

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i' beer as winds—as winds a chap up. I'm not mich o' th' speakin' loine, Sararann, but afore I knowed it, I wur a-makin' a speech—an' when I bethowt me an' wanted to set down—they wur bound to mak' me—go on to th' eend—an' when I would na—theer wur a good bit—o' public opinion igspressed—an' I did na stop—to bid 'em good-neet. Theer wur too much agoin' on."

"What wur it aw about?" asked Mrs. Briarley.

But Mr. Briarley's voice had been gradually becoming lower and lower, and his words more incoherent. He was sinking into slumber. When she repeated her question, he awakened with a violent start.

"I'm a misforchnit chap," he murmured, "an' I dunnot know. 'Scaped me, Sararann—owin' to misforchins."

"Eh!" remarked Mrs. Briarley, regarding him with connubial irony, "but tha art a graidely foo'! I'd gie summat to see a graidelier un!"

But he was so far gone by this time that there was no prospect of a clear solution of the cause of his excitement. And so she turned to Granny Dixon.

"It's toime fur thee to be i' bed," she shouted.

Granny Dixon gave a sharp, stealthy move round, and a sharp, stealthly glance up at her.

"I—dunnot want to go," she quavered shrilly.

"Aye, but tha does," was the answer. "An' tha'rt goin' too. Get up, Missus."

And singularly enough, Mrs. Dixon fumbled until she found her stick, and gathering herself up and leaning upon it, made her rambling way out of the room carrying her evil look with her.

"Bless us!" Mrs. Briarley had said in confidence to a neighbor a few days before. "I wur nivver more feart i' my life than when I'd done it, an' th' owd besom set theer wi' her cap o' one side an' her breath gone. I did na know but I'd put an eend to her. I nivver should ha' touched her i' th' world if I had na been that theer upset as I did na know what I wur doin'. I thowt she'd be up an' out i' th' street as soon as she'd getten her breath an', happen, ca' on th' porlice. An' to think it's been th' settlin' on her! It feart me to see it at th' first, but I wur na goin' to lose th' chance an' th' next day I give it to her up an' down—tremblin' i' my shoes aw th' toime. I says, 'Tha may leave thy brass to who tha loikes, but tha'lt behave thysen while tha stays here or Sararann Briarley'll see about it. So mak' up thy moind.' An' I've nivver had a bit o' trouble wi' her fro' then till now. She conna bide th' soight o' me, but she dare na go agen me fur her life."

The next day Haworth went away upon one of his mysterious journeys.

"To Leeds or Manchester, or perhaps London," said Ffrench. "I don't know where."

The day after was Saturday, and in the afternoon Janey Briarley presented herself to Mrs. Murdoch at an early hour, and evidently with something on her mind.

"I mun get through wi' th' cleanin' an' go whoam soon," she said. "Th' stroikers is over fro' Molton an' Dellup again. Theer's summat up among 'em.

"We dunnot know nowt about it," she answered, when further questioned. "We on'y know they're here an' i' a ill way about summat they've fun out. Feyther, he's aw upset, but he dare na say nowt fur fear o' th' Union. Mother thinks they've getten summat agen Ffrench."

"Does Mr. Ffrench know that?" Mrs. Murdoch asked.

"He'll know it soon enow, if he does na," dryly. "They'll noan stand back at tellin' him if they're i' th' humor—but he's loiker to know than not. He's too feart on 'em not to be on th' watch."

It was plain enough before many hours had passed that some disturbance was on foot. The strikers gathered about the streets in groups, or lounged here and there sullenly. They were a worse-looking lot than they had been at the outset. Idleness and ill-feeling and dissipation had left their marks. Clothes were shabbier, faces more brutal and habits plainly more vicious.

At one o'clock Mr. Ffrench disappeared from his room at the bank, no one knew exactly how or when. All the morning he had spent in vacillating between his desk and a window looking into the street. There was a rumor among the clerks that he had been seen vanishing through a side door leading into a deserted little back street.

An hour later he appeared in the parlor in which his daughter sat. He was hot and flurried and out of breath.

"Those scoundrels are in the town again," he said. "And there is no knowing what they are up to. It was an insane thing for Haworth to go away at such a time. By night there will be an uproar."

"If there is an uproar," said Miss Ffrench,

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"they will come here. They know they can do nothing at the Works. He is always ready for them there—and they are angrier with you than they are with him."

"There is no reason why they should be," Ffrench protested. "*I* took no measures against them, heaven knows."

"I think," returned Rachel, "that is the reason. You have been afraid of them."

He colored to the roots of his hair.

"You are saying a deuced unpleasant thing, my dear," he broke forth.

"It is true," she answered. "What would be the use in *not* saying it?"

He had no reply to make. The trouble was that he never had a reply to make to these deadly simple statements of hers.

He began to walk up and down the room.

"The people we invited to dine with us," she said, "will not come. They will hear what is going on and will be afraid. It is very stupid."

"I wonder," he faltered, "if Murdoch will fail us. He never did before."

"No," she answered. "*He* will not stay away."

The afternoon dragged away its unpleasant length. As it passed Ffrench found in every hour fresh cause for nervousness and excitement. The servant who had been out brought disagreeable enough tidings. The small police force of the town had its hands full in attending to its business of keeping order.

"If we had had time to send to Manchester for some assistance," said Mr. Ffrench.

"That would have been reason enough for being attacked," said Rachel. "It would have shown them that we felt we needed protection."

"We *may* need it, before all is quiet again," retorted her father.

"We may," she answered, "or we may not."

By night several arrests had been made, and there was a good deal of disorder in the town. A goodly quantity of beer had been drunk and there had been a friendly fight or so among the strikers themselves.

Rachel left her father in the drawing-room and went upstairs to prepare for dinner. When she returned an hour afterward he turned to her with an impatient start.

"Why did you dress yourself in that manner?" he exclaimed. "You said yourself our guests would not come."

"It occurred to me," she answered, "that we might have visitors after all."

But it was as she had prophesied,—the guests they had expected did not come. They were discreet and well-regulated elderly people who had lived long in the manufacturing districts, and had passed through little unpleasantnesses before. They knew that under existing circumstances it would be wiser to remain at home than to run the risk of exposing themselves to spasmodic criticism and its results.

But they had visitors.

The dinner hour passed and they were still alone. Even Murdoch had not come. A dead silence reigned in the room. Ffrench was trying to read and not succeeding very well. Miss Ffrench stood by the window looking out. It was a clear night and the moon was at full; it was easy to see far up the road upon whose whiteness the trees cast black shadows. She was looking up this road toward the town. She had been watching it steadily for some time. Once her father had turned to her restlessly, saying:

"Why do you stand there? You—you might be expecting something to happen."

She did not make any reply and still retained her position. But about half an hour afterward, she turned suddenly and spoke in a low, clear tone.

"If you are afraid, you had better go away," she said. "They are coming."

It was evident that at least she felt no alarm, though there was a thrill of excitement in her voice. Mr. Ffrench sprang up from his seat.

"They are coming!" he echoed. "Good God! What do you mean?"

It was not necessary that she should enter into an explanation. A clamor of voices in the road told its own story. There were shouts and riotous cries which, in a moment more, were no longer outside the gates but within them. An uproarious crowd of men and boys poured into the garden, trampling the lawn and flower-beds beneath their feet as they rushed and stumbled over them.

"Wheer is he?" they shouted. "Bring the chap out, an' let's tak' a look at him. Bring him out!"

Ffrench moved toward the door of the room, and then, checked by some recollection, turned back again.

"Good Heaven!" he said, "they are at their worst, and here we are utterly alone. Why did Haworth go away? Why——"

His daughter interrupted him.

"There is no use in your staying," she said. "It will do no good. You may go

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if you like. There is the back way. None of them are near it."

"I—I can't leave you here," he stammered. "Haworth was mad! Why, in Heaven's name——"

"There is no use asking why again," she replied. "I cannot tell you. I think you had better go."

Her icy coldness would have been a pretty hard thing to bear if he had been less terror-stricken; but he saw that the hand with which she held the window-curtain was shaking.

He did not know, however, that it was not shaking with fear, but with the power of the excitement which stirred her.

It is scarcely possible that he would have left her, notwithstanding his panic, though, for a second, it nearly seemed that he had so far lost self-control as to be wavering; but as he stood, pale and breathless, there arose a fresh yell.

"Wheer is he? Bring him out! Murdoch, th' 'Merican chap! We're coom to see him!"

"What's that?" he asked. "Who is it they want?"

"Murdoch! Murdoch!" was shouted again. "Let's ha' a word wi' Murdoch! We lads ha' summat to say to him!"

"It is not I they want," he said. "It is Murdoch. It is not I at all!"

She dashed the window-curtain aside and turned on him. He was stunned by the mere sight of her face. Every drop of blood seemed driven from it.

"You are a coward!" she cried, panting. "A coward! It is a relief to you!"

He stood staring at her.

"A—a relief!" he stammered. "I—don't understand you. What is the matter?"

She had recovered herself almost before he had begun to speak. It was over in a second. He had not had time to realize the situation before she was moving toward the window.

"They shall see *me*," she said. "Let us see what they will have to say to *me*."

He would have stopped her, but she did not pay the slightest attention to his exclamation. The window was a French one, opening upon a terrace. She flung it backward, and stepped out and stood before the rioters.

For a second there was not a sound.

They had been expecting to see a man,—perhaps Ffrench, perhaps Murdoch, perhaps even a representative of the small police force, looking as if he felt himself one too many in the gathering, or not quite enough,—and here was simply a tall young woman in a dazzling dress of some rich white stuff, and with something sparkling upon her hands and arms and in her high-dressed blonde hair.

The moonlight struck full upon her, and she stood in it serene and bore unmoved the stupid stare of all their eyes. It was she who spoke first, and then they knew her, and the spell which held them dumb was broken.

"What do you want?" she demanded. "I should like to hear."

Then they began to shout again.

"We want Murdoch!" they said. "We ha' summat to say to him."

"He is not here," she said. "He has not been here."

"That's a lee," remarked a gentleman on the outskirts of the crowd. "A dom'd un."

She made no answer, and, singularly enough, nobody laughed.

"Why do you want him?" she said next.

"We want to hear about that contrapshun o' his as is goin' to mak' th' mesters indypendent. He knows what we want him fur. We've just been to his house and brokken th' winders. He's getten wind on us comin', an' he made off wi' th' machine. He'll be here afore long if he is na here now, an' we're bound to see him."

"He'll be up to see thee," put in the gentleman on the outskirts, "an' I dunnot blame him. I'm glad I coom mysen. Tha's worth th' trip—an' I'm a Dillup chap, moind yo'."

She stood quite still as before and let them look at her, to see what effect the words had produced. It seemed as if they had produced none.

"If you have come to see him," she said, after a few seconds, "you may go away again. He is not here. I know where he is, and you cannot reach him. If there has not been some blunder, he is far enough away."

She told the lie without flinching in the least, and with a clever coolness which led her to think in a flash beforehand even of the clause which would save her dignity if he should chance to come in the midst of her words.

"If you want to break windows," she went on, "break them here. They can be replaced afterward, and there is no one here to interfere with you. If you would like to vent your anger upon a woman, vent it

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upon *me*. *I* am not afraid of you. Look at me!"

She took half a step forward and presented herself to them—motionless. Not a fellow among them but felt that she would not have stirred if they had rushed upon her bodily. The effect of her supreme beauty and the cold defiance which had in it a touch of delicate insolence, was indescribable. This was not in accordance with their ideas of women of her class; they were used to seeing them discreetly keeping themselves in the shade in time of disorder. Here was one—"one o' the nobs," as they said—who flung their threats to the wind and scorned them.

What they would have done when they recovered themselves is uncertain. The scale might have turned either way; but, just in the intervening moment which would have decided it, there arose a tumult in their midst. A man pushed his way with mad haste through the crowd and sprang upon the terrace at her side, amid yells and hoots from those who had guessed who he was.

An instant later they all knew him, though his dress was disordered, his head was bare, and his whole face and figure seemed altered by his excitement.

"Dom him!" they yelled. "Theer he is, by——!"

"I towd thee he'd coom," shouted the cynic. "He did na get th' tellygraph, tha sees."

He turned on them, panting and white with rage.

"You devils!" he cried. "You are here too! Haven't you done enough? Isn't bullying and frightening two women enough for you, that you must come here?"

"That's reet," commented the cynic. "Stond up fur th' young woman, Murdoch. I'd do it mysen i' I wur o' that soide. Allus stond up fur th' sect!"

Murdoch spoke to Rachel Ffrench.

"You must go in," he said. "There is no knowing what they will do."

"I shall stay here," she answered.

She made an impatient gesture. She was shuddering from head to foot.

"Don't look at or speak to me," she said. "You—you make me a coward."

"They will stand at nothing," he protested.

"I will not turn my back upon them," she said. "Let them do their worst."

He turned to the crowd again. Her life itself was in danger, and he knew he could not move her. He was shuddering himself.

"Who is your leader?" he said to the men. "I suppose you have one."

The man known as Foxy Gibbs responded to their cries of his name by pushing his way to the front. He was a big, resolute, hulking scamp who had never been known to do an honest day's work, and who was yet always in funds and at liberty to make incendiary speeches where beer and tobacco were plentiful.

"What do you want of me?" demanded Murdoch. "Speak out."

The fellow was ready enough with his words, and forcible too.

"We've heard tell o' summat goin' on we're not goin' to stond," he said. "We've heerd tell o' a chap 'at's contrivin' summat to do away wi' them as does th' work now an' mak's theer bread by it. We've heerd as th' mesters is proidin' theersens on it an' laughin' in theer sleeves. We've heerd tell as theer's a chap makkin' what'll eend i' mischief—an' yo're th' chap."

"Who told you?"

"Nivver moind who. A foo' let it out, an' we wur na in th' humor to let it pass. We're goin' to sift th' thing to th' bottom. Yo're th' chap as was nam't. What ha' yo' getten to say?"

"Just one thing," he answered. "It's a lie from first to last—an accursed lie!"

"Lee or not, we're goin' to smash th' thing, whatever it is. We're noan particular about th' lee. We'll mak' th' thing safe first, an' then settle about th' lee."

Murdoch thrust his hands in his pockets and eyed them with his first approach to his usual *sang-froid*.

"It's where you wont find it," he said. "I've made sure of that."

It was a mad speech to have made, but he had lost self-control and balance. He was too terribly conscious of Rachel Ffrench's perilous nearness to be in the mood to weigh his words. He saw his mistake in a second. There was a shout and a surging movement of the mob toward him, and Rachel Ffrench, with an indescribable swiftness, had thrown herself before him and was struck by a stone which came whizzing through the air.

She staggered under the stroke but stood upright in a breath's time.

"My God!" Murdoch cried out. "They have struck you! They have struck you!"

He was half mad with his anguish and horror. The sight of the little stream of

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blood which trickled from her temple turned him sick with rage.

"You devils!" he raved, "do you see what you have done?"

But the play was over. Before he had finished his outcry there was a shout of "th' coppers! th' coppers!" and a rush and skurry and tumble of undignified retreat. The police force with a band of anti-strikers behind them had appeared upon the scene in the full glory of the uniform of the corporation, and such was the result of habit and the majesty of the law that those who were not taken into custody incontinently took to their heels and scattered in every direction, uttering curses loud and deep, since they were not yet prepared to resist an attack more formally.

In half an hour the trampled grass and flower-beds and broken shrubs were the only signs of the tumult. Mr. Ffrench was walking up and down the dreary room in as nervous a condition as ever.

"Good heavens, Rachel!" he said. "You must have been mad—mad."

She had persistently refused to lie down and sat in an easy-chair, looking rather colorless and languid. When they were left alone, Murdoch came and stood near her. He was paler than she, and haggard and worn. Before she knew what he was about to do he fell upon his knees, and covered her hands with kisses.

"If any harm had come to you," he cried—"if any harm had come to you——"

She tried to drag her hands away with an angry face, but he clung to them. And then quite suddenly all her resistance ceased and her eyes fixed themselves upon him as if with a kind of dread.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"I AM NOT READY FOR IT YET."

In expectation of something very serious happening, the constabulary re-enforced itself the day following and assumed a more imposing aspect and was prepared to be very severe indeed upon all short-comings or symptoms of approaching disorder. But somewhat to its private disappointment, an unlooked-for quiet prevailed—an almost suspicious quiet, indeed. There were rumors that a secret meeting had been held by the strikers the night before, and the result of it was that in the morning there appeared to have been a sudden dispersing, and only those remained behind who were unavoidably detained by the rather unfortunate circumstance of their having before them the prospect of spending a few weeks in the comparative retirement of the county jail. These gentlemen peremptorily refused to give any definite explanation of their eccentricities of conduct of the night before and were altogether very unsatisfactory indeed, one of them even going so far, under the influence of temporary excitement, as to be guilty of the indiscretion of announcing his intention of "doin' fur" one or two enemies of his cause when his term expired, on account of which amiable statement three months were added to said term upon the spot.

It was Janey Briarley who had given Murdoch his warning upon the night of the riot. Just before he had left the Works she had come into the yard, saying she had a message for Haworth, and on being told that he was away, had asked for Murdoch.

"He'll do if I canna see th' mester," she remarked.

But when she reached Murdoch's room she stepped across the threshold and shut the door cautiously.

"Con anybody hear?" she demanded, with an uneasy glance round.

"No," he answered.

"Then cut thy stick as fast as tha can an' get thee whoam an' hoid away that thing tha'rt makkin. Th' stroikers is after it. Nivver moind how I fun' out. Cut an' run. I axt fur Haworth to throw 'em off th' scent. I knowed he wurna here. Haste thee!"

Her manifest alarm convinced him that there was foundation enough for her errand, and that she had run some risk in venturing it.

"Thank you," he said. "You may have saved me a great deal. Let us go out quietly as if nothing was in hand. Come along."

And so they went, he talking aloud as they passed through the gates, and as it was already dusk he was out on the Broxton road in less than half an hour, and when he returned the mob had been to his mother's house and broken a few windows in their rage at his having escaped them, and had gone off shouting that they would go to Ffrench's.

"He'll be fun theer," some one said—possibly the cynic. "Th' young woman is a sweetheart o' his an' yo'll be loike to hear o' th' cat wheer th' cream stonds."

His mother met him on the threshold with the news of the outbreak and the direction

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it had taken. A few brief sentences told him all, and at the end of them he left the house at once.

"I am going there to show myself to them," he said. "They will not return here. You are safe enough now. The worst is over here, but there is no knowing what they may do there when they find themselves baffled."

It was after midnight when he came back, and then it was Christian who opened the door for him.

He came into the little dark passage with a slow, unsteady step. For a second he did not seem to see her at all. His face was white, his eyes were shining and his brow was slightly knit in lines which might have meant intense pain.

"Are you hurt?" she asked.

It was as if her voice wakened him from a trance. He looked at her for the first time.

"Hurt!" he echoed. "No—not hurt."

He went into the sitting-room and she followed him. The narrow horse-hair sofa upon which his father had lain so often stood in its old place. He threw himself full length upon it and lay looking straight before him.

"Are you—are you sure you are not hurt?" she faltered.

He echoed her words again.

"Am I sure I am not hurt?" he repeated dreamily. "Yes, I am sure of it."

And then he turned slightly toward her and she saw that the look his face wore was not one of pain, but of strange rapture.

"I am not hurt," he said quite slowly. "I am madly happy."

Then she understood. She was as ignorant of many things as she was bitterly wise in others, but she had not been blind and she understood quite clearly. She sat down upon a low seat, from which she could see him, her hands clasped on her knee.

"I knew," she said at last, "that it would come some day—I *knew* that it would."

"Did you?" he answered in the same dreamy way. "I did not. I did not even hope for it. I do not comprehend it even now."

"I do," she returned, "quite well."

He scarcely seemed to hear her.

"I hoped for nothing," he said. "And now—I am madly happy."

There was nothing more for her to say. She had a fancy that perhaps in the morning he would have forgotten that he had spoken. It seemed as if even yet he was hardly conscious of her presence. But before she went away she asked him a question.

"Where did you put the model?"

He gave a feverish start.

"Where?" And then falling back into his previous manner—"I took it to the chapel yard. I knew they would not go there. There was space enough behind the—the head-stone and the old wall for it to stand, and the grass grew long and thick. I left it there."

"It was a safe place," she answered. "When shall you bring it back?"

He sighed impatiently.

"Not yet," he said. "Not just yet. Let it stay there a while. I am not—ready for it. Let it stay."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

SETTLING AN ACCOUNT.

It was not until the week following that Haworth returned, and then he came without having given any previous warning of his intention. Ffrench, sitting in his office in a rather dejected mood one morning, was startled by his entering with even less than his usual small ceremony.

"My dear Haworth," he exclaimed. "Is it possible!"

His first intention had been to hold out his hand, but he did not do so. In fact he sat down again a little suddenly and uneasily. Haworth sat down too, confronting him squarely.

"What have you been up to?" he demanded. "What is this row about?"

"About!" echoed Ffrench. "It's the most extraordinary combination of nonsense and misunderstanding I ever heard of in my life. How it arose there is no knowing. The fellows are mad!"

"Aye," angrily, "mad enow, but you can't stop 'em now they've got agate. It's a devilish lookout for us. I've heard it all over the country and the more you say agen it the worse it is. They're set on it all through Lancashire that there's a plot agen 'em and they're fur fettlin' it their own fashion."

"You—you don't think it will be worse for us?" his partner suggested weakly. "It struck me that—in the end—it mightn't be a bad thing—that it would change the direction of their mood."

"Wait until the end comes. It's not here yet. Tell me how it happened."

Upon the whole, Mr. Ffrench made a good story of it. He depicted the anxieties

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and dangers of the occasion very graphically. He had lost a good deal of his enthusiasm on the subject of the uncultivated virtues and sturdy determination of the manufacturing laboring classes, and he was always fluent, as has been before mentioned. He was very fluent now and especially so in describing the incident of his daughter's presenting herself to the mob and the result of her daring.

"She might have lost her life," he said at one point. "It was an insane thing to have done—an insane thing. She surprised them at first, but she could not hold them in check after Murdoch came. She will bear the mark of the stone for many a day."

"They threw a stone, blast 'em, did they?" said Haworth, setting his teeth.

"Yes—but not at her. Perhaps they would hardly have dared that after all. It was thrown at Murdoch."

"And he stepped out of the way?"

"Oh no. He did not see the man raise his arm, but she did, and was too much alarmed to reflect, I suppose—and—in fact threw herself before him."

He moved back disturbedly the next instant. Haworth burst forth with a string of oaths. The veins stood out like cords on his forehead; he ground his teeth. When the outbreak was over he asked an embarrassing question.

"Where were you?"

"I?"—with some uncertainty of tone. "I—had not gone out. I—I did not wish to infuriate them. It seemed to me that—that—that a great deal depended upon their not being infuriated."

"Aye," said Haworth, "a good deal."

He asked a good many questions Ffrench did not quite understand. He seemed in a questioning humor and went over the ground step by step. He asked what the mob had said and done and even how they had looked.

"It's a bad lookout for Murdoch," he said. "They'll have a spite again' him. They're lyin' quiet a bit now, because it's safest, but they'll carry their spite."

At Ffrench's invitation he went up to the house with him to dinner. As they passed into the grounds, Murdoch passed out. He was walking quickly and scarcely seemed to see them until Ffrench spoke.

"It's a queer time of day for him to be here," said Haworth, when he was gone.

Ffrench's reply held a touch of embarrassment.

"He is not usually here so early," he said. "He has probably been doing some little errand for Rachel."

The truth was that he had been with her for an hour, and that, on seeing Haworth coming down the road with her father, she had sent him away.

"I want to be alone when he comes," she had said.

And when Murdoch said "Why?" she had answered, "Because it will be easier."

When they came in, she was sitting with the right side of her face toward them. They could see nothing of the mark upon her left temple. It was not a large mark and not a disfiguring one, but there were traces of its presence in her pallor. She did not rise, and would have kept this side of her face out of view, but Haworth came and took his seat before her. It would not have been easy for her to move or change her position—and he looked directly at the significant little bruise. His glance turned upon it again and again as he talked to her or her father; if it wandered off it came back and rested there. During dinner she felt that, place herself as she would, in a few seconds she would be conscious again that he had baffled her. For the first time in his experience, it was he who had the advantage.

But when they returned to the parlor she held herself in check. She placed herself opposite to him and turned her face toward him, and let him look without flinching. It was as if suddenly she wished that he should see, and had a secret defiant reason for the wish. It seemed a long evening, but she did not lose an inch of ground after this. When he was going away she rose and stood before him. Her father had gone to the other end of the room, and was fussing unnecessarily over some memoranda. As they waited together, Haworth took his last look at the mark upon her temple.

"If it had been *me* you wore it for," he said, "I'd have had my hands on the throat of the chap that did it before now. It *wasn't* me, but I'll find him and pay him for it yet, by George!"

She had no time to answer him. Her father came toward them with the papers in his hands. Haworth listened to his wordy explanation without moving a line of his face. He did not hear it, and Ffrench was dimly aware of the fact.

About half an hour after, the door of the bar-parlor of the "Who'd ha' Thowt it" was flung open.

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"Where's Briarley?" a voice demanded. "Send him out here. I want him—Haworth."

Mr. Briarley arose in even more than his usual trepidation. He looked from side to side, quaking.

"Wheer is he?" he asked.

Haworth stood on the threshold.

"Here," he answered. "Come out!"

Mr. Briarley obeyed. At the door Haworth collared him and led him down the sanded passage and into the road outside.

A few yards from the house there was a pump. He piloted him to it and set him against it, and began to swear at him fluently.

"You blasted scoundrel!" he said. "You let it out, did you?"

Mr. Briarley was covered with confusion as with a garment.

"I'm a misforchnit chap as is allus i' trouble," he said. "Theer's summat i' ivvery thin' I lay hond on as seems to go agen me. I dunnot see how it is. Happen theer's summat i' me a-bein' a dom'd foo', or happen it's nowt but misforchin. Sararann——"

Haworth stopped him by swearing again, something more sulphurously than before, —so sulphurously, indeed, that Mr. Briarley listened with eyes distended and mouth agape.

"Let's hear what you know about th' thing," Haworth ended.

Mr. Briarley shut his mouth. He would have kept it shut if he had dared.

"I dunnot know nowt," he answered, with patient mendacity. "I wur na wi' 'em."

"You know plenty," said Haworth. "Out with it, if you don't want to get yourself into trouble. Who was the chap that threw the stone?"

"I—I dunnot know."

"If you don't tell me," said Haworth, through his clenched teeth, "it'll be worse for you. It was you I let the truth slip to; you were the first chap that heard it, and you were the first chap that started the row and egged it on."

"I did na egg it on," protested Mr. Briarley. "It did na need no eggin' on. They pounced on it loike cats on a bird. I did na mean to tell 'em owt about it. I'm a dom'd foo'. I'm th' dom'dest foo' fro here to Dillup."

"Aye," said Haworth, sardonically, "that's like enow. Who was the chap that threw the stone?"

He returned to the charge so swiftly and with such fell determination that Mr. Briarley began fairly to whimper.

"I dare na tell," he said. "They'd mak' quick work o' me if they fun me out."

"Who was it?" persisted Haworth. "They'll make quicker work of you at the 'Old Bailey,' if you don't."

Mr. Briarley turned his disreputable, battered cap round and round in his nervous hands. He was mortally afraid of Haworth.

"A man's getten to think o' his family," he argued. "If he dunnot think o' hissen, he mun think o' his family. I've getten a mortal big un—twelve on 'em an' Sararann, as ud be left on th' world if owt wur to happen—twelve on 'em as ud be left wi'out no one to stand by 'em an' pervide fur 'em. Theer's nowt a fam'ly misses so mich as th' head. The head should na run no risks. It's th' head's duty to tak' care o' hissen an' keep o' th' safe soide."

"Who threw the stone?" said Haworth.

Mr. Briarley gave him one cowed glance and broke down.

"It wur Tummas Reddy," he burst forth helplessly. "Lord ha' mercy on me!"

"Where is he?"

"He's i' theer," jerking his cap toward the bar-room, "an' I'm i' th' worst mess I ivver wur i' i' my loife. I'm fettlit now, by th' Lord Harry!"

"Which way does he go home?"

"Straight along the road here, if I *mun* get up to my neck—an'—an' be dom'd to him!—if I may tak' th' liberty."

"Settle yourself to stand here till he comes out, and then tell me which is him."

"Eh!"

"When he comes out say the word, and stay here till he does. I've got a bit o' summat to settle with him."

"Will ta—will ta promise tha will na let out who did it? If tha does, th' buryin' club'll ha' brass to pay out afore a week's over."

"You're safe enow," Haworth answered, "if you'll keep your mouth shut. They'll hear nowt from me."

A gleam of hope—a faint one—illumined Mr. Briarley's countenance.

"I would na ha' no objections to tha settlin' wi' him," he said. "I ha' not nowt agen that. He's a chap as I am na fond on, an' he's getten more cheek than belongs to him. I'd ha' settled wi' him mysen if I had na been a fam'ly man. Ha'in' a fam'ly to think on howds a man back. Theer—I hear 'em comin' now. "Would yo,'" in

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some hurry, "ha' owt agen me gettin' behind th' pump?"

"Get behind it," answered Haworth, "and be damned to you!"

He got behind it with alacrity, and, as it was not a large pump, was driven by necessity to narrowing himself to its compass, as it were, and taking up very little room. Haworth himself drew back somewhat, and yet kept within hearing.

Four or five men came out and went their different ways, and Mr. Briarley made no sign; but as the sixth, a powerful, clumsy fellow, passed, he uttered a cautious "Theer he is!"

Haworth did not stir. It was a dark, cloudy night, and he was far enough from the road to be safe from discovery. The man went on at a leisurely pace.

Mr. Briarley re-appeared, breathing shortly.

"I mun go whoam," he said. "Sararann ——" and scarcely waiting for Haworth's signal of dismissal, he departed as if he had been shot from a string-bow, and fled forth into the shadows.

Mr. Reddy went at a leisurely pace, as has been before observed. He usually went at a leisurely pace when he was on his way home. He was "a bad lot" altogether, and his home was a squalid place, and his wife more frequently than not had a black eye or a bruised face, and was haggard with hunger and full of miserable plaints and reproaches. Consequently he did not approach the scenes of his domestic joys with any haste.

He was in a worse humor than usual tonight from various causes, the chief one, perhaps, being that he had only had enough spirituous liquor to make him savage and to cause him to enliven his way with blasphemy.

Suddenly, however, at the corner of a lane which crossed the road he paused. He heard behind him the sound of heavy feet nearing him with a quick tramp which somehow presented to his mind the idea of a purpose, and for some reason, not exactly clear to himself, he turned about and waited.

"Who's that theer?" he asked.

"It's me," he was answered. "Stand up and take thy thrashin', my lad."

The next instant he was struggling in the darkness with an assailant, and the air was hot with oaths, and they were writhing together and panting, and striking blinding blows. Sometimes it was one man and then the other who was uppermost, but at last it was Haworth, and he had his man in his grasp.

"This is because you hit the wrong mark, my lad," he said. "Because luck went agen you, and because it's gone agen me."

When he had done Mr. Reddy lay beaten into seeming insensibility. He had sworn and gnashed his teeth and beaten back in vain.

"Who is it, by ——?" he panted. "Who is it?"

"It's Haworth," he was answered. "Jem Haworth, my lad."

And he was left there lying in the dark while Haworth walked away, his heavy breathing a living presence in the air until he was gone.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A SUMMER AFTERNOON.

"LET it stay there a while," Murdoch had said. "I am not ready for it yet." And it staid there between the head-stone and the old stone wall covered with the long grass and closed in by it. He was not ready for it—yet. The days were not long enough for him as it was. His mother and Christain rarely saw him, but at such times as they did each recognized in him a new look and understood it. He began to live a strange, excitable life. Rachel Ffrench did nothing by halves. He was seen with her constantly. It continually happened that where she was invited he was invited also. He forgot that he dreaded to meet strangers and had always held aloof from crowds. There were no strangers now and no crowds; in any gathering there was only one presence and this was enough for him. When people would have cultivated him and drawn him out, he did not see their efforts; when men and women spoke to him they found out that he scarcely heard them and that even as they talked he had unconsciously veered toward another point. He did things sometimes which made them stare at him.

"The fellow is like a ghost," a man said of him once.

The simile was not a bad one. He did not think of what he might be winning or losing—for the time being mere existence was all-sufficient. At night he scarcely slept at all. Often he got up and rambled over the country in the darkness, not knowing where he was going or why he walked.

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He went through the routine of the day in haste and impatience, doing more work than was necessary and frequently amazing those around him by losing his temper and missing his mark. Ffrench began to regard him with wonder. Divers things were a source of wonder to Ffrench, in these days. He understood Rachel less than ever and found her less satisfactory. He could not comprehend her motives. He had become accustomed to feeling that she always had a motive in the background and he made the natural mistake of supposing that she had one now. But she had none. She had suddenly given way to a mysterious impulse which overmastered her and she let herself go, as it were. It did not matter to her that the time came when her course was discussed and marveled at; upon the whole, she felt a secret pleasure in defying public comment as usual, and going steadily in her own path.

She did strange things too. She began to go among the people who knew Murdoch best,—visiting the families of the men who worked under him, and leading them on to speaking of him and his way of life. It cannot be said that the honest matrons she honored by her visits were very fond of her or exactly rejoiced when she appeared. They felt terribly out of place and awe-stricken when she sat down on their wooden chairs with her rich dress lying upon the pipe-clayed floors. Her beauty and her grandeur stunned them however much they admired both.

"I tell yo' she's a lady," they said. "She knows nowt about poor folk, bless yo', but she's getten brass to gie away—an' she gies it wi'out makin' a doment. I mun say it puts me out a bit to see her coom in, but she does na go out wi'out leavin' summat."

She made no pretense of bringing sympathy and consolation; she merely gave money, and money was an equivalent, and after all it was something of an event to have her carriage stop before the gate and to see her descend and enter in all her splendor. The general vague idea which prevailed was that she meant to be charitable after the manner of her order,—but that was a mistake too.

It happened at last that one day her carriage drew up before the house at whose window Murdoch's mother and Christian sat at work.

It was Saturday, and Janey Briarley, in her "cleanin' up" apparel opened the door for her.

"They're in th' parlor," she answered in reply to her question. "Art tha coom to see 'em?"

When she was ushered into the parlor in question, Mrs. Murdoch rose with her work in her hand; Christian rose also and stood in the shadow. They had never had a visitor before, and had not expected such a one as this.

They thought at first that she had come upon some errand, but she had not. She gave no reason for her presence other than she would have given in making any call of ceremony.

As she sat on the narrow sofa, she saw all the room and its meagerness,—its smallness, its scant, plain furnishing; its ugly carpet and walls; the straight, black dress of the older woman, the dark beauty of the girl who did not sit down but stood behind her chair, watching. This beauty was the only thing which relieved the monotony of the place, but it was the most grating thing she saw, to Rachel Ffrench. It roused within her a slow anger. She resented it and felt that she would like to revenge herself upon it quietly. She had merely meant to try the effect of these people and their surroundings upon herself as a fine experiment, but the effect was a stronger one than she had anticipated. When she went away Christian accompanied her to the door.

In the narrow passage Rachel Ffrench turned and looked at her—giving her a glance from head to foot.

"I think I have seen you before," she said.

"You *know* you have seen me," the girl answered.

"I have seen you on the Continent. Your apartment was opposite to ours in Paris—when you were with your mother. I used to watch the people go in and out. You are very like your mother."

And she left her, not looking back once,—as if there was no living creature behind, or as if she had forgotten that there was one.

Christian went back to the room within. She sat down but did not take up her work again.

"Do you know why she came?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"She came to look at us—to see what manner of people we were—to see how we lived—to measure the distance between our life and hers. As she went away," she went

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on, "she remembered that she had seen me before. She told me that I was very like my mother."

She leaned forward, her hands clasped palm to palm between her knees.

"There was a man who did my mother a great wrong once," she said. "They had loved each other in a mad sort of way for a long time, but in the end, I suppose, he got tired, for suddenly he went away. When he was gone, my mother did not speak of him and it was as if he had never lived, but she grew haggard and dreadful and lost her beauty. I was a little child and she took me with her and began to travel from one place to another. I did not know why at first, but I found out afterward. She was following him. She found him in Paris, at last, after two years. One foggy night she took me to a narrow street near one of the theaters, and after we got there I knew she was waiting for some one, because she walked to and fro between two of the street lamps dragging me by the hand. She walked so for half an hour, and then the man came, not knowing we were there. She went to him, dragging me with her, and when she stood in front of him, threw back her veil and let the light shine upon her. She lifted her hand and struck him—struck him full upon the face, panting for breath. 'I am a woman,' she said. 'I am a woman and I have *struck* you! Remember it to your last hour as I shall!' I thought that he would strike her back, but he did not. His hands fell at his sides, and he stood before her pale and helpless. I think it was even more terrible than she had meant it to be ——"

Mrs. Murdoch stopped her, almost angrily.

"Why do you go back to it?" she demanded. "Why should you think of such a story now?"

"It came to me," she answered. "I was thinking that it is true that I am like her,—I bear a grudge such a long time, and it will not die out. It is her blood which is strong in me. She spoke the truth."

Early in the afternoon Rachel Ffrench, sauntering about the garden in the sun, saw Murdoch coming down the road toward the house,—not until he had first seen her, however. His eyes were fixed upon her when she turned, and it seemed as if he found it impossible to remove them, even for a breath's time. Since his glance had first caught the pale blue of her dress he had not once looked away from it. All the morning, in the midst of the smoke and din of the workrooms, he had been thinking of the hours to come. The rest of the day lay before him. The weather was dazzling; the heat of summer was in the air; the garden was ablaze with flowers whose brightness seemed never to have been there before; there was here and there the drone of a bee, and now and again a stir of leaves. The day before had been of another color and so might the morrow be, but to-day left nothing to be believed in except its own sun and beauty.

When at last he was quite near her, he seemed for a little while to see nothing but the faint pale blue of her dress. He never forgot it afterward, and never remembered it without a sense of summer heat and languor. He could not have told what he said to her, or if he at first spoke at all. Soon she began to move down the path and he followed her,—simply followed her,—stopping when she stopped to break a flower from its stem.

It was as she bent forward once that she told him of what she had done.

"This morning," she said, "I went to see your mother."

"She told me so," he answered.

She broke the stem of the flower and stood upright, holding it in her hand.

"You do not ask me why I went."

"Why?" he asked.

Their eyes met, and she was silent for a little. Then she said, with perfect deliberateness:

"I have known nothing of the life you live. I wanted to see it for myself. I wanted—to bring it near."

He drew quite close to her, his face pale, his eyes burning.

"Near!" he repeated. "To bring it near! Do you—do you know what you have said?"

"To bring it near," she said again, with no less deliberateness than before, but with a strange softness.

Just for to-day, she had told herself, she would try the sensation of being swept onward by the stream. But she weighed herself as she spoke, and weighed him and his passion, and her power against its force.

But he came no closer to her. He did not attempt to touch even her hand or her dress. His own hands fell helplessly at his sides, and he stood still before her.

"Oh God!" he said in a hushed voice, "How happy I am!"

(To be continued.)

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THE FOUR KONANS.

WALES, A. D. 560.

MERRILY clanged the harps, and shrill the pipers blew;
Around the royal banquet jest and laughter flew;
When in by open doors a stranger, blithe to see,
Marched with a joyous air and bearing brave and free.

He stayed not with the lowly; he stopped not at the salt;
Upon the king's own platform lightly did he vault;
He swept aside the steward, who asked him of his rank,
And twixt the royal pair upon the bench he sank.

No shield against the wall his place had told to him;
No question would he answer, that hero brown and slim;
Upon the jeweled cup a careless hand he stretched,
His dagger from the king's plate a haunch of venison fetched.

"Beware, oh hero!" whispered the steward in his ear,
"Yon champion of the black look, who reacheth for his spear,
Hath rights on every marrow-bone that comes upon this board;
Crack that with reckless hand, and crowns must crack, my lord."

The stranger laughed, and quaffed with lips as cranberries red.
All golden were the curls about his shoulders shed;
His eyes flashed blue as ice when north winds yarely blow;
His forehead had the splendor of newly fallen snow.

He stripped of meat the marrow-bone, and took it by the heel:
"Here hast thou, doughty champion, thy rights upon this meal!"
He cast the bone like lightning that champion in the face,
Who moved nor spear, nor uttered word, but swooned within his place.

Then up rose all the household, with javelin, targe, and sword;
And up rose that tall stranger, and beat them from the board.
A rain, a hail of mighty blows he cast upon the crew;
But ever on the frightened queen sweet looks and mild he threw.

"Now hold!" the Welsh king ordered; "let all once more be set,"—
Though with his massive weapons his aged fingers fret,—
"A champion great is here, and, though concealed his name,
Well knows he how to guard him from slight and blame and shame."

"Oh, wondrous youth," entreated the brave queen where she sate,
"Tell me thy father!" "Comely queen, I spring from Adam great.
My mother was a queen, yet Eve was not her name;
She was as like yourself as sister-twins are same."

"Pledge me, oh champion, pledge!" she cried, "I love thy sparkling face;
Alas, like thine was once to view my darling Konan's grace.
But what is that I see? How cam'st thou by the ring?"
"That?" said the youth. "It is some spoil my father home did bring."

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Then rose the wan queen, moaning, from that untoward repast,
And in the flames her diadem, her royal wimple cast;
"It was my son, my Konan, thy cruel father slew!
Oh, who of all my household will wreak his death on you?"

The hero bounded after, and caught her by the arm:
"Mother!" he whispered; "silence! Thy Konan's met no harm.
Behold thy Konan safe, and, grown to man's estate,
By land and sea in battles become a hero great."

The queen her wailing stinted. "Right soon will shine the truth!
Bare me thy shoulder quickly, thou fair and god-like youth!
Lo, here beneath the white skin I thrust a shred of gold;
Oh king, rejoice! Rejoice ye, men! Here stands my Konan bold!"

The great king roared with laughter, and turned not once his head:
"This day a year three champions that self-same fable said!
The first we called the Ruddy. His eyes were green as grass.
For one year's proof I bade him go and round all Britain pass.

"Next day came Konan Fair; my son he claimed to be;
Light were his locks; a hundred were of his company.
Scarce was he gone when Konan (but he had curls of brown)
With thrice one hundred sworders approached our royal town.

"Now Konan Red, the wealthy, and Konan Fair, of steeds,
And Konan Brown, the joyous, who boasteth mighty deeds,
Will back return to-morrow. But, ere the day is done,
All Britain shall be certain which Konan is my son.

"So Konan, thou the fourth, whose thatch with gold is set,
Wilt find thyself to-morrow by threefold Konans met.
Back to our feast! for thou a comely champion art;
I wish thee well. My son or not, fall to with joyous heart!"

With a Druid's wide eyes young Konan the Tall
Leapt from his couch at the peep of day:
"The sky in the west is red! The fall
Of Konan the Ruddy I soothly say.

"Konan Fair!—
Blood's on the cloud in the east! For thee
Hope there is none; in thy maid-fine hair
Blood ere the evening shall be.

"Konan Brown!—
Light is the north, where thou comest in pride!
Safe is thy life, though fortune may frown;
What guardeth, I wonder, thy side?"

To the narrow, deep river looked Konan the Tall;
With clangor of arms strode down from the ridge.
The heroes were coming. First, ruddiest of all,
One champion set foot on the bridge.

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"Konan the Ruddy, whom fine satins clothe!
Halt, and give answer! What longest thou most
To see the bridge full of?" "Of gold," red-hair quoth;
"Of gold and of jewels a host."

"Ha!" answered Konan the scoffer, "thou'rt red,
But Konan art not, nor a royal son!
The offspring of merchants or chapmen instead;
See, thus is thy shamming undone!"

Over the bridge flew Konan the Tall,
Beat up his guard and clove through his breast.
"You are right," cried his spearmen, "well earned was his fall;
That a chapman he was, is confessed!"

O'er the hills to the stream came Konan the Fair
From eastward, brave with his warlike band.
"Now halt," cried the hero, "and answer bear.
What would you the bridge here contained?"

"What, bold asker? why cattle and steeds,
Oxen and sheep to the brim!" he replied;
"Aha!" quoth Konan, "then those are thy needs?
Fair liar, the grave be thy bride!"

Over the planks rushed Konan the Tall;
The sword-play was sharp, but he humbled his crest.
"'Tis plain thou wert born as a farmer!" And all
Those followers replied: "Thou hast guessed!"

Last of the heroes came Konan the Brown
With stately companions from out of the north.
"What would I the bridge were set with? A crown
Of heroes! of foes of my worth!"

His brow all perplexed, stood Konan the Tall,
Propt on his sword. "Thou art prince, indeed;
Yet claim'st to be Konan?" "My claim it is small,"
Quoth the brown-locked one, "as I rede.

"I am not Konan. A Norman king
My father is; he hath sons five pair;
And so on adventures the world I ring,
Some childless monarch to heir."

Over the bridge stepped Konan the Tall,
Reached him, laughing, a brawny hand;
"I am Konan," he spake. "Whatever befall,
We will sword-brothers be, on sea, on land."

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A PILGRIMAGE TO VALLOMBROSA.

DURING the first part of our stay in Florence the name of Vallombrosa used to reach our ears occasionally, bringing with its sound an indefinite Miltonic roll and a suggestion of breezy coolness which, in the warm days of a Florentine April, were very refreshing. As April gradually melted into May, we began to inquire about this place with a cool name, but in such a way as to conceal our own blank ignorance on the subject,—a most unnecessary precaution, as we soon discovered that no one whom we asked knew more of Vallombrosa than we. Murray, when consulted, waxed poetic and misty. He had evidently never been there, but he tried to create the impression that he had. Baedeker was more practical but inclined to sententiousness. He told us where to go by railway, where to spend the night and where to get dinner; also that Vallombrosa was a famous convent, beautifully situated in a valley on the western slope of the Appenines, founded in the eleventh century by S. Giovanni Gualberto. Already we began to take an enthusiastic delight in the monastery and to feel a certain affectionate interest in the personal history of its founder, and having once begun seriously to ask ourselves the question, Shall we go to Vallombrosa? we immediately and unanimously answered it in the affirmative.

Toward the noon of a doubtfully bright day in early May we took the train at the station opposite S. Maria Novella, and, slowly making the circuit of the city, proceeded up the valley of the Arno with a degree of deliberation known only to the Italian accommodation train. We were five in number,—three ladies and two gentlemen; and we looked forward with anxiety to the time when we should leave the train and the beaten track of travel for other ills of which we could not form the slightest idea. When, however, we arrived at Pontesieve, our first doubt, whether we could obtain a vehicle to take us further, was dispelled. The "hackmen" were as urgent and far more vehement than if they had been waiting at the Grand Central Depot for the arrival of the Boston express. After the usual amount of bargaining we engaged the services of a bandit with a yellow carriage who, for a specified sum, would take us to Pelago, where we were to spend the night.

Our arrival in Pelago was a great success. After toiling slowly along for five miles, our horses suddenly started up and dashed into the village street and up to the *Albergo Buon Cuore* as frantically as if driven by the son of Nimshi himself.

The landlord and chambermaid were at the door to welcome us and we were ushered into a room in the second story with rough, uneven floor and altogether primitive furniture. Bedrooms were plenty, each decorated with religious ornaments of one variety or another, and each containing a bed large enough to have accommodated all the offspring of the old woman who lived in a shoe.

Having made arrangements for dinner we started out to explore the place. Pelago is not a nice village. It is not so dirty as many Italian villages. It is well situated. The inn is good, if you like genuine native inns. The landlord is obliging and the rates all that could be desired. But I must mention with regret that the rising generation in Pelago is not being brought up in the way it should go, as we learned by sad experience.

On leaving the hotel we went first to the church, not because there was anything to see there, but because of the power of habit. A small group of children, who were prowling about the hotel door, followed us, and we sent one of them for the church key. While we were waiting under the porch for his return, the children gradually gathered from all directions, chattering to one another and begging of us. Suddenly a bright thought struck the young professor, so he set the children in a row and counted them. There were twenty-four. This was the beginning of all our troubles. A very ancient woman who was lurking near, knitting in hand, evidently thought that this was prefatory to a distribution of alms, and when the professor turned his head for a moment, she displaced one of the smallest girls and filled the vacancy herself. Just then the key arrived and we went into the church, leaving the multitude outside. As our prophetic souls had told us, there was nothing to see, so we speedily came out again. The children were waiting for us, but instead of twenty-four there were forty-eight. We walked to the other end of the village; so did they. We came back; they followed us. We stopped in hopes that they would go on,

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but they were in no haste and could wait as long as we pleased. We felt very much as if we were the Pied Piper of Hamelin. I wish the Pelagese had known that story. They might have kept their children at home. At length we took a foot-path and left the village behind. We said "*andate*," but it didn't have any effect. The patriarch of the party, whose knowledge of Italian was limited to some musical terms, said "*andante*," which was effective, though not in the way he expected. The professor undertook to use force, but he couldn't catch them. One particularly bad boy took a high moral ground. He was a kind of village Hampden, who with dauntless breast withstood the tyrant. He said that he had as good a right to go on that path as we had, and he would defend his rights while he had life. Then the professor tried to buy them off. They were to go away and come to the hotel at six o'clock, there to receive a specified sum of money. To this they instantly agreed,—but they didn't go away. At length the Fates themselves interposed,—at least two of them did. Slowly descending from the mountain, with distaff in hand spinning their thread, came two picturesque old crones, who told the children to go away and enforced the order by a few well-directed stones. If they had been the she-bears who once ate up some little children for bothering their better, I am afraid we should have welcomed them. However, the children were gone, and we could sit still watching the forest-covered mountain, with its shadows changing slowly as the sun sank in the west. At length, as we rose to go back to the village, the Fates, who had been spinning near by, approached us. Oh, degenerate Italy! where the Parcæ themselves are reduced to beg of the stranger. The Fates are not impartial. They have an eye for the main chance. I know it from experience.

After dinner, we interviewed the landlord on the subject of Vallombrosa. As the advertisement of the inn declared, he could furnish us saddle-horses, and it would take us four hours to get there. But one of the ladies did not wish to ride on horseback. Could he not furnish a carriage? He smiled and shrugged his shoulders. There was no carriage road. However, he could furnish *una carrozza da buoi*. We were glad to be informed that a "cow-chariot" was at our disposal, but were somewhat suspicious of the offer. We were afraid that our landlord was indulging in unseemly levity at our expense. However, he offered to show it to us, so we followed him to a neighboring barn-yard, where he pointed out the chariot. I had seen a chariot in America, but there they called it by another name. I had always supposed that a chariot and a clothes-basket were different. I was mistaken. This particular clothes-basket was mounted on wooden runners and had a tongue like an ox-sled. The innkeeper assured us that ladies had gone to Vallombrosa in that basket on several occasions, and that it was very comfortable. So we ordered three horses and two oxen for eight o'clock the next morning, and then went to bed, where I spent part of the night in trying to discover what my enormous mattress was stuffed with. My researches were rewarded. It was stuffed with autumnal leaves. There could be no doubt that we were nearing Vallombrosa.

At eight o'clock we started. Pelago turned out to see us off; the dear little children with their fathers and mothers. We made an imposing procession. Two big horses and a little one led the van, each attended by a guide; then followed the *carrozza*, comfortably furnished with two chairs and drawn by two of those magnificent dove-colored oxen, which are known only to Italy.

Soon after leaving the village we began to ascend, and continued so to do with only slight exception all the way to Vallombrosa. From the first the road was beautiful. Sometimes it wound slowly up one of the steeper hills, at every turn revealing new glimpses of the wonderful Val d'Arno, and of that beauty of cultivated land which lends such a peculiar charm to much of the Italian scenery; and sometimes it ran along the edge of a precipice where a mountain-stream dashed and roared hundreds of feet below. The road was excellent for the first six miles,—as far as the little lumber village of Tosi. Then the guides turned our horses to the left sharply, and began to lead them up so steep a pitch that I thought at first that it was merely a log-slide. Nevertheless, it proved to be a path paved with square blocks of stone. Up this path we toiled for somewhat more than two hours. It wound up the mountain-side, over rough, half-cleared spaces, and through dark, trim, well-kept pine forests. At regular intervals stand immense crosses of dark gray stone, grand and lonely, which the monks erected as stations for prayer and as guide-posts for travelers more than seven hundred years

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after the founding of the monastery. They made them massive and enduring, no doubt supposing that they would stand there, and the monks of Vallombrosa would kneel before them from time to time until the end of the world. Less than a hundred years have gone since then, and the very first of the crosses has fallen, and there are no monks in Vallombrosa, and the end is not yet.

A little before noon we emerged from the forest and entered on the broad, straight path that leads to the spacious monastery buildings. It *is* a *vall'ombrosa*. A little oval valley, in the side of the mountain, with the wooded ground sloping up on either hand, and at the head the heights of Pratomagno with dark forests hanging upon its sides: that is Vallombrosa.

The whole valley, inclosed by the hills on three sides and cut off by the forest on the fourth, cannot comprise more than half a square mile. On either side of the straight path already mentioned, are little grass-grown meadows sprinkled with innumerable wild flowers, and adorned with tiny ponds and clear, chattering brooks. We ordered lunch at the little inn, formerly the *foresteria* of the monastery, and until it was ready amused ourselves by roaming about and picking forget-me-nots and anemones.

After our meal of omelette and beefsteak, fried in oil, was finished, we started for "Il Paradisino," an old cloister built on the edge of an overhanging rock, two hundred and sixty-six feet above the monastery. We found it an easy climb of fifteen minutes, and when we reached the cloister, we at length saw what we came for.

Directly below us lay the shady valley with its great buildings. Below that again we could almost trace the way by which we had come up the mountain through the forests. And beyond lay the broad valley of the Arno, with glimpses of the river shining in the sun, and then Florence itself with its swelling dome, seventeen miles away as the crow flies. There was a slight haze over the landscape that changed rapidly, concealing and again revealing one object after another. At first we looked in vain for something which should be near the dome, but after a while the mist drew back and showed it to us, but soon covered it again as something too precious to be long exposed:

"Giotto's tower,
The lily of Florence blossoming in stone—
A vision, a delight, and a desire—
The builder's perfect and centennial flower,
That in the night of ages bloomed alone."

I wonder what those old monks thought, when this light-giving flower first bloomed upon their darkness, or whether they thought at all.

The range of hills that were the limit of the landscape in their misty indistinctness, had also an interest of their own. For they had yielded stones more precious than the diamonds of Golconda,—the material in which the sculpture and architecture of Italy were to find expression. The marble mountains of Carrara are a worthy background for such a picture.

When we had seen this view we had seen all. The cloister contained nothing of interest except the daughter of the old forester who inhabits it,—a very pretty girl that must look like Tessa, we thought. The monastery is now a school of forestry, the methods of which we did not care to investigate, and the church is bereft of the famous pictures which it once contained. We turned longingly to the mountain on whose side we were,—the Pratomagno of Dante, that overlooks Camaldoli and the green hills of Cassentino; but time would not allow us to undertake the climb, so we mounted our horses and got into our basket and said good-bye to Vallombrosa.

Whoever sees this beautiful valley among the hills cannot fail of a desire to know something of the man who first sought it out to make it his dwelling-place, in an age of the world when the beauty of external nature seems to have had little influence upon the course of human life. The story of S. Giovanni Gualberto, as it is told to us, is so simple and unmiraculous that I think it must be true. The tradition tells us that he was the dissipated, reprobate son of a noble and wealthy Florentine family, leading a wild life with dissolute companions. But his soul cherished one overmastering passion. His own nature and the custom of the age called upon him to avenge with blood the death of his brother, slain in one of the quarrels so common in the Florentine history of that period. On the morning of one Good Friday he was descending from the heights of San Miniato; the same old church was standing there, but in the city spread out at his feet was not yet erected *one* of the many structures that make Florence the most beautiful city of the earth. On that morning, however, the heart of the man was doubtless softened and touched by the wonderful beauty of the Val d'Arno holding the town in its lap, with the glittering river creeping onward and the city-

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crowned hill of Fiesole leaning over it. Filled with the thoughts inspired by such a scene, what wonder if he hesitated to slay the assassin when he met him unarmed in the way? The man knelt before him and pleaded for life, and in the breast of Giovanni a mighty struggle went forward, a struggle between pity and right and love on the one side and the dictates of passion and conventional honor on the other. At length the good triumphed and he forgave the trembling wretch at his feet. He turned about and found his way again to the church and there, kneeling upon the floor with sweet forgiveness in his heart, he consecrated his life to the service of God. It was a Good Friday morning worth a remembrance even after eight hundred years. Taking monastic vows upon him, he entered the convent of San Miniato. But the discipline was too lax for his earnest nature, and perhaps also he yearned to be away from the city, alone with himself. So he went away and came and dwelt in Vallombrosa, upon the verge of the everlasting hills, where he might hold communion with his God; with Florence in the distance like the sins of his youth removed far from him, but never lost sight of,—a perpetual reminder of the depths of the divine forgiveness. Not the best way to lead a Christian life, but possibly the best he knew and not without a recollection of Him who went apart into a mountain to pray.

He must have looked much as Perugino painted him four hundred years later,—a tall, calm, earnest saint, one hand holding a crucifix and the other resting upon a staff with which he might steady his steps as he climbed to his lonely home upon the mountain-side. As he looks up and out from the great picture of the Assumption, so must he have looked to those disciples of his who gradually gathered about him, to profit by his counsels and guide their lives by his example. Thus, in his once solitary vale grew up a little community, and in due time he died, and in after years men wrote "Saint" before his name. And in his place a generation arose that knew him not, and they lived the life of dull cattle through many centuries until, to their surprise, they were one day driven forth by the sword of justice, as those who ate up Christ's poor like bread.

One question must come to every speaker of English who visits Vallombrosa. Did Milton ever see it? The mere fact of his alluding to it would give us satisfactory ground for saying yes, were it not for the freedom and unerring accuracy with which he constantly alludes to places which he has not seen. But the occurrence of this mention with that of other places in the vicinity of Florence, leads me to think that it could only be an association of ideas, coming from association in personal observation, that would introduce a thought of Vallombrosa in this particular place. Mrs. Browning thought that he must have been there, or he never would have sung of Paradise. She thought, too, that the monks and beeves that she saw there were probably the same as when he came. Why did she not ask one of the old monks if he remembered a beautiful young Englishman that came so long ago? Of course he would not recollect all who had come, but such a visitor as that must make an impression upon even his dull mind,—perhaps, too, the first heretic that had ever come as a sight-seer to Vallombrosa. Of course we saw no monks to ask, only spruce young students of forestry that had the air of having just come and being about to go away. Neither did we see any beeves except the two stout oxen that drew our vehicle. But without any direct testimony from ancient man or beast, I have a firm assurance that Milton has been there and that his feet have lent to that soil a sacredness greater than any bestowed by San Giovanni or his innumerable monks. It must be that the rolling splendor of those lines and their undefined touch of surpassing beauty have come from these mountains and forests and the little, green, lonely valley that has lost itself among them:

"Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades
High over-arch'd imbower."

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A MAN WITHOUT ENTHUSIASMS.

I.

I THINK that neither of us could have analyzed or satisfactorily explained our mutual attraction, but it is certain that my old class-mate Manson and I were fast friends. He was a most lovable fellow, but had begun, long before our college course came to an end, to show that apparent lack of interest in life which distinguishes what we call a *blasé* man; and this at times to a degree at once amusing and exasperating.

Not long ago a party of us, in the pleasant smoking-room of a Pacific steamer, were talking about one of our fellow-passengers, —rather a poor specimen of this class,— then of the class itself; and the oldest member of the little group, who had been lighting his cigar very deliberately with the little wire which one dips in spirits of wine, resumed his seat with the remark, delivered with great emphasis:

"Well, gentlemen, it's a dreadful thing for a young man to have *no enthusiasms*."

The expression brought Manson to my mind. I do not know why I had not thought of him before, but reminiscences now crowded in rapidly upon me and I sat for some moments looking out at the blue waves of the Pacific, and oblivious of the nice points of the discussion. Finally, it seemed opportune to me to narrate to the party some of the circumstances under which my friend and I had been thrown together.

He was, as our old school-master once said, "fortunate in his choice of a father," and I feared that the tendency which I have mentioned would be developed by a life of virtual idleness; and when we had parted, and I only knew of his doings through his letters, and those of mutual acquaintances, there was every reason to believe that my forebodings were correct. He made a short trip to Europe, a region which he described as "slow," and then nominally entered on a business life. His abilities were excellent, and his perceptions quick, but after he had been for some time partner in a firm, a friend wrote me that when he met him in the street, and asked him where his office was, he received the reply:

"I don't know. They've moved since I've been there."

I was traveling some years later from India to Europe. We had a fine steamer from Calcutta, and some most agreeable people on board. It was just about the time that some of the officers who had served in the Mutiny were getting their furloughs, and fine fellows they were. My room-mate, a stout, jolly-looking man with red side-whiskers, was in the Residency at Lucknow, and was suffering from a wasting disease, but he was a good shot and they could not spare him; and he used to tell me how, when they had loaded his rifle, they would prop him up on his mattress until he could sight a Sepoy and then sink back again. All these men had been through terrible experiences, but they were delighted at going home, and were generally in the highest spirits. I remember that they would not "turn in" at all the night that we were running up the Gulf of Suez, and they were eager to get ashore in the morning. We went up to the hotel, built around a court-yard, and found a Frenchwoman singing "Il Bacio" in the shrillest of voices to the accompaniment of sundry instruments played by compatriots in fez caps. Even the squalid bazaar seemed preferable to this, and we were turning to go thither, when I saw, leaning against a pillar, my old friend Manson; and but that he had a "puggery" on his hat, he looked for all the world just as he had looked many times at a performance of "Trovatore" or "Favorita" in the old days in Boston when the supernumeraries were all from our class. I was delighted to meet him, presented him at once to my party, and insisted on his going to Cairo with us. He assented with the remark that he could not be more bored there than he had been at Suez. My companions appreciated his fine qualities, and, as they grew better acquainted, were disposed to "chaff" him a little about his eccentricities. Some time before we reached our destination he had been telling us of his experiences on arrival in Egypt. He had intended to go to Bombay, but had changed his mind at Suez the day before we arrived.

"Fellows talked to me about Grand Cairo," said he, "called it an epitome of the Arabian Nights, Portal of the Orient, and all that sort of thing. I began to think that I might amuse myself for a day there. Our steamer was late; we were sent through

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express, remaining ten minutes in the Cairo station, and all that I saw of the Portal of the Orient, looking with sleepy eyes through the window of the railway carriage, was an Englishman in a tweed suit and a sun-hat, standing before a refreshment bar and calling out: 'Two and sixpence for a bottle of soda-water? Holy Moses!'"

Soon after that he went to sleep, and just as we rolled into the station I remember that one of the party awakened him by shouting in his ear: "Passengers for Sodom and Gomorrah will change cars!"

We had hardly time to see the mosque of Mehemet Ali and buy some attar of roses, when we were hurried off to Alexandria, so that our only sight of the Pyramids was from the train. None of us were "griffins," but those majestic structures command interest at all times, and then we had borrowed that wonderful book, "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid," from the captain of the steamer, and read it carefully, so that we were as eager as schoolboys. I shall never forget the scene which ensued. We were craning our necks to get the first sight, and two or three of us cried out, "There they are!" Manson had been leaning back in his seat with an expression of weariness on his countenance. He raised himself slightly with his hands, took one look, and sank back in his old place with the remark: "One more sensation gone!"

II.

The summer of 186– was an unusually hot one in China. Residents of Shanghae passed their time in an artificial temperature produced by "punkahs" hung over desks, dining-tables, and beds,—indeed in every practicable situation. The despotic, implacable sun rose each morning as if invigorated for a renewed career of persecution, and mocked at bamboo shades, blinds, and even tiled roofs. Crews of vessels coming up the river were driven from aloft, and strong men, like the little Shunamite boy in Scripture, cried out: "My head, my head!" In the latter part of September came the first relief—cool nights, then at last some refreshing days. I was dressing one morning with a serene satisfaction in the thought that I might put on a flannel instead of a linen coat, when my "boy" announced "One piecee gentleman hab got down side, wantchee see you." Stretched on an extension chair on the veranda, I found, on descending, my friend Manson. Responding to my delighted and surprised greetings, he told me that he had suddenly made up his mind to visit the Far East, and had started without reflecting that he would reach India and southern China at just the wrong time. He had been nearly dead with heat, narrowly escaped a sun-stroke at Canton, and was caught in a typhoon between Manila and Hong Kong. I had a room made ready for him, found him a good Canton servant, and introduced him at the Club. He was unanimously voted a success. To people as busy as we all were with the new season's teas a perfectly lazy man was a refreshing spectacle, and his languid indifference and dry conversation were declared extremely "good form." We could hardly give him a moment before late afternoon, but he found another lazy man who would play bézique with him for hours at a stretch, and declared himself quite content.

In a few weeks I made up my mind to take two or three days' holiday and carry out a cherished plan of a boat-trip on the Yangtsze, and Manson agreed to accompany me. We had a large "house-boat" of Chinese model and rig—a fair sailer, and very comfortable; and our two Canton boys, Ah Wing and Ah How, and our cook were sure to give us good living. I was obliged, on account of the illness of my old "lowdah" or captain, to engage a new one at short notice. I did not know much about him and did not like his looks, but I never dreamed of any trouble with him or the crew which he engaged. There was a gun-rack in the cabin, and I had put in a couple of Enfield rifles belonging to the volunteers and two Sharps' from the hong, thinking that we might compare their performance at a target. Manson, to my amusement, added to the armory an elephant rifle, carrying a very heavy ball, which he had brought from Ceylon, and his own old Kentucky hunting rifle, which he had been "backing," he said, against all others. I laughed at this battery (little thinking what I was to owe to it), and threw in a couple of revolvers to complete our assortment.

I shall never forget the sail down the Wongpoo, or Shanghae River, that pleasant afternoon. To appreciate the cool breeze from the south-west one must have endured the sufferings of the summer, and it seemed to blow rather from some breezy upland "at home," than from the low-lying, damp paddy-fields. As we left the settlement behind I felt like a boy having his first holiday, and even fancied that the very ordinary sunset

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reminded me of some of the gorgeous ones which I had seen in more favored latitudes. We passed Woosung and the dilapidated earth-works below, rounded Paoushan Point, and ran a long way before we anchored for the night. In the morning we were under way in good season, and bore for the North Shore. We had our coffee and toast, and were sitting aft, when Ah Wing, my favorite servant, as clever and really "plucky" a boy as ever wore a pig-tail, came aft to speak to me.

"Master," said he, "jussee now mi see two piecee junk come. Mi thinkee he no good junk. Mi fear he b'long lallee-loon (they are ladrones or pirates). Mi askee that lowdah,—he mouf no speakee ploppa (his mouth does not answer me properly). He say junk b'long he flen (is his friend). Mi welly fear he no good man."

I ran forward and looked at the two junks. We had changed our course and were running west, with the wind on our beam. They were coming toward us, but both considerably to the north, and one more so than the other. Their character was unmistakable, as was the expression on the lowdah's face. He spoke a few words of pidgin English, and on my telling him to turn, said with a grin:

"No wantchee go back Shanghae."

There was not a moment to lose. I had not even time to explain matters to Manson. If anything can make one think and act quickly, it is the approach of Chinese pirates. I jumped down the companion-ladder, seized a large revolver, loaded and capped, concealed it under my coat, and told Ah Wing to come forward with me. As I passed Manson, who was coolly smoking, and asked no questions, I whispered,

"Stand by the helm, and wait for the word, in case of need."

I told Ah Wing, in as mild a tone as I could command, to tell the lowdah that he had misunderstood me, and that I wanted him to turn around. He was off his guard, and replied in a rapid Chinese sentence, and with a chuckle.

"He talkee no wantchee," said Ah Wing.

The man was nothing to me at that moment but a mad dog. Why I did not blow his brains out I do not know. I had backed up to the rail and could put my hand on a sort of belaying pin. I think I even calculated the force of the blow that laid him out on the deck, before that villainous grin was off his face. There were five men in the crew. One was steering, two I pitched down the little hatch, which I secured. The others, thoroughly frightened, did as Ah Wing, not a bad sailor himself, told them. Manson put the helm hard down, and in a moment we had come about, the sails were drawing, and we were well to windward, and under full headway. I gave my revolver to Ah Wing, with directions as to what he was to do, and no "Caucasian" could have obeyed more promptly and intelligently. We dragged the lowdah aft, and pinioned his hands and feet, in anticipation of his coming to himself. Manson had the helm, and I asked him to give it to one of the crew. Ah Wing was then told (and to this day, I remember how curiously the pidgin English contrasted with the grim nature of the communication) to make it clear to the helmsman, that if the boat went one inch to leeward of her course, and to the two sailors that if they moved, except under orders, from the positions in which they were placed,—covered by the revolver,—they were dead men.

"You sabe tlue? (you perfectly understand)" I asked Ah Wing.

He was one of the few Chinamen who have what the plainsmen happily call *sand*, or dogged grit, and I saw it in his eye as he cocked the revolver and replied, "Alla lightee (all right)! Mi can do."

"At your leisure," said a cool voice, "perhaps you will tell me what this is all about," and Manson lighted a fresh cheroot. I explained to him that we had barely escaped destruction by treachery, and were even then in a dire strait. We could not expect to sail as fast as the pirates, and our only hope was in their being so far to leeward, and in the range of our rifles. I was perfectly sure of my man, and there was positively none in my whole acquaintance whom I would so readily have with me as my old friend, the *blasé*, indifferent, dilettante Manson. He shook me by the hand, and said in a cheery voice, wholly unlike his ordinary one:

"All right, old fellow, we'll beat them."

A more impetuous, though equally brave man would have been far less efficient. Indeed, nothing could have been finer than his behavior. The rifles, six in number, were brought up and laid side by side on top of the cabin. Ah How told me that he "sabe loadee that gun," and, to my great surprise, our old fat cook ("Buddha," we used to call him, as his countenance expressed the idea of eternal silence and rest), volunteered his services in this line as well.

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Then we settled down to our work, no old Paladin or Viking ever more collected and deliberate, and at the same time showing more of the *gaudium certaminis* than our old used-up, bored member of the class of 185–. Could we keep those junks out of jingal range until we reached a place of safety? They had high sterns, and the steersman could be plainly seen. Manson took his Kentucky rifle, knelt down away aft and aimed slowly and carefully. Almost simultaneously I succeeded in "drawing a bead" on a large man in the bow of the junk nearer to us. Just as the rifles cracked she fell off visibly and lost way before the dead steersman could be replaced. Nor was the large man again visible.

"I am afraid I can't do as well with the elephant rifle," said Manson, "but I can try. Let us both fire continually at the steersmen." We did so, with varying success. Ah How and the cook loaded rapidly and well, but the rifles were soon somewhat heated, and the breech-loaders missed fire several times. The junks were heavily manned and could quickly supply the place of those whom we shot. They also arranged some kind of protection for the helmsmen, although we pierced it more than once. I began to feel terribly wolfish, and so filled with rage at our antagonists that I could only with difficulty control myself sufficiently to aim deliberately; but my friend never showed signs of an acceleration of his pulse. As regularly as clock-work he took the gun from the Chinaman, and never fired a second before his aim was perfect. We rested a short time at last to take a survey of the situation, and could not disguise from ourselves that it was serious. The junks were nearer, and we were still quite a long way from Paoushan. There was nothing for it but to go to work again, and we did. For ten minutes or more we kept up an incessant fire, and, although we evidently did much damage, the distance between us and them had been perceptibly lessened. We must soon expect to hear the report of jingals. It came in a moment more, and the clumsy ball fell but little short of us. Manson turned to me, still cheery and cool.

"I believe there is a foreigner there," said he, "who is directing and inspiring them. He has escaped us thus far. If I can get a sight of him and can hit him, I believe we shall get rid of this junk. Since you picked off that last steersman of the hindmost one, she has fallen off decidedly. Well, that is not so bad," he continued, as a jingal ball struck the mast. He asked Ah How to let him load the Kentucky rifle himself, and measured out the powder, wrapped the ball in a scrap of buck-skin and rammed it carefully home. Then he knelt down and watched his chance. All this time Ah Wing had kept his eyes and the revolver on the steersman, and our boat had done her best. The jingal balls were getting uncomfortably frequent, and it was only a small satisfaction to me to have sent an Enfield bullet through the head of one gunner, just as he was getting his sight. All at once I heard the report of Manson's rifle and the quiet remark from him,

"*Habet!*"

I saw the junk fall off, saw manifest confusion on board, saw an opening for two or three good shots, and had seized a fresh gun, when I heard Ah How cry,

"Master, hab got steamer, welly near."

Hardly one of us had glanced ahead for half an hour. As for the steersman and the crew, they had clearly but one thought, and that was—to save their heads. It was with a strange feeling of relief and satisfaction that I saw H. M. gun-boat *Petulant* puffing along toward us. In five minutes she was alongside, and I saw my friend Lieutenant Graham's jolly face over her rail.

"What the deuce is the row, old fellow?" he asked in a perplexed way. I explained as briefly as possible, and told him that I thought we had almost finished the job, but he was welcome to the rest of it. He could hardly wait for me to finish my story.

"You wont come with us, then? Well, good-bye, old fellow. See you in Shanghae. Full speed ahead! Beat to quarters! Look sharp now, and clear away the bow-gun!"

In less than five minutes we heard its report, and saw the shot crash into the junk's side. We had had fighting enough for that day and concluded to push on for home. The junks had gone about, but we knew that they were doomed, and the roar of the broadside soon informed us that it would be quick work. Ah Wing never moved. He would have kept that revolver pointed at the Chinamen until doomsday, had I not told him that he might put it away.

Ah How and "Buddha" took the guns below, and made everything tidy, and we had hardly rounded Paoushan Point when Ah Wing came up and said,

"That cook makee enquire what thing you likee chow chow" (eat).

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We had a jolly dinner the next night. Lieutenant Graham and a couple of his officers came just in time. They had handed the survivors of the junks' crews over to the Chinese authorities, in whose care our rascally lowdah also was. They had made short work of their fight, and had no casualties. When the cloth was removed I tried to get Manson to make a speech, but the only thing I could get him to say was that he was never less bored in his life than during the skirmish.

I have not seen him for years. He drifts between the Old and the New World, and when I last wrote to him I quoted Hawthorne's expression about the danger of doing so until the only inheritance left him in either was the six feet for his final resting-place. But, as I had before insisted to my group in the smoking-room, it is a great mistake to judge by appearances, and I am surer of nothing than that I shall never see a finer fellow, on this side of Jordan, than my friend, the man without enthusiasms.

THE FROZEN FIELDS.

THE frozen fields are white beneath my feet;
Full loudly blows the hyperborean blast;
Its cohorts, armed with lances of sharp sleet,
Tilt fiercely round me, and go roaring past.

Where is the sun, and where the fields of blue?
The darling summer, where is she, O where?
The only phantom of a bird in view—
A withered leaf whirled through the wintry air.

Far, far the naiad of the brook has flown,
Her reeds are tuneless on the icy shore;
Gleams from the woods, white as Carrara's stone,
The Dorian column of the sycamore.

O'er orchard boughs, once filled with bloom and bees,
O'er songless thickets, hopeless now of June,
O'er barren hill-tops, girt with windy trees,
Hangs the gray remnant of a midday moon.

Lone as that moon, I wander here and wait,
Wroth at the world for all its cold and gray,
When down the lane my love comes, all elate,
And winter bursts, full-blossomed, into May!

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

IT was a perfect August day during the past year when we drove along the rocky coast of Cape Ann, from Beverly through Beverly Farms and past Manchester-by-the Sea, on a visit to the oldest of American poets, whose wild and most picturesque summer retreat was situated a mile or more beyond the latter place. Entering his simple gate, and passing along the private avenue fringed with forest trees and apparently, like the road, left undisturbed as nature made it, a few minutes' drive brought us in sight of the two-story mansion standing on the edge of a lofty lawn or bluff overlooking the sea,—altogether a place singularly solitary, and almost savage. The house, built some two score years ago by its aged owner, was surmounted by a balustrade on the sloping roof, after the fashion of Lowell's and Longfellow's colonial homes at Cambridge. Alighting, and passing through the hall to the portico on the

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opposite side, I saw a scene of surpassing grandeur and beauty. Below, a broad expanse of ocean under a cloudless blue sky; on either side, the rocky headlands of "Shark's Mouth" and "Eagle's Head" thrusting themselves well out into the sea, thus forming a small crescent-shaped bay, from the sandy shore of which came the ceaseless murmuring of the waves of the broad Atlantic, breaking gently on the smooth white beach some sixty or seventy feet beneath, and so near that a stone could easily be cast into the sea. The house, standing on the very verge of an almost perpendicular cliff, has no near or visible neighbors except the white-sailed ships and steamers passing and repassing, and, at the distance of perhaps half a mile to the west, a handsome modern residence, towering above the surrounding trees; in the background beyond, the light-houses of Boston, Salem, and Marblehead harbors. Not far from the beach is a small rocky island, partially covered with a growth of stunted trees, and away to the east the half-sunken reef where the *Hesperus* was wrecked, the sad story of which has been told in the tender and touching ballad of Norman's Woe.

None of the family were to be seen at the time except a solitary and venerable figure basking in the warm southern sunshine, and engaged in reading without glasses! As he courteously and easily rose from his chair, I saw before me one of whom, as of ancient Nestor, might be said:

"Age lies heavy on thy limbs."

He was under the usual height, broad-shouldered but slight, still holding himself tolerably erect, with sight and hearing unimpaired, his eloquent and expressive eyes undimmed, and his pale countenance and fine regular features presenting a mingled air of sadness and unmistakable refinement, combined with the sweet, high-born courtesy of the old school of gentlemen. His silvery hair, reaching to his shoulders, and his full, flowing beard and long mustache of the same color, assisted in making him in his *tout ensemble* one of the finest living pictures that I have ever seen of noble and venerable age. I stood in the presence of Richard Henry Dana, the patriarch of American poets. Although over ninety years of age, he was still in the possession of a fair measure of health and strength, and in the enjoyment of a serene and sunny old age, surrounded by children and grandchildren. He once said to me that he never possessed what Sydney Smith called "a good, stout bodily machine," but was born, like Bryant, with a frail and feeble body. He distinctly remembered the death of Washington, and was an intelligent listener, on the succeeding Sunday, to a discourse delivered on that subject by the Rev. Theodore Dehon in Trinity Church, Newport, the rector taking for his text, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

Dana's mental faculties were in no way weakened, but perhaps slightly more sluggish in action, than when I first saw him in his Boston home some ten years previous. He spoke with deep feeling of the death of Bryant and Duyckinck, and said that he had written to the latter a few days before his decease,* and that he should soon follow them. He also alluded to the loss of another life-long friend, Mrs. ———, of Boston, who passed away a few days before the date of my visit in the last week of August. The aged poet talked of Bryant's wonderful literary activity, maintained to the very last, and remarked that although he himself had not practiced it, he believed in the philosophy of Cicero as to the efficacy of constant activ-

* Dear Mr. Duyckinck: I am greatly troubled to hear through General Wilson that for some time you have been so ill as to be confined to your house. Standing on the very verge of an unusually long life, you may well suppose that for the most part, I am looking off over the unending sea, stretching on and on beyond it. Yet it is not alone on what is to come that my thoughts are tending; they turn back with more vividness than ever and with a distinctness nigh marvelous, toward the long past. I am mentally living between the past and future: the present is hardly within my consciousness—at the most is but a sort of dim haziness through which the past comes back to me with a nearness and distinctness that startles me. I see it, and you I see with a fresh presence as you used to meet me with your cordial greetings in my frequent calls,—greetings that made me forget for a time that I was a stranger in New York. I well remember, too, the gratification before we were personally acquainted, that your notice of me in your periodical ["The Literary World"] gave me. I had but little notice from the public at the time, and to be so noticed in articles so well written was no little comfort to me,—it gave me heart. How can I but look back, far gone in my ninety-first year, as I am? The last of my oldest friends, who I trusted would follow me, has just gone before,—the chairs are all empty, and I am left sitting alone. You came later. I pray, don't you leave me. We shall not meet in the body here: but you can write me, and that is something like meeting in spirit. With old esteem,

RICHARD H. DANA,
Boston, 43 Chestnut street,
August 5, 1878.

EVERT A. DUYCKINCK, Esq.

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ity in keeping the mental powers in repair during old age. Some one has said, he added, that the mind of an old man is like an old horse—if you would get any work out of it, you must work it all the time.

Among the first to make a creditable appearance in the field of American literature was Richard Henry Dana, the last of the writers of his generation who achieved success both in prose and verse, and won the right to be ranked among the most vigorous authors of the first half of the present century. His long life extended over the whole history of the United States under the Constitution, and his mind remained clear and unclouded to the very end. Only the day before his death he dictated a note to the writer expressing his thanks for two addresses on Bryant and Duyckinck,* and during the evening of that day in a conversation with members of his family, he introduced quotations from favorite authors. In the course of his pure and spotless career, Dana was never haunted with the dread of that poverty with which poets have been so often afflicted. He had the happiness to be well born and born to a competency,—was always his own master,—was never tied down to the servitude of place or office, and enjoyed the rare felicity of spending his time in accordance with his own inclinations. Under these circumstances it is certainly somewhat singular that his pen should not have produced more fruit. Like Halleck, he wrote little, if anything, except agreeable letters to personal friends, after he was forty-five, and he lived to ninety-two, the age of Samuel Rogers. As Dana once remarked to a friend, the last half of his life was mostly devoted to reading and dreaming.

"Every Scottishman," says Sir Walter Scott, "has a pedigree. It is a natural prerogative, as unalienable as his pride and his poverty,"—a remark equally applicable to the New Englander. Dana's ancestors, like Bryant's, were among the Pilgrim Fathers—not a bad genealogy for an American. Some literary admixture was in his blood, for he was a descendant of Anne Bradstreet, a daughter of Governor Dudley, and the most celebrated American poet of the period. Richard Dana, the first of the family, appeared at Cambridge, then called Newtown, near Boston, in the year 1640. He came to the New World from England, and, according to the belief of some of his descendants, was a native of France. Griswold, however, states that the family is of English origin, and that William Dana, sheriff of Middlesex in the palmy days of Shakspere, Spenser, and Sidney, was his ancestor. Richard Dana's fourth son, Daniel, born in 1663, married and had a family. His third son, Richard, who was graduated at Harvard College in 1718, also married and had children, and his third son, Francis, born in 1743, married, at the age of thirty, Elizabeth Ellery, eldest daughter of William Ellery, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Their third son, and the last survivor of a family of seven children, Richard Henry, was born in the fine old mansion situated on Dana Hill, between Harvard College and Boston, November 15, 1787.

Dana's career was singularly destitute of incident,—the uneventful life of a literary recluse. He was a delicate and sensitive child, and an apt scholar. When about ten years of age, he was sent to Newport to prepare himself for college, and there he resided for several years with his maternal grandfather, whose house is still standing and in good preservation. There he met Washington Allston, his future brother-in-law, and his cousin, William Ellery Channing; and there, on the rock-bound shores of Rhode Island, he formed that attachment to the sea which became a marked characteristic of the man and the poet. In 1804 he entered Harvard University. His class was one that displayed a rebellious spirit, and many of them were in 1807 expelled, Dana and his kinsman, Walter Channing, among the number, for participation in what was known as the Rotten Cabbage Rebellion, which occurred about the close of the third year of his course. Fifty-eight years afterward the bachelor's degree was conferred upon him, and in 1867 it was also given to Dr. Walter Channing. But one member of the large class of 1808—which included Charles Cotesworth Pinckney—is now living. The flood of years has swept them all away, with the single exception of Dr. Ebenezer Alden, of Randolph, Mass., now in his ninety-second year. Dr. Alden remembers that Dana was a slight and sensitive youth when he entered college, and that he was an excellent scholar, standing well in all his studies. He also speaks warmly of his high character while at Harvard.

After leaving the university, Dana spent two years in study at Newport. He then returned to Cambridge and entered the office in Boston of his cousin, Francis Dana

* By George William Curtis and William Allen Butler.

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Channing, as a law student. In 1811 he was admitted to the bar. Writing in 1846, to his friend William Alfred Jones, "the accomplished essayist," as Bryant called him, Mr. Dana remarks: "The legal profession has run in our family perhaps quite as long as in any family in the country, and unbroken through my father and paternal grandfather. My maternal grandfather Ellery practiced law and was on the bench in Rhode Island for a short time, and I practiced long enough to keep the chain whole. By the way, the study of the law interested me deeply. I shall never forget how absorbed I was in the reading of my father's old folio edition of Coke on Littleton. I have sometimes suspected that the old Norman French, the black letter, and more especially the *old tenures*, acting upon my imagination and bringing before me the early social condition of men, helped a good deal to make this particular work so interesting to me. Does not an imaginative mind draw more from facts which have in themselves or their relation, any qualities convertible into poetry, when it reaches through a dry unimaginative medium, than when they are presented to it by some imaginative power and in an imaginative form? In the former case the imaginative mind is active and creative; in the latter, more of a mere passive recipient. Sharon Turner's mind, for instance, is dry enough, yet I have never looked into his history without having my imagination excited by it. * * * I studied law in Boston with my cousin, the eldest brother of the celebrated Dr. Channing, my mother and his being sisters. The now Professor Channing was my fellow-student. I was admitted to the bar here and was in Robert Goodloe Harper's office afterwards for only a few months to get somewhat acquainted with the Maryland modes of practice. * * * Going into town one day while assisting E. T. Channing (now Professor) in the 'North American Review' (1817), he read to me a couple of pieces of poetry which had just been sent to the 'Review,'—the 'Thanatopsis' and 'The Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood.' While C—— was reading one of them I broke out saying, 'That was never written on this side of the water,' and naturally enough, considering what American poetry had been up to that moment. I remember saying also, 'The father is much the cleverer man of the two.' Bryant's father was afterwards in our senate, and I went there to take a look at him. He was anything but a 'plain business-like aspect.' On the contrary he had a finely marked and highly intellectual-looking head—you would have noticed him among a hundred men. But with all my examination I could not discover 'Thanatopsis' in it—the poetic phase was wanting to me. I remember going away with a feeling of mortification that I could not discover the poetic in the face of the writer of 'Thanatopsis.' There was no 'mistake of names,' you see, as Griswold states. When for the first time I afterwards saw Bryant at Cambridge and spoke to him about his father's Thanatopsis, he explained the matter and gave me a very characteristic reason for not sending both pieces in his own name; he felt as if it would be overdoing. We had a hearty laugh together when I told him of the physiognomical perplexity his fanciful deception had thrown me in."

Dana, as we have seen, studied law for a few months with General Harper of Baltimore; then, returning to the North, he opened an office in Boston, and at the age of twenty-four he was elected by the Federalists to the state legislature. May 11th, 1813, he was married by Bishop Griswold to Ruth Charlotte, daughter of John and Susanna Smith, of Taunton, Mass. They had four children, two of whom survive. Mrs. Dana died February 10, 1822, aged thirty-four years. In 1814, Dana delivered a public address, which was printed with the following title-page: "An Oration delivered before the Washington Benevolent Society, at Cambridge, Mass., July 4, 1814." During the ensuing year Mr. Dana decided to abandon the profession of the law and to follow the bent of his mind, which ran in another channel. He had been for several years a member of the Anthology Club, out of which grew the "North American Review," in the editorship of which he was soon afterward associated with Edward T. Channing. To its pages he contributed several striking criticisms and essays. They attracted great attention at the time, and at once established his reputation as an able, independent and vigorous writer. When Channing was elected a Harvard professor and resigned his connection with the "Review," Dana also left it. Without question, his enforced retirement was a national misfortune; for, as Bryant said, "if it had remained in Dana's hands he would have imparted a character of originality and decision to its critical articles which no literary man of the country was at that time qualified to give it."

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In the year 1821, Dana began the publication in New York of "The Idle Man," a work handsomely issued in well printed octavo numbers, somewhat in the style of Irving's "Sketch Book," but displaying much more vigor of thought and strength of style. Allston and Bryant contributed poems to its pages, and Verplanck aided him in the business arrangements with Charles Wiley, who published seven numbers for the author, when the work proving unprofitable, it was discontinued. "'The Idle Man,'" wrote Bryant, "notwithstanding the cold reception it met with from the public, we look upon as holding a place among the first productions of American literature." It was at Wiley's, on the corner of Wall and New streets, in a small back room, christened by Cooper "The Den," and so designated over the door, that Dana first met the novelist; the poets Percival and Halleck, the second edition of whose "Fanny" Wiley had just issued; Henry Brevoort, Colonel Stone, Dunlap, Morse, and other notabilities of that day. Here Cooper was in the habit of holding forth to an admiring audience, very much as Christopher North did about the same time in "Blackwood's" back parlor in George street, Edinburgh.

In 1825 Bryant removed to New York, and became the editor of the "New York Review and Athenæum Magazine." In the first volume appeared Dana's earliest poem, "The Dying Raven," written at the age of thirty-eight, and signed with an anonymous "Y." The same number contained, on the preceding page, accompanied by the simple signature "H.," the poem of "Marco Bozzaris," of which the editor said: "It would be an act of gross injustice to the author of the above magnificent lyric were we to withhold the expression of our admiration of its extraordinary beauty. We are sure, too, that in this instance, at least, we have done what is rare in the annals of criticism—we have given an opinion from which no one of our readers will feel any inclination to dissent."

There was published at Cambridge, in the autumn of 1821, a small volume of forty-four dingy pages, containing eight pieces entitled "Poems by William Cullen Bryant." Six years later, there appeared in New York Halleck's little anonymous *brochure* of a somewhat similar appearance, containing seventeen poems and sixty-four pages, bearing on its title-page, "Alnwick Castle and Other Poems." During the same year there was issued by Bowles and Dearborn, of 72 Washington street, Boston, an 18mo book of 113 pages, dedicated to Gulian C. Verplanck, entitled "Poems by Richard H. Dana," containing the following table of contents: "The Buccaneer," "The Changes of Home," "The Husband and Wife's Grave," "The Dying Raven," "Fragment of an Epistle," "The Little Beach Bird," "A Clump of Daisies," "The Pleasure Boat" and "Daybreak." These three literary curiosities, now lying before me, are the first editions of our earliest poets of the present century, and each contains at least one poem destined to live. Some one predicted that Bryant's "Thanatopsis," and Halleck's "Marco Bozzaris" were American poems that would be read by all future ages. May we not add to these Dana's "Buccaneer," which still holds a secure place in the popular anthologies? Bayard Taylor, in alluding to our early literature, said: "Dana, Halleck and Bryant rose together on steadier wings, and gave voices to the solitude: Dana with a broad, grave undertone, like that of the sea; Bryant with a sound as of the wind in summer woods, and the fall of waters in mountain dells; and, Halleck with strains blown from a silver trumpet, breathing manly fire and courage Many voices have followed them, but we shall not forget the forerunners who rose in advance of their welcome, and created their own audience by their songs."

Dana's family were Unitarians, but in 1826 he and his friend Allston joined the Congregational church of Cambridge, then presided over by the father of the poet Holmes. In the controversy which continued for about ten years from that time, between the Unitarians and the Congregationalists, Dana entered with great energy, some of his strongest articles appearing in "The Spirit of the Pilgrims," edited by Enoch Pond, who is still living, at the age of ninety. This bitter controversy, in which Dana was opposed to his gifted cousin, Dr. Channing, the acknowledged leader of the liberal party (of whom Coleridge said, "He has the love of wisdom, and the wisdom of love"), in no way affected their feelings of personal affection, nor did it for a moment imperil the sixty years' friendship of Dana and Bryant. Much of their correspondence was upon this vexed question and also in regard to their political opinions, which they differed as widely as theological views. Some years

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later Mr. Dana became a member of the Episcopal Church.

In 1829, Mr. Dana delivered a poem before the Andover Theological Seminary. Dr. Adams, who was present, says: "No one who had the good fortune to hear that poem, as delivered by its author, will forget the enthusiasm of the occasion. The poet seemed borne away by his theme, his eye sparkled and, his whole face was illumined with rapturous smiles, as

'Joys played through him like a sparkling sea.'"

This poem, published the same year, was included in the second edition of his works which appeared in 1833, and was entitled "Thoughts on the Soul." The volume contained all the poems in the first, with additions, and also his prose papers reprinted from "The Idle Man." A portion of this volume was published in London in 1844, with the title of "The Buccaneer and other Poems," and again in the same city in 1857, in a volume entitled "Poetical Works of Edgar A. Poe and R. H. Dana."

During the winter of 1839–40, Mr. Dana gave a course of eight lectures on Shakspere, at Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, which were subsequently repeated in those cities and elsewhere as late as the summer of 1850, when he delivered them at Andover and Amherst. In the same year, a two-volume edition of his works was issued in this city by Baker & Scribner, containing everything that Mr. Dana deemed worthy of preservation. It passed through two editions, and has now been long entirely out of print. It is to be hoped that the work will speedily be republished, along with his most admirable and scholarly Shakspere lectures, which were years ago prepared for the press, as I happen to know.

Writing to me under date of November 27, 1872, Mr. Dana remarks: "It greatly pleased me to receive a few lines from you just returned from that glorious old city, London, which it is sad to think I shall never see. * * * And so you brought over Mr. Coleridge's ink-stand for Mr. Longfellow. I am almost tempted to commit burglary or even murder, if necessary, to possess it. Mr. Longfellow must look out for himself!" In another letter, Mr. Dana writes of Coleridge as "that dear, great man," and regrets that his works are not more studied—"they are not to be read, in the common acceptation of the word. Study his 'Friend,' his 'Aids to Reflection,' his 'Church and State'"; and alludes to another favorite author, "as that beautiful creature, Charles Lamb." Describing a dinner at Bryant's, he says: "After dinner Halleck and I talked monarchism, with nobility and a third order,—enough to prevent despotism, nothing more. Bryant sat by, hearing us. 'Why,' said he, 'you are not in earnest?' 'Never more so,' was our answer. Bryant still holds to simple democracy, I believe. How far Mr. Halleck may have modified his creed, I know not. For myself, I am only better than ever satisfied what an incorrigible creature man is to govern under the wisest adopted forms. But man will have to come to orders and degrees at last."

Dana wrote little—less, perhaps, than he would have done had he received more encouragement, and also possessed a temperament as active as it was meditative—but he did some good work, and his reputation rests on a secure foundation, too secure to be disturbed. He did enough for assured fame. His life, as I have already said, was chiefly that of a literary recluse, but in winter, when in Boston, good music, and especially classical music, and anything worth seeing in the way of art—which he loved in all its aspects—was certain to draw the poet from the seclusion of his quiet home on Chestnut street.

For a few days before the end came, Dana gradually failed, and at length passed away peacefully, and, as he had often prayed, painlessly, dying of no other disease than old age, on Sunday, February 2nd, 1879. On the following Wednesday he was unostentatiously placed by the side of his ancestors in the family vault at Cambridge. Longfellow, one of whose daughters married Dana's only grandson, was present, and has since written of the occasion as follows in the "Atlantic Monthly":

"In the old churchyard of his native town,
And in the ancestral tomb beside the wall,
We laid him in the sleep that comes to all,
And left him to his rest and his renown.
The snow was falling, as if Heaven dropped down
White flowers of Paradise to strew his pall;—
The dead around him seemed to wake, and call
His name, as worthy of so white a crown.
And now the moon is shining on the scene,
And the broad sheet of snow is written o'er
With shadows cruciform of leafless trees,
As once the winding-sheet of Saladin
With chapters of the Koran; but ah! more
Mysterious and triumphant signs are these!"

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THE DESCENT OF THE ANGEL.

"THIS is the house. Come, take the keys.
  Romance and travel here must end."
Out of the clouds, not quite at ease,
  I saw the pretty bride descend;
With satin sandals, fit alone
To glide in air, she touched the stone.

A thing to fade through wedding lace,
  From silk and scents, with priest and ring,
Floated across that earthly place
  Where life must be an earthly thing.
An earthly voice was in her ears,
Her eyes awoke to earthly tears.

WILHELMJ AND REMÉNYI.

ONE summer evening a brilliant company crowded a terrace which overlooked a quaint little German city. Along the straight road below the height stretched a mile of lamps; and in the distance huddled a mass of brick and stone houses, the shabby but pretentious palaces of forgotten margraves, and the towers of a few ugly churches. The scene was the esplanade of Wagner's theater at Bayreuth. The first act of "Siegfried" was just over, and the audience pouring out of the dark and stifling play-house found refreshment in the invigorating breath of the night air, laden with the perfume of the early harvest. Princes, grand-dukes, premiers, generals, beauties of the imperial court, decorated functionaries of the royal households, poets, composers, great artists and humble fiddlers, enthusiasts from Oregon and Boston, jocund dames and cavaliers from Paris, serious Englishmen, fiery Hungarians, Russian cosmopolites (who go everywhere),—they were, indeed, a strangely assorted multitude. It seems to me as I recall the spectacle that three figures showed in bolder relief than any of the others; certainly, by the little knot of strangers among whom I found myself, these three were regarded with the liveliest interest. One was a certain German countess, famed far and wide for her beauty:

> "A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
> And most divinely fair."

The second was Liszt, calm and kindly, diffusing rapture through a circle of ladies. The third was a young and handsome man of noble stature, imposing presence, and quick firm step, with the head of Beethoven lighted by a soft eye and a winning smile, was August Wilhelmj, principal first violin in the great festival orchestra. When the trumpets called us back to the theater after the hour's intermission, and the play went on, we listened eagerly for the sound of Wilhelmj's violin in the "Forest Music." His pure, strong and beautiful tone, rising out of the unseen abyss of the dark orchestra, with the murmur of interweaving harmonies going on the while,—flutter of leaves, humming of insects, rustling of the soft noonday breeze,—produced an effect hardly to be realized, except by those who have felt the sensations awakened by that unique work of art,—a model Wagner performance.

Perhaps there was not in all Europe a man more exactly fitted than Wilhelmj for the difficult position which this distinguished violinist filled at Bayreuth. The *concert-meister* in all orchestras is the medium of communication between the conductor and the band. On this occasion his functions were specially important. The fine shades of meaning, the niceties of phrasing and accent, the variations of emphasis and rhythm which it was his business to catch from the conductor and transmit to those who sat below him, were extremely subtle, and moreover, were really essential to the interpretation. For the orchestra in this opera was not an accompaniment, but a chief actor, and the first player was a person of hardly less consequence than the first singer. To execute the music needed an artist of the highest ability; to understand it required a musician of acute perceptions, strong feeling, and close sympathy with the composer. Wilhelmj, besides, had a great share in the long and arduous preliminary work. The conductor, Hans Richter, left to him the superintend-

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ence of many of the string rehearsals, and it was from him that the performers—virtuosi, selected from the principal theaters of Germany—learned how to overcome the enormous difficulties that filled the score. "The Ride of the Valkyries," as Wagner wrote it, was found to be impracticable for most of the violins, until Wilhelmj made certain modifications in order to avoid too frequent and perilous shifts. (It is worthy of remark, however, that this piece was always played by the Thomas orchestra in its original form, and even played a little faster than at Bayreuth, the speed being very properly increased to compensate for the absence of the scenic illusions and accompanying action.) Wilhelmj had long been an enthusiastic student of the new school of music, and he entertained for Wagner a sentiment of warm friendship as well as profound admiration.

The violinist at this time was in his thirty-first year. He was born September 21, 1845, at Usingen, an old town in the duchy of Nassau, about twenty miles from Frankfort-on-the-Main. His father, a barrister and doctor-at-law, now living at Wiesbaden, has an extended reputation as one of the most important wine-growers of the Rhine country. His mother was formerly a distinguished singer and pianist, and a pupil of Chopin. His first master was Conrad Fischer, of Wiesbaden, under whom he made extraordinary progress. He could play almost before he could talk. He began to use the violin at the age of four. At seven he exhibited his accomplishments for the entertainment of Henrietta Sontag, who was on a visit to his family, and she was so charmed with the exactness of his execution and the purity and beauty of his tone that she embraced and kissed him, and predicted for him a splendid future. At the age of eight he played in quartets of Haydn, showing already a natural talent for chamber music, which he has since cultivated with rich results. In his ninth year he appeared for the first time in public. In March, 1856, he played at a charity concert in the theater at Wiesbaden, and is said to have made a great popular sensation. Notwithstanding the evident bent of his genius, his father insisted upon training him for the law. August remonstrated for a long time in vain. At length Dr. Wilhelmj agreed that the boy should devote himself to the violin, provided some high authority found in him the promise not merely of a clever musician but of a great artist. And so in the spring of 1861, young August set out for Weimar to submit himself to the judgment of Franz Liszt.

We can imagine the picture of the handsome bright earnest lad of sixteen, standing beside the piano at which the white-haired master, hero of a thousand triumphs, opened Spohr's Eighth Concerto and began the test. The concerto was followed by Ernst's variations on Hungarian airs, Liszt playing the accompaniment. Then Wilhelmj played some shorter pieces at sight. When he paused, Liszt rose from the piano and exclaimed: "What! they thought of making you a lawyer? You were born for music." A few days later Liszt went with the boy to Leipsic, and placed him under the care of Ferdinand David. Three years at the Leipsic Conservatory laid the solid foundation of his greatness. Hauptmann and Richter gave him a sound training in the theory of music. (Joachim Raff afterward instructed him further in the same branch at Wiesbaden.) David taught him the technique of the violin, and exerted a fortunate influence in the development and fixing of his style. This eminent master was the best pupil of Spohr, who is commonly regarded as the founder of the modern German violin school. The breadth and smoothness of Wilhelmj's cantabile playing might thus seem to have been transmitted to him in a direct line from the famous virtuoso and composer in whom these qualities were so much admired. But in Spohr's case there was a tendency toward the weakness of overrefinement from which Wilhelmj is entirely free.

Our young violinist became a favorite scholar at the Conservatory. He lived in the house of David (whose niece, Baroness Liphardt, he afterward married), and there he must have enjoyed the acquaintance of many distinguished musicians, and the advantages of a refined and cultivated general society. The polished *concertmeister* of the famous Gewandhaus orchestra was a man of excellent education and distinguished manners, and he seems to have found August a congenial member of his pleasant family. David was the leader of a famous string quartet, of whose performances Schumann used to speak with great admiration, and Wilhelmj was not long in manifesting a close sympathy with his master in the cultivation of the highest class of chamber music. As for his progress in technique, David soon declared that there were no difficulties which Wilhelmj could not easily surmount; and of this praise a complete justification was

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given when, within a year of his arrival at Leipsic, the lad gave a public performance of Ernst's "Concerto Pathétique." The composition is enormously difficult, not only on account of its brilliant *tours de force*, but still more on account of the trying keys (F sharp minor and F sharp major) in which it is written. In November, 1862, August made his first appearance at the Leipsic Gewandhaus concerts, playing Joachim's "Hungarian Concerto"; and thus at the age of seventeen he began his public artistic career.

He made his first concert tour in 1865, visiting Switzerland; then he played in Holland; and in 1866 he was in London, already well known in a small circle of musicians, though his reputation had not yet reached the general public or the newspapers. The interest of Jenny Lind procured for him an invitation to play at one of Alfred Mellon's Covent Garden concerts. He created an almost unexampled sensation. In January, 1867, he made his début in Paris, at one of Pasdeloup's concerts, and here, too, his success was instantaneous and enormous, the enthusiastic Parisians declaring him to be the most perfect violinist they had ever heard. The next season he was in Italy. In 1868 he visited Russia. At St. Petersburg he was a frequent performer at the *salon* of the art-loving Grand Duchess Helena Paulovna; he

AUGUST WILHELMJ. (A PEN-SKETCH FROM LIFE, BY W. M. CHASE.)

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lived with Hector Berlioz, who was then one of the celebrities of the Russian capital. Tours in Switzerland, France and Belgium were followed in 1869-70 by a brilliant expedition in company with Santley through the principal towns of Great Britain and Ireland. Next he traversed North Germany, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark; he was greeted at Leyden with torch-light processions; he conquered Berlin and Vienna; he became a chief favorite of London, and earned recognition everywhere as one of the greatest violinists the world has known.

When he made his first appearance in New York, on the 26th of September, 1878, it is probable that his true rank was but imperfectly appreciated by a public which had caught only vague and occasional reports during the previous four or five years of his career in the cities of Europe. His triumph here was sudden and complete. Before he had played a dozen measures of the Paganini Concerto, it was evident, by indefinable signs which all veterans of the concert-room know how to read, that he had fascinated the whole house. The audience sat spell-bound. He left the stage in the midst of a tempest which was not quelled until he had been recalled five times. This was an unusual demonstration for New York; it was specially remarkable in the case of a performer like Wilhelmj, whose playing has few of the characteristics that easily excite a mixed multitude. Biographers in the foreign journals relate that when Sontag embraced the boy Wilhelmj she predicted that he would be "the German Paganini." They also state that Liszt called him "a second Paganini." They add that when he played in Paris the critics exclaimed with one voice, "*Voilà le nouveau Paganini!*" It is the custom to call every distinguished violinist a second Paganini, without regard to his style. If the term was ever applied to Wilhelmj it must have been by way of prophecy or metaphor, and not of serious description. The qualities by which he makes such an instantaneous impression are in strong contrast with the phenomenal powers of the great Italian. He seeks no display of technical difficulties; he does not amuse us with tricks and eccentricities, nor does he startle us with outbursts of passion. He is neither furious nor sentimental. The beauty of perfect proportion which the connoisseur finds in his music is directly opposed to sensational effects.

The first feeling which he inspires is perhaps a sense of grandeur. His personal appearance predisposes the listener to this impression. His figure is stately; his face and attitude suggest reserved force, and that majestic calm which seems to befit great power. The first touch of his instrument shows an astonishingly large, full, even tone; Berlioz declared that it was the noblest, the most superb, the most enrapturing he had ever heard. The first phrase proves that he has a correspondingly broad and imposing style, and breadth of style implies a complete mastery of the composition,—an intellectual mastery of its meaning, and a mechanical mastery of all the proper agencies of expression. The effect is heightened by an ease, grace, and smoothness which indicate a strength equal to indefinite further demands. Tone and style therefore are alike associated with the idea of power; and power, as Burke explains, is one of the chief attributes of the sublime. Without committing ourselves to an exaggerated estimate of Wilhelmj, we may surely admit that there are elements of grandeur in his playing which must affect the imagination of all sensitive listeners. Nor is the sensuous charm of his playing less remarkable than its power. His tones are so pure, round and mellow, his phrasing is so graceful, his touch is so clean and delicate even in the most difficult passages, that any person with the least sensibility for music must recognize in him an artist not only of rare power but of singularly fine and poetic temper.

A famous philosopher has said that beauty consists in an exact balance between the intellect and the imagination. The violin performance of Wilhelmj exhibits this just proportion more perfectly than the work of any other artist of whom we have personal knowledge. "After all," said he one day, in speaking of the execution of a certain piece of music, "what the people really want is intellectual playing." This was an acute remark. The musician who gives serious thought to the composition before him, and applies all the powers of a trained and vigorous mind to the discovery of its deepest meaning and the unveiling of its inmost charms, becomes filled with the spirit of the mighty dead. He speaks to us with the voice of the old cantor of Leipsic. The great soul of Beethoven looks at us through his transfigured eyes. Under his inspired hand the inimitable elegance of Mendelssohn betrays itself again. There is a popu-

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lar belief that "intellectual music" means nothing but fugue and counterpoint. Strange mistake! A clear understanding is the first requisite for a sympathetic interpretation. It has been said that Wilhelmj is neither sentimental nor furious. That is to say, he is not prone to the affectation of excessive tenderness or the indulgence of exaggerated passion. The expression of feeling with him is always regulated by a true appreciation of the meaning of the music; probably it is not that he consciously restrains his own impulses; but the feeling arises naturally out of his sympathy with the composer. Hence he is always greatest in great music, like the Beethoven Concerto, or the Bach Chaconne, or the air from Bach's Suite in D, in which last his expression of deep and simple feeling united with a noble repose is indescribable and inimitable. There are compositions of another class, standing not very far below the highest, in which he exerts a rare charm. In his Chopin transcriptions we find admirable examples of manly grace; and in his arrangement, with orchestral accompaniment, of the Prize Song from Wagner's "Meistersinger von Nürnberg," there is a specimen of cantabile playing which always makes me think of sunshine, and quiet, and fresh air.

In his concerts Wilhelmj uses a Stradivarius violin of extraordinary beauty. For practice, his favorite is an American instrument, made by Gemünder, of Astoria, Long Island, whom he declares to be the greatest violin-maker living. Wilhelmj is extremely careful in the choice of strings, and certain peculiarities in his stringing are supposed to account in some part for the splendor of his tone; but the secret really lies of course in the hand and arm rather than the instrument—the combination of a deft touch with a grand development of the muscles. His compositions for the violin are written in a pure and elevated style; the melody is broad and fluent; the ideas are clear and dignified; and a mastery of the art of scoring is shown in the orchestral accompaniments. It only remains to add that in social intercourse Wilhelmj is genial and animated, he is a good linguist, and his conversation is full of entertainment.

A few weeks after the arrival of Wilhelmj, New York welcomed another violinist who offered the greatest possible contrast to his predecessor. Edouard Reményi is a Hungarian in whom are exhibited to perfection some of the most attractive qualities which distinguish his dashing and generous people. He studied under Joachim at the Vienna Conservatory. During the Hungarian insurrection of 1848–9 (being then only a lad), he joined the patriot army, and served on the staff of Görgey. The violin was his inseparable companion in the field. Banished by the failure of the national cause, he became a wanderer all over the world. He reached even America at that early day, and figured modestly in New York as a boy-artist. In 1853, we hear of him in company with Johannes Brahms, making a pilgrimage to Liszt at Weimar. The two young men were penniless, and to pay their way they gave concerts on the road, well content if they received five or ten dollars for a performance. Liszt not only received Reményi as a pupil, but offered him a home. It is hardly necessary to say that so rich a privilege was gladly accepted. The genial master, in his book on "The Gypsies and their Music in Hungary," published a little later in Paris, speaks thus of his *protégé*: "While the time seems to be near at hand when the national character of the different schools shall disappear, and Bohemian music become a thing of the past, I have met with lively satisfaction a young Hungarian who has retained sufficient individuality and spontaneousness to warrant that he will be written of some day in the same strain as Csermak. Reményi, although not a Romany, has become imbued with Bohemian feeling and art. I have never heard him without experiencing an emotion which revived the recollections left by Bihary. * * * Spite of the applause with which he has invariably been greeted, he appears to be one of the few artists who have a higher object than to make themselves a name by means of which to amass a fortune, and who, throughout their life, are never done with progress, but keep on steadily toward a supreme ideal. * * * To represent Bohemian art as it ruled in Hungary in its brightest days, something very different from the colorless and commonplace imitations of the modern 'artist' is needed. Reményi is gifted with a vivacious, generous, and rather mocking disposition, which rebels against monotony, and whose originality shines through everything, and in spite of everything. This is a token of the vitality of his talent, and insures him a special place in the gallery of men who have given new life to a deserving branch of art."

The career of a virtuoso in Europe is generally a succession of concert tours

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through the chief cities of the continent. Reményi, since establishing himself at Paris four years ago, has found abundant occupation in the capital and provincial towns of France. Many accounts have been published of the extraordinary effect of his performance of gypsy music and of the national songs and dances of Hungary, and rously through the formal divisions of the concerto, capering gently in the allegro and sighing in the andante, with only a brief outbreak in a daring cadenza, or a dashing rondo. To the interpretation of works like the Beethoven Concerto he brings a technical ability which fully answers every demand upon it, a bright and penetrating tone which

EDOUARD REMÉNYI. (A PEN-SKETCH FROM LIFE, BY W. M. CHASE.)

those who have heard him play a *csardas* will not hesitate to credit these exciting reports. But whatever may have been Reményi's favorite style in former years, his preference now is to be recognized as a classical performer. Hungarian folk-music is rarely found on his programmes. He has taught his wild genius to move decolacks the majestic strength, purity and fullness of Wilhelmj's, a style which suggests poetic fancy rather than intellectual repose. A man of general education as well as musical culture, he has undoubtedly a comprehension of the music before him, but his individuality is so strongly marked that he cannot always identify himself with the

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spirit of the composition. He is best in works which allow free range to his impatient fancy. In Joachim's great Hungarian Concerto, in some of the brilliant compositions of Ernst, in his own arrangement of Schubert's "Divertissement Hongrois," in certain transcriptions from Chopin, strangely unlike the transcriptions of Wilhelmj from the same poetic composer, he never fails to create a sensation. But those who would know Reményi must hear him, not in a great concert hall, but among a few sympathetic listeners. Fluent in five or six languages, he entertains the company now with droll conceits, now with reminiscences of famous artists and composers. He fondles the Stradivarius which he uses at concerts, or he displays with pride the beautiful violin just made for him by an amateur in Brooklyn. The mazurka alternates with the merry jest. Field's exquisite "Nocturne of the Rose," or a fairy song of Mendelssohn's interrupts a rattle of anecdote. Suddenly Reményi begins the "Bach Chaconne," so transfigured by variations of expression that we stare in wonder. Or perchance, if the mood seize him, it may be our fortune to listen to some of the stirring melodies of the Hungarian people. In the wild rhythms of the gypsy dance, in the fierce splendor of the patriotic hymn, the player and the audience alike are fired with excitement. The passion rises; the tumult waxes furious; a tremendous sweep of the bow brings the music to an end; and then we can say that we have heard Reményi.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

STAIR-WAY IN THE OLD HOLMES MANSION.

THE subject of this sketch is a good specimen of the blood and training of New England. The laws of heredity, though they may be often complex and obscure, are as immutable as any of the laws of God; and a grandfather is not merely an ornament upon the family genealogical tree, but a factor in the problem to be wrought out in the life and character of his descendant. The ancestors for generations back may be represented in the new-born babe of to-day. Each predecessor, considered as a descendant, is complex, having inherited a mixture of traits and tendencies; yet each, as an ancestor, may be considered as a substantial unity,—as yeoman, soldier, philosopher, lawyer, priest or poet.

The genius of American democracy applauds the manly lines of Burns, and despises the ignoble pride that glories in inherited titles and honors. But while it is a mark of weakness to strut through the world with badges of factitious distinction, it cannot be unworthy to trace one's acumen from an ancestor who was the first scholar of his age, one's courage and dignity from a great captain, one's integrity from a great judge, or one's poetic feeling and power from some lover of beauty. It might seem that at birth all the descendible traits were shaken like dice, and the combination became a personality that never existed before.

It was a "fair conjunction" that pro-

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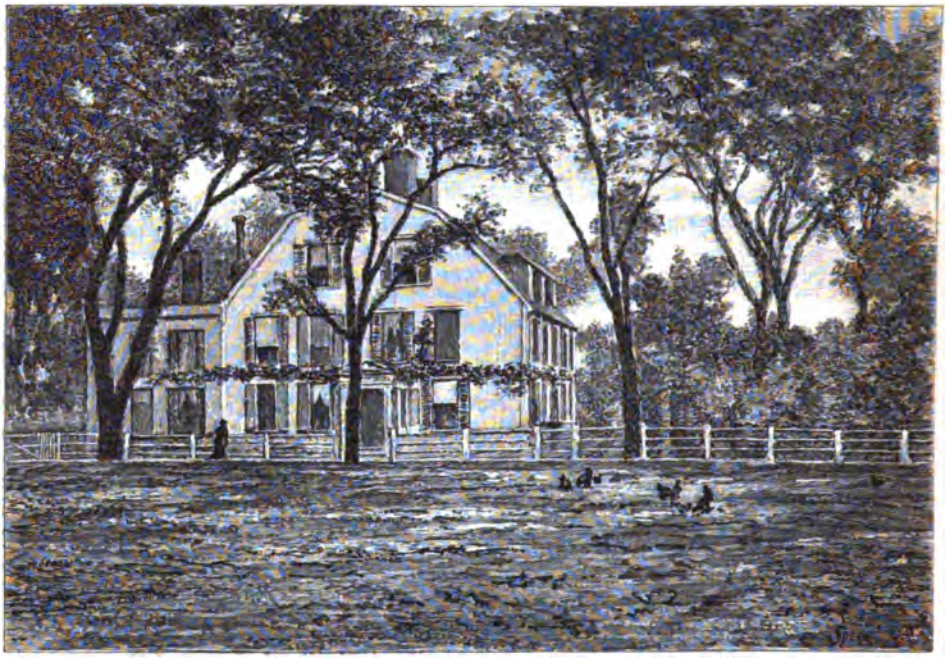
Oliver Wendell Holmes. The combination of his faculties would have made him a remarkable man in any country or in any sphere of life. It is on this account that his ancestry, as well as his mental training, is worth studying.

He was born in Cambridge, Mass., August 29th, 1809. His father, the Rev. Abiel Holmes, was then in his forty-sixth year, in the maturity of his powers, and near the summit of his attainments. He was a man of good intellect, of pure character, just, well balanced and humane; an industrious student and meritorious writer. In religion he was "orthodox," but he exercised a large charity toward those of his brethren who inclined to the liberal views of Channing. In the poem entitled "A Family Record," read at Woodstock, Conn., July 4th, 1877, Doctor Holmes has given a most beautiful and touching picture of his father, Abiel; his grandfather David, "the Deacon"; and his great-grandfather John, one of the first settlers of the town.

The mother of our author was Sarah Wendell, daughter of the Hon. Oliver Wendell, a man of distinction, as the ancient aristocratic classification in the college catalogue shows. The wife of Oliver Wendell was Mary Jackson, daughter of Dorothy Quincy: so Doctor Holmes is great-grandson of the lady celebrated in his poem, "Dorothy Q." The Wendells were lineal descendants of Evart Jansen Wendell, who came from Emden, in East Friesland, about 1640. He was a ruling elder in the church, and his arms were stained on a window of the old Dutch Church, in Albany. Jacob Wendell came to Boston early in the eighteenth century, and married the daughter of Dr. James Oliver. The family must have been wealthy, for in 1735 Jacob purchased the township of Pontoosuc, on the Housatonic River, containing 24,000 acres. This is the modern Pittsfield, and Doctor Holmes's country house was built upon a remnant of this tract of land that had descended to him.



BIRTHPLACE OF DOCTOR HOLMES, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Tradition has it that Jacob Wendell, in passing by Doctor Oliver's house, saw a pretty girl of nine years, and so much was he struck by her beauty (and by whatever else the lover sees in the predestined fair face) that he declared to a friend that he meant to wait for her to grow up and then to make her his wife,—which he accordingly did. Now, the pretty Mistress Wendell was the granddaughter of Mercy Bradstreet Oliver; and Mercy Bradstreet was the daughter of the colonial governor, Simon Bradstreet, and (what is of far more consequence)

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of Anne Dudley Bradstreet, daughter of Thomas Dudley, the former governor and successor to Winthrop. Thomas Dudley was

> "a puritan * * * tough to the core,
> Such as prayed smiting Agag on red Marston Moor,"—

but he had some tender fibers in his nature, too, and wrote quaint verses after the fashion of his time, as the curious may see in Duyckinck. He was also reported to be variously and thoroughly learned. His daughter Anne, the pride of the colony, who was heralded as the Tenth Muse, is our early morning star, casting the one gleam of beauty over that distant and dreary time. She did not appear to think, with the author of "Avis," that marriage and the Muses were incompatible; for she was wedded at sixteen, and from time to time brought along her numerous poems and her eight children together. It is not necessary that we should admire her poems, for most of them are devoted to topics foreign to poetic art and sentiment. "The Four Elements," "The Four Humors," "The Four Ages of Man," "The Four Seasons," "The Four Monarchies" (of the ancient world) would be tough subjects, even for such a versatile writer as Anne's illustrious descendant. But there are many touches here and there which show her feeling for the beautiful in nature. She could not, however, escape the incurable pedantry that infected the age. The elements of poetry in New England had to wait for development. Time was necessary to soften the prevailing austerity, to show that "beauty is its own excuse for being," and that the love of beauty is not idolatry. Time is necessary to transmute the stores of thought and experience into enduring forms of grace,—to reject triteness, to shun affectation, and to leave a certain other-worldliness of tone to the exclusive care of the clergy. The flowers of to-day spring from the leaf-mold of yesterday, and the poet is the fortunate product of all the best traits, the experience, toil and sacrifice of converging lines of ancestors. Although we cannot pretend to say from whom all the traits have come that are blended in Holmes, still the reflective man will believe that, besides the many excellences derived from the paternal line, some strain of courage and decision came from the Puritan captain, Dudley; some perception of the beautiful and some plastic art from his daughter Anne; some elegant and urbane graces from the accomplished Olivers; some public spirit and probity from the Quincys; some cosmopolitan breadth and good-humor from Jacob Wendell.

The poet was born in a house that fronts the northern boundary of Harvard College grounds. In the opening chapter of "The Poet at the Breakfast Table" the old house is described with all the vividness that belongs to early impressions. This is a charming specimen of the author's prose.

Doctor Holmes was the fourth child of his parents. The eldest was Mary Jackson, who died soon after her marriage with Doctor Usher Parsons; the second was Ann Susan, married to Hon. Charles W. Upham, a well-known scholar and author; the third was Sarah Lathrop, who died in childhood; the fifth was John, a man of brilliant parts and universally beloved, who still resides in Cambridge. Readers of Lowell's poems will find frequent and friendly allusion to a certain "J. H."

At the age of fifteen, the future poet was sent to Andover to finish his preparatory studies; not to Exeter, as Duyckinck erroneously has it. His recollections of this fine old town and of the now historic school are embodied in a noble poem, recited at a recent anniversary, mentioned later. He entered college at the age of sixteen, and was graduated in the class of 1829. The class numbered many distinguished men, and its annual gatherings have called forth some of the liveliest of the author's poems. Two of the most eminent of the class,—Judges B. R. Curtis and George T. Bigelow, —also the Hon. George T. Davis, a wonderfully brilliant talker, have died. There are still living Professor Pierce, the great mathematician, the Revs. James Freeman Clarke, Chandler Robbins, and William Henry Channing, eminent Unitarian clergymen, the Rev. S. F. Smith, author of our best-known national hymn, and others. These are "The Boys of '29." What college class was ever so commemorated? In the last complete edition, the class poems make over thirty pages,—a delightful collection, in which are seen all the changing lights of feeling, from frisky and rollicking youth to reflective, saddening age. One of the best known, of the lighter kind, is that for the year 1852, entitled "Questions and Answers:"

> "Where, O where are the visions of morning,
> Fresh as the dews of our prime?
> Gone, like tenants that quit without warning,
> Down the back entry of time."

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The true poet begins to sing at an early age. The impulse comes with youthful blood, though the maturity of art is attained in later years. At Andover our poet made a spirited translation of a passage in Virgil, which may be found at the end of the complete edition (1877). His first published poems were written between 1830 and 1836 —that is, during the time of his professional studies. For a young man of twenty-one to produce such verses as are to be seen in the "Old Ironsides," "The Last Leaf," "My Aunt," "The Dilemma," and "The Music-Grinders," was not only a triumph in itself, but a sure portent of a successful career.

After leaving college, our author read law for a year, and then commenced the study of medicine. In 1833 he went to Europe, and spent nearly three years in the schools and hospitals of London and Paris. On his return in 1836, he took his medical degree at Harvard, and at the same commencement read his poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, entitled "Poetry, a Metrical Essay." In this year his first volume appeared, from the press of Otis, Broaders & Co. It was a thin book, but it had the "promise and potency" of fame.

In 1837 he joined with Doctors Storer, Reynolds, and Bigelow, in establishing the Tremont Medical School, a very successful institution, afterward merged in the summer session of the Harvard Medical College. In this year, June 4th, his father died, aged seventy-four. His mother was spared for many years longer, dying in 1862, in the full possession of her faculties, at the age of ninety-three. In 1839 and '40 he was professor of anatomy and physiology in Dartmouth College, at Hanover, N. H. He became professor in the medical department of Harvard in 1847, and his connection with the college is still kept up. For several years

PORTRAIT OF DOROTHY QUINCY ("DOROTHY Q."), SHOWING INJURIES RECEIVED FROM BRITISH BAYONETS DURING THE REVOLUTION.

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he practiced medicine in Boston, but relinquished it nearly twenty years ago.

He was married June 15, 1840, to Amelia Lee Jackson, daughter of the Hon. Charles Jackson, one of the justices of the Supreme Court. The very eminent physician, Dr. James Jackson, was a brother of the judge. Three children were born of this marriage: Oliver Wendell Holmes, jr., whom readers of the "Atlantic Monthly" will remember in the article, published during the late war, entitled "My Hunt after 'The Captain,'" and who is now a prominent lawyer in Boston, and an able and learned editor and author of legal works; Amelia Jackson, married to Mr. Turner Sargent, and now a widow; and Edward, also a lawyer, but not now in active practice.

For eighteen years after his marriage Doctor Holmes resided in Montgomery Place, near the Tremont House, then a more fashionable quarter than it is at present. There appears to have been no period in his life in which he was not busy with the pen. His "Boylston Prize Essays," published in 1843, gained him great reputation with the profession. Technical works like these will not demand our notice.

In 1849 a new edition of his poems appeared from the press of Ticknor & Co. This included among other additions the short, but exquisite, poem written for the Dickens dinner in 1842,—the "Nux Postcœnatica," perhaps the best of his many after-dinner poems,—"Urania, a Rhymed Lesson," and the incomparable "Song of Other Days." In the same year he built a house for a summer residence in Pittsfield, Mass. He spent seven seasons in this pleasant retreat.

Doctor Holmes had come to be widely known as a poet, but few persons suspected that he was to become still more eminent in an entirely new field.

The "Atlantic Monthly" was established in 1857, the first number appearing in November. The original coterie included Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Motley, J. Eliot Cabot, Edmund Quincy, Norton, Dwight and some others. Mr. Lowell was nominated as editor-in-chief by the writer of this sketch. In accepting the position, he said he thought Doctor Holmes would have been the better choice. "Depend upon it," he said, "Doctor Holmes will be our most effective writer. He is to do something that will be felt. He will be a new power in letters." The result proved the correctness of the prophecy. The "Atlantic" had many able contributors and was indebted greatly to the genius and taste of its editor, but "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" made an impression upon the public, both immediate and lasting.

The magazine was launched in a season of storm and stress. The financial condition of the country was unfavorable to any such enterprise, and its speedy failure was anticipated by the public. That it survived those early perils and became established as the representative of the matured thought, the literary conscience and the growing art of New England, is due to Doctor Holmes more than to any other man. There were in the first number other attractions, it is true, and many of them belong by common consent to American classics. But all were, in a certain sense, cast in familiar forms. "The Autocrat" only was an entirely new creation. The reader of the "Atlantic" always turned to "The Autocrat" first. This was proven after the first number by the notices of the press. Very odd most of the early notices were. The good, sedate critics did not know what to make of the thing. Some thought it undignified. Others professed to be more confirmed in their opinion that Holmes was only an inordinate egotist. The suckling reviewer undertook to put the puns under his microscope for analysis. The solemn purist lamented the tendency to slang; and while he admitted the brilliancy of the poems that were interspersed he thought they showed as ill as diamonds among the spangles of the court fool. The truth was the prosaic folk had no way to estimate Holmes. They wrote only stately sentences, while he was free when he chose to use the simplest language of every-day life. The ideas they would formally promulgate in methodical order, he flashed upon the reader with a dazzling wit. His winged words always feathered an unerring arrow. But the better class of readers understood the purpose of the author, and were content to follow him in his own willful way. He was very soon acknowledged to be the most original and powerful as well as most witty and sparkling of the writers of occasional essays. No series of papers for a century on either side of the Atlantic, excepting the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" of John Wilson, ever secured such attention. The "Noctes" are now obsolescent, and deservedly so. The poetry and sentiment they contain are not sufficient to preserve them, weighted as they are with allusions to now forgotten topics, with boxing, blackguardism, and hot toddy.

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About the time the series of "The Autocrat" was completed, Doctor Holmes removed to a pleasant house on Charles street, No. 154, where he resided twelve years. From the back windows of this house there is a fine view of the broad expanse of Charles River, and of the charming region beyond, including the lovely rounded slopes of the Corey and Parker hills. Here at the end of the garden were kept the boats which readers of "The Autocrat" so well remember. One almost feels the cool salt breeze of the harbor and shrinks from the expected concussion with the bridge piles as he reads.

The success of "The Autocrat" was so enormous, and the fame of the author so surely established, that some timorous friends trembled for the fate of the next series, "The Professor." The same scene was set, and the same machinery was employed, but with a change of characters, and the materials for discussion, as before, came from the same inexhaustible quarry. Some hint of this apprehension of failure came to the author, as the reader may see (pp. 27–29), "—and the question is, whether there is anything left for me, the Professor, to suck out of creation, after my lively friend (the Autocrat) has had his straw in the bung-hole of the Universe." There was no occasion for fear. "The Professor" discoursed with a new energy, dealt with deeper problems, illustrated them by the lights of science and experience, and adorned them with striking and beautiful imagery. The Professor appears a graver person than the Autocrat. He has less to say upon social customs and the minor morals; he is less addicted to badinage, punning and drollery. He carries a high, serene head. The topics and the mode of treatment are mostly beyond the comprehension of the vulgar, and the book is necessarily less popular than its predecessor. But it is a noble book, and marks an increase in force of thought, in felicitous expression, and in sincere and tender pathos.

Doctor Holmes's next contribution to the "Atlantic" was entitled "The Professor's Story," since published as "Elsie Venner," the name of its unfortunate heroine. The work is characterized by many high qualities; especially in the observations that accompany the story. Many descriptions also are vivid and natural. But the motive is a hideous one, and affects the nervous reader as if it were the precursor of delirium tremens. The physiological theories and speculations in the book lie in the debatable ground between science and superstition; and the unlearned, who can neither affirm nor deny, are fain to escape by quoting Hamlet upon the things undreamt of in philosophy.

The breaking out of the Civil War produced a great change in the current of our author's thought. The old abolitionists and the political antislavery men had always reproached him for his indifference to their cause; and they would have been glad to paraphrase for him some of the maledictions uttered by the Hebrew prophets. But the hour of the nation's need was to find him a patriot inspired with the most passionate devotion, as well as a bard clad in singing robes. Then came the "Voice of the Loyal North," in January, 1861.

> "Enough of speech! the trumpet rings;
> Be silent, patient, calm,—
> God help them, if the tempest swings
> The pine against the palm!"

We have little room to quote, but the titles are significant. Who can forget the feeling and the melody in "Brother Jonathan's Lament for Sister Caroline"?—the solemnity of the "Army Hymn"?—the thrilling appeal of "Never or Now"? But of all the hymns for music inspired by the war on either side the line, Holmes's "Union and Liberty" is undoubtedly the best. It is pitched as it should be upon a high key in sentiment and style; its movement is majestic as well as melodious; it breathes the most intense feeling, and ends in a glorious aspiration. It is impossible to listen to this grand hymn unmoved. Whenever it is sung, it draws the inevitable tribute of tears.

For a period of about six years after "Elsie Venner," the "Atlantic" had no continued work from Doctor Holmes; but there were many pieces both in prose and verse which are memorable, and have since been collected. A volume has been made of these prose articles, entitled "Soundings from the Atlantic." Among these are "My Hunt after 'The Captain,'" "A Visit to the Asylum for Aged and Decayed Punsters," "The Human Wheel, its Spokes and Felloes" (an ingenious explanation of the principles involved in walking).

"The Guardian Angel" was begun in the first number of the nineteenth volume of the "Atlantic," and was completed in the year 1867. This is a far more agreeable story than "Elsie Venner," of which it is in some respects a counterpart. Gifted Hopkins, a

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rustic, would-be poet, but without the vision or the faculty divine, is the character probably best remembered. Of the pretty heroine, Myrtle Hazard, there are a number of pleasing pictures. The clergy are strongly represented, and in them we see the contending currents and eddies of theological opinion.

Probably the most devoted admirers of Doctor Holmes do not claim for him the power of a great novelist, the creator of new and permanent types of character. His people are incarnated qualities, personified traits. Few authors attain to the height of looking upon men as the Creator may do, still less of setting them forth as they are. The Creator protects the hawk no less than the dove, just as His rain and sunshine bless the just and the unjust. What may happen in His moral government we cannot say; but in the natural world there is no division of saints and sinners. The great poet looks at men with a like breadth of view, and the characters he develops are not all separated into heroes and villains, but are painted as they are, with some strain of good in the worst, some blemish of weakness, or perhaps a stain of guilt in the best.

Doctor Holmes has a clear vision, but mostly in the keenness of analysis. He could give the formula for Hamlet or Lear. To reverse this, to create a before-unimagined Hamlet, is another thing; and this special power of genius has been manifested rarely in any age. You can count all the great creators of character in English literature upon the fingers of one hand. The lessons of life as read in "The Guardian Angel" are salutary; its tone is generous and ennobling, and its pictures of New England people vivid and charming. And in this, as in every other work he has published, there is a flavor of personality which can never be mistaken. On every page you see "Holmes his mark." The chance utterances, the anecdotes, all the *obiter dicta*, show the intellectual superiority of the man, and give the story a value independent of its rank as a work of art.

In 1870 Doctor Holmes removed to the house, No. 296 Beacon street, where he still resides. This extension of the old Beacon street, formerly known as the Milldam, has a water line on the right going west, and the back windows of the house look out upon the same beautiful expanse of Charles River, of which mention has been made. The river here is near the sea and feels the strong incoming tides, and every day are to be seen the tribes of sea-birds, so charmingly depicted in the poem entitled "My Aviary."

"The Poet at the Breakfast Table" appeared in 1871. The Poet is still farther removed than the Professor from the sympathy and appreciation of the general public, but the work contains some of the noblest thoughts of the author as well as the most perfect examples of his literary art. Its vigorous and almost passionate attacks upon certain theological opinions, especially the more rigid Calvinistic views of the Divine character and government, render the work more acceptable to the liberals than to the conservatives in religion. Theologians like Canon Farrar and Beecher now preach similar doctrines; it was not common to hear or read them a few years ago. The fellow-boarders of the Poet are finely drawn, and the conversations are strong and suggestive. If the talk seems a little less fresh and spontaneous than in "The Autocrat,"—if the topics are graver, and if the characters themselves are a little less entertaining, it must be remembered that in the long interval the author had naturally grown more reflective, and that his natural exuberance had yielded to the terrible pressure which the Civil War exerted upon all thoughtful men.

In closing this brief account of the "Breakfast Table" series the epilogue should be quoted. The author imagines that a book collector in 1972 finds the three volumes in a stall.

"YOUR CHOICE AMONG THESE BOOKS I DIME!

* * * *

"What have I rescued from the shelf?
A Boswell, writing out himself!
For though he changes dress and name,
The man beneath is still the same,
Laughing or sad, by fits and starts,
One actor in a dozen parts,
And whatsoe'er the mask may be,
The voice assures us, *This is he.*

* * * *

"And his is not the playwright's page;
His table does not ape the stage;
What matter if the figures seen
Are only shadows on a screen?
He finds in them his lurking thought,
And on their lips the words he sought,
Like one who sits before the keys,
And plays a tune himself to please."

There is not space to quote the whole; it will be enough to call the reader's attention to it as one of the most quaint and thoughtful poems of our author.

Motley, the historian, in a letter written from Rome in 1859 said, *apropos* of the Autocrat: "He is, beyond question, one

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of the most original writers in English literature, and I have no doubt his fame will go on increasing every day. I hardly know an author in any language to be paralleled with him for profound and suggestive thought, glittering wit, vivid imagination and individuality of humor."

Whittier in his letters often referred to the poems contained in the "Autocrat," and of the "Chambered Nautilus" wrote, "That poem is booked for immortality."

In 1870 appeared "Mechanism in Thought and Morals," a study of the functions of the brain,—a treatise that compels the attention of the reader, and makes him for the time a thinker upon the most abstruse matters. In many respects this is the most profound work by Doctor Holmes, a work for which few living men would be equal. The physiologist, possessing the requisite knowledge, might be found wanting in the imagination or the transcendent power of expression. No other literary artist of equal eminence—if there is one—has the basis of professional training and experience. It has always been noticeable in "The Autocrat" and similar works that the author's stores of learning are made entertaining as well as useful to common readers. The researches of most scientific men, especially in abstruse subjects, like the relations of body and mind, are preserved in works which the public cannot understand if they should try. What Tyndall has done in the interpretation of the laws of nature is done even more brilliantly by our author; and this is not due to any letting down the subject; it is rather furnishing the means for the ordinary mind to ascend to the higher level of thought.

It would be impossible in the limits of this article to mention all the results of Doctor Holmes's mental activity. Besides the works we have quoted, he has delivered many brilliant literary lectures, which we trust may be printed in the full collection yet to come. On every great civic occasion he has been called upon for an ode or a song, and never in vain. Poems, they tell us, are never written to order. But Doctor Holmes, though in perpetual demand, has always produced something in harmony with the occasion. He is fairly Boston's laureate.

Since the appearance of the last "complete" volume Doctor Holmes has written "My Aviary," "The Silent Melody," Sonnets on the Seals of Harvard College, and the Centennial Poem for Phillips Academy of Andover. He has also published a memoir of John Lothrop Motley, the historian.

It is impossible to say what our grandsons will think of the poems we now delight in. Great poets like Tennyson dominate their age. Their rule ends, and their fashion is obsolete, when a new power comes into being. Of the poets lauded by Griswold thirty years ago not one in ten is read. The romantic and sentimental bards of the old Philadelphia magazines are as visionary and voiceless as Ossian's ghosts. This age demands something beyond juvenile sentiment and melodious woe. And while it is neither wise nor necessary to make comparisons among our leading six or eight poets, we may be allowed to consider the work of Holmes by itself, in reference to its intrinsic qualities, its agreement with what is universal in human nature and therefore likely to endure. The most obvious characteristic of his poetry is its combined terseness and finish. The lines are often poetical proverbs or epigrams, with vigor and point in every phrase. This enhances the value both of tender and of comic verse, giving the height of beauty to the one, and the keenness of wit to the other. Professedly witty poems are often tedious. The regularly recurring pun or quibble in the fourth line of the stanza, after the manner of Hood, may be amusing, but is yet something quite unlike true wit. Holmes has not only the command of witty phrases, but is a creator of wit in the concrete. "The One-Hoss Shay," for instance, is a complete witticism,—a witticism illustrating itself in action, a pseudo-logical demonstration leading to an absurd and merry end. Enough quips and jokes could be gleaned from his poems to furnish every living pretender to the *vis comica* excepting Lowell. The only Englishman of modern times comparable in this respect to Holmes is Hood, and there are many points of resemblance in the natures of the two men. But Holmes is healthier in tone, more robust in intellect, wider in culture, and superior in learning, style, and in splendor of effect.

As in the case of Hood, the fun in Holmes is always jostling the pathos. After some comic picture or grotesque phrase or quick thrust, the reader comes suddenly upon a stanza of perfect beauty of form, with the gentlest touch of natural feeling. To illustrate this, it may be pardonable to quote even from so well-known a poem as "The Last Leaf."

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"I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches and all that
Are so queer.

"The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

The last stanza is a pearl so perfect that one cannot conceive it as having been *made;* it seems that it must have been created.

The unreflecting portion of the reading world has been unjust to Holmes. Dull gravity often passes for profundity, and wit is considered an attribute of shallow minds. It is dangerous, to the jester, to shake the jester's bauble, and he who makes the world laugh is often thought to wear only a fool's cap. But with Holmes the sparkles of wit are like bubbles on a strong tide of feeling. He was himself apprehensive of the effect of his jocose poems.

"Besides—my prospects—don't you know that people wont employ
A man that wrongs his manliness by laughing like a boy;
And suspect the azure blossom that unfolds upon a shoot,
As if wisdom's old potato could not flourish at its root?"

It may be observed here with regard to his easy-going prose, as in "The Autocrat," that some men profess to be soon tired of Holmes. Probably he does n't let them drowse. His liveliness is undignified. And truly there are writers who have admirable qualities without any trace of humor or any scintillation of wit. But we have enough of laborious dullness, and we must welcome the writer who gives life and zest to thought, and who can be gay and wise at once.

The sense of melody is perhaps included in the idea of finish; but the melody of Holmes's verse is characteristic and supreme. Of all the meters he has chosen he is easily master. In the measure of some really great poets you discern only a formal and studied correctness. In Holmes the movement is so perfect that one cannot conceive of the thought apart from its natural music. It is now as light and joyous as the flight of a bird; now as steady as the tramp of an army; now as gay and arch as the practiced steps of a dancer, or as swift as an athlete in a race. As poetry is thought in musical form, the perfection of meter, answering to the inner sense of melody, can never be unimportant.

In the choice of subjects Holmes is seen to be a poet of high rank. He is not restricted like many to a monotonous kind of song. Of out-door nature we see less perhaps than we could desire; but we are consoled by thinking that in many volumes of poetry we see nothing else. But scarcely any form of poetic thought and expression is foreign to him. Almost his first production was the spirited address to the "Old Ironsides,"—a poem that is alive with patriotic feeling. In the same grand style are written the songs inspired by the late Civil War, as a whole the noblest of their kind.

If it be allowed to praise a classic drinking song, "The Song of Other Days" may be cited as one of the most splendid and ornate specimens in modern literature. There is not a line in it that does not sparkle like a gem. The only criticism is that there is too much of it,—an embarrassment of riches. Perhaps so, for singing; but, for reading, which stanza would you cut out? None of the jovial crew of bards, from Ben Jonson down, have done anything finer.

The poems entitled "Vignettes" were originally pendants to his lectures on Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley and Moore. They have an inexpressible charm for the reader of literary tastes, because they show in the most musical verse how deep and strong are the sympathies of our poet for his elder brethren. Equally hearty, graceful and touching, are his tributes to Lowell, Motley, Dr. Clarke, Webster, Dickens and Burns. The lines take hold of us like the grasp of a friendly hand. The images vary, and the thoughts, but the same fervent spirit animates all.

We have spoken of great poets as dominating their age. Probably every writer of verse feels at the outset the strong influence of the masters. Imitation is an inevitable homage to the superior mind. The weaker remain imitators, the stronger in time assert and free themselves. But it is remarkable in reading the poems of Holmes to see how little he is indebted to his predecessors. His ideas, his manner, his wit and pathos, his fire, his melody, are entirely his own. Not one of his characteristic poems can be referred to any outward source, nor mistaken for the production of any other poet. He is a new essence, a new color or flavor. Equally original, *sui generis*, is his prose; and it has a charm that is inexplicable. When the casual reader, looking over a

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number of the "Atlantic," begins a sentence by Holmes, no matter upon what subject, he is a limèd bird. He cannot choose but read on. Everything else is poor and common by comparison. There is but the one man who could have written it.

The absence of formality is one of the principal charms both in his prose and his poetry. Not that he is flippant or slangy, but he has the rare art of varying the tone so as to suit the changing forms and coloring of thought. Sometimes he uses pungent short sentences, formed of the most familiar words, and hitting the sense like Æsop. Then without bustle or jar he glides into passages of exquisite beauty, in which every thought is a poem and every word a gem. Or it may be that he hurls a bolt of indignation at some hypocrisy, or rises into a strain of eloquence, such as would please the stateliest rhetorician fresh from the study of Livy or Macaulay.

While so much stress is laid upon the literary art of Holmes,—his skill in presenting subjects and his unrivaled felicity in witty and wise illustration,—it must not be overlooked that he is in himself a prime force. This is felt by all who come in contact with him. Those who have observed him in playful or serious talk with such persons as Emerson and Lowell can never forget the impression of *intensity*. His words and his countenance were alive with power and with feeling; the whole man, body and mind, seemed only a miraculous intellectual engine. It is this primal force that pierces through his wit, sparkles in his humor, lifts his imagination, touches in his pathos, and gives to thought its resistless power.

At the same time it is remarkable to notice the perfect balance. Generally the men of such vividness of thought and energy of expression are hasty, unfair and one-sided. Witness the great reformers, one and all. The energy of Holmes is under perfect control. He is decidedly a conservative in his general tendency. With all the abuhdant flow of hilarity in some of his class songs, he can scarcely be called jovial; and, in spite of his having written a fine bacchanalian song, he is by nature and habit abstemious. Neither robust nor yet delicate in constitution, he keeps a secure and moderate course, and is as fresh now when verging on three-score and ten as most men at fifty. Still his habits of thought, his perhaps over-refined sensibility, and a certain *shyness* lead him to shun contact with men of more robust nature. One paragraph in "The Poet at the Breakfast Table" might be taken for an expression of the peevishness of an invalid or the ill-nature of a misanthrope, if we did not have the proper commentary. He says:

> "I have a kind of dread, rather than hatred, of persons with a large excess of vitality; great feeders, great laughers, great story-tellers, who come sweeping over their company with a huge tidal wave of animal spirits and boisterous merriment. I have pretty good spirits myself, and enjoy a little mild pleasantry, but I am oppressed and extinguished by these great, lusty, noisy creatures, and feel as if I were a mute at a funeral when they get into full blast."

Readers of "The Autocrat" and the others come to know Holmes as very few authors are known. As in Montaigne, the egotism of the essayist becomes a charm. That Holmes is no Puritan in creed, no ascetic in practice, no partisan, neither wholly optimist nor pessimist; that he has no "sentiment" but that which is in harmony with intellectual health and cheerful temper; that he is as obstinate a cit as Doctor Johnson, and believes in Boston as Johnson did in London; that he prefers a brown stone mansion to a cabin in the woods; that he is the hater of vulgarity and pretension, and of quacks, literary and other; that he has, in spite of sarcasm and gibe, a warm and tender heart, full of delicate consideration for others; that he is active in sympathy and friendly help; that he has gone through the perils of life without reproach—all these things and many more are to be seen in his pages by the wise reader.

The later poems give not the least intimation of declining power. The reminiscences of school days at Andover are fresh in feeling, somewhat chastened by experience, but as beautiful as the memory of spring-time. This poem has been likened to Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," but the only reason appears to be that it is a personal retrospection in melodious ten-syllabled verse, finished with the nicest care. "My Aviary" is full of masterly effects,—a series of marine pictures, showing that our author, had he taken to the woods and the shore, might have coped with the poets of nature on their own ground. "The Silent Melody" is saddening, but it is the conception and the work of a true poet. Evidently the time for *Terminus* to be written is still distant.

Perhaps we are too near now to judge dispassionately of what is likely to become classic. Only a certain, measurable bulk of poetry holds its place among men.

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Every new poet, when his works come to be generally read, crowds off some older one. But it is difficult to imagine the time when any of the characteristic poems of Holmes will slumber on the shelves of antiquaries. They must be eternally new to the new generations, because they are founded in nature, constructed with art, animated by the noblest qualities of intellect and feeling,—uniting the wit of Heine with the freshness of Béranger,—and are finished as few poems have been finished since the odes of Horace.

The life of our poet has not in the ordinary sense been eventful. Goethe attempted to sum human experience in a phrase: "I have lived and have loved." But this seems inadequate unless we add "I have toiled and have achieved." Holmes has encountered no adverse fates, nor has he passed through those vicissitudes that try the souls of some men. Nature gave him a good outfit, and fortune has favored him at every step of his career. His has been an active life, devoted to earnest study and the pursuit of high ideals; it has been rewarded by ample contemporary honor, and, above all, blest with domestic happiness and with the love of friends. Not until the silver cord is loosed, and the golden bowl is broken, can the curtain be lifted from the serene beauty of the poet's home.

The man who is nearing three-score-and-ten may feel the glow of emotion as keenly as in middle age, but he is certain to be more reserved in expressing it. Twenty years ago the "Atlantic" dinners were wonderfully brilliant. The sparkle of the after-dinner talk was incommunicable,—not in the least studied, but natural and exuberant. The absolute loss of those conversations and encounters of wit, when Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell and others, sat about the board, is greatly to be regretted. Judge Hoar, who inherits the wit of Roger Sherman, bore his full part. Lowell probably uttered more elaborate sentences,—glowing with new-born images; Holmes made the swiftest play and scored most points, both serious and comic. Meanwhile Emerson's wise face was lighted by a miraculous smile that would have been the delight and despair of a painter; and in the end he took the thought which the others were playing hockey with, and calmly set it in an apothegm of crystal beauty.

The "Atlantic" Club at times was ambulatory, although it generally met at Parker's. Once or twice it dined at Point Shirley with Taft, who is *facile rex* of our sea-board. Once it dined at a little restaurant in Winter place, kept by a man of versatile genius, M. Fontarive, the first of the French cooks of the time. Once it met at Zach. Porter's in North Cambridge,—not a hotel, but an old-fashioned tavern. The cooking was marvelous, and was done under the landlord's eye. His creed was that of Ezra Weeks of the Eagle Inn:

> "Nothin' riles me, I pledge my fastin' word,
> Like cookin' out the natur' of a bird."

The ducks were brought in and carved by Porter himself, as a mark of consideration to the distinguished guests. The knife was keen and was wielded by a deft hand; the slices fell about the platter like a mower's swath, until the carcass was bare as a barrel.

"What do you do with the bird after that?" Lowell asked of the landlord.

"Wal," said Porter, with a curious twinkle in his eyes, "when I've sliced off the breast, an' the wings an' legs like that" (pointing to the shell), "I gin'rally give the carkess to the poor."

Dr. Palmer, whose East Indian sketches had just been published and greatly admired, was a special guest on this occasion; and the fun of the chorus of palanquin bearers was as current about the table as "Pinafore" phrases are to-day. Holmes was in high spirits and talked his best, mostly to Longfellow. It was almost like a veritable autocrat in full activity, corruscating, punning, and bearing all before him.

There were no horse-cars then, I think; or it might have been late; at all events, the whole party, including Emerson, Longfellow and the other Olympians, walked down to Harvard square through nearly a foot of new-fallen snow. The impression of this intellectual feast is ineffaceable, but it seems now as far away as the Trojan war.

Doctor Holmes attends church at the old King's Chapel, where the creed is Unitarian, though the English form of worship has been retained. He is as fully occupied in his duties as professor as in his younger days, and there are but few marks of physical strain. His poetic faculties seem to be as active and creative as ever. All lovers of letters will join in wishing that the additions to his three-score-and-ten may be many, and that his wintry days may be as free from "labor and sorrow" as those of his sunny autumn.

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ON A LATE LEARNED ADVOCATE, MASTER ALSO OF MUSIC.

In Law delighting, but in Music more,
He gave his labors to the jurist's lore,
Yet in the service of the sacred choir
Educed the laws of organ and of lyre;
With faultless fingers and a gifted ear
(Tuned to the keys of the celestial sphere)
Brought down to men high symphonies, that woke
Emotions deeper than the preacher spoke,
And lulled all souls, and every passion laid
With lofty hymns by Pergolèsi made:
Then for the courts and learnèd bench he found
Law's harmonies, that lifted from the ground
Their coarse contentions and their selfish ends,
Till men, who came in fighting, went out friends.

Blind Milton thus in his dark days could win
From his loved instrument, amid the din
Of jarring causes and the clash of arms,
A spell to stay the invader's threatened harms,
Requiting his forbearance in the hour
That menaced peril to the Muses' bower
With such recorded splendor in his strain
As saved from ruin bare his poor domain.
He knew those laws the lifted spear that charmed,
And left the house of Pindarus unharmed;
This truth he also knew (to few so known),
Justice and Music are in heart but one.

BROKEN STRINGS.

There is no minstrel ripe in years,
But, as his song he sings,
Feels musingly across his harp
To find some broken strings.
The early songs that from his lyre
His youthful fingers flung,
Have lost their first Promethean fire
Since love and life were young.

The world may listen to the strains
Which from each harp-string floats,
But still unto his ear remains
A discord in the notes.
And still his heart, unsatisfied,
Seeks yearningly, in vain,
To find the music which has died,
And mend the broken strain.

O world! that listens, when too late,
Unto the voice which sings,
And loves the music, when the years
Have shattered many strings,
But little owes the bard to you
For praises from your tongue,
Who heard not when the harp was new,
And love and life were young.

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THREE DAYS IN SUSSEX.

I BELIEVE that writers upon English country-house life always praise it—but one privately meets many persons in England who confess to you that they do not admire it as much as it is admired in books. A friend of mine, who is never content unless his own house is full, cannot abide going to the houses of other people. An old lady, excessively fond of society, assures me that country-houses are too social for her; and a young lady says that at the end of three days spent in one of them she is quite exhausted with the efforts to be agreeable. Energetic people are perhaps less apt to like them than quiet people. The number of English people—and very social people—who tell me that they do not commonly enjoy country-houses, would surprise me did I not know that nothing is so perfect that it will not be quarreled with, and that half the grumbling is done to make conversation. The excuses of people to get away before the time appointed for their departure are among standing jokes. Yet it is doubtful if the most skillful excuses of guests ever deceive hosts who have been bored themselves and who are profound critics of boredom. I think that there is certainly one point upon which the admirers of country-houses have said too much. I refer to the vaunted liberty of country-houses. They are beautiful; they are charmingly appointed; they are anything else you like; but they are not, as a rule, as free as they are said to be. Things are made for you to do. There is rowing on the lake, there is lawn tennis, there is shooting at a mark, drives and walks to various water-falls and other wonders of the neighborhood. Of course it is open to you not to do these things, but you feel that it would be peculiar and unsocial not to do some of them. There is, indeed, a rigidity in those very customs which are supposed of themselves to mark the freedom of country-houses. The life seems to be characterized by enforced freedom. For instance, you must wear a rough shooting-coat until dinner-time; you must wear a "billy-cock" hat except at church on Sunday when you put on a black coat and a high hat. At breakfast, in some houses, you must pour out your own tea and help yourself from the sideboard. These are peculiarities of country-house life which make it irksome for you until you have got hold of the real meaning of this life, and have grasped it by the right handle.

The real use of a country-house is the cultivation amidst the best material and social conditions of a comfortable repose. The state of mind one should seek to attain is that of a "*wise* passiveness," a salutary empty-mindedness. And this is as good a state of mind as could be desired for the leisure of a hard worker. This state of mind is assisted by an easy coat and a low hat; indeed, it would be unattainable without them. It is assisted also by what seem at first the laboriously free-and-easy manners of the breakfast table. The guests begin the day with the knowledge that they are to be in one another's society till midnight, and feel it not only their privilege, but their duty, to be dull. If the host observes two people in a lively conversation at breakfast, he says: "Do you people expect to keep that up all day?" If the house happens to be full of young people, one is sufficiently employed at breakfast in looking at them, for the beautiful complexions which flourish in this country appear to best advantage in the morning. The thick bloom is actually thrown upon the faces, and the hair is so bright and strong. When I was young I never noticed the hair of young people. Why is it, I wonder, that when one's own locks become few and dingy one derives such exquisite pleasure from seeing heads of fresh and abundant brown hair!

Fifield, near which I was staying some time ago, is a very pretty village in Sussex, and lies in the midst of a highly cultivated and beautiful country. I was at a house not half a mile from the village, and I walked thither at least three times a day. Though I knew I should have no letters, I went to the post-office and demanded them. I often entered an attractive and commodious inn,—which is one of the good points of Fifield,—and made the acquaintance of the inn-keeper, whom I found a communicative and entertaining person. He was a good historian of the families of the neighborhood, and gave me interesting accounts of the great parliamentary fights of fifty years ago, when two of the leading families of Fifield nearly ruined themselves in their contentions for the repre-

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sentation of the borough. The landlord's father and grandfather were born in this same house, and I know not how many generations before them. The house had some quaint engravings and some rare china. I was shown the remnants of a set of Worcester which had been bought entire by the landlord's mother, thirty years ago, for eight shillings, from an old peddler woman who had come to the house with them. The set now, if perfect, would no doubt bring a hundred pounds. But no care had been taken of it, the children of the house and the laborers of the farm having often had tea out of it in the fields.

The morning hours are the best to spend in walking about a village, and watching the village sights. It is wonderful how long a time three days is in a village; on how many village matters in that time one may form, correct, and re-form opinions. I got to know by sight if not by name the tradesmen, the parsons, two or three of the village eccentrics and a goodly number of the gentry. The clergy you see at church, the peasantry and many of the tradesmen are likely to touch their hats to you in the street,—are pretty sure to do so if you happen to be staying with some of the neighboring gentry,—and you must be careful to touch your hat in return. The gentry are a great deal in the village. They come to attend the sessions or to see the grocer and the butcher, or perhaps more commonly to make the "haunt of social men" the object of a morning's ride. Properly to estimate the felicity of the condition of an English country gentleman one must see him ride into a village near his estate on a pleasant summer morning. His advent produces a noticeable impression in the village street. Not that people are over ready with flatteries and attentions; but everybody he meets or has occasion to speak to is very civil, and he feels himself the object of a general, if silent, interest and respect. Meanwhile the object of this homage is on no account obliged to support his dignity by dressing himself in a high hat and a black coat. On the contrary, his trowsers are perhaps thrust in his boots; he wears a rusty shooting-jacket, and covers his head with an old soft hat. These old clothes, taken together with the public respect for their occupant, and with the fine animal on which he is mounted, give an impression of enviable liberty and of thorough delight and satisfaction in life, which I believe not to be in the least exaggerated. A gentleman in the dress of a stable-boy rode up to the post-office on a large white-faced and white-footed mare, very powerfully made, which to my eyes looked the model of a hunter. When I admired her, he assured me that she was as good as she looked, and with considerable pride recounted the history of some of her exploits across country in Nottinghamshire, where he had formerly hunted, and from which county he had brought her.

On market days the gentry who are magistrates come to the village to sit at the Quarter Sessions and Petty Sessions. It may be well here to tell the reader what Petty Sessions and Quarter Sessions are, for though no doubt he has often read about them in the novels of Trollope and others, his notions of them may be vague. Both, of course, are benches of magistrates. These magistrates receive no pay, and are content to serve for the consideration in the community which "J. P." written after their names is supposed to give them.

The Quarter Sessions, as the name indicates, sits once in three months. The Petty Sessions generally sits weekly. The Quarter Sessions is attended by all the magistrates for the division of the county over which it has jurisdiction. But at Petty Sessions two justices are sufficient to try cases. The first proceeding in all criminal cases, except that of high treason, takes place before the Petty Sessions. They have the power to deal summarily with offenses of a trivial nature. Persons accused of grave crimes they send either to the Quarter Sessions or the Assizes. There is in many large country-houses a magistrate's room, to which the delinquent is taken for a hearing in case no Petty Sessions is to be held the next day. At the house at which I was staying, the large oak room beside the hall, used as a smoking-room, was the magistrate's room.

The Petty Sessions at Fifield was held in a large room in the Royal Sussex, the tavern I have just spoken of; I went one morning and found the room filled with prisoners and their friends. A few idle and pleasant-looking young fellows, sons of gentlemen, sat near the magistrates and seemed to derive considerable amusement from the proceedings. The magistrates, of whom there were perhaps half a dozen, sat on a bench behind a rude, unpainted wooden table. I noticed one gentleman among them who has had to do, during certain recent complications, with matters much

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graver than the administration of justice upon the lesser delinquent of Fifield. I heard but one case. A boy of fourteen charged a wooden-looking rustic (who, with a nervous stare and an extremely pale countenance, sat awaiting his fate) with having knocked him down and beaten him. The rustic was stone deaf, and the clerk was obliged to shout in his ear the charge and the evidence of the boy. He was then told he might ask questions of the boy, and in the tones almost of an automaton he turned to him and said:

"Didn't you hit me first?"

"No," said the manly and honest little boy.

We all agreed that the boy had a nice and inquiring face, while it was evident, from the physiognomy of the rustic, that he was a violent-tempered, dangerous person. Presently the boy was compelled to admit that he had first pulled the man's beard, and the truth was at once plain to everybody. The poor fellow, who was not very strong in his head, had been teased by the boy, and goaded into giving him a beating which was severe, perhaps, but not much more severe than his impudence had deserved. Immediately the two parties exchanged physiognomies. One of the magistrates was heard to say, "He's a cheeky boy, and I believe he hit him." The decision of the magistrates was that there should be no fine, but that the man should pay the costs, which were some twenty-five shillings. I then left, persuaded that the judgment rendered had been substantially just, and admiring the untechnical and common-sense methods by which it had been obtained. I may mention one incident to show the untechnical nature of the examination. The boy had said that the man had knocked out two of his teeth. The chairman told a constable to look at the boy's mouth. The constable made the boy open his mouth, and said that he thought his teeth were all there.

If the morning hours are the best to spend in watching village society, village scenery is never so charming as at the close of the day. Fifield lies on the side and summit of rather a steep hill, its main street winding in the shape of a letter S. One afternoon, as I passed through this street on my way to take my accustomed walk before sundown, I thought the village presented a singularly charming appearance. The clean ascending street was full of the beautiful reflections of the approaching sunset; the old brick houses and pretty cottages lay in a gentle light, while even the post-office and the modern apothecary shop, with its plate-glass windows, were exquisitely illumined. During these walks, for the first time in my life I have really liked English scenery. An American, instead of getting to admire English scenery by seeing much of it, is, I think, apt to like it less and less, the longer he is in England. That, at least, has been my case. At first, one is pleased with the pretty little fields, the green hedges, the landscape swept and garnished like a lawn; but there succeeds, after a while, a deep longing for the scenery of his native country. The scenery of the Old World begins to produce in his mind a feeling of irritation. The excess of art and cultivation he feels to be a sort of impurity, which he would like to rub away from the surface of the country. He remembers with passion how clean are the beds of gum and sycamore, where rush the waters of his native desert; how pure are the dusty roads, climbing the great hills and lined with scorched blackberry-vines; how vast and worthy of worship are the landscapes of the poorest and harshest parts of his continent. But at Fifield, for the first time since being in England, did I sincerely like English scenery, and was I conscious of something really medicinal in it. And yet Fifield is the most English scenery that I have seen. It is the country of the curfew and the lowing herds. The landscape, as I viewed it from a hill near the village, is small, green, trim, shaded and scented with the breath of kine. Certainly I never before sufficiently observed how sweet and powerful a perfume is the breath of kine, so much talked of by the poets. There were only half a dozen cows and they were in the next field, yet, with their sighs and breathings, they appeared to scent the whole atmosphere of Fifield. One turns reluctantly from this fragrant and deeply verdant solitude, but one must turn sharply; for even in these shortened August days the dinner-hour interrupts the twilight, and one must hasten home to extinguish one's sentiment in a plate of soup that is served promptly at eight. In a half-hour's time you are at a London dinner, for such the dinner in a country-house is. The house which I have been describing I had the luck, not very common in England, to find full of young people. Some Fifield people, however, have been asked in, among them the vicar's wife, to whom next I sit, and to whom I find it my business to talk; but it is hard to do so,

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because I sit opposite Dolores, a Spanish, or half Spanish, girl of fifteen, who is a beauty. The beauty of Dolores is peculiar; she has a nose I never expected to see on such a pretty girl or on such a young one. I had an impression that such extremely aquiline noses were put on later in life. She has an exquisite color, large, dark, and perpetually shining eyes, and eyelashes about an inch and a half long, just like those of Spanish young ladies I remember seeing in pictures in the New York "Ledger." Under these eyelashes this light and thin and most Roman nose juts out with surprising boldness, and yet with most fascinating and original perfection and fortunate agreement with the eyes and eyelashes, the dip of the cheek and chin, and the somnolent and somewhat childish expression.

There are other things about this house I should describe. I should say something about the "E. R." on the fire-place which means "Elizabeth Regina," the fire-place dating from the time of Elizabeth, when the house was built. I have told my friends to whom this visit was paid, that I have written a paper about them, and they are very curious to see what I shall say, and what a picture of them I shall draw for the eyes of the American public. "What did you say about the tower?" Alas! I had forgotten all about the tower. "Did you tell the story of the screen?" "No." "Well, did you say anything about the ghosts?" I am appalled at the number of things I have omitted. The truth is that at Fifield I cared more for the people than for either the tower, the screen, or the ghost. Were I Irving, I might perhaps make them as famous as the occupants of Bracebridge Hall.

NATURE'S LOVER.

(TO JOHN MUIR.)

His strong heart beat with mighty lyres of pines
  On High Sierra; he beheld the light,
  Unblenched, where eagles take their daring flight,
And brows of Alps are scored with savage lines
Where Nature, royal alchemist! her mines
  Of crystals—ages past—had open torn
  By throes in which the mountain lakes were born.
This faithful worshiper at all her shrines
Discerned divinity in every smile
  On Nature's face; where'er his footsteps trod,
Alike her strength and beauty did beguile
  His heart; he felt the gem-enameled sod
With human heart-beats touch his own—the while
  That every blossom thrilled with love of God!

Each year this devotee went up to pay
  His vows (his keen, consuming thirst to slake),
  Where quiet waters of one fairest lake
In sacred solitude and stillness lay,
Like holy font within cathedral gray;
  And in the hush, the echoes of that song
  Where hallelujahs break, were borne along
From countless choirs; while ray on glorious ray,
Like heavenly fire, shot through the brilliant deeps
  From great wall-jewels of celestial place.
The chrism of peace, divinely wrought, that keeps
  The soul assured, had touched his mortal face.
In Nature's calm—where human passion sleeps—
  It wore the luster of immortal grace.

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TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Vulgarity in Fiction and on the Stage.

THE average playwright has a fixed opinion that certain definite appeals must be made to the groundlings, in order to produce a successful play. There must be coarseness or profanity, or the half-disguised obscenity that can be put forth in a *double entente*, or else the great multitude will not be satisfied. As a consequence of this, many ladies do not dare to go to the theater, or to take their children there. There is no question that these objectionable elements in plays have kept many more people out of the theater than they ever attracted thither. People—even vulgar people—are not pleased with vulgarity, and it is quite worth while to call attention to the things that the people are pleased with, both in the fictions of the book and of the stage.

We have had a lyrical comedy running in all the theaters of the country during the last season—"Her Majesty's Ship *Pinafore*"—which will illustrate a part of what we mean. Since we began to observe theaters at all, nothing has had such a run of popularity as this. Young and old, rich and poor, have been amused by it, and there is not a word in it, from beginning to end, that can wound any sensibility. It is a piece of delicious absurdity all through, and a man can enjoy two hours of jollity in witnessing it, which will not leave a stain upon him anywhere. It is simply delightful,—pure fun,—and the most popular thing that has appeared on the stage for the last ten years. We call attention to it specially to show that fun, when it is pure, is more popular a thousand times than when it is not. Nothing can be more evident to any man of common sense than that any admixture of unworthy elements in this play would damage its popularity. What is true of this play is true of any and every play. There is no apology whatever for making the stage impure. Even vulgar people do not seek the stage for impurity. They seek it for pleasure, and they find the purest plays the most satisfactory, provided only that the pleasure-giving element is in them. A playwright who is obliged to resort to coarse means to win the applause of coarse men, convicts himself of a lack of capacity for writing a good play.

If a man wishes to hear high moral sentiments applauded as they are applauded nowhere else, let him go to a low theater. When the villain of the play gets his just retribution, and the hero, standing with his foot upon his neck, above his prostrate form, makes an appropriate apostrophe to virtue, then the house comes down. Indeed, it loses no opportunity to applaud that with which its daily life has very little to do, as if it were trying to make up by its votes and acclamations for the sins and the remissnesses of its practical life. It takes a pretty pure playwright to satisfy an audience made up largely of thieves and prostitutes.

In these days, tragedy is at a discount. In the old times, when the world moved slowly, and life was not overworked or torn in pieces by high contending passions, men and women liked to have their sensibilities wrought upon. There was, at any rate, a desire for a different play from that which modern times call for. There are people who think that the theater audience is degraded from its old quality. We doubt it. We have no doubt, indeed, that the modern audience is better than the ancient one, and is made up of men and women of a highly improved culture. The times have changed, and life has become so active and overburdened and so full that men go to the theater to laugh. The one thing that they need most is forgetfulness of care, in innocent pleasure. To the modern man and woman, life is a tragedy. The newspapers are full of tragedies. We swallow them every morning with our coffee. What we absolutely need is fun, jollity, mirth, forgetfulness; and the stage must adapt itself to this want or go to the wall. The writer of "H. M. S. *Pinafore*" is a public benefactor, worthy of any reward we can make him; and Mr. Sullivan may snap his fingers at the stupid criticswho accuse him of having stooped from his dignity to float this little play upon his excellent music, for he has won the gratitude of the English-speaking world.

It is with novels as with the stage, vulgar people do not like to contemplate vulgar people. In the novel, vulgar people delight to meet with gentlemen and ladies. They have enough of the other sort at home, and among their friends. They would like to get into better society. They wish to see those who are different from themselves, and in different circumstances.

"Mi-lord," said a soft-voiced page, dressed in blue and gold, entering: "the Ambassador waits."

Sir Edward turned from his ivory *escritoire*, with a frown, and responded, "Bid him enter!"

At this moment, the Lady Geraldine rose from her embroidery, and with a fair blush mantling her classic features, swept from the apartment.

"Hold!" said Sir Edward.

The lady turned, and gave him a single glance of scorn, as she closed the door and sought her boudoir.

It is the vulgar people who read this sort of stuff, and they read it because it represents a kind of life quite absurdly antipodal to their own. The third or fourth-rate novelist who produces it lives nearer to the people than his superiors, and knows what they like. It is true, too, that the best novelist must not deal with vulgar materials too exclusively. No matter how clever he may be, it will not do for him to forget that good people get tired in novels of the same people of whom they would get tired in their drawing-rooms, and particularly of those whom they would never receive in their drawing-rooms.

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They get tired of any novelist who never gives them a gentleman or a lady.

It comes to this, then, in the novel and on the stage: we want good company and we want mirth. We want fun and we want it pure. The theater thinks that the Church is hard upon it. There was a time when the novel-writer thought the Church was hard upon him; but the Church now not only reads novels but uses them in the propagation of religious ideas and religious living. The theater, for many years, has had itself to blame for the attitude of the Church toward it. People are visiting the good ship *Pinafore* now who never entered a theater before, and this simply because it ministers to their need of amusement without offending their sensibilities by coarseness, or their eyes by exhibitions that are only at home in a vulgar dance-house.

Church Music.

THERE are great varieties and contrarieties of opinion on church music, as well among pastors as congregations. It begins with the hymns. There are those who believe that theology should be taught by hymns, that appeals to heart and conscience should be made in hymns, that all phases of religious experience and feeling may legitimately be addressed through hymns. There are others who reject this theory, and would confine hymns to the expression of penitence or praise to God. They feel that a hymn, publicly sung, should be an address of the human heart to the great father heart, and not an address of man to man, and that chiefly this expression should be confined to praise and thanksgiving. When Mr. Sankey was here, he was inquired of concerning this point, and his answer, very definitely given, was that he regarded singing as possessing two different offices in the public services of the church—one of address to God, and another to man. Mr. Sankey would not stand very high as an authority on such a matter, but his idea is practically adopted in every hymn-book with which we are acquainted.

Now, to us, there is something almost ridiculous in the hymns which undertake the offices of teaching, preaching and exhortation. Think of a congregation wailing out to the old tune "China" the words:

> "Why do ye mourn departing friends
> Or shake at death's alarms?"

Or to some other tune:

> "Think gently of the erring one,
> And let us not forget
> However darkly stained by sin,
> He is our brother yet."

Or this, to old "Amsterdam":

> "Time is winging us away
> To our eternal home;
> Life is but a winter's day—
> A journey to the tomb."

Or this:

> "Behold the day is come,
> The righteous Judge is near;
> And sinners trembling at their doom,
> Shall soon their sentence hear."

Or this exhortation:

> "Why will ye waste on trifling cares
> That life which God's compassion spares?"

Or this statement and inquiry:

> "What various hindrances we meet
> In coming to a mercy seat!
> Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
> But wishes to be often there?"

We take all the above extracts from the very best hymn-book with which we are acquainted, and we submit that to stand up and sing them is an absurd performance, especially when it takes place in public. Some of them are utterly unsingable when regarded with relation to any natural impulse, or any gracious impulse, for that matter. We laugh at the absurdities of the opera,—at a man who straddles around the stage, yelling his love or his defiance to a tune, and our laugh is perfectly justifiable. But for the reverence with which we regard everything that has been even remotely associated with the house and worship of God, we should say that the singing of such songs as these would be equally laughable. Still, Mr. Sankey and those who agree with him will keep on singing these songs, we suppose. It gives us great pleasure, however, to notice that they are growing fewer and fewer from year to year and from generation to generation, in new collections, and that the hymns that are sung are addressed more and more to God, while to the voice in the pulpit are left the various offices to which song has hitherto been, as we think, illegitimately subjected.

Leaving the hymns, we come to the question of music. What office has music in the public services of the church? Let us say right here that we have not objected to the hymns belonging to the class from which we have quoted, because we do not think that man's sensibilities should not be appealed to through music. We have objected to them mainly because they are unnaturally wedded to music. We do not naturally sing about the judgment day, or about death, or about our erring brother, or about the rapid passage of time. The wedding of things like these to music is an absurdity. So we recur to the question—"What office has music in the public services of the church?" It has two. The first and foremost is to give a natural expression of the feelings of the soul toward the object of its worship. The second is to elevate the spirit and bring it into the mood of worship and the contemplation of high and holy things. It has an office quite independent of any words with which it may be associated. Music itself is a language which many religious hearts understand, and by which they are led into and through a multitude of religious thoughts and emotional exercises. The voluntary upon the

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organ, played by a reverent man, is perfectly legitimate sacred music, to be executed and listened to at leisure.

Nobody, we presume, will question what we say about this, yet in practice there is the widest difference among pastors and churches. One pastor or church demands the highest grade of music to be performed by a thoroughly drilled quartette or choir; another subordinates the choir, or discards it altogether, and will have nothing but congregational singing. The former make very much of the musical element, and do a great deal to act upon the sensibilities of the worshipers through it. The latter make little or nothing of the musical element, and think that nothing is genuine public praise but that which is engaged in by a whole congregation. Now, it is quite easy to overdo the music of a church. That has been done in this city, in many notable instances, but we very much prefer a mistake in that direction to one in the other. There are some ministers who forget that a choir may just as legitimately lead the praise of a congregation, as any one of them may lead its prayer, and that a choir has a sacred office and function in the church quite independent of themselves. If a preacher may be followed in his petition by his congregation, certainly a choir may be followed in its expression of thanksgiving.

For ourselves, we are very much afraid of the movement toward congregational music. The tendency thus far has been to depreciate not only the quality of music, in the churches, but the importance of it, and to make public worship very much less attractive to the great world which it is the church's duty and policy to attract and to influence. The churches are full, as a rule, where the music is excellent. This fact may not be very flattering to preachers, but it is a fact, and it is quite a legitimate question whether a church has a right to surrender any attraction that will give it a hold upon the attention of the world, especially if that attraction is an elevating one, and in the direct line of Christian influence. Congregational singing is well enough in its place and proportions, but very little of the inspiration of music comes through it. It is, indeed, more of a torture than a pleasure to many musical and devout people. The ideal arrangement, as it seems to us, is a first class quartette, made up of soloists, who take a prominent part in the public service, with a single choral in each service given to the congregation to sing. In this way, the two offices of music in public religious assemblies seem to be secured more surely and satisfactorily than in any other.

Art Criticism.

ART criticism, in this country, has reached about as low a level as it can find, without becoming execrable. It is so at war with itself, that it has ceased to have any authority, and so capricious and so apparently under the influence of unworthy motives, that it has become contemptible. We may instance the late exhibition of water colors in this city, and the kind and variety of criticism it called forth, as an illustration of what we mean. It has been absolutely impossible for the public to get any adequate idea of this exhibition through the revelations and discussions of the public press. What one man has praised without stint, another has condemned without mercy. All sorts of theories and comments and considerations have been offered, and if the public mind is not in a muddle over the whole matter, it is not the fault of the men who have written about it.

Now there are just two objects that furnish an apology for a man to publish his opinions on an art exhibition, viz., the information of the public, and the improvement of the artists. Of course, it is an impertinence for any man to assume the rôle of the art critic who does not understand what he is talking about, and who is not free enough from partisanships and hobbies to write with candor. The great end of criticism is popular and professional improvement, and in order that this double end may be secured, there must be popular and professional confidence in the sources of the criticism. We believe it to be notorious that, among the painters of New York, there is not a particle of confidence in the critics who write upon art. They do not, in any instance, expect to be fairly and ably treated. They have no faith in the competency of the newspaper writers on art to teach them. They have no faith in their candor. When they put up a picture for exhibition, they regard the whole matter of newspaper notice as a chance in a lottery. They are thankful if somebody praises it, and if nobody abuses it, because that will help to sell it, but beyond that they have no interest. They do not in the slightest degree acknowledge the competency of these writers to teach them, and they have the utmost contempt for their general theories and their special judgments. Under these circumstances, one of the principal offices of criticism is rendered useless.

The public has come to pretty much the same conclusion as the painters. They have learned that these writers have no guiding principles, that they agree in nothing, and that each man writes from the stand-point of his own private tastes, or his own private prejudices and partisanships. They find the pictures of a certain man condemned as utter and irredeemable failures, and they go to see the failures, finding them the best pictures in the exhibition. They find the pictures of another man praised as profoundly worthy, and they go to see them, and find them unconscionable daubs that would disgrace the walls of any parlor in New York, —really, for any pleasure-giving power that they possess, not worth the white paper they have spoiled. Moreover, what one critic praises another one condemns, and *vice versâ*. Indeed, there are some men among these writers whose judgments have been so capricious, and whimsical, and unfair, and so notoriously fallacious, that their praise of a picture arouses suspicions against it and really damages its market value.

Now criticism, to be valuable, must be based in principle. If there are any such things as sound principles of art, gentlemen, show them to us, and

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show us your judgments based upon them. Agree among yourselves. We, the people, don't care for your private tastes and notions. We care a great deal more about our own. We are not at all interested in yours. What we want of you is instruction in sound principles of art, which will enable us to form judgments and to understand the basis of yours. Your prejudices, and piques, and whims are not of the slightest value to anybody, and your publication of them is a presumptuous and impertinent performance, growing more and more presumptuous and impertinent every year, while the people are growing rapidly more competent to judge of these matters for themselves.

In the present jumble of art criticism in this country, consisting of great contrariety of sentiment and opinion, much injustice is necessarily done to artists and schools of artists; and injustice, meted out in the unsparing doses that are often indulged in, is a poison that greatly injures all who receive it. It takes immense pluck and strong individuality to stand up against it. There are some painters who possess these qualities, but not many, so that the consciousness of unjust treatment at the hands of public criticism is a positive damage to them and their art. There have been cruelties and discourtesies indulged in which only a raw-hide could properly punish, and for which there was no valid excuse and whose only influence was bad.

We are growing in this country in all that relates to art, except in this matter of art criticism. People are becoming educated in art, and a new spirit seems to have taken possession of the American people. Let us hope that those who undertake to guide the public judgment may meet the new requirements of the day by a most decided improvement among themselves, so that we may have something more valuable from them than the airing of pet notions and a public show of their sympathies and antipathies.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A Secret Mission to Mexico.

ORIGIN OF THE TREATY OF GUADALUPE HIDALGO.—II.

EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY:

DEAR SIR—The unlooked-for interval since the publication of my first letter (SCRIBNER for December, 1878) on the treaty which put an end to the Mexican war, renders desirable a brief glance at its contents. Its purport was a general statement that, at the commencement of the war with Mexico (1846), there existed a plot for the proclamation of the Duke of Montpensier as Emperor of Mexico, which it was the evident policy of the United States government to suppress. The means by which this plot was communicated to President Polk and his Cabinet, and the decision thereupon,—culminating in the return of Santa Anna to power through their instrumentality, and the complete frustration of the monarchical design,—were also stated. Beyond this was given a rapid glance at the facilities for information in reference to Mexican affairs enjoyed by the late Moses Y. Beach, and somewhat of his association with the movement for the annexation of Texas, upon which the Mexican war was, at least nominally, predicated. Hence appeared the motives of the President and the Cabinet in selecting Mr. Beach as the confidential agent of the government for negotiating, as he did, the basis of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo.

It is the writer's present intention to enter—so far as space will permit—somewhat into detail as to the exact origin of the treaty, and to review some of the incidents connected with Mr. Beach's perilous undertaking,—the holding personal conference with leading men of the "opposition," in the enemy's capital city, during the progress of actual war.

In [illegible]er appeared this statement:

"The Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo was born in Monterey, baptized in the City of Mexico, and sent, complete in all its members, to the President of the United States."

The treaty was, primarily, the suggestion of one of Mexico's most (and most deservedly) trusted military leaders, whose name must be withheld for obvious reasons. He was an ardent patriot; but he was also a man of wide and varied information. He knew the military power of the United States far more accurately than did his superiors in rank; and he knew, too, the fatal weakness of his own nation. Reasoning that the result of a long and stubborn war could be nothing less than the entire absorption of Mexico, he set before himself the task of planning a peace acceptable to the United States, and so shorn of repulsive features that it would be listened to by the better informed Mexicans. With exceeding tact he discussed the subject with one and another prominent official in the Church, and with friends in private life, until a little circle of kindred minds had been gathered. By them the subject was gradually formulated and condensed, and, in after days, received title as the "Three Points." These conditions of peace, in their briefest form, were:

1. The "occupation" by the United States of California and of all territory north of 26°, with defence by them (as the necessary result of such occupation) of the new frontier, from Indian incursions.

2. The payment by the United States of the demands held by its citizens against the Mexican nation, and the payment, in addition, of three millions of dollars, all as compensation for the territory thus occupied.

3. The restoration to Mexico, without destruction, of the fortifications and public buildings and prop-

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erty taken by the United States during the war; and the refraining by the United States from any levies or forced loans upon the Mexican people.

These "three points" were intended to, and did, rally all Mexicans who favored an honorable peace, —the Church, because any immediate peace would save its property from the inevitable confiscations of war; the people, because they restored the quiet which is inseparable from mercantile successes and personal enjoyments, and the patriot, because they saved, and, by cutting off an uninhabited and almost uninhabitable territory, strengthened, his country. It was the aim of their originators to present such points as might be firmly and steadily insisted upon by the United States, coupled with an avowal, at the outset, that no reduction or change in them would, at any time, be considered. By thus closing the door to all discussion, they hoped not only to shorten the struggle, but, while saving their country to itself, to save it also from an impending monarchy, which they regarded as more ruinous than conquest and abscrption by their republican neighbors.

Their first communications with the enemy were made to Generals Lamar and Cazneau, with whom some of their number had previously held intimate personal relations. Arrangement was made for the "capture" by the American forces of certain dispatches then expected from the Mexican capital, and care was taken to place with these dispatches some remarkable memoranda in which the names of persons well known in church and state affairs were connected, for an obvious purpose, in an apparent discussion of the proposed "three points." The "capture" was successfully effected by General Cazneau, and the two generals, after consultation, deemed it wise to place the matter before the American public as a means of forming an "opinion" which it would become the duty of the administration to follow.

To this end General Lamar advised his friend Beach of the peace possibilities, sending him an abstract of the terms on which it might be based. General Cazneau conveyed the same information, through a friend in New York, to the then Catholic Bishop—afterward Archbishop—Hughes. As each of these persons was advised of the communication made to the other, they immediately conferred together as to the more desirable method of action. Bishop Hughes urged forbearance from any publication until the authorities at Washington had been consulted, and this course was adopted. Their messenger returned bearing from Secretary Buchanan an urgent request that Mr. Beach should visit Washington, and bring with him the original letters, with the least possible delay.

The personal interview with the President and the Secretary, which was long, was especially satisfactory to Mr. Buchanan; its conclusions being that action by the government would hinge upon the possibility of conferences with leading men in Mexican affairs, and with the clergy of that country; by whose approval and aid the proposed peace could be accomplished. His strong faith in the possibility of such conferences led Mr. Beach to yield to a request, urged by both the President and the Secretary, that he would accept the duty personally.

In addition to a letter of instructions,* Mr. Beach was provided with a general letter of introduction to the military and naval commanders with whom he might have occasion to communicate, and this was supplemented by complimentary orders issued to these commanders. That Bishop Hughes took a warm interest in the mission needs not be said. He counseled with Mr. Beach at much length, and commended him strongly to the higher clergy in Havana, and, through them, to the clergy in Mexico.

To the end that his mission might more effectually be concealed, and that it might be prefaced by a personal interview with a trusted representative of the Mexican government whom he had long known, and with the aid of whose advice he proposed to fix a definite route and plan of operations, Mr. Beach became a passenger to Charleston, S. C., on the steamer *Southerner* which left New York during the latter part of November, 1846. In further concealment of his plans he was accompanied by his daughter, who, at the age of twenty-six, entered into his plans with a zeal second only to his own. And that his trip might appear yet more strongly as one of mere pleasure and observation, a lady friend was induced to join the party as companion to his daughter. Fond of adventure for adventure's sake, a mature woman of wide experience, familiar not only with the Spanish language, but also with the customs and habits of the Central American peoples by whom that language is generally adopted, this lady became an invaluable assistant in the com-

* The following letter of instructions to Mr. Beach is, throughout, in the handwriting of Secretary Buchanan:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, 21 November, 1846.

To MOSES Y. BEACH, Esquire:

SIR—The President, having learned that you are about to visit the City of Mexico, on your own private business, and reposing full confidence in your patriotism, ability and discretion, has thought proper to appoint you as a Confidential Agent to the Republic of Mexico.

You are well aware that the President had resorted to every honorable means to avoid the existing war; and whilst prosecuting it with vigor, he has been anxious, ever since its commencement, to make peace on just and honorable terms. It is known that you entertain the same desire; and, in all your conduct and conversation in Mexico, you ought to keep this object constantly in view.

The trust thus confided to you is one of great delicacy and importance. In performing the duties which it imposes, great prudence and caution will be required. You ought never to give the slightest intimation to any person, either directly or indirectly, that you are an agent of this Government, unless it be to Mr. Black, our Consul in Mexico, or to some high officer of that Government, and to the latter only after you shall have clearly discovered that this may smooth the way to peace. Be upon your guard against their wily diplomacy, and take care that they shall obtain no advantage over you.

You will communicate to this Department, as often as perfectly safe opportunities may offer, all the useful information which you shall acquire. Should you have any very important intelligence to transmit, it may be sent through Mr. Black to the Commander of our Naval forces off Vera Cruz, who, upon his request, will doubtless despatch it to Pensacola.

Your compensation——[Here follow the business details, stated with the minuteness characteristic of Mr. Buchanan's well-known habits.]

I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
JAMES BUCHANAN,
Secretary of State.

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plications which resulted from the novel mission.* The route chosen from Charleston was purposely circuitous. The three companions were the only and the quite unnoticed passengers on a small schooner which sailed thence, early in December, 1846, for Matanzas; and they reached Havana from that port, by the regular coast steamer. It was an essential part of Mr. Beach's plan to interest the influential members of the Cuban clergy in the object of his mission, and, to avoid attracting attention, this must be accomplished deliberately. By day, therefore, the little party abandoned themselves to amusement and sight-seeing, while the shades of evening found Mr. Beach active in meeting appointments alike with the clergy and with other friends who were supposed to hold influence in the cause of an early peace. Not unfrequently, and not accidentally, Mr. Beach encountered some member of the clergy in his chosen temple of worship, that the object of their interview might the more perfectly be concealed. From all these friends of peace he learned of, and obtained introductions to, prominent Mexicans with whom he might have occasion to hold subsequent converse; but in every case in which the possession of such an introduction might compromise either himself or the party for whom it was intended, the letter became one of information and was forwarded under the seal of a friendly consul and by the usual course of mail.

As the day for the sailing of the monthly steamer to Vera Cruz approached, the attitude to be assumed by Mr. Beach became the absorbing question. He was urged not to trust his life without the protection of a passport as the citizen of a nation with whom Mexico was at peace; and the consul of one such power cheerfully offered to waive ordinary formalities and provide him with such a protection. On full consideration Mr. Beach determined to go in his own proper name, but accepted appointment as bearer of dispatches for the consul alluded to. The few credentials which he deemed it prudent to keep about his person were inclosed under the consulate seal and became the "dispatches" of which he was the bearer. Thus prepared, he left Havana, on one of the early days of January, 1847, for Vera Cruz. To his very great surprise he found, in the person of a fellow-passenger, Señor La Granja, who had for many years been the representative of the Mexican government at New York. The two gentlemen were not strangers to each other, and concealment, however desirable, was impossible.

Mr. Beach was, at that time, the holder of a controlling interest in two banks of issue and, for the purpose of providing a business venture which could be used, if needful, to divert suspicion from his real mission, he carried with him a considerable sum in the notes of these banks. Under the shadow of this supposititious venture Mr. Beach now presented himself. Señor La Granja had long known his reputation for enterprise, and also his connection with the banking business, and was willing to countenance his proposed venture so far as refraining from revelations in respect to his citizenship, which might cause him and his party very serious difficulty.

Yet another surprise awaited his arrival at Vera Cruz. Scarcely had he located in his hotel when he received the Governor's card, which was followed, quite unceremoniously, by the appearance of that personage in his rooms. The haste and abruptness of the call seemed to indicate some species of treachery. But there was no retreat. Assuming that the manifestation was one of simple courtesy, Mr. Beach accepted the task of entertaining the Governor with his best grace. A long and animated conversation ensued, at the close of which he was severely catechized by the Governor as to his political opinions, antecedents and objects. Apparently impressed by the unhesitating frankness of his reception, the Governor finally took his leave with many expressions of regard. Later in the day Mr. Beach learned that his visitor had been attended by a military guard, who held possession of the premises during the interview, and seized and closely examined the baggage of his party.

While waiting opportunity to leave Vera Cruz, Mr. Beach secured an interview with a Mexican resident of some prominence, to whom he had received introduction. In the conversation which ensued, the gentleman seemed, without saying so, to know perfectly the object of his visit to Mexico, and very warmly assured him of sympathy and support from sources quite unexpected.

At Perote Mr. Beach and his party were openly threatened with arrest. While at table at the hotel, a guard filed into the dining-room, closing and holding all the doors. An officer thereupon seated himself in such manner as directly and closely to watch every movement of the party. Far from betraying trepidation or consciousness of danger, Mr. Beach devoted himself to his food so assiduously and so effectually as apparently to disarm whatever of suspicion had previously existed, and before his meal was finished the guard withdrew as silently as it had come. Meanwhile, however, the baggage had

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* It had been the intention of the writer to omit mentioning the name of the lady here alluded to, but the abrupt ending of her life, since the preparation of this paper, has removed all objection to its publicity. At the period spoken of she was known as Jane M. Storm, widow of William Storm. She subsequently married General William L. Cazneau, whose widow she was at the time of her death. She was one of the passengers on the ill-fated steamer, *Emily B. Souder*, which left New York for Hayti, December 7th, 1878, and, three days thereafter, foundered at sea. An imperfect sketch of her personal history appeared in "The Tribune" December 31st, 1878. The writer has since obtained a letter from the late N. P. Trist (the then Assistant-Secretary of State; whose name was closely associated with the treaty the origin of which is now being considered) to Mrs. Storm, a part of which, with explanatory interlineations, made at about the period of its receipt by Mrs. Storm, will be read in this connection with some interest:

"MY DEAR MRS. STORM: * * * * * * * * * * * *
The prophet [Mr. Beach] was to see me an hour or two ago. Is he not a wonderful man? And in more than one respect, too. Was there ever such a *hoper* before? He has forgotten all about the New York Convention already; and now 'tis *Congress* (at this very session, too) that are *cornered*, and will be compelled to act, *nolens volens*, upon rational principles. [Occupy and annex Mexico, or so much of it as is needful to secure a direct route to the Pacific, for the good of the world.] They *are* the rational principles, though; and they must go on, gaining and gaining ground until we occupy the whole of it; [Occupation and Annexation of Mexico.] but this is not to be in his day, nor in yours, nor in that of

"Yours, with great esteem and cordiality, N. P. TRIST.
"Nov. 24, '46."

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again been seized, the locks forced and every article thoroughly ransacked.

At Puebla, where Mr. Beach tarried for the purpose of gaining the acquaintance of leading men to whom he had been commended, he was the subject of another, and to him, for a time, a more serious surprise. While walking the street in company with the two ladies, he was suddenly accosted by a stranger and abruptly requested to enter an adjoining house for conversation. With a feeling that he could add no danger to his position by compliance with any request, he excused himself to the ladies and accompanied the stranger. He was ushered into a room in which he found several gentlemen who evidently waited his coming. One of their number, after an apology for their apparent trap,—explained by the statement that privacy was the only security for their own lives,—stated that they had been apprised in advance of his visit and its object by ex-President Lamar, by a Mexican commander then in the field, and by other Mexicans named, who were his correspondents and friends; and that they were present to advise with him in regard to the "three points," and the most desirable mode of procedure in his present mission. In the course of the interview, Mr. Beach learned that the threats of arrest and the examinations of his baggage had been directly instigated in their and his behalf, as a means of preventing similar proceedings at times and in places beyond their control. He was advised, too, of the church-property-protest then recently (January 10th) issued; of the civil revolution imminent at the capital, and of other important events of recent or prospective occurrence.

On arrival in the city of Mexico he engaged spacious furnished apartments, over which he could exercise absolute control, and at once communicated with those to whom he had been commended. He refused, when the question was raised, to permit any concealment. He received those who called upon him openly and frankly, and by his "open house" disconcerted the spies who, he was informed, were lurking about.

Necessarily he held many conferences with men of leading position in the government, as also with leading members of the Mexican Congress, and with high officials of the Church; but these were each so carefully arranged that no more than a suspicion of them could be fixed. No record of anything that occurred was made,—the names only of such men as were deemed true to the cause of peace on the basis of the "three points," being carefully remembered. The American consul—Black*—whose very long residence and kind disposition endeared him so strongly to Mexicans with whom he had intercourse, that he was not only permitted but urged to remain at the capital during the war—proved of the greatest service in arranging these interviews, and, in other ways, promoting the negotiations.

These interviews and negotiations covered many weeks' time. They were persisted in during the civil revolution proclaimed by Canalozo, February 27th, and continued until a sufficient number in the executive departments of the government and of leaders in Congress had, by pledging their support of the measures proposed, given to the treaty the baptism to which I have heretofore alluded. The condition precedent to these pledges was that the United States forces should first demonstrate their superior power by the capture of Vera Cruz, and by full preparation for a march upon the capital. Upon this accomplishment the peace party would declare in favor of honorable terms, and compel the immediate acceptance of the treaty.

The verbal acceptance, upon understood conditions, of this *projet* of peace—the task undertaken by Mr. Beach—was now fully accomplished. It remained only to transmit the names of the persons who might be relied upon to carry the "three points" into effect, and to do this without in any manner compromising them. This was accomplished by the skillful use of a circular of arrangements for a grand ball, then about to take place. In this circular appeared the names of leading men of every shade of politics and social position. Only those who corrected the printer's final proof were aware that the names which occurred in a certain numerical order were the names of persons who had given assent to the "three points." Copies of this ball-programme were easily forwarded; but safely to deliver the key to General Scott and to the official representative of the United States, whom Mr. Beach momentarily expected, was more difficult.

Meanwhile the attack on Vera Cruz was commencing, and Mr. Beach was becoming impatient for the appearance of the long-promised commissioner. It seemed important that communication should be opened with General Scott to the end that he might be prepared for the promised early peace, and Mrs. Storm undertook the performance of that duty. Fleeing citizens of many nationalities were then the only passengers by diligence to Vera Cruz, and among these she was enrolled. One day early in March she presented herself to General Scott. The redoubtable military leader was slow to accept her statements, and uttered an epithet regarding her, which, had it found its way to the public press, would have become not less a by-word than was, at that very time, the general's "hasty plate of soup."

The days of March were passing. Scott was storming Vera Cruz, and Mr. Beach was wearily waiting the appearance of the promised envoy. Santa Anna, released from his forced attentions to General Taylor, had returned to the capital. At last came the announcement:

"Washington, March 8th.—General Benton will leave on Thursday. He goes to the seat of war as plenipotentiary and

* Soon after the close of the war, Consul Black made a long-deferred visit among his relatives and friends in the United States. While on his return, and in the neighborhood of Puebla, certain opponents of the peace which his exertions had greatly aided, caused him to be dragged from the diligence in which he was traveling, taken to the woods, tied to a tree, and cruelly flogged. He was thereafter released and completed his journey; but he never recovered from the violence and exposure. A fatal fever followed the lacerations, and his life soon paid the penalty of his patriotism.

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envoy extraordinary, with power to draw at sight on the subtreasury at New Orleans for three millions of dollars. The naval and military forces will act in concert with him, but no armistice will be granted except upon the conclusion of a treaty of peace, duly ratified in Mexico."

But even this tardy action—two months later than it was promised to Mr. Beach—was to be disconcerted. The very next announcement was:

"Washington, March 12th.—Benton has declined because, to make his service effective, he would need an appointment superseding the authority of General Scott, and this was refused by the Senate."

While this was passing at Washington, a messenger from the Palace appeared at Mr. Beach's lodgings with an invitation to that gentleman to wait upon the Mexican President—Santa Anna. With a confidence in his good star, based upon his previous experiences with Mexican officials, he prepared for immediate compliance. Fortunately for himself, perhaps, he tarried to renew his toilet, and during the interval Consul Black entered his rooms, as was his wont, unannounced. Observing Mr. Beach's movements, the white-haired old man kindly asked his destination.

"Going to get my treaty signed—look at that!" and he pointed to the open invitation.

Scarcely had Consul Black glanced at its contents before he sprang to his feet with an emphatic

"No! No!! No!!!"

With a life's experience in Mexican treachery he declared that *such* an invitation at such a time, could have but one interpretation.

"Your life," said he, "is, from this moment, in imminent peril. Take your daughter and join the company who leave for Tampico this very night. I will send horses and a guide to your door. Say to your landlord that you have accepted the hospitalities which he knows have been tendered you by Señor ——, whose hacienda is ten leagues away. Do not disturb your trunks or effects. Say nothing about this invitation from the Palace: I will answer for that."

With cheerful compliance Mr. Beach and his daughter mounted their horses, and started in the darkness upon their long ride. The night start, being one of the usual customs of the country, was quite unnoticed. The appointed place of rendezvous was distant some few miles from the city, and there, during the night and early morning, the company, in which many nationalities were represented, gradually gathered. For ten days the generally monotonous travel continued, and then, with hearts relieved, they entered the American lines. A government transport immediately conveyed Mr. Beach and his daughter to Vera Cruz, where they joined Mrs. Storm. The gruff old soldier, General Scott, listened to Mr. Beach's narrative, and concluded the interview with a jocular caution never to send messages of such importance by a "plenipotentiary in petticoats."

The middle of April had come, but there was yet no envoy from Washington with the official seal upon the "three points." Learning of disaster in some of his personal affairs, and full of mental malediction upon "red tape" in general and this instance of it in particular, Mr. Beach abruptly retreated. He reached New Orleans April 22d, 1847, at about the same time as the long-delayed negotiator (the late N. P. Trist) who was then on his way to Mexico. But the two gentlemen were each ignorant of the other's near presence. To the President and the Secretary of State, Mr. Beach made a full personal report of the service he had rendered, and received from each the warmest encomium for the prudence, skill and steadfastness which he had conspicuously manifested.

It is unnecessary, perhaps, to recall the after-history of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo; but this narrative will in some measure explain the indignation of President Polk and his Cabinet at the unauthorized change in the basis of the negotiations, and at the undue influence which the British minister was suffered to exercise in the transaction; as also their dissatisfaction with General Scott for granting an armistice in the face of explicit instructions to the contrary. The bitter opposition made by Senators Houston and Douglas and other supporters of the Administration, to a ratification of the treaty, will also be better understood. Had simple, straightforward perseverance in the course of action predetermined by the President and Cabinet, and made an important feature in the original preparation of the "three points," been adhered to, the war would have been shortened by months and millions would have been saved, while the territory subsequently purchased at large cost, with much more, would have been added, without payment of any kind, to the domain of the American republic.

M. S. BEACH.

A Note from C. B. Chlapowski.

TO THE EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY:

DEAR SIR—The highly complimentary article in your March number on my wife (Mme. Modjeska) contains some personal errors, not important to the American reader, but of great weight to me. I hope, therefore, you will not refuse me the favor of inserting the following few lines intended to rectify them.

First, the author mentions my uncle, General Chlapowski, as having commanded in the campaign of Moscow a wing of the French army, as well as having been Polish commander-in-chief during the insurrection of 1830–1. This is a mistake, which has originated, I suppose, from the similitude of name with General Chlopicki, who had an important command in the campaign of Moscow, and later was Polish Dictator, in 1830–1. My uncle took part in the campaign of Moscow only as an *officier d'ordonnance* attached to the person of the Emperor Napoleon, and later, during the Polish war, was not commander-in-chief, but commander of a separate corps, sent to Lithuania for a diversion. As he performed his duties in a way which reflects honor upon his name, I think it an injustice to him to adorn him with a rank that he did not hold.

The second error concerns myself. The article

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magnifies my political importance in my country, and does me too much honor in calling me a proscribed exile. It is true that I served in the Polish insurrection of 1863, that I passed nineteen or twenty months in Prussian prisons, and that I was the editor of a political newspaper in Cracow; but I never was exiled, not having had either opportunity or ability to distinguish myself so much as to receive such a flattering mark of esteem from the Russian government, which is the only one in which the penalty of exile still exists. There are thousands of my countrymen who have done and suffered so much more for the national cause, that I deem it unworthy of me to assume or accept undeserved titles to the public sympathy and admiration.

At last, may I be allowed to add, in regard to some remarks of the writer about my native land, that although Poland has passed through many more or less fortunate wars, it never was subjugated before 1772, the fatal year when the crime of its first partition was accomplished; also, that the populations of Cracow and Warsaw, far from being mixed, are thoroughly and essentially Polish, as well from origin as in heart.

Yours,

C. BOZENTA CHLAPOWSKI.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

The Boys of the Family.—III.

HOW TO BECOME A MECHANICAL ENGINEER.

WHILE the aspirant in the field of mechanical engineering may acquire a satisfactory education at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, at Cornell University, at the Sheffield Scientific School connected with Yale, at the Rensselaer Polytechnical School of Troy, and at several colleges, including Harvard and the University of Michigan, which make a feature of instruction in technology, none other offers him the same facilities as the Stevens Institute of Hoboken, New Jersey, which, though its curriculum may lead to the degree of Bachelor of Science or Doctor of Philosophy, concentrates most of its forces on this one specialty. The institute was founded in 1867 by the endowment of the celebrated engineer, Edwin A. Stevens; it is pleasantly situated in Hoboken, about one hour's distance from the central part of New York City, and its faculty includes many eminent men, including Henry Morton, the president; Robert H. Thurston, the professor of mechanical engineering, and Alfred M. Mayer, the professor of physics. The collection of apparatus is undoubtedly the most complete in the country, and comprises, besides full sets of those embodying late improvements, the identical instruments used by the most famous discoverers in science,—notably those of Dalton, Gay-Lussac, Dumas, and Regnault. The cabinet of optical instruments has been declared to contain more riches than all the cabinets of France, and, perhaps, of Europe combined, and in the engineering department the collection includes, besides a variety of modern machinery, some invaluable relics, such as the high-pressure condensing engine, tubular boiler and screw, which, early in the century, drove the first steamer built by John Stevens, eight miles an hour up the Hudson. While availing himself of instruments of exquisite adjustment and perfect finish which facilitate his work in a manner unknown to his predecessors, the student can trace the successive developments by the actual object (much more memorable than a printed description), and find a stimulus to ambition in repeating the experiments made by Faraday or others with the very apparatus that the great physicists themselves employed. Other things being equal, the equipment of its physical and mechanical laboratories would still give the Stevens Institute an advantage over other schools in preparing young men for the profession of a mechanical engineer.

The boy who has a positive talent in this direction is apt to reveal it at a tender age. Like the *cacoëthes scribendi*, which plunges its immature victim into such trifling literary matters as epics and tragedies without compelling a knowledge of orthography or prosody, the mechanical instinct is urgent and overflowing, and applies itself to practice at a very early period. It has been known to separate all the parts of a watch which has been incautiously left within the reach of a seven-year-old—to separate them so perfectly that they could never be put together again; and another manifestation familiar in many large families, has been the unaccountable removal of all the door-knobs, or the suddenly eccentric conduct of an old kitchen clock which has hitherto been unimpeachably regular in its habits. That there are apparently no tools or materials for this instinct to work upon is not an embargo. Its demands upon the domestic pharmacopœia are its most reprehensible feature; it is extravagant in requisitions for court-plaster, witch-hazel and bandages. Gradually developing from a diffusive and barren propensity to tinker, it has achieved three definite results in a case known to the writer, when its possessor was only thirteen years old—a model locomotive that "went" spasmodically, a model marine engine that would not "go" at all, and a model air-pump that inauspiciously burst. But has not the road to success always been paved by such failures?—not failures at all in the eyes of the young mechanician, but exciting and anticipated culminations.

The mother may be happy and content, despite her anxiety over his cut and crushed fingers, if her boy evinces such inclinations for mechanical pursuits; he is surely not idle nor stupid, and they open

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to him all the possibilities of a growing, permanent and lucrative profession.

For such a boy there is no better preparation than the course of the Stevens Institute, candidates for admission to which are examined about the end of September. They must not be younger than sixteen, and must be well grounded in all English branches, especially in the properties of numbers, the operations in common and decimal fractions, the methods of finding the greatest common divisor and the extraction of the roots of numbers. In algebra the requirements include simple equations, equations of the second degree and radicals of the second degree; in geometry, all of plane geometry (and not only must the facts be completely memorized but a logical process of reasoning must be shown); in trigonometry, the definitions, the trigonometrical solutions of right-angled plane triangles, and the solution of oblique-angled triangles; in English grammar, an exact knowledge of principles deduced from copious examples; in geography, a knowledge of the countries, waters, etc., most frequently referred to in the daily newspapers; in composition, an essay upon a subject given at the time of the examination, embodying legible hand-writing, correct spelling, punctuation and syntax; and in universal history such a knowledge as will furnish a basis for subsequent instruction in literature and the philosophy of history. The course of instruction lasts four years.

In the department of mathematics and mechanics, the studies are, in the first year, elementary mechanics and review and conclusion of geometry, trigonometry and algebra; in the second year, analytical geometry, differential and integral calculus; in the third year, analytical mechanics, the resistance of materials and the theory of bridge-building, and in the fourth year the theory of bridges and roofs and graphic statics. In the department of belles-lettres they are (first year) rhetoric; second year, the historical elements and developments of the English language,—its phonetic elements and logical forms; third year, English literature, and fourth year, Guizot's "History of Civilization in Europe." Chemistry is taught in the second and third years of the course, and in the fourth year to advanced students, according to special arrangements.

In the department of physics, the first year is devoted to the inductive method of research,—inductive mechanics, the properties of matter, pneumatics, heat, the laws of vibratory motions and acoustics; the second year, to the study of the applications of the laws of heat to the action of heat-engines and meteorology, light, magnetism and electricity; the third year to the explanation of the construction, methods of adjustment and manner of using instruments in precise measurements, and the fourth year to work in the laboratory. In the department of physics, the first object is to give thorough instruction by lectures and recitations with illustrations, followed by practical experiments in the laboratory; and the second to advance the knowledge of physics by original researches conducted by the professor of the department. The method adopted is of great service to the student inasmuch as all his interest is awakened as he verifies and extends by practical observation the facts acquired from the lectures and text-books. The instruction in drawing extends throughout the whole course.

In the department of engineering two years are devoted to the study of mechanical science and the materials of construction. The student becomes familiar with the construction of typical machines, and the form as well as the theory of prime movers. He spends two days a week in the workshop, and there learns the construction, use and manipulation of machine tools,—the mechanic's "knack,"—and he observes work in progress under the hands of experienced men. He visits the foundry, where the molder is busy, and he soon learns the technic of that business; pattern-making and other occupations are seen in practice. In brief, it is intended that though he may not leave the institute a completely equipped workman, he shall be prepared to become one in a short time. In the mechanical laboratory, he uses the apparatus of the engineer and learns the forms of machines for determining the tensile, tensional and transverse strength of materials, the steam-engine, indicator, etc.; he takes part in tests of all kinds of materials of construction, and in using the dynometer, the pyrometer and other instruments. "The exceptionably complete outfit of this laboratory," Professor Thurston has said, "and the wide range obtained by it in doing its work, as a matter of business for all kinds of business men, gave opportunities which, confident as I was of its ultimate success, I did not imagine when I undertook its organization. These advantages are obtained, and the laboratory pays its own expenses."

In estimating the student's capabilities, the highest value is attributed to proficiency in engineering; mechanical drawing stands second, physics third, and French and German fourth. The course is exacting, and not more than one half the candidates admitted are finally graduated. It is safe to say, however, that the boy whose inventive exploits we have mentioned above, succeeds by the persistence and earnestness of application that make success almost inevitable in any walk of life.

The fees for the entire course are two hundred and twenty-five dollars, except to students resident in New Jersey, who are charged one hundred and fifty dollars, according to a clause in the will of the founder. This sum includes instruction and the use of instruments, but the cost of any damage done may be deducted from a deposit of ten dollars, made when the student enters. Four scholarships, conferring the privilege of attending the course gratuitously, are given annually,—one to the graduate of the Stevens High School who passes the best examination at the end of the spring term, and three to the most successful graduates of the Hoboken public schools. The High School, also endowed by Mr. Stevens, is practically a department of the Institute for academic instruction, and its relations with the latter give it peculiar advantages in scientific studies. The fees for tuition are one hundred and fifty dollars a year, inclusive of all extras.

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Richly as the Institute is endowed, it offers only one prize, a sum of twenty-five dollars annually, for proficiency in chemistry, and it makes no provision for boarding its students, except in keeping a list of desirable houses for their consultation. The catalogue mentions eight dollars a week as being about the average cost of board, but it is not easy to be specific in writing upon this matter without misleading, as much depends on the resources of a student and his previous habits of life. It appears to us that eight dollars may be said to be the maximum, rather than the average. For that sum he should be able to obtain a well-furnished single room and a liberal table, while numerous comfortable boarding-houses are open to him at six or seven dollars, and others at a still smaller sum. If his means are small, he may be able to find accommodations for five dollars a week, and by clubbing with other students in circumstances similar to his own—perhaps renting one of the small cottage houses that abound in Hoboken, furnishing it frugally and catering personally (a somewhat dubious but an interesting experiment), he may teach the world undreamed-of domestic economies.

A graduate is not likely to wait long for employment at any time, and in a favorable season he is pretty sure to find an opening as soon as he leaves the Institute. His salary as a beginner may not be large, but it will probably be sufficient to support him. The profession is not overcrowded; it is dignified and lucrative; and in an age of iron and steam, of wonderful engineering accomplishments and potentialities, an alumnus of the Institute need never despair of securing an ample livelihood, and obtaining a good position in society as he matures. Of the students recently graduated, one is now engaged in a steam-heating and ventilating establishment; another has a position on the Michigan Southern Railway; another is employed as instructor in the Institute; another as a consulting engineer; another in the Midvale Steel Works; another as assistant-editor of a technical publication; another in the Franklin Paper Mills; another in the engineer corps of the United States navy; another in the car-shops of the Pennsylvania Railway; another in a manufactory of brick machinery; another as professor of engineering at Yeddo, Japan; another as a patent lawyer; another at ship-building works in St. Petersburg, Russia, and another on a survey and exploration of the western territories. These, in brief, indicate the variety of positions to which a graduate is eligible.

WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

Note.—The Maternity Society.

IN the December number of this magazine, mention was made of the Maternity Society of the Church of the Transfiguration of this city, and some explanation was given of the aims and motives of this most worthy organization. The third annual report of the society has recently been issued, and in it the secretary, referring to the notice of the association in these pages, says: "We are indebted to SCRIBNER'S for making our work known in different parts of the country: letters have been received from western and northern cities, and from Manchester, asking for more information on the subject that similar societies might be established on our plan." In all cases this information has been cheerfully given; and any one who may desire to have further knowledge of the workings of this novel, useful and self-respecting charity, or who may be glad to read the annual report giving particulars of its work, has but to apply to the Secretary of the Maternity Society, Church of the Transfiguration, No. 1 East 29th street, New York.

A Design for a Fire-place.

An English gentleman, who seems not to be aware of the extent to which fire-places are in use in this country, sends us the following description of a fire-place (shown in the cut), for which he claims unusual advantages. The use of fire-brick in making ornamental tiles is, we believe, entirely new. He says:

I SEE by your pages that the open fire, which is all but universal in Britain, is strongly recommended for adoption in the States. It is of some importance that a good form or pattern of fire-place should be introduced, otherwise the experience may be so unsatisfactory as to prejudice the users against open fires altogether. There is no question that many fire-places in England are as ill adapted for their purpose as fire-places can be, and that many of them afford the minimum of heat for a given expenditure of coal. I venture to send you a drawing and description of a fire-place, which is, in my experience, unsurpassed for radiation of heat and perfect combustion of coal, and which has also proved itself a remedy for a smoky chimney.

The first thing to note is that there as little iron as possible is made use of. There is a bottom grate and front bars only; the combination is here called "Leamington bars"; but there are two points to be studiously attended to in these; first, the front bars must be beveled inward on the opposite side; second, the bottom grate must be set below the level of the lowest bar from a half to three-quarters of an inch. Unless these points be observed the coal will fall out and litter the hearth, and the action of the grate be imperfect.

The next thing to note is that the jambs or cheeks of the fire-place are set at an angle of 45° from the wall face, so as to form a right angle where they meet. Thus, if the width of the opening be three feet, the depth of the triangle will be eighteen inches. The depth may be increased a little without much detriment, but if it be diminished so as to make the angle at the apex greater than 90°, the fire will lose its power, in proportion to the increase of the angle. These jambs may be built of fire-brick, but for appearance I have had blocks made to form the side and back of the fire-chamber, and tiles 6×6×2, of glazed fire-clay (salt glazed) for the jambs; and again, for superior work, painted or majolica tiles are used at the front part of the jambs. All these details are shown on the drawing, but I draw attention to them in order to indicate what is essential and what merely accidental.

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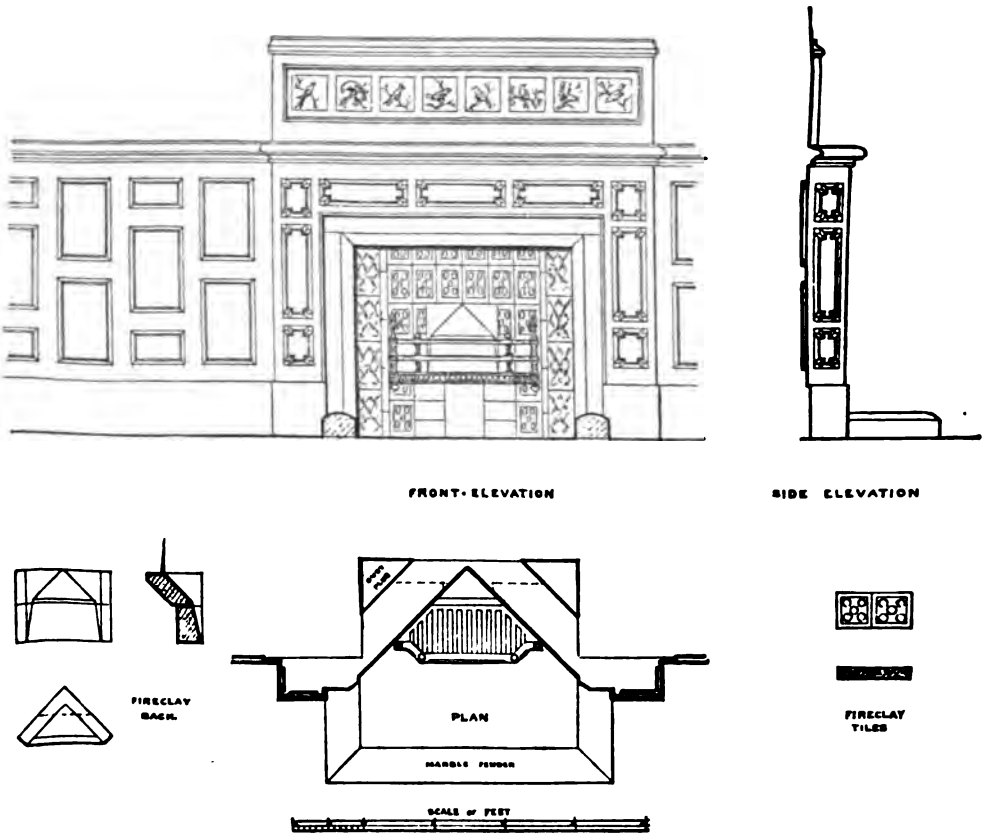

I have tried lining the whole jamb with painted or printed tiles, but they will not stand the heat at the back over the fire.

In a fire-place of this kind, after the fire is fairly lighted, let the grate be filled up with coal,—small coal on the top,—and leave it. Before long it will be all aglow, the fire-brick will be red-hot and the fire will burn on with the most perfect combustion, and throwing out a volume of heat that will surprise any one accustomed to ordinary grates. When the combustion slackens, let the ashes be cleared from the bottom grate with the poker, and immediately the fire will brighten up again. At the close of a day in my office there will be but a sprinkling of ashes on the hearth. The fire-place there is only twenty-six inches wide; the room is about 23×21, and, when entering by a door on the opposite side to the fire, the heat is felt at once.

The grate should be higher than usual above the hearth, or the lintel of the opening should be lower than usual, because of the great openness of the manner of setting.

Also, some coals may be too swift for a fire of this description, viewed economically. It is a recommendation that it will burn anything.

The fire-place represented was used in a billiard-room. The wood-work is pitch-pine, the slips and fender of black-and-gold marble; the hearth is tiled, and there are majolica tiles in the jambs. Above the chimney-piece is what may be called a reredos, in which hand-painted tiles (Doulton's), representing different birds, are introduced.

W. R. CORSON.

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CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Max Müller's "Origin and Growth of Religion."*

MAX MÜLLER occupies in the domain of philology a position analogous to that of the late Professor Agassiz in natural history. He is a poet and an idealist, while his labors deal with hard facts, and continually result in apparent triumphs for the positivists, or those who believe nothing but the immediate evidence of their senses. Just as the discoveries and arguments of Agassiz can be used as capital by the strict adherents to the theories of Darwin, so the results obtained in philology by Max Müller play into the hands of those who think that philology as well as natural history ultimately disproves the claims of revealed religion. Perhaps the knowledge of the difficulties before him on the great battle-ground between positivists and idealists induced Max Müller to resign his professorate at Oxford and devote himself to philology considered on a larger scale, that is to say, not merely as applying to the questions of what tongues men have spoken and how they came to speak them as they do, but as furnishing an additional proof that a higher power presides over the fate of man, and that the grave does not absorb all or even the better part of human beings. The lectures delivered in April, May and June, of last year, in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey, under the terms of a will left by Robert Hibbert, seek to give a firmer and a scientific basis to the dogmas of immortality and a divine ruler which are preached by clergymen of different races and religious sects throughout the world. Not being a clergyman himself, and probably not even belonging to any one congregation or religious community, Max Müller will be listened to where a regularly appointed priest would receive no attention. The Hibbert trustees, of whom Dean Stanley is one, have been wise in appointing Max Müller, another of their number, to open the series of lectures. His eminent position in philology secures an audience among churchmen, and his situation as an outside student of religion gives him a hearing among those who deny. It is important to remember that he denies a revealed religion, or at any rate puts all revelations aside as begging the question. Especially is this the case with revelation proceeding from outside. As to the internal revelation of religion in the mind of man, that would demand, according to Max Müller, a special instinct called the religious instinct, analogous to the postulating of an instinct for any other attribute of man for which we seek an explanation.

Religion is passing through a historical evolution, the result of which we cannot tell, but the passage of which we can observe. Max Müller attempts to define religion as follows: "Religion is a mental faculty which, independent of, nay, in spite of, sense and reason, enables man to apprehend the infinite under different names and under varying disguises. Without that faculty, no religion, not even the lowest worship of idols and fetiches, would be possible; and if we will but listen attentively, we can hear in all religions a groaning of the spirit, a struggle to conceive the inconceivable, to utter the unutterable, a longing after the Infinite, a love of God." His attack on positivism is aimed at a position of which the theory of fetichism is the key. According to this theory the fetichism of a savage arises, first, from a sense of surprise at some bright pebble, or bit of hair; secondly, from a feeling that there is some living human or divine nature in the pebble or hair; thirdly, from the admission of a causal connection between that object and certain effects, such as victory, rain, health; fourthly, from a recognition of the object as a power deserving of respect and worship. Max Müller thinks that theorists after this fashion take for granted in savages, or in primitive man, concepts which the latter are far from being able to frame. They suppose a religion entirely made up of fetichism. In the chapter "Is Fetichism a Primitive Form of Religion," he tries to prove that travelers and theorists have been mistaken. President De Brosses, who first wrote on the subject, mixed up physiolatry, or the worship of natural objects of awe, such as rivers, mountains, etc.; zoölatry, or the worship of animals, and fetichism proper, the worship of a tangible dead object as a supernatural thing. He also confounded with fetichism, idolatry, or the worship, in a symbol or image, of something *beyond*. This part of Müller's lectures is deeply interesting and his steps are careful, but by no means clear. He acknowledges that idolatry and fetichism tend to run into each other, and endeavors to keep them separate. It prepares the way to his investigation of religion as it appears in its most archaic form in the older hymns of the Vedas. Here he defines and separates again. Fetichism proper does not exist to any extent in the older hymns of the Rig-Veda, but in the more modern, particularly in those of the Atharva-Veda, there is plenty of fetichism. Thus, having denied that the fetichism among savages of the present day is really religion, save in the most extended use of that term, he brings the oldest Aryan religion to show that fetichism was not the origin of the most ancient pantheon of the world. Of course it is impossible to give even an outline of his arguments here; philology plays an important part and we witness the slicing up and disintegration of words with the pleasure that skillful work of all kinds insures. But before getting to fetichism and the Veda, Max Müller generalizes on the text supplied by the word "infinite" to very good effect. Positive philosophy calls everything finite, or limited, which is supplied through the senses. Yet the very idea of a limit implies that

* Lectures on the Origin and Growth of Religion, as Illustrated by the Religions of India. By F. Max Müller, M. A. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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something exists *beyond*. The savage or primitive man sees something—say a mountain—up to a certain point, but at the same time the perception of what he does not see—of the unlimited, the infinite, presses upon him. Müller suggests that we may be said, if not to see the invisible, then to suffer from the invisible, unlimited, infinite.

Many ingenious and suggestive divisions are introduced in the course of the lectures on the worship of tangible, semi-tangible, and intangible objects. The first are things that can be felt all around; the second those that can not,—like rivers, trees, the earth; the third, or non-tangible, are the sky, sun, moon, stars, and such objects. Through this lecture he pursues the clue given in the previous generalization on the feeling of the infinite, and re-enforces the argument that man cannot think of a thing at all without at the same time realizing something beyond which is immeasurable, and therefore infinite, which is therefore supersensual and supernatural. After leading up through the semi-deities and deities of the Vedic pantheon to the conception of an all-embracing Father and ruler of the world, he treats on the ideas of infinity and law, sometimes—and Müller considers erroneously—denied to ancient people like the Aryans. Here we get a critical dissection of the word *Aditi*, meaning originally boundless, which is used in the Veda for a deity not easily placed. The Sanskrit word *Rita* is then analyzed and referred back to the pathway of the sun across the heavens, an early symbol of what is "right," which is the same as the foundation of "law." But enough has been said to show that Max Müller is working at his old fascinating subjects in his own fresh and plausible way. Only, the ultimate topics with which he is now dealing are much more serious and far-reaching than those in "Chips from a German Workshop."

Hamerton's "Life of Turner."*

THERE is a great difference between the method pursued by Mr. Hamerton in conducting a biography of Turner, and that used by Mr. Thornbury in his "Life" (published last year in this country by Henry Holt & Co.). The latter approaches Turner from a popular side, and his enthusiastic style, influenced somewhat by the picturesque English of Ruskin, reflects the uncritical stand-point from which he regards his subject. But, during his life-time and ever since, Turner aroused, and still arouses, the most diverse opinions, both in regard to his personality and his work. The need for an impartial biography, written by a professional art critic, was therefore never greater, and the present volume is all the more timely when so many readers have been put in possession of the main facts of Turner's history and temperament by previous biographers. What is to be found new in Mr. Hamerton's book is the technical estimate of Turner's methods of work, together with a more balanced summing up of both his good and his bad qualities, as a man and an artist. When Thornbury proposed to write his life of Turner, he applied to Ruskin, as to the great Turnerian discoverer and *impressario*, for permission to occupy the ground. Ruskin answered in a kindly spirit, and told him to regard as keys to Turner's character these qualities, to wit: uprightness, generosity, tenderness of heart, sensuality, obstinacy, irritability, infidelity. Of all these Mr. Hamerton takes incidental note; but he does not agree with Ruskin in regard to the first two. In art he was by no means upright, since uprightness in art means that the painter adopts no tricks in the carrying out of his work. But Turner used many, chiefly because he was forever experimenting, instead of adopting one or two lines of work, like the old Dutch painters, and sticking to them faithfully. A modern who does the same as the Dutchmen is Meissonier. In the way of business, Mr. Hamerton impugns the strict uprightness of Turner, for it has been discovered that he sold prints of his etchings from retouched plates as artists' proofs. As to his generosity, the stories told by Thornbury and others of liberality on his part only prove, by the surprise the reported incidents occasioned, that they were exceptions to the rule of Turner's conduct.

It has been said of the imagination of Turner, that his mind was as nearly as possible like those of Keats and Dante intermingled. Mr. Hamerton would substitute Shelley for Keats. He finds many close resemblances between the poetic outcome of these otherwise most unlike contemporaries. Like Shelley, he felt the fascination of the remote, and, while Shelley embodied it in verse, Turner fixed the enchantments of landscape distance on paper in a manner never known before his time. "In the whole range of the difficulties which painters endeavor to overcome, there is not one which tries their powers more severely than the representation of distant effects in landscape. These can never be studied from nature, for they come and go so rapidly; they can never be really imitated, being usually in such a high key of light and color as to go beyond the resources of the palette, and the finest of them are so mysterious that the most piercing eyesight is baffled." It should be noted that Stopford Brooke, in his "Primer of English Literature," has drawn the same parallel between Shelley and Turner.

Mr. Hamerton is always readable, and is at his best when criticising the work and processes of Turner. He describes by pen and pencil the actuality of Kilchurn Castle, and adds an outline of the same place according to the interpretation of Turner, thus showing most clearly the astonishing liberties he took in composing a landscape to which a definite name and locality were affixed. Most interesting is the account of his development from a painter in monochrome, who used bits of color to make people believe he was a colorist, into his actual position as a colorist. His early work was like that of his predecessors and contemporaries. As he grew old he became daring, imaginative, unfet-

*The Life of J. M. W. Turner, R. A. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

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tered by the actual, whether in form or color—in a word, an impressionist. "Most of Turner's Venice pictures," says Mr. Hamerton, "are attempts to convey not exactly the sensation of color given by Venice itself, but an equivalent sensation; and although the Venices purchased by Mr. Vernon are already a wild extravagance in comparison with the sober but prosaic work of Canaletto, they were afterward surpassed in their own direction by his latest Venices." By painting thinly in oil or water-color, or both, on a white ground, he united the brilliance of water-color to the varied and rich surface of massive oil-painting. We are told of much of his work that it is very inferior in durability. Mr. Hamerton seems to be unduly harsh in his continual return to the defects of Turner, and doubtless he will receive many castigations at the hands of admirers of that genius, but the simple truth is that Turner has been so indiscriminately praised that a volume of criticism is just what is needed to settle more firmly the really admirable qualities of the artist in our minds. We need a corrective to the overabundant sweet of Ruskin's eulogy, and if Mr. Hamerton is not tart, at any rate he finds faults and speaks out about them. Nine illustrations from Turner's sketches have been etched by Brunet-Debaines in order to give an idea of the degree of finish they received. There is one of special beauty of "French Boats near Shore, with a Lowering Sky." This Life appeared at various times in the "Portfolio" (published here by Bouton), and although it cannot be said that Mr. Hamerton shows a full appreciation of the beauties of Turner's work; although he dwells more than would be well for a rounded biography on the short-comings of his subject; his contribution is the best yet made to the fame of Turner.

Boyesen's "Goethe and Schiller."*

PROFESSOR BOYESEN brings to his task of sketching the lives and commenting upon the works of "the two great coryphei of German literature," a hearty sympathy, an intimate familiarity with his subject indicative of wide and careful study, and an agreeable, unpretentious style. In his choice of theme he is peculiarly happy, for, while the materials for such a book are almost inexhaustible, and easily accessible, they have still the charm of freshness for the average English reader, while the lives of the two strongly contrasted, yet closely related, poets, have an irresistible—almost romantic—attraction. Indeed, in the case of Goethe, Mr. Boyesen seems to be rather overburdened with his accumulated weight of material, and in a shorter space he has given us a far more succinct account of Schiller's career and labors. The period of Goethe's activity was so unusually prolonged, his moral and intellectual development was so majestically slow, harmonious, and complete, his genius was of such enormous scope and unparalleled versatility, that it is a quite hopeless task to endeavor to convey, in so small a compass as the present volume admits, any adequate idea of his achievements and personality. A more mature biographer would probably have laid less stress upon the numerous and swiftly succeeding love-affairs of the two poets, which are here made the principal salient points in the story of their lives. The somewhat monotonous level of the narrative is only relieved by the episodes (magnified into quite disproportionate prominence) of Friederike, Lili, Lotte, Madame von Stein, and Christiane Vulpius; of "Laura" Vischer, Margaret Schwan, Henriette von Arnim, Lotte von Wolzogen, Lotte von Kalb, and Lotte von Lengefeld. The name of Friederike's sister is of very little consequence in a brief summary of Goethe's life; but, if it be worth giving at all, we can easily learn from Mr. Lewes that it was Salome, and from "Wahrheit und Dichtung" that Goethe christens her, not Lucinda, as Mr. Boyesen tells us, but Olivia.

The author avoids the ponderous solemnity and metaphysical subtleties of many of the German commentators, and adopts the same light, popular tone that Mr. Lewes chose for his biography. While this serves admirably for the rapid, sketchy outlines of portraits and narration, yet we do not find it suitable when the author endeavors, as he proposes in his preface, "to elucidate the obscure and apparently conflicting passages" of the poet's masterpieces. In his "Commentary on Faust," he throws no new light upon the ambiguous allusions of the text; but condenses, with tolerable skill, the results of the great German Faust-students, besides giving us many of Goethe's own interpretations of the mystic symbols, gathered from letters and conversations. Not but that, to our thinking, their obscurity has been absurdly exaggerated; the transparent allegories of the second part actually explain themselves, if we only bring to bear upon them the clear and open intelligence which any work of imagination requires of us, and rid ourselves of the bewildering mass of foreign or personal allusion, moral doctrine and far-fetched pedantry, with which the commentators have darkened the text. If, however, there be any symbolism intended in such a creation as *Homunculus*, Mr. Boyesen does not deal with it in a very scholarly manner, when he informs us that "it has never been satisfactorily explained," quotes Düntzer's opinion, and passes on, without venturing so much as a theory of his own to show that he has devoted any thought to so interesting a question. We cannot forget, as we read, one grave disadvantage under which the author labors: as we understand, this book in its original form was delivered in a series of lectures to the students of Cornell University. The professor was naturally obliged to pre-suppose in his youthful hearers a condition of blank ignorance in regard to his subject, for which it is hardly necessary to make allowance with readers of ordinary cultivation. Thus the analysis of the plots of all the dramas and novels might well have been replaced, in the published volume, by a little more of detailed and discriminating criticism, of the kind of which Mr. Boyesen shows him-

* Goethe and Schiller: their Lives and Works; including a Commentary on Faust. By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. N. Y.: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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self capable in the following remarks upon the Homeric quality of "Hermann and Dorothea":

"It is by no mere trickery of words that Goethe has succeeded in giving to his work this rare Greek flavor. In expressions like '*der wohlumsäumte Weinberg*,' '*geflügelte Worte*,' etc., the merest amateur will readily recognize the Homeric echo; but it is in the structural simplicity of the poem, in its broad rhythmic movement and its noble directness and purity of phrase, that the subtlest Greek feeling of the poet especially manifests itself." (Page 112.)

To readers who lack time or inclination to study for themselves the goodly sized and constantly increasing library of critical works which the Germans have dedicated to their two great national poets, Mr. Boyesen affords a comprehensive summary of the conclusions arrived at by his predecessors in the same field. Among his original contributions, we would call special attention to his well-considered and appreciative review of "Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre," and his concise and intelligent remarks in his criticism of Schiller's "Braut von Messina," on the inadmissibility of the Greek chorus in the modern drama.

Mr. Boyesen has so thoroughly accustomed us to his mastery of the English idiom, that we have long since ceased to be astonished at the grace, the fluency, and the manly vigor of his style. The merely technical difficulties which he has overcome are in themselves proof of his indomitable energy of will. We feel sure that the pleasant and readable book before us is an earnest of much valuable and brilliant work from him in the future.

Side notes and a topical table of contents partly supply the need of a careful index.

James's "International Episode."*

AMONG the Americans abroad who beard the British lion in his den, Mr. Henry James, Jr., is one of the most unobtrusive, but also one of the most effectual. He writes a paper on London restaurants, and gently insinuates that they are very poor things in their way. He does not attack them violently, after the vulgar American's fashion, but with a subdued and fastidious style of satire points out their defects. In the latest short story we have from him, a story published in an English magazine, we see the same trait re-appearing with still more artfulness. "An International Episode" brings American and English people of fashion together in complications which, if not always in the highest sense complimentary to our compatriots, are at least soothing to national pride. The ultimate impression is that the Americans are the cleverer set. Indeed, he makes his Englishmen recognize and state this fact as a kind of ethnological maxim. In other respects Mr. James distributes pretty evenly his gentle satire. There are the two sweet and amiable but decidedly "slow" young Englishmen, Lord Lambeth and Percy Beaumont, with the "voluminous" mother of Lord Lambeth, who awaits in Bessie Alden a daughter-in-law from the despised "States." Then there is Mr. J. L. Westgate, the New York lawyer, who never finds time to get to Newport to see his pretty little wife; and the latter, who knows how to coquet both wisely and well. In the breathless periods of her talk Mr. James hits exactly the mingled tone of independence and anxious apology with which many women forestall any possible or probable attacks of Europeans on American manners or things. Finally, there is Bessie Alden, the heroine, who is so "cultured" that Mr. James is compelled to make her indigenous in Boston, not New York, and, with her, a delightful minor figure from this city in the person of Willie Woodley, "the gentlest, softest young man it was possible to meet," whose identity was fixed in New York as "the best dancer in the world." These people and the three cities in which they figure—London, New York, and Newport—are shown with repeated touches of great delicacy and no little truth to life. Mr. James is indeed one of the most artistic reporters of the day and generation; nothing escapes him and nothing is put down crudely, but all passes first through the refining medium of his talent. As in his other books, the close of the volume is the weak part. Either Lambeth and Bessie were in love with each other, and under those circumstances the situation demanded their marriage; or they were not, and in that case their love-affair becomes trivial. As Newman, in "The American," ought to have been energetic and successful with Mme. de Cintré, so the logic of this little book demands that Bessie Alden should face the hostile and decidedly underbred women of the Lambeth family, and marry the sweet idiot she presumably loves. For she is meant for a type, not an original and individual personality, and it is not typical that she should reject Lord Lambeth. Not one woman in ten thousand would do so, even if her feeling for the young peer were no stronger than a cordial esteem.

"Colonel Dunwoddie, Millionaire."*

THE Southern States, under their double infliction of slavery and plantation life, have been so devoid of anything that approaches to literature, that the Southern writer who makes his mark to-day will have the advantage of a background quite free from competitors. The South produces and has always produced a vast horde of scribblers, men who are regarded with awe in a county and have a state reputation, poetesses who fling magniloquence into provincial newspapers and write novels of the "Ha! ha! Damme" style of fiction. But Southern writers, almost without exception, are unknown abroad, and even in the Northern States only supply the demand for sensational reading to a moderate extent. It is therefore with peculiar pleasure that one finds in the anonymous author of "Colonel Dunwoddie, Millionaire," a writer of whom the educated and traveled Southerner need not be ashamed. He is, it is true, not yet outside the trammels of

* An International Episode. By Henry James, Jr. New York: Harper & Brothers.

* Colonel Dunwoddie, Millionaire. A Story of To-day. Library of American Fiction. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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Southern political opinions, but perhaps, if he were, he would cease to be a Southerner. He is already broad enough to see the folly of snubbing the negro and courageous enough to make a negro the first character of his book. Colonel Dunwoddie himself is a type of man which was familiar enough in the Middle States some years before the war, but which a new generation has put out of sight. The Southerner is indeed a curious relic of the real American of the early part of the century, for those qualities in him which were not affected by the negro problem used to be seen as well developed in the North as in the South. And the Chinese wall which the South attempted to draw about itself since the rebellion, preserved this relic of the last American generation almost uncontaminated by Northern or European influences. Colonel Dunwoddie is one of those hot-headed, brave and talkative Americans who conduct a battle like a lawsuit, and a lawsuit like a battle; an energetic, impulsive, and, in a certain way, superficial man, who makes the best of husbands, a kind (rather too kind) father, a firm friend and a generous foe, so long as success is on his side. Of his adventures in trying to make bread for his family, impoverished by the war, of his newspaper editing and county law business, the novel gives a clear account. He becomes a millionaire by a chance stroke of fortune, and discovers that the money has only added to his troubles. His poor neighbors become spiteful. Perhaps the best of the book is the family life of the Dunwoddies,—the children all of different humors, some turning out well, others ill; but especially fine is the account of the influence that Mrs. Dunwoddie exercises upon her family and neighbors.

Like all Southerners, this writer has for his bugbear miscegenation, and his way of attacking the ogre is to make his greatest scamp a mulatto. It does not speak well for us that white blood should turn a good, peaceable negro into a villain of the deepest dye. Another villain is white, but he is only a blustering, vulgar knave, who drinks hard and does not share in the popular veneration for the old families of Andersons and Dunwoddies, and who, moreover, is eventually reformed by his crippled daughter. A singular feature of the book is the poetry which heads every chapter, some of it of no mean quality; it is apparently original for the most part. We trust that the author will soon show his hand again and add his name to the title-page of an even better novel than the very interesting one he has contributed to Harper's "Library of American Fiction."

"Signor Monaldini's Niece." *

THE most complete and well-rounded novel which the "No Name Series" has so far published is written in Italy by an American long familiar with Rome. To a certain extent typical, yet each with an individuality of its own, the personages of the story impress the reader with the possibility of their existence, at the same time that they bear evident marks of idealization. In other words, the anonymous writer has not merely fine powers of observation, but adds to observation a vein of imaginativeness of a very high order. There are similes employed which argue a rich poetic sense and passages that are bursts of poetic imagery. We are introduced to a whole list of characters, fine, base, or grotesque, who in their various ways give a vivid, though highly colored idea of the motley collection of persons of all nationalities and of varying positions in life who get together in Rome. To begin at the top, there is Don Philippo, an *Eccelenza* whose family and political weight cause the hat of Signor Monaldini to scrape the ground. Monaldini himself is a *parvenu* who pushes his way with the grace and subtility proverbial among Italians, while Don Philippo is the really dignified and well-bred aristocrat. The heroine is Camilla de Montserrat, an orphan of mixed Italian and French blood, brought up in an *atelier* in France and condemned to life with the Monaldinis, subjected to all the limitations of freedom which surround Italian girls in large cities. She is penniless and independent, and falls in love with Don Philippo, whose wife is in an insane asylum. Minor characters, but nowise inferior, are the Baroness von Klenze, a rough, emancipated Bavarian woman who, like Don Philippo, has made a marriage not for love; Carlisle, an American sculptor, who is of little use except to uphold American ideas against the Italian conservativeness of Monaldini; and Mrs. Brandon, an English woman who, in her conduct toward Miss Conroy, shows with great exactness the venom that women often infuse into the lives of other women, their friends, whom they envy. The Baroness von Klenze, talking to Camilla, says:

"That is the worst of our marriage system in Europe, that it destroys the delicate bloom of a woman's soul. We are like cattle, sold to the highest bidder. We are true to the one who has bought us, maybe, though it is sometimes a struggle to be so, but our fidelity is that of one who keeps a hard bargain, not the glad unconscious fidelity of an affection which never dreams of falsehood."

When Carlisle comes to the Monaldinis', attracted by Camilla's beauty and grace, he says to his host:

"We spoke of America. Yes, our people are restless,—but so is the ocean, and our bitter discontent is the salt that keeps us healthy."

"America has been salt to other nations," the Italian said. "American ideas have undermined every government in Europe, and unsettled every people. Your ocean has produced a deluge."

"And floated an ark," was the quick retort.

As to the plot, that is carried on very cleverly and without confusion among the different characters. The tragic incidents at the end are brought together with unexpected suddenness, as if the writer had felt that there was need of tragedy and gave it without stint. The last chapter is like the fifth act of an opera. Just before this the story drags a little. Camilla should not come to life again: it is too theatrical. But on the whole the tale is so fresh and sparkling, the observation of

* Signor Monaldini's Niece. No Name Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

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foreign life so good, and the love story of Don Philippo and Camilla so charming, that fault-finding seems ungracious. There are few books in the "No Name Series" which arouse more than a very languid interest in the author; but the person who wrote "Signor Monaldini's Niece" is an exception. Camilla is a very lovely ideal indeed.

Howells's "Lady of the Aroostook."*

THE complaint has sometimes been made against Mr. Howells's books that their charm lay very much on the surface, and that the characters delineated were, after all, not worth drawing. By this single book he has disposed of such objections as effectually as Thackeray refuted the charge of cynicism by drawing the character of Colonel Newcome. He has also pleasantly avenged himself on his critics by taking up the very personage whom he provoked them by abandoning once before. In his "Private Theatricals" he indicated so admirably in Rachel the very best type of New England country-girl, that it was quite annoying to have him assign her, at once, to a wholly subordinate part, and devote the main narrative to the rather tiresome devices of a vulgar village flirt. Now he comes back to us with the same fine type of maidenly character; he fits her out—from the boundless resources of the novelist—with rare beauty and a musical voice, and ships her alone to Europe, on a not very adventurous voyage with two or three young men. Honor is to be given him for having done even tardy justice to a creation so excellent; and it is well that it should appear just when Mr. James has drawn, with almost equal truthfulness, so different a type of American maidenhood in "Daisy Miller." Mr. Howells can no longer be criticised as preferring only insignificant models, or as doing injustice to women, or as ignoring the best types of American character. So far, he has greatly elevated his fame by this one work; while it is up to his usual high level of execution, in many admirable qualities. It therefore deserves careful criticism from the highest and most exacting standard; let us try to consider it in the artistic spirit which it deserves.

The motive of the book is as simple as possible. A young girl from a village in northern Massachusetts finds herself, through the inexperience of her friends, sent out as the only woman on a sailing vessel to the Mediterranean. Her fellow-passengers are three,—two young Bostonians of the Arbuton type, and a dissolute young scapegrace who only once takes any important part in the plot. The whole story turns upon the surprise of the young Bostonians at the solitary position of the damsel, and upon their resolve to treat her kindly and save her all embarrassment; this having the natural and novel-like result, namely, that one of them becomes her lover and ultimately her husband, after the necessary obstacles are surmounted.

Professor Channing, at Harvard College, used to warn his pupils that it was often hard for a writer to find out when he had really said a thing, and hence he was apt to keep on repeating it. Here lies, to our thinking, the first defect of this story. The surprise of the whole situation, the girl's finding herself alone, is very soon put before the reader; but it is so elaborately urged upon us in successive conversations, first, between the damsel herself and the cabin-boy; then between the grandfather and the aunt; then between the aunt and the clergyman; then between the two young men, between them and the captain, and so on—that it becomes a little trite at the very outset. There are too many people looking at it; all "the sisters and the cousins and the aunts" seem to be collected on the deck and saying, "Did you ever?" so that the sated curiosity rebels, and we cease to find anything startling in the situation. Then the talks which gradually develop the affair are so prolonged; the heroine and the cabin-boy converse for six pages without coming to anything for which a page would not have sufficed; and the young men pace the deck and analyze their own feelings with inexhaustible minuteness. The hero's love-making reminds the experienced reader of the older French novels, such as "Les Égarements du Cœur,"—which Sterne describes as the delight of fine ladies and their *filles de chambre*, in his day,—where it costs fifteen pages of conversation to win for the lover a pressure of the hand, and a kiss takes thirty pages. We cannot help regarding this slow and too minute unfolding as a frequent defect in Mr. Howells's work.

And we have a more serious complaint to make against the hero himself. When Staniford, a well-bred young man of twenty-eight, finds an evidently innocent and quiet country-girl among the few passengers on board, there is plainly but one course for him to adopt,—to treat her politely and save her from any annoyance, if such there be, in her solitary position. If he had thrown out just a hint on this point to his friend, who was much younger, it might have been well enough; though he might naturally have taken for granted that his friend's point of view must be the same; and to speak of it at all would have given an effect of self-consciousness to a very simple matter. But really our young gentleman does so announce and expound and formulate the affair; he so attitudinizes over it, that we are led to doubt at last whether the "elemental instincts of a gentleman" are so very strong in him, after all. When he tells his friend of his purpose to treat their fellow-passenger kindly, the friend cries, with effusion: "You're a good fellow, Staniford!" then Staniford repeats the statement, and the friend's eyes "glisten"; then the captain talks good-naturedly about the young girl, and Staniford announces: "Will you let me say that I'm rather proud of having reasoned in much the same direction with yourself?" This is certainly giving quite as many words to the whole matter as it will bear; but the author here comes in with: "This was spoken with that air which gave Staniford a peculiar distinction, and made him the despair and adoration of his friend; it endowed the subject with seriousness and conveyed a sentiment of grave and noble sin-

* The Lady of the Aroostook. By W. D. Howells. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

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cerity" (page 13). But what was it—in the name of common sense and good breeding and "very good Boston families"—that this young fellow had done? He is described (page 97) as habitually showing a sort of "elder-brotherly kindness" for all young women; and could he not behave like an elder brother once more without making such a fuss about it? To make goodness disagreeable, according to old-fashioned Miss Edgeworth, is high treason against virtue; and it is a great pity, in proving that Staniford is not a blackguard, to come so dangerously near making him out a prig. We certainly know a great many honest men, from Boston and elsewhere, who would have done all that he did, ten times over, without feeling themselves to have earned the despair and adoration of their kind.

Call the error only one of taste, if you please; there is another serious defect of taste in the disagreeable fullness with which the drunken talk of Hicks is afterward given. It may be well enough done, as such things go, but after all it is essentially incongruous; it is like a chapter from Bret Harte inserted in one of George Eliot's novels: a bit of broad and quite unpleasant realism where all else wears an ideal touch. We once happened to see an actor who played a drunken part like a gentleman; it was Hermann Vézin, in London, and the play was "David Garrick." The great tragedian was supposed to pretend intoxication in order to disenchant a stage-struck damsel who was bewitched about him. But, as Vézin justly reasoned, gross drunkenness would have been quite needless before an innocent girl, who had never seen even its milder forms; so he touched it very lightly and preserved her dignity, and the grace and beauty of the play. Ten words of Hicks's drunken talk would have sufficiently given the key to the situation; ten pages of it impart a slight and undeserved flavor of vulgarity to the book itself. It is as if the author had been betrayed into giving too many particulars about seasickness.

The minor characters on ship-board are drawn with Mr. Howells's wonted skill, and those at Venice are in his best vein, especially the transplanted American lady, with the kindly English husband. It is a delicious touch of unreason that she should detest all English people but her spouse, and should yet conform scrupulously to their ways, precisely because she hates them and wishes to beat them at their own weapons. Her impulsiveness, garrulousness, inconsecutiveness and warmth of heart make up one of those types of which Mr. Howells is the absolute master. Then he draws the contrast so unflinchingly between the purity and absolute rectitude of the New England girl and the questionable society around her in Venice, that one must wonder, more than ever, at the tone of habitual and almost bitter aversion with which the author allows himself to speak of the soil in which his heroine, after all, had grown, and of the social condition of American country-towns. Why praise the fruit and utterly condemn the tree? Mr. Howells is amused when the untraveled minister in South Bradfield shows solicitude about the intellectual and moral standard prevailing in Italy; and yet what is the moral of the whole book unless to prove the South Bradfield standard, so far as it goes, the better? There was a certain quality in Lydia which made her purer, truer, nobler than the whole circle of men and women whom she met in Venice. If she did not get that quality in the despised country village, whence came it?

After all, is not the rural life of New England, as painted by Howells and James, and what may be called the international school of novelists, almost as conventional as the stage Yankee? The picture is based, like that, on extravagances which have now pretty well disappeared from nature, if they ever existed. The village life which is kindly and even lovable in the hands of Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Diaz and Miss Jewett,—why should it become wholly grim and repulsive when the "internationals" portray it? With Mr. James it is probably want of cosmopolitanism; he has not taken the pains to make himself personally familiar with his birthplace; he knows Americans well, in Europe, but has never studied them so carefully at home. With Mr. Howells the trouble lies partly in a very keen eye for the ludicrous, and partly, we suspect, in an absence of genial sympathy with the bright side of things. It is impossible not to suspect a little want of healthy mental action in a writer who habitually takes such a gloomy view of external nature. He says: "One must be very happy to endure the sights and sounds of the summer evening anywhere" (page 38), and we happen to remember that in a previous book he found the time of twilight equally intolerable; pronounced it oppressive in the city, desolate in the country, and in the suburbs not to be endured. "Doubtless none but a newly accepted lover can be happy at twilight." ("Suburban Sketches," page 89.) For aught we know he may at some other page have pronounced equal condemnation upon morning and noon. Now we confess to knowing a great many human beings of all ages and conditions who are obtuse enough to be often happy at all these hours; and is it not possible that some of them might also be cheerful, in spite of Mr. Howells, at South Bradfield?

But, after all, a romance must stand or fall by its leading figure; and when we see how simple and noble is the main character in Mr. Howells's novel, how true to nature and to womanhood; when we observe how cordially he has lavished upon her all his fine perception and delicate delineation; then all criticisms on "The Lady of the Aroostook" become subordinate things, and we can clearly recognize that he has made a step forward in his high art. At last he has found a heroine. Who knows but his next book may bring us a hero?

Mrs. Kemble's "Records of a Girlhood."*

THERE is perhaps no department of literature in which there are more charming and delightful books than in that of dramatic biography. It includes the "Apology for the Life of Colley Cibber," and Da-

* Records of a Girlhood. By Frances Anne Kemble. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

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vies's "Life of Garrick," and the reminiscences of William Charles Macready. And in this broad class there is no more charming and delightful book than Mrs. Kemble's "Records of a Girlhood."

By birth Mrs. Kemble was the niece of John Kemble, a student and a scholar, and of Mrs. Siddons, whose edition of "Paradise Lost," prepared for reading aloud in families, now lies before us. Her father, Charles Kemble, though less eminent as an actor than either his sister or his brother, was the first light comedian of his day, and the author of more than one successful play. The literary taste of the Kemble family is nearly as marked as its dramatic ability. Her mother was also a dramatist, and one of her plays—"The Day after the Wedding"—keeps the stage to this day; she was a Frenchwoman, and from her Mrs. Kemble seems to have inherited characteristics which modified most happily those which came to her from her father. Her mother and father and uncle and aunt were the associates of some of the best-known people in England,—Campbell the poet, for instance, and Lawrence the painter,—who were frequent visitors at the house, and with whom the younger members of the family had many opportunities of meeting. Her brother, as he grew to manhood, had for his best friends Arthur Hallam, Alfred Tennyson and his brother, Frederick Maurice, John Sterling, Richard Trench, William Doune, the Romillys, Edward Fitz-gerald, James Spedding, William M. Thackeray, and Richard Monckton Milnes, now Lord Houghton. These were the men whom Miss Kemble had as intimate friends as she grew out of girlhood. Her birth and her training fitted her to be worthy of them and to hold her own with them. The defect of her home education, she records (p. 274), was "that, from the mental tendencies of all of us, no less than from our whole mode of life, the more imaginative and refined intellectual qualities are fostered in us, in preference to our reasoning powers." And this fostering of the imagination was as judicious as possible in quality, however injudicious it may have been in quantity. The direction in which the parents turned their children was the right one, although they may have urged them too swiftly along the path. In all things they sought to give their children a taste for the best and a distaste for what was bad. "Nor can I ever be too grateful," says Mrs. Kemble (p. 217), "that, restricted as were my parents' means of developing in us the highest culture, they were still such as, combined with their own excellent taste and judgment, preserved us from that which is far worse than ignorance,—a liking for anything vulgar or trivial. That which was merely pretty in music, painting, or poetry, was never placed on the same level in our admiration with that which was fine, and though from nature as well as training we enjoyed with great zest everything that could in any sense be called good, our enthusiasm was always reserved for that which was best,—an incalculable advantage in the formation of a fine taste and critical judgment."

That Mrs. Kemble acquired a critical judgment of unusual acuteness and accuracy is evident from even a hasty perusal of this volume, in which one will meet again and again with bits of condensed criticism, summing up the merits and limitations of a writer into a brief and compact statement. Here is an example: Mrs. Kemble supposes (p. 384) that Shelley "really was too deficient in the vigorous flesh-and-blood vitality of the highest and healthiest poetical genius to have been a dramatist. He could not deal with common folk nor handle common things. Humor, that great *tragic* element, was not in him." And here is another, less acute it may be, but still showing a stalwart intellect for a girl of twenty: Massinger's plays, she says, "are such sterling stuff compared with the *Isabellas*, the *Jane Shores*, the everything but Shakspere" (p. 389).

That she gained a fine taste is equally beyond dispute. It was a taste that even made the profession of acting, into which she was born and of which all her family on both sides were members, repugnant to her. The excitement and the personal exhibition—the "show" part of theatric art—were all unpleasant to her. Theatrical puffery especially was very distasteful to her. Mr. Mitchell, the manager of her readings in London, complained that she really went too far. She would not allow him to announce "those celebrated readings," and she once said to her American agent, when he asked her for a few personal anecdotes to be scattered carefully around in the newspapers, "Take care what you do in that line, for if you overdo it in the least, I will write an article myself on my readings, showing up all their faults and turning them into ridicule as I do not believe any one else either would or could. So puff just as quietly as you can."

The American publishers have embellished the book with a portrait of Miss Fanny Kemble, taken about the time covered by her letters, and have also added an ample and much-needed index of persons and topics.

Dr. Holmes's "Memoir of Motley."*

THE memoir of Motley, the historian, by Dr. O. W. Holmes, is a book of uncommon interest to all cultivated men. It is not a life, but simply a memoir. The author does not aim at the cold impartiality of a historian, but avows the warm and active sympathy of a friend. He gives a vivid picture of the marvelous boy, full of poetry and romance, writing sketches and acting dramas before getting into his teens. There was in him from the first a prophecy of greatness, or, at least, of strangeness. His quickness in learning and his enormous reading gave him an early maturity and fullness. He had, also, rare personal beauty, engaging manners, and every advantage that could be enjoyed in this rather prosaic and not very learned country; but he was no spoiled child of fortune. The reader of the memoir will see that this bright, versatile, and all-accomplished man could "toil terribly." The failure of his novel was fortunate, for it led him to

* Published by Houghton, Osgood & Co., Boston.

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move immediately to his high destiny. An article on Peter the Great in the "North American Review" first showed his power of portraiture and his skill in rapid dramatic narration. All portents were favorable, and after a careful survey of the ground, and after taking the advice of competent scholars, he devoted his life to the history of Europe in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, especially in reference to intellectual and religious freedom. Of liberty in church and state he is, among modern historians, probably the most ardent and indefatigable champion. What researches preceded, what labors attended, and what triumphs followed these histories, the reader will find set down chiefly in copies of Motley's own letters to his friends. Leaving any attempt at criticism, it may briefly be said that the place of Motley among the world's great historians is secure.

Motley's diplomatic career is treated at some length in the memoir, and while there would be honest differences of opinion between men two centuries apart, like Grant and Motley, it is not easy to escape the conviction that the recall from the English mission was mostly owing to Motley's persistent friendship for Charles Sumner, whom the Administration then intended to punish and humiliate. There has been some counter-evidence in behalf of Mr. Fish, and General Grant has published his own statement through the convenient medium of a New York reporter; but Dr. Holmes thinks the whole to be but a pretense,—that personal resentment gave the blow, and that "reasons of state" were then found to justify it. If this is not true, it certainly looks so, read in the flashing, heart-kindling words of the courageous biographer.

Is it an impertinence to suggest to Boston that statues to her historians Motley and Prescott—perhaps like those to Goethe and Schiller at Weimar—would be not only deserved tributes to her honored sons, but greatly "becoming" to a literary city?

Miss Robinson's "Handful of Honeysuckle."*

MISS ROBINSON is a young Englishwoman who dedicates this first volume of verse to her father and mother, and prefaces it with this sonnet:

"HONEYSUCKLE.

"I gather from the hedgerows, where they spring
These sunshine-yellow flowers, grown sweet i' the air,
Fearing to hope that ye can find them fair,
Who at your wish could have a costlier thing.
Lovers, for you no passion-flowers I bring,
Nor any roses for your ladies' wear,
No violets fragrant still from Sappho's hair,
Nor laurel crowns to garland them that sing.

"But these are all I have, and these I give.
True, they have languish'd since they came to town,
As music suffers in the writing down,
And well I know they have not long to live.
Yet for your sakes these left their country ways
That, taken thence, are grown too poor for praise."

The book is remarkable in its promise; it is noteworthy in its performance. In spite of her modesty, Miss Robinson, who is yet very young, has unusual natural gifts, deserving better employment than the echoing of Swinburne and Rossetti and even of Mr. Arthur O'Shaughnessy. The verse of this volume is really poetry; and the poet has a voice of her own though it has caught a trick or two in an artificial school. Moreover, the voice has more notes than one can often find in a young poet's first book. Despite her disclaimer, there is real passion in "Queen Rosalys"; and in the "Street Singer" there is a curious and sympathetic subtlety; while here is a delightful little poem, charming in its quaintness, with a wit and a playful fancy and an airy grace recalling Herrick or Suckling:

"TO A DRAGON FLY.

"You hail from Dream-land, Dragon-Fly?
A stranger hither? So am I.
And (sooth to say) I wonder why
We either of us came.
Are you (that shine so bright i' the air)
King Oberon's state-messenger?
Come tell me how my old friends fare.
Is Dream-land still the same?

"Who won the latest tourney fight,
King Arthur, or the Red Cross Knight,
Or he who bore away the bright
Renowned Mambrino's Casque?
Is Caliban King's councillor yet?
Cross Mentor jester still and pet?
Is Suckling out of love and debt?
Has Spenser done his task?

"Say, have they settled over there,
Which is the loveliest, Guinevere
Or Gloriana or the fair
Young Queen of Oberon's Court?
And does Titania torment still
Mike Drayton and sweet-throated Will?
In sooth, of her amours 'twas ill
To make such merry sport.

"Ah, I have been too long away!
No doubt I shall return some day.
But now I'm lost in love and may
Not leave my lady's sight.
Mine is (of course) the happier lot.
Yet—tell them I forget them not,
My pretty gay compatriot,
When you go home to-night."

* A Handful of Honeysuckle. By A. Mary F. Robinson. London. C. Kegan Paul.

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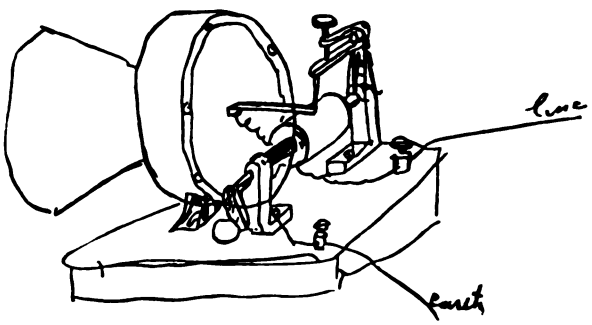
THE WORLD'S WORK.

Edison's Electro-Motograph.

THE telephone, though it is in both its forms in daily practical use in all parts of the world, still labors under one serious defect. It fails to reproduce the words delivered at the transmitting end of the line in anything like their original volume. The conversion of the sonorous vibrations into electric action and its reconversion into waves of sound or spoken words imply a double loss, and it is only by holding the receiving instrument close to the ear that the words can be heard at all. To convert a slight electric action into mechanical action or work of equal or greater power at a distance has been the aim of research for some time, and after a long series of experiments, often given up in despair and then resumed, it has been accomplished. A telephonic receiver has recently been constructed that will perform work under the impulse of electric action from a distance, or, in other words, that will reproduce sonorous vibrations having a volume equal to the initial vibrations.



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The above cut represents an ideal telephonic receiver based upon the new discoveries in this direction. It consists of a disk of mica about 12.5 cm. in diameter secured to one end of a short cylinder, having a trumpet-shaped funnel at the other end. To the center of this disk is fastened a flat strip of metal the outer end of which rests on the revolving cylinder, as shown in the figure. Above this strip of metal is a powerful spring that by means of a short rod, pointed at each end and resting in cups above and below to give it a slight lateral motion, presses the strip of metal firmly down on the cylinder. The wire from the telephonic line passes through the binding post and then to the metal strip near its junction with the mica diaphragm. The line to earth passes through a binding post to the base of one of the supports of the cylinder, the track of the current thus being through the metal strip to the cylinder, and its supports by the wire to earth. This apparatus at once suggests a form of musical tele-
ne brought out some time ago and afterward with-
n on account of certain defects of construction. This new appliance is, in fact, the same invention revived and now perfected by the original inventor, and brought to complete practical success under the title of the "electro-motograph." The action of the "electro-motograph" depends on the fact, discovered during former experiments, and employed imperfectly in the musical telephone, that the friction of moving bodies varies in greater or less degree with their electrical condition. In the electro-motograph a cylinder made of prepared chalk and saturated with a strong solution of caustic alkali is set upon supports so that it can be turned upon its axis. A strip of metal fastened to the mica diaphragm rests on the cylinder and is pressed so firmly by its spring upon the cylinder that when it is turned by means of the handle the friction of the strip on the cylinder tends to pull the diaphragm out of shape, causing it to bulge inward as long as the cylinder is in motion. If now, while this motion of the cylinder is maintained, an electric current passes through the strip of metal and then through the chalk cylinder to earth, the amount of this friction is varied or it is destroyed altogether, and the strip slides freely on the cylinder. This was the basis of the former invention. The release from friction by a change in electric condition in the first instrument failed simply from ignorance of some slight matters of detail, that in the electro-motograph are corrected and made practical. In the musical telephone the releasing of the frictional resistance by electric action caused the sounding-board of a guitar to vibrate, and thus set up sonorous vibrations. In the electro-motograph the mica disk takes the place of the guitar, and, by the improved construction of the apparatus, intricate and complex vibrations such as are produced in speaking are reproduced in their original or even in greater volume. When the apparatus is at rest the diaphragm is motionless, and electric currents shot through the apparatus produce no effect. In the same manner the mere turning of the cylinder without electric action produces no effect, except to pull the diaphragm slightly out of shape. If while the cylinder is being turned an electric impulse arrives, the pull on the diaphragm caused by the friction of the strip on the cylinder is more or less released, and the diaphragm is free to vibrate or spring back into its original condition. If now, the electric impulses follow one another in regular order in correspondence with the sonorous vibrations imparted to the transmitting telephone, the alternate slipping and catching of the metal strip on the cylinder will follow in the same order, and thus the diaphragm will be made to vibrate in unison with the original vibrations, and thus reproduce the original words. As the mica disk is much larger than the disk of the transmitting instrument, the amplitude of its swing may be much

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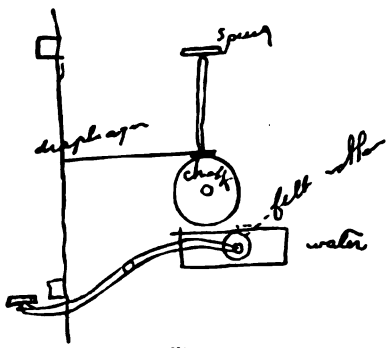
greater, and consequently, it will repeat the words with greater power. The electro-motograph is practically an apparatus for transforming electric action received from a distance into mechanical work. The amount of electric action has nothing to do with the amount of the mechanical work performed, because the movement of the cylinder is controlled by power independently of the electric action, the electricity merely releasing this power by destroying the friction in greater or less degree. The electric action set up by the sonorous vibrations at the transmitting end of the line may be very slight, while the mechanical action at the distant end may be powerful, and in this manner the amplitude of the vibrations may be increased to an indefinite extent, and a whisper may reappear as a loud shout.

In cut No. 2, details of the apparatus left out of



NO. 2.

the first cut are shown. The chalk cylinder is made by submitting precipitated chalk to great pressure, and it then becomes the vehicle for a solution of caustic alkali; and in this connection it may be noticed that any absorbent material would answer for the cylinder, but chalk has been found best. To compensate for the loss by evaporation, a dish of water is placed below the cylinder, and by means of a lever, shown in cut No. 2, a roller resting in the water may be pushed up against the cylinder till it is thoroughly moistened. This work only takes a moment or two once a week. In constructing the electro-motograph for telephonic use, the diaphragm is placed at the top of a box at an angle of 45° and the spring, cylinder, bell-call, etc., are inclosed in the box, while the transmitting disk is hung upon a double-hinged arm just above, in convenient reach. The electro-motograph is not only a solution of the telephone, making it capable of sounds of every quality and pitch and in greatly increased volume, but by this conversion of electrical action into mechanical work at a distance makes it possible to unite the telephone and phonograph. Telephonic messages by the electro-motograph may be impressed upon a self-acting (clock-work) phonograph, the same current starting and stopping the phonograph after the manner of the stock-reporting machines, and afterward the phonograph may be made to repeat the message impressed upon it. The electro-motograph offers a wide field for research and seems destined to increase greatly the practical business of telephony. The two cuts possess a double interest, as they are off-hand ink sketches made by the inventor, Thomas A. Edison.

The telephone lines hitherto erected in this country have been single wire lines, the wire being exclusively used for sending message by telephone. By a device recently brought out, the common Morse sounder has been combined with the telephone, and it is found in practice that the use of one does not interfere with the other, telegraphic and telephonic messages being sent over the same wire at the same time. By a still greater refinement five messages can be sent over one wire at the same time by combining a telephone with a quadruplex instrument. These latest improvements promise to increase greatly our means of communication by wire, and it is to be hoped will tend to cheapen the cost.

[The next number of the magazine will contain a fuller account of the electro-motograph, brought down to the latest possible date, and considered with reference to its new and unexpected developments. The paper referred to will be the first of an important and authoritative series on the inventions of Mr. Edison, which will have a romantic as well as a practical interest, and will exhibit in an interesting way the curious and wonderful methods of the inventor.—ED. S. M.]

Plans for Tenement Houses.

IN laying out the city of New York, the blocks between the streets were cut up into house lots of one uniform shape and size, 7.62 m. by 30.50 m. (25x100 ft.), and upon these lots houses of every description have been built. For business and manufacturing purposes, and for the dwellings of the better class of people, the shape and size of these city lots have not proved specially inconvenient. The whole lot need not be occupied by the building unless the owner is willing to submit to the inconvenience of the dark rooms in the middle of the house. In the dwellings of the poorer class of people space under the roof seemed of more value than the comfort or even the health of the tenants; and the greediness of the landlords, combined with the excessive demand for accommodation, led to the erection of tenement houses occupying all or nearly all the surface of the lots. From this vicious system of building have come so many evils that much public attention has been drawn to the matter. Long and narrow buildings, often six stories high, and with four suites of rooms on a floor, present every sanitary evil,—want of light and air, darkness in the halls and interior rooms, want of privacy, and exposure to danger from fire, disease, and all the ills that flow from overcrowding, and there is but one redeeming feature: that such buildings do make a good return as investments. So great are the evils flowing from this mistaken system of land division and this unhealthy style of building that many attempts have been made to design and construct improved forms of tenements that shall be at once cheap, safe, and profitable. The most notable of these experiments has already been described in this department, and with this are now presented

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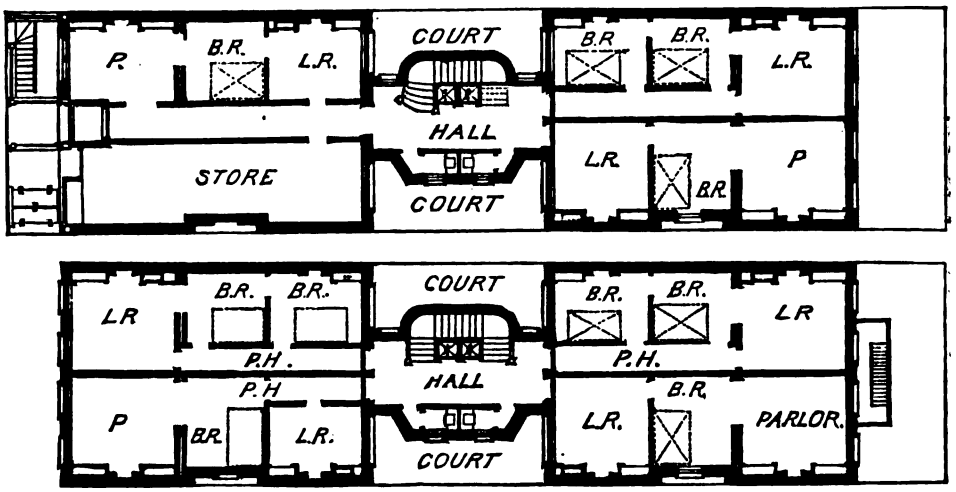
plans for improved tenements. These plans are the outcome of a number of prizes recently offered by the "Plumber and Sanitary Engineer" for the best designs for improved tenements suitable for the very poorest class of people, and utilizing the city lot to the best advantage consistent with abundance of light and air and safety from fire and disease. The requirements of the model tenement house are: security against fire, distribution of light, ventilation, good sanitary appointments, seclusion for each set of rooms, and ease of access, convenience, and cheapness.

Plan No. 1 shows the first and second story of a tenement designed to contain four suites of apartments on each floor. The building is practically double; two wings, with a court in the center and a yard in the rear. By this arrangement, nearly the whole of the lot is occupied, the dark interior rooms are reduced to the smallest possible number, and each suite has light and air both front and rear. To obtain more air a shaft is left open in the wall on one side, and the interior room has a window opening upon it. This seems to be of very little value, as such air-wells are merely wells by which the dead air sinks to the bottom and stagnates. On the street floor there is, in front, a store, one tenement of three rooms and a hall leading to the stair-way. Area steps lead to the cellar, and a bridge gives access to the main entrance. In the court between the two wings is a tower or stair-way very nearly detached from the buildings and containing the stairs, water-closets, and lifts. In the rear building, on the first floor are two tenements of three rooms each, entirely detached from all others, each set having its own private door. The rooms all open one into another, the first room having a sink and water, a fire-place and closet, and one large window, the second room designed to hold a bed, and the third room having two windows, a fire-place and two closets. The second story, reached by the stair-way in the central tower, is divided into four tenements of three rooms each, divided as described for those below, and all the floors above are laid out on the same plan. This plan received the highest prize, and presents several advantages over the common tenement house. The dark and narrow stair-ways in the interior of the building give place to a broad stair-way in a separate fire-proof building having two windows for light and air on each floor. The sinks and water faucets are within the tenements instead of being in the dark halls. The closets are in the central tower and each is provided with a window, a change vastly for the better over the present system. Each suite of rooms has its own private entrance and private hall, or as may be seen in the plan, the private door may open directly upon one of the rooms. This plan is evidently carefully thought out and presents many features of interest that make it worthy of study.



NO. 1. PLAN OF FIRST AND SECOND STORIES OF IMPROVED TENEMENT HOUSE.

In plan No. 2, the store on the lower floor gives place to one tenement of three rooms and three smaller rooms for the janitor. The building, by this plan, is divided into two wings joined by a central tower or stair-way, but the yard in the rear is made longer at the expense of one room in each of the rear tenements. The second floor is much the same except that the two front tenements are of equal size. In comparing these two plans it will be observed that each tenement has its water-works exclusively to itself and within its own entrance hall. This is decidedly an advantage, as the two things chiefly to be sought in this class of dwellings are privacy and separate sanitary fixtures. It will be observed that the stairs rise in short straight flights. This is accomplished by making the floors of the two wings on different levels so that each landing contains two entrance doors, instead of four. Ample light is secured to

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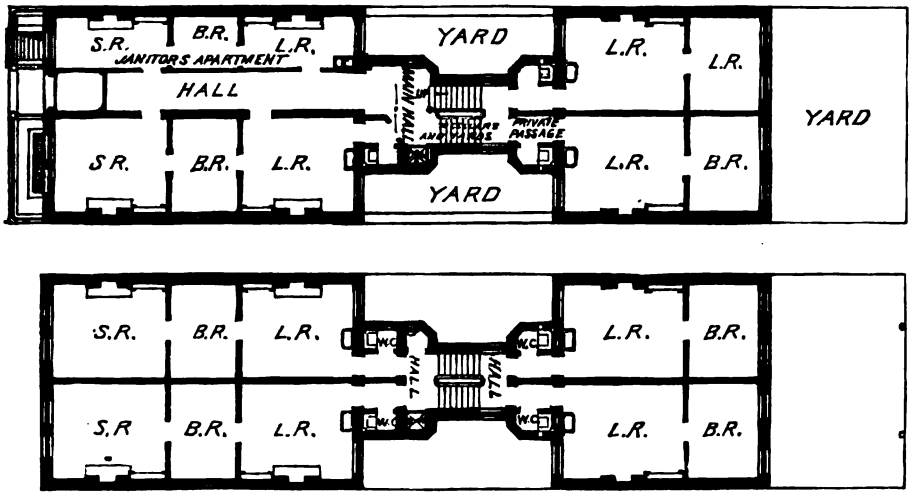

NO. 2. PLAN OF FIRST AND SECOND STORIES OF IMPROVED TENEMENT HOUSE.

the stair-way as well as ease of access. In many respects this plan is better than the first, though it received only the third prize. There are only two rooms in the rear tenements and as the demand for two-room tenements is limited this may be a defect, but, on the other hand, there is a great gain of light and air. These plans appear to be the best of a large number exhibited and they offer as good a solution of the tenement house question as may be found consistent with the vicious system of dividing the land that prevails in New York. If now some one would offer a prize for an improved system of laying out city lots, perhaps even the improved tenement house may be improved upon.

[The above diagrams were kindly furnished by the "Plumber and Sanitary Engineer."]

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Fanny Kemble's Journal.

THE same petty and provincial spirit which in France led M. Victorien Sardou to write his silly "Oncle Sam," and which in England is soundly berated by Mr. Matthew Arnold, and which in America rails against the warning truth of Mr. Henry James's "Daisy Miller," broke out rampant and raging in this country over forty years ago on the publication of a "Journal of a Residence in America," by Frances Anne Butler.

The elder daughter of Charles Kemble made her first appearance on the stage at Covent Garden Theatre as *Juliet*, in September, 1829, with extraordinary success. Three years later she and her father crossed the Atlantic to play a series of engagements in America. They made their first appearance in New York at the Park Theatre in September, 1832. After acting in all the leading cities of this country, Mr. Charles Kemble returned to England alone, his daughter remaining in the United States as the wife of Mr. Pierce Butler, of Philadelphia. During the whole time of her wanderings in America prior to her marriage, Miss Kemble kept a diary of her experiences, which was published shortly after she became Mrs. Butler by Mr. John Murray in London, and by Messrs. Carey, Lea & Blanchard in Philadelphia, for the benefit of her aunt Victoire, as the author has informed us in her recent delightful "Records of a Girlhood."

The people of the United States had been taken to pieces and exhibited for the benefit of the assembled nations of the Old World by Captain Basil Hall, in 1822, and before they had fully recovered from their fit of indignation, Mrs. Trollope came forward, in 1831, with her strictures on "The Domestic Manners of the Americans." When the announcement was made, therefore, only four years later that Miss Fanny Kemble had been taking notes which she intended to utter and make current, another shiver ran through the land. Toward the close of 1834 a few extracts from the journal crept into print in Boston, and were copied far and wide. It was at once evident that Miss Kemble had a mind of her own, and full willingness to free it. Other extracts from time to time followed, and were everywhere read and commented upon. The newspapers—or rather some of the noisiest of them—took offense at the tone of some of Mrs. Butler's remarks, and especially at one passage, in which she said that next to a bug she most disliked an editor. It was doubted by some that the passages were genuine, and Messrs. Carey, Lea & Co., the

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publishers, issued a card stating that "if the passages now published be taken from the work, it is a violation of copyright," but not denying their authenticity. Then rumors were set afloat that Mrs. Butler had softened certain paragraphs which censured the Americans too severely. These rumors crossed others to the effect that the English edition was to be far more bitter and rancorous than the American. A newspaper excitement thus grew daily. An advertisement appeared in the Philadelphia papers announcing that Grigg & Elliott had published a thousand copies of Miss Fanny Kemble's journal—a cruel hoax on a most respectable firm. At last the book did appear in two volumes, 12mo, in both England and America, both editions being exactly alike—and then the storm broke forth.

The copy of the journal which now lies before the writer has bound up with it seventy pages of newspaper paragraphs, extracts, notices, reviews, squibs, advertisements, all bearing upon the redoubtable diary, and all testifying to the really remarkable excitement it caused. To any one who now reads the journal calmly, the infuriated temper evident in the assembled scraps which here follow it, is almost incomprehensible; it is only when one remembers how sensitive and uneasy Americans seemed in those days, how petty and provincial we undoubtedly were, how we had writhed and were sore under Mrs. Trollope's keen lash, that any excuse for it can be seen. The whole paltry discussion was typical of the state of feeling of Americans toward their own country, which was well-nigh universal before the war, and which has passed away for ever with the smoke and the shouts of that great struggle. We then asserted our claim loudly, for we feared it might be denied; now we smile with good nature at taunting jibes and jeers, for we are conscious that a man's eyes must be weak if he cannot see the greatness of our country. Compare the storm raised by this clever journal with the contemptuous calmness with which M. Sardou's ignorant and ill-natured "Oncle Sam" was received. We have even forgotten that this provincial spirit once existed. Very few of the American reviews of Macready's "Reminiscences" recall the fact that a quarter of a century before it was published, a bloody riot against the English tragedian had raged around the very building from which his posthumous biography was issued—Clinton Hall. And in only one of the reviews of Mrs. Kemble's "Records of a Girlhood," have I seen any reference to the journal of forty years before,—and that review was written by me.

As one reads the Journal now with the Records in one's memory, it is seen that Miss Fanny Kemble was a clever and cultivated woman, of great vigor and freshness of intellect, naturally astonished at much that she saw and heard here, but wholly free from any desire to find fault. That the printing of a daily diary with blanks for proper names,—blanks which there was in general no great difficulty in filling up,—was injudicious may well be admitted; and more than one page in the two volumes had much better have been left unprinted.

But forty years ago nothing was known of Miss Fanny Kemble except that she was a young woman who dared to have an opinion of her own about the country she had married in,—and for this opinion she was roundly abused. The "Albany Journal," for instance, said: "It is well for the baggage that she wears petticoats." Another paper declared that the "work excites general disgust. The authoress has unsexed herself." A third commented on the "adroit hypocrisy she has always practiced in society." A fourth begins by quoting Halleck's

> "Fanny was younger once than she is now,
> And prettier, of course,"—

goes on to speak of the "coarseness and vulgarity" of many of her remarks and of her "black ingratitude." The "National Gazette" of Philadelphia said: "The mass of the journal is mere chaff;—pettish flippancy; pointless chatter." Major Noah declared his opinion that "Fanny Kemble writes like a smart little milliner." It was this same Major Noah who issued a card denying that he was the newspaper-bug referred to in the journal. The print-sellers took advantage of the excitement about the book to issue more than one series of lithographic plates, rudely enough done, and illustrating roughly some of the salient incidents of the journal.

It must not, however, be supposed that this cheap malignity and provincial spite were universal. Many of the leading and more respectable papers resisted it,—the New York "Evening Post," for one; and in this dignified newspaper appeared at least one remonstrance.

The real faults of the journal, its occasional flip-

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pancy, its judgments from inexperience, its revelation of domestic matters, its indiscretions in regard to private affairs,—these were rarely criticised, yet they were as obvious as it was evident that they all sprang from the one error—the actual printing of a young lady's private journal. Upon these demerits of the work the English reviews were far more severe than the American press, and deservedly so. For some of her minor criticisms Mrs. Kemble cried *peccavi* in her later volume of travels in Italy, "A Year of Consolation."

ARTHUR PENN.

A Natural Conclusion.

WE left the crowded city far behind,
And over hill and valley took our way;
It was a morn in early June, and we
Were off together for a holiday.
Now on a hill-side, in a shady spot,
A cool spring overflowed its mossy brim,
And rippled down the vale, till, far away,
It faded on the meadows' purple rim.

Still further on, we reached a field of corn,
With tender blades just springing from the ground;
While overhead a flock of noisy crows
Kept watch from trees, or circled shyly round.
For, near at hand, raised on a little mound,
An image stood, clad in habiliments old;
"The silly crows!" said Charles; "if they were wise,
They'd recognize the cheat, and be more bold!

"Yet I confess the scare-crow, as it stands,
Is not ill calculated to deceive;
Though it would make the pose more natural
To lower the head, and re-adjust that sleeve.
Think for one moment on that ancient garb!
That battered hat may once have crowned a head
Within whose dome a mighty genius reigned,
That moved the minds of men, or armies led.

"That sleeve, tricked in the semblance of an arm,
Perchance has held within its warm embrace
The form of some fair woman, fond and true,
With heart responsive to a pleading face.
Would that the power were mine to summon here
Him whom my fancy sees in that disguise,
Even as the marble warmed to conscious life
Before Pygmalion's enraptured eyes!"

The figure slowly turned its head and spoke:
"You are the chaps that run away, I allow,
From the insane asylum in the town;
The keeper's out a-lookin' for ye now!"

PHILIP MORSE.

The Irish Eclipse.

BY IRWIN RUSSELL.

IN Watherford, wanst, lived Profissorr MacShane,
The foinest asthronomer iver was sane;
For long before noight, wid the scoience he knew,
Wheriver wan shtar was, sure he could see two
Quoite plain,
Could Profissorr MacShane.

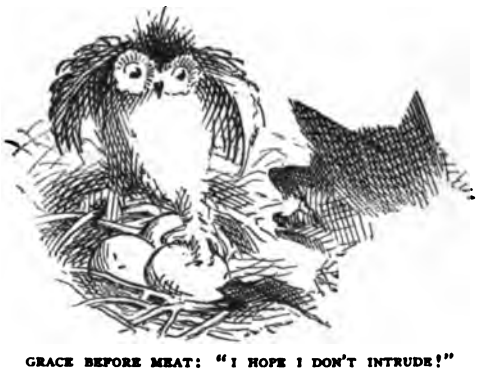
More power to him! iv'ry claare noight as would pass,
He'd sit by the windy, a-shoving his glass;
A poke at the dipper, that plaised him the laist,
But a punch in the milky way suited his taste,—
Small blame
To his sowl for that same!

Now wan toime in Watherford, not long ago,
They had what the loike was not haard of, I know,
Since Erin was undher ould Brian Borrhoime:
The sun was ayclipsed for three days at wan toime!
It's thrue
As I tell it to you.

'Twas sunroise long gone, yet the sun never rose,
And iv'rywan axed, "What's the matther, God knows?"
The next day, and next, was the very same way;
The noight was so long it was lasting all day,
As black
As the coat on yer back.

The paiple wint hunting Profissorr MacShane,
To thry if he'd know what this wondher could mane;
He answered thim back: "Is that so? Are ye there?
'Tis a lot of most iligant gommachs ye air,
To ax
For the plainest of facts!

"Ye're part of an impoire, yez mustn't forget,
Upon which the sun's niver able to set;
Thin why will it give yer impoire a surproise
If wanst, for a change, he refuses to roise?"
Siz he,
"That is aizy to see!"



GRACE BEFORE MEAT: "I HOPE I DON'T INTRUDE!"

A Writer.

HE does not know his English well,
Our vulgar words he scorns to praise,
And, consequently, thinks it swell
To trifle with the Gallic phrase.

He writes *amour* instead of "love,"
Whenever he can find the chance;
Colombe is more *gentil* than "dove,"
It gives the essence of all France.

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And when he scrawls his mongrel prose,
By many foreign terms disguised,
He Frenchifies a simple "rose,"
And has it down italicized!

For "darling," *chérie* you will find
In every chapter, sure as fate;
And, for the glory of mankind,
He would not miss a *tête-à-tête!*

Of adjectives in *euse* and *ante*,
He doth continually speak;
His heroine is *ravissante*,
For "beautiful" would not be *chic!*

Boudoir, *ennui*, *café*, *argot*,
His standard favorites always are;
And he for worlds would not forego
The sempiternal *boulevard*.

His scene is laid upon the Seine,
From him what could you ask of more?
The lover calls his girl *ma reine*,
And she calls him *mon doux trésor*.

And then his proper names, with zeal
He could not very well forget;
He dazzles us with Claude, Emile,
Pauline, Adèle, and Henriette.

Tired of the hackneyed terms? Not he!
His grand *sang froid* you little know;
He'd write a page for *vis-à-vis*,
And twenty more for *dos-à-dos!*

And, as you read his lovely *livre*,
Which wonderment from stones could wrench,
You marvel how he still can *vivre*,
And why he does not write in French!

F. S. S.

On a Fan that belonged to the Marquise de Pompadour.*

CHICKEN-SKIN, delicate, white,
Painted by Carlo Vanloo,
Loves in a riot of light,
Roses and vaporous blue;
Hark to the dainty *frou-frou!*
Picture above, if you can,
Eyes that could melt as the dew,—
This was the Pompadour's fan!

See how they rise at the sight,
Thronging the *Œil de Bœuf* through,
Courtiers as butterflies bright,
Beauties that Fragonard drew,
Talon-rouge, falbala, queue,
Cardinal, Duke,—to a man,
Eager to sigh or to sue,—
This was the Pompadour's fan!

Ah, but things more than polite
Hung on this toy, *voyez-vous!*
Matters of state and of might,
Things that great ministers do;
Things that, may be, overthrew
Those in whose brains they began;
Here was the sign and the cue,—
This was the Pompadour's fan!

ENVOY.

Where are the secrets it knew?
Weavings of plot and of plan?
—But where is the Pompadour, too?
This was the Pompadour's *fan!*

AUSTIN DOBSON.

* A *ballade* on this same subject, and by the same author, but differing in many points from the one here presented, was printed a year or so ago in an English magazine. It has since undergone such radical revision at the author's hands, that it may now fairly be considered a new poem.

AMATEUR MINSTRELSY.—BEHIND THE SCENES.

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SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. XVIII. JUNE, 1879. No. 2.

THE FINE ARTS AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

A RETROSPECT.

"YOUNG MARSYAS." (DRAWN BY ELIHU VEDDER AFTER HIS PAINTING IN THE EXPOSITION).

BEFORE its memory becomes dim, and before public interest in it, as the latest and the greatest of international displays disappears, let us attempt to record some part of the remarkable history of the Paris Exposition of last summer. Our study will be rather concerning the grounds and the exterior of the buildings than of the exhibition of art and industry itself; except as some works of art in the galleries seem to call for special notice. To do justice to any one department of that great exhibition would call for a longer article than this can be.

And first of the plan we present,—by the aid of which and some wood-cuts we hope to give such a description of the grounds and the more prominent buildings as will be readily understood, and an impression that will not immediately fade away of the very important architectural features of the world's fair of 1878. This plan (see page 164) has been prepared under the immediate supervision of the writer, by means of half a dozen official and non-official, more or less accurate surveys and maps and of a tolerably complete familiarity with all parts of the grounds. The great point has been to decide what to leave out. The

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plans published hitherto (except the very slightest and most diminutive) all fail from trying to give too much,—too many incompatible kinds of information. They fail entirely to explain themselves to one who is not on the spot; nobody ever made out from them how the different things described in the newspapers all "go together," and where each is to be found. They were made, one and all, for the use of the visitors to the grounds, and naturally were concerned with giving to those visitors every sort of guide-book information; how to go the quickest from any one place to any other; where Andorra leaves off and San Marino begins; where post-offices and police-offices and rolling-chairs were to be found, and refreshment shops of all grades; rather with this than with any of the important general features of the exhibition. And naturally so, because with the main characteristics and great general scheme of the exhibition a visitor could hardly fail to be at once strongly impressed. And to give to the non-visitor just such a strong impression is the object of this paper and its illustrations; so the plan has been stripped of all details that could be spared, and simplified until it can be understood at a glance. Everything which is shaded with lines in one direction only, and therefore paler, is within the inclosure but open to the sky. Everything which is shaded with lines running in two directions—that is, all the darker tint—is under cover; all of that is floored and roofed,—all of that and nothing else than that, or at least nothing else more important than a covered seat or a marquee. Everything which is shaded at all is within the exhibition inclosure; and this is the whole of that inclosure, except that on the left, to the south-west of the Trocadéro Park, between the Quay and the Boulevard de Lessert, there is a somewhat greater extent of annexes than is shown. The exact dimensions of this small inclosure the writer had no means of ascertaining. The whole exhibition is thus beneath the reader's eye, always excepting the cattle-show grounds which were not far away to the eastward, on the esplanade of the Invalides. Then, of course, the white parts of the map are Paris without the grounds; and here the reader can see the different approaches by water and by land, and the outside communications kept open between old Paris and the Banlieue, on each side of the river.

The exposition of 1867 was confined to the left bank of the Seine, and occupied the whole Champ de Mars. This big flat field, famous in Parisian history for many a year, is all on our plan, and extends from the front of the "École Militaire"—so called, though it has long been a barrack for troops—to the river, and from the Avenue de Suffren on the south-west to the Avenue Labourdonaye on the north-east. This has long been a drill-ground and field for maneuvers, and is big enough for a very considerable number of troops to exercise in. It is almost exactly a kilometer long, or thirty-three hundred feet, and rather less than half as wide—say one hundred and fifteen acres of plain,—of dust, one might say with truth, during any but an exhibition summer. Right in the middle of this quadrangle the oval building of 1867 was placed, occupying half of its area, surrounded by a multitudinous swarm of little buildings of all sorts, scattered about a very beautifully disposed garden. The plan of it was the well-known combination of concentric belts representing different departments of industry, with radiating bands representing nations. The visitor started from the outer edge and made his way along the Belgian radius, let us say, from raw material outside to fine art in the innermost belt; or, taking textile fabrics, for instance, one voyaged from his own fatherland around the civilized world and back to his home again, in one circuit of the building. That was clever and well imagined, and there were novel enough devices of construction in the "great gasometer," as it was called, and plenty of interesting little buildings around it; but none of peculiar importance, and none that have continued in existence. All has passed away from earth, like the imperial government that created it. That government, then at the height of its power and importance, was thought fully enough given to a magnificent, not to say an extravagant, way of doing things. What it did in 1867 was thought reasonably splendid and wholly satisfactory. To be sure the exposition was wholly confined to the Rive Gauche, and it seemed to be a good way from everywhere, and there were no prominent or lofty buildings connected with it, nothing that could be seen from Paris proper, unless from a very high tower indeed. But then it was thought that these were necessary and unavoidable drawbacks. It was the showiest and largest exhibition so far, and the emperor and his "pals," and the Parisian public and the world of visitors were all very happy about it.

But Paris and France were in a very different humor in 1878 from that of 1867—a

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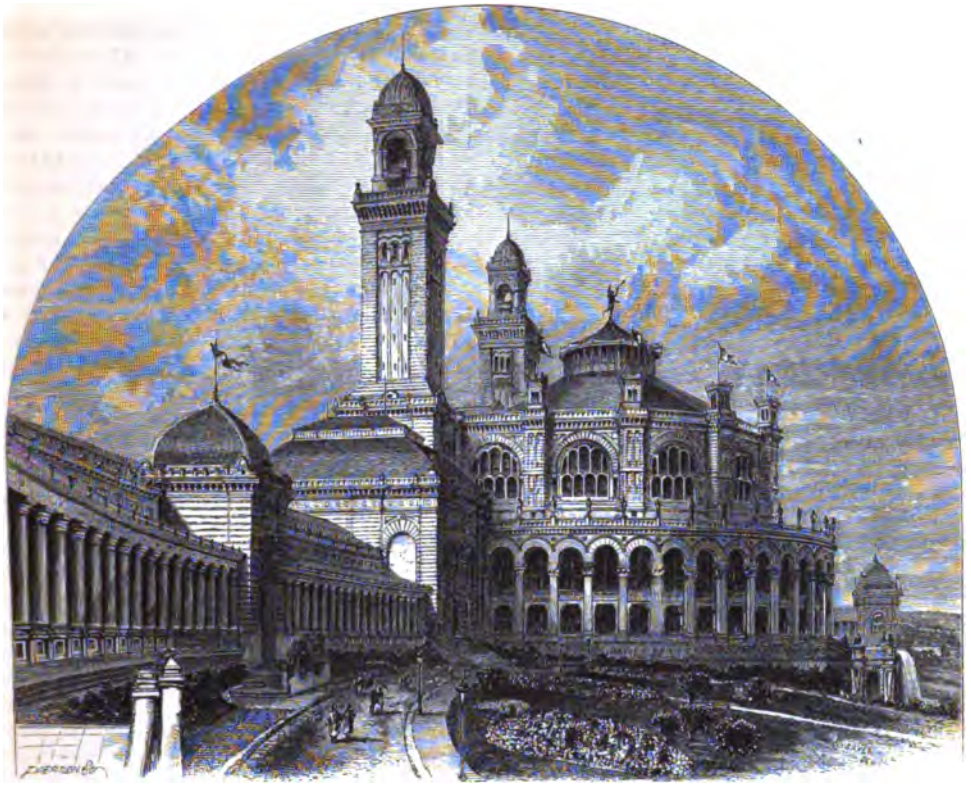

THE TROCADÉRO PALACE.

very different and a more enterprising, more ambitious, immeasurably more intense, mood of mind. Ruinously defeated and amazed at her weakness where she had thought herself the strongest, but full of strength, hope, resource, and a truly youthful energy; lately regarded as impoverished by war, but newly enriched by industry; still doubtful of her military strength, and avowedly so, but rich and growing richer, strong and growing stronger, prosperous and happy perhaps beyond any nation in Europe; as much surprised and gratified at her success in self-government as she had been surprised and shocked at her failure in arms,—France felt herself at once called upon for, and fully capable of, a greater effort than the empire had ever imagined. 1867 had been a busy and a splendid time, but 1878 must needs be still more crowded with incident and with triumph. All the world had come to Napoleon's fête, and now the republic must invite the world to a festival so splendid that no refusal would be possible, and that all former achievements would be surpassed. Of 1867 nothing remained but a remembrance which the later displays at Vienna, and, to a certain extent, at Philadelphia, had dimmed. But the republican ceremonial of 1878 should leave behind it monuments which would endure for ever. Expense? What question could there be of expense when the national honor was at stake, when the Republic's reputation was concerned, and when it was important that no voice should anywhere be raised that could deny the magnificence and wise liberality of the new government. As to expense, too, the outlay attending the imperial show of 1867 had been exceeded at Vienna in 1873, and even by the most thrifty of nations, the transatlantic republic, at Philadelphia, in 1876; and it was evident to all that there must be no stint this time, and that besides the forty million francs for temporary buildings and temporary expenses, ten millions more might with advantage be spent upon an edifice which, while aiding the temporary need both of space and of splendor, might remain as an added decoration to the capital.

Across the river from the Champ de Mars, on the right bank, the slopes of Chaillot and Passy have long been known as

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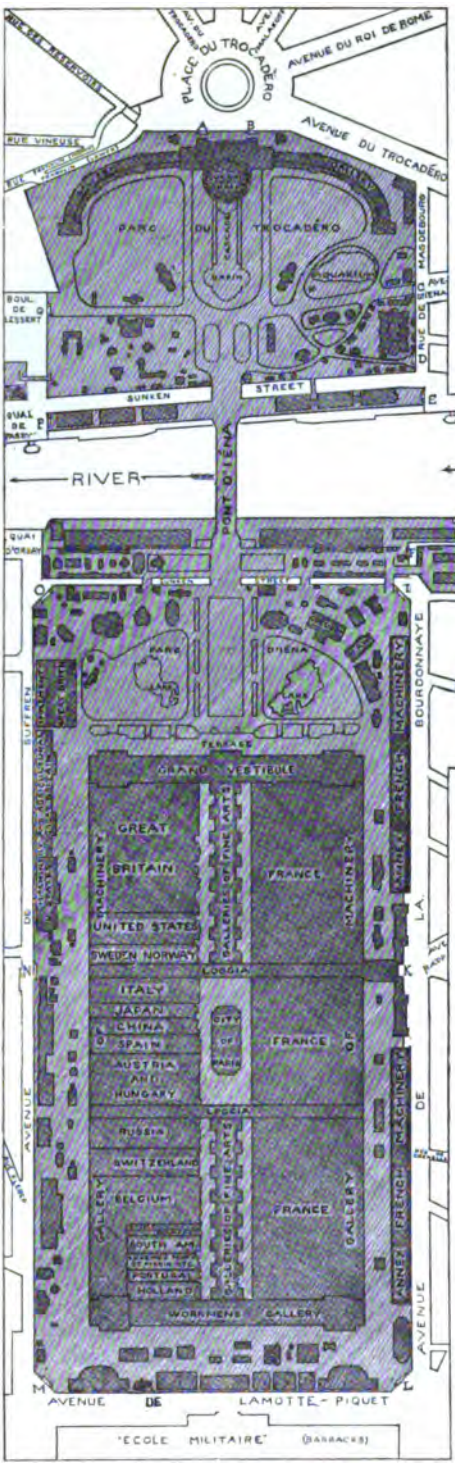

PLAN OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

delightful places for a stroll or for a residence. There, in the Middle Ages, stood three little villages, the nearest of them a mile and a half from the western gate of Paris; that Porte St. Honoré, which before 1350 was near the old Louvre, and afterward advanced farther west along the street of the same name to a place nearly abreast of the Tuileries.

There, later, arose two religious houses, very well known to history—a monastery of Franciscans and a convent of Visitandine nuns. In the convent there lived for years the wife and widow of Charles I. of England, Henriette of France; and there, fifty years later, died Louise de la Vallière. These communities and these buildings were swept away by the great revolution, and here, on the hill of Chaillot, right opposite the bridge which he named the "Bridge of Jena," from the famous victory which ruined the Prussian monarchy, Napoleon I. founded a palace for his possible future son and heir, "King of Rome," as he was destined to be. The son was born and came to his title, at least. The foundations of the palace were laid, and that on a scale excelling everything hitherto known; to surpass Versailles in splendor and the Escurial in extent; to occupy a whole quarter of Paris with its gardens and approaches,—if this was, as it is recorded, the mighty emperor's scheme he chose certainly a noble site for his constructions, one at once convenient and stately. He was always both grandiose and shrewd in his conceptions, that typical man of the world, but his short reign allowed the complete realization of but few of them. The allied troops encamped on these slopes of Chaillot and the foundations of the palace were removed or covered up in the course of a few years, and the most splendid site near Paris relapsed into something very like a desert. The people who crossed the Bridge of Jena turned east

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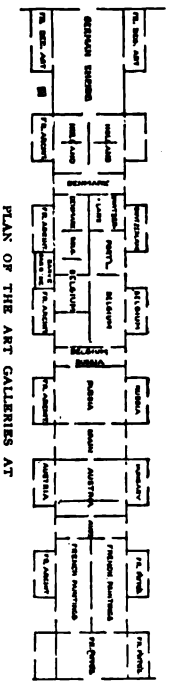
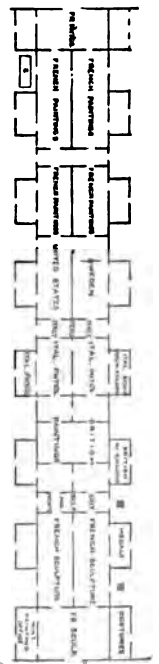
or west along the quays and never mounted the steep and broken hill, and those bound for Passy took still other roads. But it was an aspiration of the restored Bourbons to replace the Bonapartist traditions by their own. Military successes, indeed, were hardly in order, but one small chance was given them, when the Duc d'Angoulême was posing as a conqueror and a pacificator in Spain, in 1823. A small fort which defended Cadiz Roads, bearing the name "El Trocadéro,"—as it does to-day,—was reduced by the French army, and a loyal journal, bravely mixing up several different ideas to make one, proclaimed to all the world that now the sun of Austerlitz was dimmed by the luster of the sun of the Trocadéro. So that it came to be proposed to King Louis XVIII., and to be determined on by himself and his advisers, to build a monument or column which should tower over Paris, to commemorate the Spanish expedition; and the heights opposite the Champ de Mars were fixed upon to bear this monument aloft, and christened with the sonorous and Spanish-sounding name of the Trocadéro. Nothing came of the monument project under the immediately succeeding reign of Charles X., and the name given to the locality was pretty much forgotten all through the reign of the Citizen King. Although the picturesque and dominant height itself was within the barriers, as they were in Louis Philippe's day, and although, after the fortifications were built, all that district became, as it were, one with Paris, yet the beautiful hill seems to have been neither private property nor public grounds, neither built upon nor cared for. In the early days of the Second Empire it remained still unnoticed. It was not until just before the Exposition of 1867 that the park of the Trocadéro was laid out. No one knows how many millions of francs were spent in this work and in building a most prodigious flight of stairs,—only seventy-five steps high, indeed, but wide enough for a hundred men to march up abreast. From this height, thus newly decorated and opened up to the public, Maxime Lalanne took the scene of one of his largest etchings, which shows the buildings of the Exposition of 1867, with the still river and its bridges and distant Paris, and the new esplanade with its lamps and promenaders.

Upon this height, this slope and the bridge connecting them with the Champ de Mars on the left bank, the enterprising officials of the autumn of 1876 fixed their eyes. It must not be forgotten that all was very symmetrical, so to speak, the two tracts of ground and the bridge between them being all on one axis running north-west and south-east, and just at right angles with the river at that point. There in the plain was the place for the exhibition of contemporary industry, for the great congeries of iron and glass sheds,—larger by half than that of eleven years before, —for the machinery, the products, the invention and the art of the present day. There on the height was the fitting place for such a palace as would be a new ornament even to Paris,—a palace devoted in part to the arts of the past, in the way of a great museum of works of fine art received on loan, and in part devoted to music, to festivity and to ceremonial. Then, by setting back the Palace of Industry well toward the rear of the Champ de Mars, the double park, divided by the river but united by the bridge, half on the level and half on the slope, would be nearly half a mile long from one of the large buildings to the other, and would seem all the larger for its division and for its variety of surface.



PLAN OF THE ART GALLERIES AT

In the map before us, the building at the extreme north-west, or top of the map, is the *Palais des Fêtes*, as it seems to be called officially. It consists of a very large music-hall, or hall of assembly, in the middle, and enormous wings, stretching from north-east to south-west, almost exactly a quarter of a mile. Each of these wings contains a long, continuous, top-lighted gallery; and on the inner side, toward the park and the river, a noble colonnade and sheltered walk runs



THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

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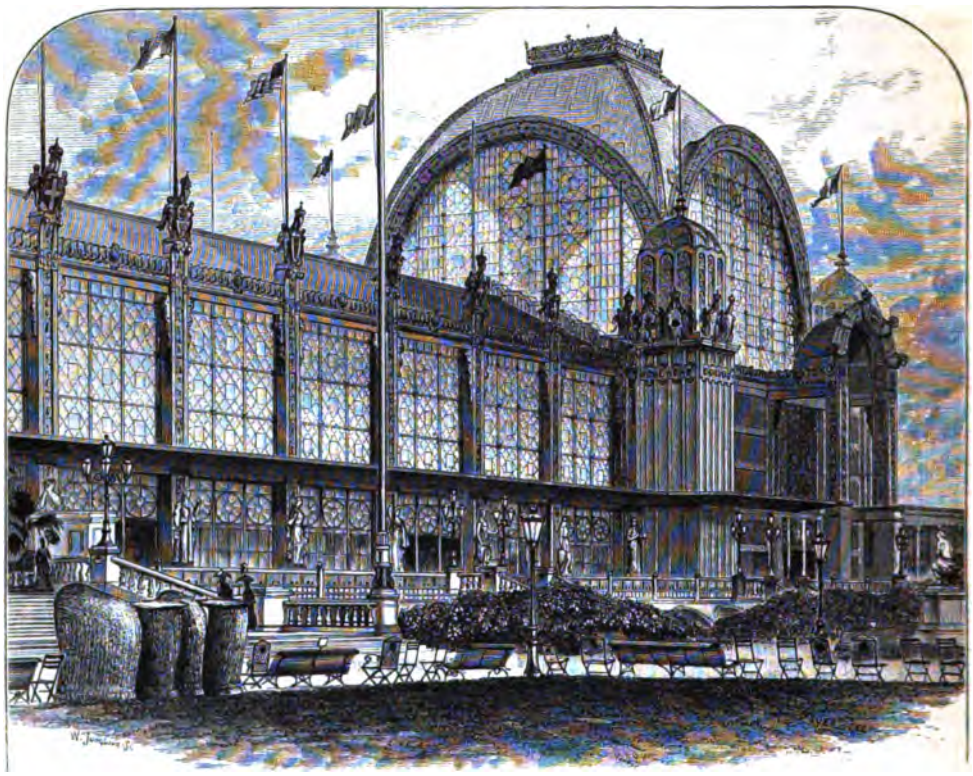

WEST CORNER DOME OF THE MAIN EXPOSITION BUILDING.

unbroken from one end of the building to the other, passing around the music-hall and connecting at each side of it with great open vestibules, which pass through the building from the city to the park. It is from this colonnade, at its extreme south-western end, that the view shown in our cut on page 163 has been taken. This picture shows the main dispositions well enough. The distant pavilion at the extreme end of the opposite wing contains an entrance on the lower level reached by the fall of the ground, and a wide staircase leading up to the floor of the gallery above. A similar arrangement is behind and to the right of the spectator. What the French call *perrons* and New Yorkers call "stoops" (while the rest of the world has no name for them) connect the open colonnade with the broad paths below; and from the colonnade to the gallery within, a door opens on the axis of each of these approaches. These doors, indeed, were kept closed last summer, or barricaded with benches, but that was a mere detail of police arrangements. Of the three open galleries that surround the central mass of the building, the lowermost is on the level of the colonnades of the wings; the upper ones open from vestibules above the great entrance vestibules of the ground floor. But the simple and excellent arrangement of these stairs and corridors cannot be dwelt upon here. What must be said is however a few words of general criticism of the building, which seems to the writer one of the best productions of modern art, and the reasons for this opinion, which is not that of the newspaper correspondents, may be worth stating.

It must be observed that here is a practical denial of the assertion often made, and with apparent reason, that splendid architecture will not be needed or be possible hereafter. "For us no more the throne of marble, for us no more the vault of gold," said Mr. Ruskin, at Bradford, just twenty years ago, "but the privilege of bringing the power and charm of art within the reach of the humble and the poor." The lecturer did not perceive that the magnificences of architecture in the future, for the benefit of the whole community, and paid for by the whole community, may be at least as great as in the past. It is the splendor of

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private buildings that has disappeared forever, leaving only little vanities and prettinesses of upholstery to represent the picturesqueness of the Elizabethan manor-house and the stately magnificence of the Florentine *palazzo*. And probably splendid church architecture has gone, with great church organizations,—all undermined together and tumbled into a heap by the insidious foe called "right of private judgment." But if any one believes that great communities will be happy without great and splendid buildings, let him consider for a moment one result of the new *régime:* the fact that since the people took their affairs into their own hands wars have been bloodier than ever before,—more gayly undertaken, more bitterly fought out. There are on record the statements of English papers to the effect that loyalty without a prince to be loyal to was an obvious impossibility; that costly war would never be carried on by a people who could make their objections to taxation felt and obeyed, and so forth, and so on. And yet, here is this Yankee nation of "shopkeepers,"—a community known, at last, to be quite willing to spend and be spent for anything it cares about. It is as yet immeasurably more ignorant of what fine art is and is good for, and what is meant by splendor in architecture, decoration, in display, than any other civilized people; but whether it is willing to spend for such purposes or not can best be ascertained by looking at its half dozen great parks, the worst of which excels, not so much in extent as in elaborate ornamentation and in cost, anything that existed in Europe when Central Park was planned, and by looking at the rather blundering attempts to produce fine public buildings at our state and national capitals. Now in all that concerns modern city life and organization Paris is the guide and model; not to be implicitly followed, but as the most brilliant example of lavish outlay, guided in the various departments by trained skill. This palace of the Trocadéro would be impossible to-day in any other city—but wait till a near to-morrow! Is it London town, or New York, or Rome, or Melbourne, or San Francisco that for a similar object will first surpass it, if not in beauty and convenience, at least in expense? Ornate architecture is sought for by all self-governed communities; we have only to hope for the controlling influence of reason and good taste.

The buildings so built for the delectation of the public will have to be very different from the old palaces and cathedrals. The teachers of architecture have not yet found that out, nor the architects, except in a few cases; it is rare to see any important public building designed for its purpose alone, and without reference to buildings built long ago for wholly different purposes.

This is then one of the peculiar merits of the Trocadéro Palace that it is very novel in plan, and wholly independent. The art galleries are only one story high,—for the top is the best for such galleries; there are enormous open colonnades outside, because all Paris will crowd there of a Sunday and look at the noble view; there is the great concert hall in the middle, perfectly accessible from all parts of the edifice, and from the out-door walks which adjoin it, and from both the city and the park, and yet so wholly disengaged that it has windows all around, except where the great organ and the stage are placed. Now, in the matter of architectural design, there are always some fine distinctions to be made. Let not the reader suppose that this structure is about to be compared with the world-renowned monuments of by-gone styles of architecture. But this building, convenient as we have said, and well adapted to all its purposes, does really sit most gracefully upon its hill-top, its towers group admirably with one another and with the great mass of the concert hall, and the central group so formed composes well with the wings. Seen sidewise, as in the cut, it is picturesque and effective; seen from the Bridge of Jena, or from the Champ de Mars, it is more imposing and stately; everywhere it looks large. M. Gonse, writing in the "Gazette des Beaux Arts," thinks that its vast size (the towers are 240 feet high, the rotunda about 180 feet in diameter, the spread of the whole front 1,300 feet measured on the chord) is not fully felt, when viewed from the opposite side of the river: in this opinion the writer cannot agree. It is a building which looks near while yet it is felt to be far away. There is no need to pick out a detail and to think how big it is before the whole magnitude can be felt, as is the case in certain famous pseudo-classical constructions. As one emerged from the doors of the main Exposition building last summer, eight hundred yards away, the distant palace at once took the eye and held it, as does a mountain seen every day from the village streets, familiar in all its details, plain to be seen, right upon us—and yet felt to be huge and far away. There are weak things about

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BRONZE GROUP, "GRATITUDE," FROM THE SCHNEIDER MONUMENT, BY CHAPU.

it: the great twelve-sided roof is of dark-gray slate and is at once gloomy and weak; the tower roofs are of copper with gilded ribs, and the wing colonnades are covered with red tiles (what a pity that the center could not have been roofed in one of these two ways!). This central roof is stiff and weak, and carries a wretched little lantern, the whole crowned with a statue, which, however fine in reality,—and it is by a most worthy and excellent sculptor, M. Mercié,—is almost invisible from below, and has no sort of effect on the general design. Then, as regards details—well, it is in detail that the architects of the Paris school fail. They are taught to plan wonderfully well, and to make their exterior show the interior disposition and follow it, and the best of them soon shake off whatever of academic tradition may have been calculated to restrain their powers of design. But to combine sculptured and painted details, lovely in themselves, so as to make a noble building nobler and more graceful by their use, is not the special gift of the Paris-trained architects. With the best sculptors in the world,

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—and indeed the only living school of sculpture,—they have no carved ornament for their buildings which is worthy of serious consideration; they have forgotten how to use moldings; and the tendency seems to be toward plain square jambs and flat

STATUE, "CHARITY," BY PAUL DUBOIS, FROM THE MONUMENT TO GENERAL DE LA MORICIÈRE.

façades of little decorative effect, with life-size and colossal statues in full realized sculpture set up against them as their chief and almost their sole decoration. Now, the Trocadéro Palace is not so bad as that, for it has some contrast of color, the material of the walls being arranged in alternate stripes of buff and pale-red limestone, and the friezes under the cornices decorated with patterns in mosaic, in gold and pale blue and white, with pale red terra cotta; but it still lacks ornament. The angles of window and door, and buttress and pier, are all too hard, the spectator seems to knock his head against them; the immense windows are cut too squarely through the walls, and lack the penumbra of delicately molded or carved archivolts and imposts; the building looks as if an army of skillful stone-carvers should be turned loose upon it, to soften it into

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greater harmony and to bring about a more gentle transition between its lesser subdivisions. These are faults common to modern buildings, and come of the lack of trained workmen (trained, that is, in artistic ways), of the great cost of labor, of haste and indifference, and of the contract system of building; in so far as the Trocadéro Palace was kept free from any of these evils, their absence was made up by the peculiarly severe pressure of haste, for the building was not started until late in the autumn of 1876, and was finished complete in eighteen months, including two winters; and this, although there were peculiar difficulties in the way, as the ground was found to be perfectly honey-combed with ancient quarries, and the new foundations had to be begun deep down in the seemingly solid hill.

These old quarries are found in all the suburbs of Paris. When the great church of the Sacred Heart was devised, nine years ago, to stand upon the heights of Montmartre, and to serve, in a way, as the church's manifesto in rivalry of the new opera-house and the world, the hill was found to be in even greater need of complete rebuilding than the hill-side of Chaillot. But in the Trocadéro Park there is, at all events, one very interesting result of the cavernous condition of this part of the world—the aquarium, shown on the plan by an irregular bounding line. This feature is cleverly arranged in a number of the old quarry-holes. The visitor steps about among a series of little ponds, so arranged, each a little higher than its neighbor, that the water slowly runs from one to another. These ponds are open to the sun, like any piece of natural water; but by going down some rough stone steps and into the bowels of the hill, the visitor finds himself among the fish and on their own level, separated from the water only by plate-glass on either side, behind, before, and even overhead.

All this park of the Trocadéro is sloping ground, all leading up from the bridge to the great palace. In the middle, and springing from the rotunda of the music-hall itself, as seen in our illustration on page 163, is the cascade, which, after the manner of such ornamental waters, descends the hill by little steps, after it has taken its first great plunge of thirty feet or more. It is admitted that the slope of the cascade is not quite steep enough; that, when looked at from below, it does not fall rapidly enough for the best effect; that it is too much lost in the foreshortening. But the basin in which it ends its course is very successful, with its three fountains, the center one playing always in a slender upright jet, the two side ones in "bouquets" of spray. At the four corners of the basin are four statues of singular subject, which have excited as much remark and criticism as any sculptured work about the Exposition. They face out from the water in four different directions, four enormous quadrupeds of gilded bronze: a horse and an ox, an elephant and a rhinoceros. A very remarkable success has been achieved in these. Mr. Cain's ox is especially admirable. As for Mr. Jacquemart's rhinoceros, the wonder is so great that he should succeed in doing anything at all with the creature, as a subject for sculpture, that perhaps one's critical humor is lulled asleep; but indeed the modeling is capital, at once artistic and faithful to the minute peculiarities of the beast, and the treatment, in a decorative fashion, is truly surprising.

The buildings nearest this basin, one on each side, are two of the more elegant and expensive of the numerous restaurants within the grounds. From that on the right a charming view is to be had, almost like the view from the colonnade of the palace, though of course less extensive. This was the place to dine during that memorable summer! At six the buildings were closed; but the grounds were lighted more or less brilliantly, and they were open till eight o'clock for in-comers, and indefinitely for lingerers; at least, the restaurants began to shut up and the attractions grew strong elsewhere, before ever any notice of dismissal was served upon the loitering visitor. At six one could dine pleasantly,—for there was no crowd, except at the hour of *déjeuner*,—and then take a comfortable chair under the colonnade which crowns the hill, and watch the sunset light upon the distant domes and towers, the gleaming river, and the Exposition building across the river, with its four bubble-like domes at the four corners, and the long perspective of roofs between.

In this respect the buildings of 1878 were vastly superior to the oval mass of 1876; for the great size of the whole group was perfectly evident; the domes nearest the "École Militaire" looked to be, as they were, half a mile farther off than the nearer ones; and the transparent lightness given to these square domes by their way of construction (which may be partly understood by examining the cut on page 166), greatly aided

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STATUE "JEANNE D'ARC AS A CHILD," BY ALBERT-LEFEUVRE.

the effect of the whole, making it all seem vague and vast in the dim light. In the *Parc de Jéna* there was a little government building,—shown on the right hand of the map, and lettered M. P. W., which stands for Minister (or Ministry) of Public Works,—

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ANCIENT TAPESTRY, FROM THE FRENCH SCULPTURE GALLERY. (AFTER DRAWING BY D. MAITLAND ARMSTRONG.)

and on the top of it was a little light-house, or lantern, from which a revolving light, now white and now red, threw its flashes through the gathering night. In one other respect, also, the prospect grew more pleasing as darkness descended: the buildings which are seen on the map standing along the river-side, between the river and the "sunken street" on each bank, were nearly all roofed with red tiles, and in broad daylight the succession of these roofs of vivid color, one rising behind the other, divided the landscape too violently, while they concealed too much of it. That was a serious oversight, and the worst blot upon the general beauty of the grounds.

The lower part of the slope, on this side the river, was thickly strewn with buildings; that farthest to the left is the Chinese bazaar, with ornamental gardens around it; the larger block of buildings near, fronting on the cross-avenue, which continues the Boulevard De Lessert, is the Egyptian building; behind it, down the hill, are wooden structures put up by Swedish and Norwegian exhibitors; and fronting on the main avenue that leads to the bridge, is the Japanese model farm. Of this last, the house is not so important as the very pretty cottage put up by the Japanese at Philadelphia, but the pretty garden, the delicate fences, the ornamental plants and the general arrangements were very attractive; and the gate was so picturesque and so prettily ornamented with carvings in wood that it was one of the most valuable pieces of ornamental art in the Exposition. The most important building on the eastern side of this park is the Algerian pavilion, the white tower of which is prominent in

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STATUE, "FAITH," BY PAUL DUBOIS, FROM THE MONUMENT TO GENERAL DE LA MORICIÈRE.
(FROM DRAWING BY AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS.)

every view of the Exposition grounds or of Paris from the Trocadéro. This is the large oblong structure close to the Rue de Magdebourg, and between gates C and D.

An important structure is the Creuzot building near the Pavilion of Public Works—important on account of the great industry it represented, with the evidences of which it was

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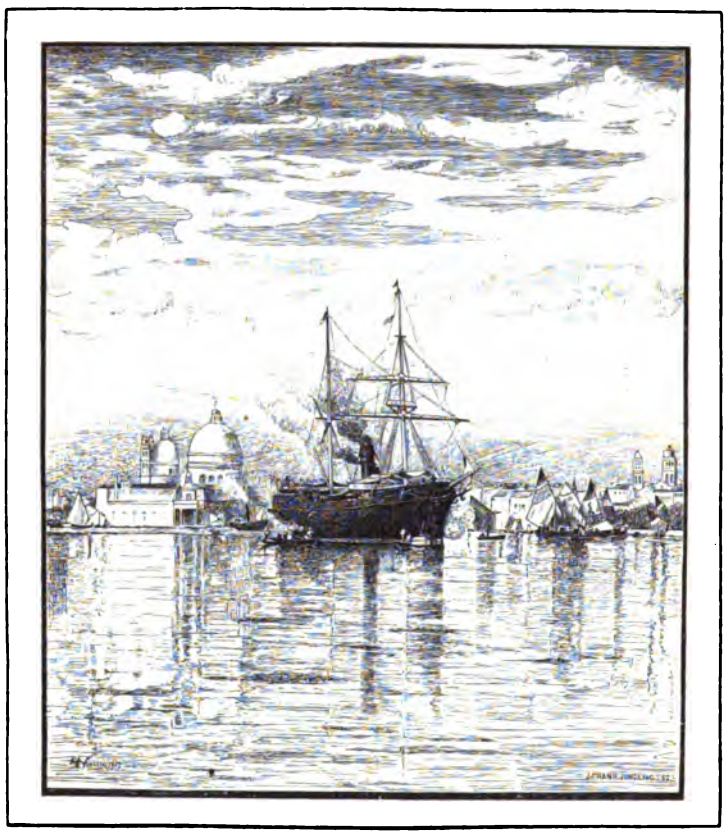
filled, on account of its own considerable value as an architectural design, and on account of the very interesting monument it contained. In the cut on page 168 is engraved a part of wooden *sabots* and rough clothes. The truly artistic management of all this, and the pathos and sincerity which fill it, are the more delightful because they are unexpected.



"VENICE, PAST AND PRESENT." (DRAWN BY C. C. COLEMAN AFTER HIS PAINTING IN THE EXPOSITION.)

this monument which is erected to the memory of Eugène Schneider, the founder and chief the iron-works at Creuzot, and head for so long a time of an unusually prosperous and contented community. At the base, seated on a projecting step which serves her as a seat, is a mother pointing to the statue of Schneider at the top, and calling her son's attention to it as the object of his gratitude and imitation. This group is one of the most real and valuable products of modern art. The dress of both the mother and the boy is that of the work-people of the Schneider *usine;* advantage is taken of the habits of workers in the casting-shops and forges to give the boy's body naked above the waist, and to model carefully its spare and youthful forms; but except for this, the sculptor's only material after he leaves the two characteristic and expressive heads, are coarse shoes,

However learned and skillful, however valued by the French official and municipal leaders for its monumental and grandiose character, M. Chapu's work generally lacks freshness and native impulse,—is too often but cold and dull. There are many large and stately works by this sculptor in and about the great Exhibition building, and they all repel. If we turn away from the Creuzot pavilion and look across the lawn and the lake toward the central entrance of the grand vestibule, there, on the steps leading to the terrace, was a colossal seated female figure—"The French Republic"—gazing out toward the park and the bridge. Within, and under the side *loggia* of the Paris pavilion, was the monument to Berryer, the great advocate, intended for the Palace of Justice, which is now being repaired and rebuilt after the incendiarism of 1871. These

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and six or seven important works that were in the galleries leave the spectator cold and indifferent, and, until he learns to understand and feel the strong desire of the French for stateliness of effect in connection with monumental sculpture, he is inclined to wonder at the immense fame and success of the sculptor. But this group of the Creuzot monument, known as "Gratitude,"—"La Reconnaissance,"—has modern feeling as well as great artistic qualities, and is a true work of the time.

The view on page 166 just misses giving the statue of the Republic, mentioned above, and shows the extreme western angle of the main Exhibition building. The glass wall is the front of the Grand Vestibule, as we may readily consent to call this really immense hall; a broad terrace is before it, and a projecting roof shelters the numerous entrances. The statues ranged along below this roof are emblematic of the nations who joined in the Exposition, and high above each statue, on the top of the pier against which it is set, was a shield bearing some heraldic or other device also appropriate to its nationality. There was not much value in these statues; Mr. Aizelin's "Japan" received the most general admiration, but they were all together of small importance,—at least in comparison with the works of art around. For entering the vestibule, say by the middle door-way, the visitor found an assembly of statues and groups in marble and in bronze, which, without crowding the immense space, or seeming to interfere with free passage, welcomed the visitor to the display of fine art beyond. Out of the grand vestibule, door-ways opened to the long corridors of the building beyond;—a door-way in the middle to the art galleries, on each side of this a door to one of the open streets, and again beyond these, on each side, door-ways to the different departments—all that was French on the north-east, or Paris side, all that was foreign on the other. But the fine-art galleries are not divided in this way, but follow one another in long sequence, as shown in the plan on page 165. Since the first three rooms are filled with French sculpture, it was the more suitable that some of the more prominent pieces should stand without.

Among the four or five hundred statues, groups and busts, the bass-reliefs and medals, the monumental compositions of the French sculptors, how few can we even name! The lovely statue, by Mr. Albert-Lefeuvre, of Jeanne d'Arc in her childhood, stood in the large, square sculpture gallery,—the first as you pass from the vestibule,—and was on the right, just at the right-hand jamb of the door leading into the long gallery beyond. The full title is "Jeanne d'Arc, enfant, entend 'ses voix.'" The cut, taken from a photograph, does not give the best point of view; but yet the meaning of the statue can be seen and understood. What cannot be seen is its sculpturesque beauty. It was the only work in the Exposition of an artist who is still very young, and whose promise is of surpassing excellence.

"THE APPROACH TO VENICE." (PAINTING BY W. G. BUNCE.)

The average merit is so high that it is hard for one accustomed to other modern sculpture than that of France to form any concep-

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"BRETON INTERIOR IN 1793." (DRAWN BY T. HOVENDEN AFTER HIS PAINTING IN THE EXPOSITION.)

tion of it. As an instance we may mention the extraordinary vigor of the great number of portrait-heads (for they are hardly "busts," having little more than the head and throat, to the breast). There were, perhaps, seventy-five of them in the long rooms coming second and third in our diagram, and scarcely one was inferior to, or less worthy of study and admiration than, the others. It is not wonderful, of course, that of all the thousands of works of sculpture of the past eleven years, the selected five hundred should have been fine. Every year the *salon* contains six hundred, so that the commissioners had at least six thousand to choose from. It is in its abundance and richness that the glory of the French school of sculpture lies. The ample encouragement given to sculptors by the government and by the cities and public bodies, has counted for much, and it is the custom in France to be magnificent in sculpture, as well as in painting. The result is that there is an immense amount produced which is of a certain value, and among it all some little which reminds the student of great times gone by. The question that one asks, on first surveying this immense body of art, is whether any of it is admirable artistically,—admirable in modeling, admirable as a work of sculpture. "Never mind about the meaning of it!" the enthusiast is almost ready to cry. "The young women at home are producing statues which are wonderfully full of meaning; but are there any of these which are beautiful? Grecian perfection I do not ask nor expect," he says, if he is reasonable; "but is there anybody alive that can give some of that antique grace, that modulation of surface, that subtile gradation of form, which lasted long after the glory of Greece was past, and which makes the sculpture, even of what we call corrupt and decaying epochs, a despair to modern men?"

Well, there was something to show the enthusiast. Outside of the line of galleries, on the French side, the open street was called the Rue de France, and passing down that street toward the center of the main building, the visitor found something in a recess between two of the alcoves which showed what modern sculpture can achieve. In our diagram (page 165) it is shown at C, in the last recess before we reach the first *loggia*, or cross-passage. It is the tomb of General Juchault de La Moricière, with its statues by M. Paul Dubois, set up for the first time and intended, when made perfect by the

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completion in bronze of all the statues at the angles, to stand in the cathedral of Nantes. As it stood in the Exposition, the statue, or rather group of "Charity," and the statue of "Military Courage," which were exhibited as plasters in the Salon of 1876, were in dark bronze, but the other two supporters, "Faith" and "Meditation," were in the plaster still. Of these we give engravings of "Charity" and "Faith," the first from a photograph which was taken from the plaster original; the other from a drawing by Mr. St. Gaudens, made from the statue during the Exposition. With their tranquillity, their perfectly sculpturesque design, the simple and delicate treatment of dress and accessories, and their refined modeling, as of a great sculptor of the Renaissance come again, but with newly gained anatomical science, these statues are among the few finest things of modern art. Military Courage gives name to a noble statue, too, of which photographs and Barbedienne's bronze reproductions in small can be had. The monument itself with the four statues at the four angles, and the recumbent statue of the general beneath the canopy, is altogether, architecture and sculpture, a very admirable piece of work, and no doubt in time to come casts and models of it will be set up in our museums.

"LA FONTAINE." (PAINTING BY JULES BRETON.)

Before leaving the French sculpture galleries, mention should be made of the very sensible plan adopted for masking the nakedness of the walls. They are almost covered with large ancient tapestries, many of them of great beauty. No catalogue nor handbook mentioned them, except casually; no labels were appended to them; to whom they

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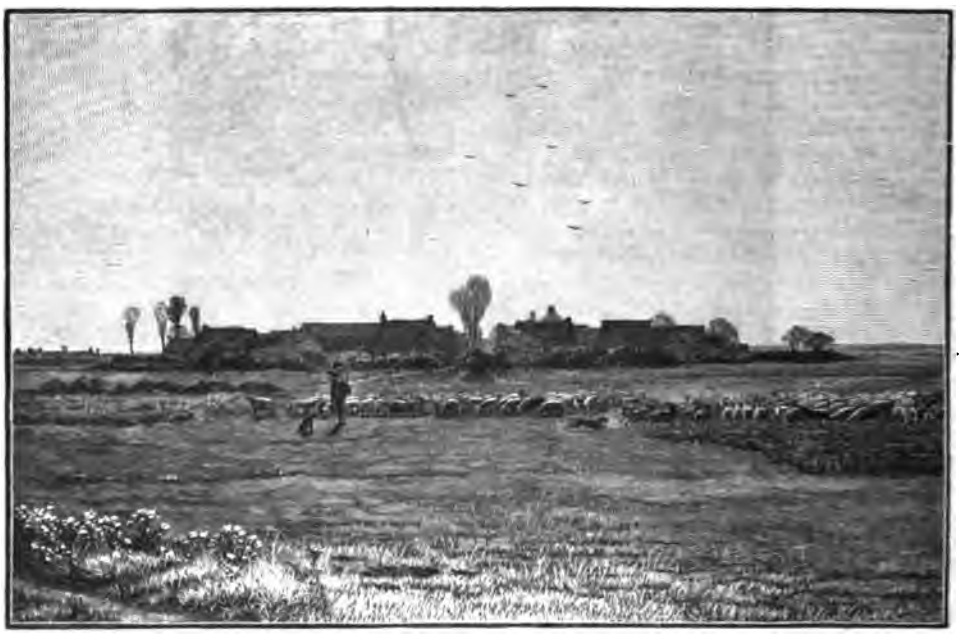
belonged and whence they came there was no one to say. One of them is reproduced in the engraving on page 172, from a drawing made during the Exposition by Mr. D. Maitland Armstrong.

In our diagram of the galleries (page 165), the recesses between the alcoves are in some cases marked by letters. A is nothing of consequence, a big terra cotta reproduction of the Diana of the Louvre, a specimen of Doulton's Lambeth pottery. B is better; it is a very spirited bronze group by J. E. Boehm, "A Clydesdale Stallion," and his groom. Mr. Boehm is also the author of the large statue of Thomas Carlyle which has been often copied and photographed. But the most important piece of sculpture in the British exhibit is, without doubt, the "Athlete Struggling with a Python," of Sir Frederick Leighton, the painter. This stands in the large room of the British subdivision, among the pictures. Indeed, with the exception of France, no nation separates statuary from painting,—not even those who, like Italy, send a large collection of each.

The compact little gallery occupied by the United States contained much that was really interesting and worthy to be on exhibition in Paris, even among the pick of the last ten years of European art. Mr. Vedder's "Marsyas," engraved from his own drawing, is believed to be a good deal more faithful to the original picture, and more beautiful as an engraving, than the illustration in "L'Art" which the writer in that journal oddly praised at Mr. Vedder's expense. Mr. Kreuzberger is credited with the drawing of that picture, which, reproduced by some one of the numerous processes of photo-engraving, now so common, appears in the fifteenth volume of "L'Art," page 199. This would have passed as a tolerable print and tolerably like the picture, but for the amazing statements of the accompanying text, in which it is said that the copyist "has amused himself with putting into shape the picturesque dreams of Mr. Vedder," and that "perhaps this may be profitable to Mr. Vedder himself, whose notice will, in this way, be called to certain deficiencies in his talent." The moral aspect of that criticism has been treated of in many journals; our business has been rather to give a really adequate idea of the picture, by obtaining Mr. Vedder's own drawing, and having it engraved by Mr. Cole. Mr. Coleman's "Venice, Past and Present" also is engraved from a drawing by himself. It needs little power of imagination to see the artist's meaning in the trim steamer anchored off the custom-house, while on one side of her are the painted sails of the Venice fishing-boats, and on the left the old Doguna and the Church of the Madonna of Salvation. Mr. Hoven-



"STUBBLE FIELDS." (PAINTING BY A. SEGÉ.)

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den's "Breton Interior in 1793" was drawn by himself from the painting, while Mr. Bunce's "The Approach to Venice" was engraved from a photograph.

The other paintings which we have engraved are all from the French contributions. M. Segé's landscape, "Les Chaumes (Eure-et-Loire)," is one of the best pictures of the younger men, who are building up in France a wonderful school of strong and free landscape-painting. M. Protais' "Color Guard" is one of the very few pictures of military subject which were in the Exposition. All the works of art which in any way reflected recent animosities or recorded recent strife were barred; the motto of the Exposition, placed high above its principal front, was "Peace." M. Protais' picture, as fitting any time and place, with a few others, such as M. Berne-Bellecour's "Cannon Shot" *(Un Coup de Canon)*, pictures by Meissonnier and others of the soldiers of the First Empire were among the military pieces admitted. As one goes out of the United States gallery into the first French picture-gallery, the wall on the left was half filled with the paintings of Jules Breton, and a noble show they made. What a pity it is that it is not yet possible, in any of our picture-galleries, to get the works of an artist all grouped together! The childish fancy for variety, which had rather see each wall covered with as varied a collection as possible, is exactly equivalent to that stage of intellectual development which reads poetry in books of selections; it is about time that the hanging committees ceased to regard it. Not that the Bretons were all absolutely together. One had to find some strayed canvases, besides. The one we have engraved from a photograph is perhaps as valuable a picture as any, nor was there in the collection anything much finer in the way of free and noble rendering of peasant life and rural landscape. It is always true of Mr. Breton's peasant girls that they are peasants indeed, and not Parisian models in peasant dress. This gives to all his work of this class a character of truthfulness and real life, the reason for which is not at first easy to understand.

PART OF THE BELGIAN FAÇADE.

And this is one of the chief causes of a reputation which is just a little surprising. For the artistic quality of these pictures, though high, is certainly not the highest; there is little or none of that strange dignity of which Jean François Millet had the secret. It would not do to say that it is to despised and decried *realisme* that Jules Breton owes his power over the spectator; and yet, where else to seek for it? At the same time, it must be said that among his pictures there are some which remind one of the great Millet. The picture, "Les Amis," where girlish figures—not, as in "La Fontaine," of life size, but much smaller—are seen coming through the corn-field, is perhaps, of all

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INTERIOR OF AN ENGLISH COUNTRY HOUSE, TIME OF WILLIAM III.; ENGLISH EXHIBIT.

these nine pictures, the most noble and severe, the best in every way, and the most like the work of the dead artist whom we have twice named.

Opposite the Bretons, on the other long wall of that gallery, hung M. Bouguereau's canvases—a very different collection! It seems to be priestly influence that gives him so much valuable space for his saintly personages, with broad, gilded haloes. His rather effeminate art has but two notes: pietism and girlish sentiment; and, compared with the daylight sensibleness of the Bretons, it is all feeble indeed. When the visitor looked back toward the screen, around which he had passed in entering, he found it covered with the pictures of Corot—ten Corots together! This was an afterthought; the Exposition was two months old before these Corots were hung, there having been only two or three at first. What bad management it was, or what willful exclusion, which kept out Millet entirely, and almost succeeded in excluding Corot, it is impossible to say, though there was gossip enough about it. The corresponding screen in the gallery alongside (the one opening out of "Sweden") was hung with the paintings of the elder Daubigny; and near, on the wall dividing the two French galleries, the pictures of Carolus Duran, including the "Mlle. Croizette" of the Philadelphia Exhibition. But it is impossible to go on in this catalogue style, hinting at pictures which we cannot engrave, nor describe, nor, alas! see again. In the galleries beyond was the wonderful work of the Alsacian, Henner, and of Laurens, the most truly historical and the most truly a painter, of all living historical painters; and here, too, the work of Benjamin Constant, who perhaps will surpass him, as having certainly greater art-power. It is hard to imagine anything more magnificent than M. Constant's huge picture of the fall of Constantinople,—magnificent in a worldly, too visible, superficial way, perhaps; but noble still, as a huge earthly event itself is noble. Then there were the strong and

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sincere young landscape-painters, of whom M. Segé only has been named. With him should always be classed L. G. Pelouse and the Burgundian Pointelin, Bernier of Colmar, and the younger Daubigny. And, among all the pictures of younger and older men alike, the marvelous workmanship and powerful conception of Bastien-Lepage—a new man, whose first medal was only of 1874

"THE COLOR GUARD." (PAINTING BY PROTAIS.)

—drew the lovers of vigorous and independent art to the out-of-the-way corner where his best canvas was hung. In despite of this attractive panorama, and instead of passing on to the galleries beyond the center, our business is to stop for a moment at the first *loggia*, and look about us.

The open street on the Paris side was, as has been said, the Rue de France. And this is a plain, and even ugly, street enough, for the front upon this of the French buildings on the north-east was a blank wall of iron and glass, and the picture-galleries and alcoves were not ornamental. But the other street was a different affair. It was called "Rue des Nations," and each visiting people had a front upon it exactly proportionate to the size of the ground it occupied. Thus, Great Britain had some five hundred feet of frontage; and the next largest exhibitors being Austria-Hungary and Belgium, it was they who came next in the amount of space occupied on the street. These fronts were all occupied with the "façades," of which so much has been written. Each nation did as it chose; and very oddly they chose, some of them! The chief and most honorable building was that of Belgium. The Belgians took the suggestion *au grand sérieux*, and spent six hun-

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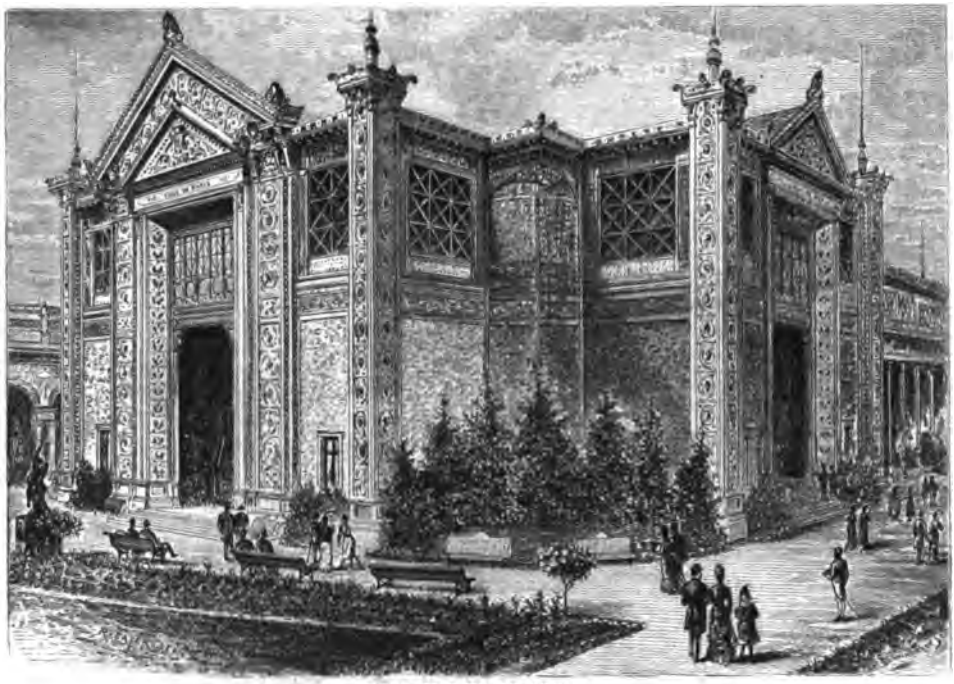

THE PAVILION OF PARIS.

dred thousand francs, and built a building like a Renaissance town-hall, of one pavilion of which we give a picture. The architect of this building, M. Janlet, showed great ingenuity in working into his design the various building materials which were contributed,—polished marble and granite columns, stone of various colors, brick, bronze-work, wrought-iron work,—and all without clashing or want of harmony.

The five hundred feet of front occupied by Great Britain was filled, not by one "façade," but by five separate buildings, one of which was built and fitted up as a private residence for the president of the British Commission, the Prince of Wales. The most satisfactory of the five was the little edifice erected by Messrs. Collinson & Lock, a London firm of decorators and upholsterers. It was a faithful reproduction of a small country house of the time of William III., and represented in its simple and careful design, both within and without, an unusual degree of skill, knowledge and taste. Our cut, from a drawing by Mr. D. Maitland Armstrong, gives the interior, at the arch-way between the entrance vestibule and the stair-way hall.

But in the heart of the huge structure (where a park was to have been had not space, even in this most vast of exhibition buildings, proved scanty) was the best building on the Champ de Mars, the really beautiful pavilion of the city of Paris. This building, devoted to the exhibition of the city itself, in its corporate capacity, with its various departments of religion and education and police, lighting and paving, parks and public monuments, is really very large —about two hundred and fifty feet long. Our cut shows the south-eastern end of it; or, rather, the easternmost corner, with two of the six great door-ways; and on the right, a part of the covered veranda where statuary and monuments belonging to the city were exhibited; on the left, just seen, is an arch of the Austrian Façade on the Rue des Nations; the street on the right is the Rue de France. Space does not allow of a minute examination of this edifice, which in some respects is the most important in the Exposition, and which marks an era in modern building: a purely constructional work, built and decorated by the means readiest to hand; absolutely novel, and underived; free from the copyism which ruins modern architecture, and altogether a marked success as an architectural design.

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"HAWORTH'S." *

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Surly Tim, and Other Stories," Etc.

"SHE STROKED HIS SLEEVE WITH HER WITHERED HAND."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"GOD BLESS YOU!"

LATE the same night, Mrs. Haworth, who had been watching for her son alone in the grand, desolate room in which it was her lot to sit, rose to her feet on hearing him enter the house.

The first object which met his eye when he came in was her little figure and her patient face turned toward the door. As he crossed the threshold, she took a few steps as if to meet him, and then stopped.

"Jem!" she exclaimed. "Jem!"

Her voice was tremulous and her eyes bright with the indefinable feeling which seized upon her the moment she saw his face. Her utterance of his name was a cry of anxiousness and fear.

"What!" he said. "Are you here yet?"

He came to her and laid a hand upon her shoulder in a rough caress.

"You'd better go to bed," he said to her. "It's late and I've got work to do."

"I felt," she answered, "as if I'd like to wait an' see you. I knowed I should sleep better for it—I always do."

There was a moment's pause in which she stroked his sleeve with her withered hand. Then he spoke.

"Sleep better!" he said. "That's a queer notion. You've got queer fancies, you women—some on you."

Then he stooped and kissed her awkwardly. He always did it with more or less awkwardness and lack of ease, but it never failed to make her happy.

"Now you've done it," he said. "You'd better go, old lady, and leave me to finish what I've got to do."

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"It's late for work, Jem," she answered. "You oughtn't to try yourself so much."

"It aint work so much," he said, "as thinking. There's summat I've got to think out."

For the moment he seemed quite to forget her. He stood with his hands thrust into his pockets and his feet apart, staring at the carpet. He did not stir when she moved away, and was still standing so when she turned at the door to look at him.

What she saw brought her back, hurried and tearful.

"Let me stay!" she cried. "Let me stay. There's trouble in your face, Jem, for I see it. Don't keep it from me—for the sake of what we've been through together in times that's past."

He bestirred himself and looked up at her.

"Trouble!" he repeated. "That's not the word. It's not trouble, old lady, and it's naught that can be helped. There's me and it to fight it out. Go and get your sleep and leave us to it."

She went slowly and sadly. She always obeyed him, whatever his wish might be.

"SHE TURNED HER FACE TOWARD HIM. 'GOOD-NIGHT,' SHE ANSWERED."

When the last sound of her faltering feet had died away upon the stairs, he went to the side-board and poured out a glass of raw brandy and drank it.

"I want summat to steady me," he said, —"and to warm me."

But it did not steady him, at least. When he sat down at the table, the hand he laid upon it shook.

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He looked at it curiously, clinching and unclinching it.

"I'm pretty well done for when it goes like that," he said. "I'm farther gone than I thought. It's all over me—over and through me. I'm shaking like a fool."

He broke out with a torrent of curses.

"Is it me that's sitting here," he cried, "or some other chap? Is it me that luck's gone agen on every side or a chap that's useder to it?"

Among all his pangs of humiliation and baffled passion there was not one so subtle and terrible in its influence upon him as his momentary sense of physical weakness. He understood it less than all the rest, and raged against it more. His body had never failed him once, and now for the first time he felt that its power faltered. He was faint and cold and trembled not merely from excitement but from loss of strength.

Opposite to him, at the other side of the room, was a full-length mirror. Accidentally raising his eyes toward it he caught sight of his own face. He started back and unconsciously glanced behind him.

"Who——!" he began.

And then he stopped, knowing the face for his own—white-lipped, damp with cold sweat, lined with harsh furrows—evil to see. He got up, shaking his fist at it, crying out through his shut teeth.

"Blast her!" he said. "Who's to blame but her?"

He had given up all for her, his ambition, which had swept all before it, his greatest strength, his very sins and coarseness, and half an hour ago he had passed the open door of a room and had seen Murdoch standing motionless, not uttering a word, but with his face fairly transfigured by his ecstasy, and with her hand crushed against his breast.

He had gone in to see Ffrench, and had remained with him for an hour in one of the parlors, knowing that the two were alone in the other. He had heard their voices now and then, and had known that once they went out upon the terrace and talked there. He had grown burning hot and deadly cold, and had strained his ears for every sound and never caught more than a word or low laugh coming from Rachel Ffrench. At last he had left his partner, and on his way out had passed the open door. They had come back to the room, and Murdoch was saying his good-night. He held Rachel Ffrench's hand, and she made no effort to withdraw it, but gave it to his caress. She did not move nor speak, but her eyes rested upon his rapt face with an expression not easy to understand. Haworth did not understand it, but the rage which seized and shook him was the most brutal emotion he had ever felt in his life. It was a madness which left him weak. He staggered down the stairs and out into the night blindly, blaspheming as he went. He did not know how he reached home. The sight his mother had seen, and which had drawn a cry from her and checked her midway in the room had been cause enough for tremor in her. Nothing but the most violent effort had saved him from an outbreak in her presence. He was weaker for the struggle when she was gone.

He could think of nothing but of Rachel Ffrench's untranslatable face and of Murdoch's close clasp of her surrendered hand.

"What has she ever give me?" he cried. "*Me*, that's played the fool for her! What's he done that he should stand there and fondle her as if he'd bought and paid for her? I'm the chap that paid for her! She's mine, body and soul, by George, if every man had his rights!"

And then, remembering all that had gone by, he turned from hot to cold again.

"I've stood up agen her a long time," he said, "and what have I got? I swore I'd make my way with her, and how far have I gone? She's never give me a word, by George, or a look that'd be what another woman would have give. She's not even played with me—most on 'em would have done that—but she's not. She's gone on her way and let me go on mine. She's turned neither right nor left for me—I wasn't man enough."

He wore himself out in the end and went to the brandy again, and drank of it deeply. It sent him up-stairs with heated blood and feverish brain. It was after midnight, and he went to his room, but not to sleep. He lay upon his pillow in the darkness thinking of the things he had done in the past few months, and of the fruit the first seed he had sown might bring forth.

"There's things that may happen to any on us, my lad," he said, "and some on 'em might happen to you. If it's Jem Haworth that's to lose, the other sha'n't gain, by George!"

He had put the light out and lay in the darkness, and was so lying with this mood at work upon him when there came a timid summons on the door, and it opened and some one cam[illegible]

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He knew who it was, even before she spoke.

"Jem," she said, "Jem, you're not asleep, my dear."

"No," he answered.

She came to the bed-side and stood there.

"I—I couldn't sleep," she said. "Something's a little wrong with me. I'm gettin' foolish, an'—an' fearful. I felt as if you wasn't quite safe. I thought I'd come and speak to you."

"You're out o' sorts," he answered. "You'll have to be looked after."

"It's nothing but my foolish way," she replied. "You're very good to me—an' me so full of fancies. Would you—would you mind me a-kneelin' down an' sayin' a prayer here to myself as I used to when you was a boy, Jem? I think it 'd do me good. Would you mind it?"

"No," he answered hoarsely. "Kneel down."

And she knelt and grasped for his hand and held it, and he heard her whispering in the dark as he had been wont to hear her nearly thirty years before.

And when it was over, she got up and kissed him on the forehead.

"God bless you, my dear!" she said. "God bless you!" and went away.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"IT IS DONE WITH."

After the departure of Haworth and Murdoch, Mr. Ffrench waited for some time for his daughter's appearance. He picked up a pamphlet and turned over its leaves uneasily, trying to read here and there, and making no great success of the effort. He was in a disturbed and nervous mood, the evening had been a trial to him, more especially the latter part of it during which Haworth had sat on the other side of the table in his usual awkwardly free and easy posture, his hands in his pockets, his feet thrust out before him. His silence and the expression he had worn had not been of a kind to relieve his companion of any tithe of the burden which had gradually accumulated upon his not too muscular shoulders. At the outset Ffrench had been simply bewildered, then somewhat anxious and annoyed, but to-day he had been stunned. Haworth's departure was an immense relief to him, in fact, it was often a relief to him in these days. Then he had heard Murdoch descend the stairs and leave the house and he waited with mingled dread and anxiousness for Rachel's coming. But she did not make her appearance. He heard her walk across the room after Murdoch left her, and then she did not seem to move again.

After the lapse of half an hour he laid his pamphlet aside and rose himself. He coughed two or three times and paced the floor a little—gradually he edged toward the folding doors leading into the front room and passed through them.

Rachel stood at one of the windows, which was thrown open. She was leaning against its side and looking out into the night. When she turned toward him something in her manner caused in Ffrench an increase of nervousness amounting to irritation.

"You wish to say something to me," she remarked. "What is it?"

"Yes," he answered. "I wish to say something to you."

He could not make up his mind to say it for a moment or so. He found himself returning her undisturbed glance with an excited and bewildered one.

"I—the fact is"— he broke forth, desperately, "I—I do not understand you."

"That is not at all singular," she replied. "You have often said so before."

He began to lose his temper and to walk about the room.

"You have often chosen to seem incomprehensible," he said, "but *this* is the most extraordinary thing you have done yet. You—you must know that it looks very bad—that people are discussing you openly—*you* of all women!"

Suddenly he wheeled about and stopped, staring at her with more uncertainty and bewilderment than ever.

"I ought to know you better," he said, "I do know you better than to think you capable of any weakness of—of that kind. You are *not* capable of it. You are too proud and too fond of yourself, and yet'——

"And yet what?" she demanded, in a peculiar, low voice.

He faltered visibly.

"And yet you are permitting yourself to —to be talked over and—misunderstood."

"Do you think," she asked, in the same voice, "that I care for being 'talked over?'"

"You would care if you knew what is said," he responded. "You do not know."

"I can guess," she replied, "easily."

But she was deadly pale and he saw it, and her humiliation was that she *knew* he saw it.

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"What you do," he continued, "is of more consequence than what most women do. You are not popular. You have held yourself very high and have set people at defiance. If you should be guilty of a romantic folly, it would go harder with you than with others."

"I know that," she answered him, "far better than you do."

She held herself quite erect and kept her eyes steadily upon him.

"What is the romantic folly?" she put it to him.

He could not have put it into words just then if his life had depended upon his power to do it.

"You will not commit it," he said. "It is not in you to do it, but you have put yourself in a false position, and it is very unpleasant for both of us."

She stopped him.

"You are very much afraid of speaking plainly," she said. "Be more definite."

He actually flushed to the roots of his hair in his confusion and uneasiness. There was no way out of the difficulty. . . .

"You have adopted such a manner with the world generally," he floundered, "that a concession from you means a great deal. You—you have been making extraordinary concessions. It is easy to see that this young fellow is madly enamored of you. He does not know how to conceal it, and he does not try. You have not seemed to demand that he should. You have let him follow you, and come and go as his passion and simplicity prompted him. One might say you had encouraged him—though encouraged seems hardly the word to use."

"No," she interrupted, "it is not the word to use."

"He has made himself conspicuous and you too, and you have never protested by word or deed. When he was in danger you actually risked your life for him."

"Great heaven!" she ejaculated.

The memory of the truth of what he had said came upon her like a flash. Until this moment she had only seen the night from one stand-point, and to see it from this one was a deadly blow to her. She lost her balance.

"How dare you?" she cried breathlessly. "I was mad with excitement. If I had stopped to think——"

"You usually do stop to think," he put in. "That was why I was amazed. You did a thing without calculating its significance. You never did so before in your life. You know that it is true. You pride yourself upon it."

He could have said nothing so bitter and terrible. For the moment they had changed places. It was he who had presented a weakness to her. She did pride herself upon her cool power of calculation.

"Go on!" she exclaimed.

"He has been here half the day," he proceeded, growing bolder. "You were out in the garden together all the afternoon—he has only just left you. When you contrast his position with yours is not *that* an extraordinary thing? What should you say if another woman had gone so far? Two years ago, he was Haworth's engineer. He is a wonderful fellow and a genius, and the world will hear of him yet. *I* should never think of anything but that if I were the only individual concerned, but you—you treated him badly enough at first."

She turned paler and paler.

"You think that I—that I ——"

She had meant to daunt him with the most daring speech she could make, but it would not complete itself. She faltered and broke down.

"I don't know what to think," he answered desperately. "It seems impossible. Good heavens! it *is* impossible!—you—it is not in your nature."

"No," she said, "it is not."

Even in that brief space she had recovered herself wholly. She met his glance just as she had met it before, even with more perfect *sang froid*.

"I will tell you what to think," she went on. "I have been very dull here. I wished from the first that I had never come. I hate the people, and I despise them more than hate them. I must be amused and interested, and they are less than nothing. The person you speak of was different. I suppose what you say of him is true and he is a genius. I care nothing for that in itself, but he has managed to interest me. At first I thought him only absurd; he was of a low class and a common workman, and he was so simple and ignorant of the world that he did not feel his position or did not care. That amused me and I led him on to revealing himself. Then I found out that there was a difference between him and the rest of his class and I began to study him. I have no sentimental notions about his honor and good qualities. Those things do not affect me, but I have been interested and the time has passed more easily. Now the matter will end just as it began,—not

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because I am tired of him or because I care for what people say, but because I think it is time,—and I choose that it should. It is done with from to-night."

"Good heaven!" he cried. "You are not going to drop the poor fellow like that?"

"You may call it what you please," she returned. "I have gone as far as I choose to go, and it is done with from to-night."

Mr. Ffrench's excitement became something painful to see. Between his embarrassment as a weak nature before a strong one,—an embarrassment which was founded upon secret fear of unpleasant results,—between this and the natural compunctions arising from tendencies toward a certain refined and amiable sense of fairness, he well-nigh lost all control over himself and became courageous. He grew heated and flushed and burst forth into protest.

"My dear," he said, "I must say it's a—a deuced ungentlemanly business!"

Her lack of response absolutely inspired him.

"It's a deuced ill-bred business," he added, "from first to last."

She did not reply even to that, so he went on, growing warmer and warmer.

"You have taunted me with being afraid of you," he said, "though you have never put it into so many words. Perhaps I have been afraid of you. You can make yourself confoundedly unpleasant at times,—and I may have shrunk from saying what would rouse you,—but I must speak my mind about this, and say it is a deucedly cruel and unfair thing, and is unworthy of you. A less well-bred woman might have done it."

A little color rose to her cheek and remained there, but she did not answer still.

"He is an innocent fellow," he proceeded, "an unworldly fellow; he has lived in his books and his work, and he knows nothing of women. His passion for you is a pure, romantic one; he would lay his world at your feet. Call it folly, if you will,—it *is* folly,—but allow me to tell you it is worthy of a better object."

He was so astonished at his own daring that he stopped to see what effect it had produced.

She replied by asking a simple but utterly confounding question.

"What," she said, "would you wish me to do?"

"What would I wish you to do?" he stammered. "What? I—I hardly know," he replied weakly.

And after regarding her helplessly a little longer, he turned about and left the room.

CHAPTER XL.

"LOOK OUT!"

THE next morning Ffrench rather surprised Murdoch by walking into his cell with the evident intention of paying him a somewhat prolonged visit. It was not, however, the fact of his appearing there which was unusual enough to excite wonder, but the fact of a certain degree of mingled constraint and effusiveness in his manner. It was as if he was troubled with some mental compunctions which he was desirous of setting at rest. At times he talked very fast and in a comparatively light and jocular vein, and again he was silent for some minutes, invariably rousing himself from his abstraction with a sudden effort. Several times Murdoch found that he was regarding him with a disturbed air of anxiety.

Before going away he made an erratic and indecisive tour of the little room, glancing at drawings and picking up first one thing and then another.

"You have a good many things here," he said, "of one kind and another."

"Yes," Murdoch answered, absently.

Ffrench glanced around at the jumble of mechanical odds and ends, the plans and models in various stages of neglect or completion.

"It's a queer place," he commented, "and it has an air of significance. It's crammed with ideas—of one kind and another."

"Yes," Murdoch answered, as before.

Ffrench approached him and laid his hand weakly on his shoulder.

"You are a fellow of ideas," he said, "and you have a good deal before you. Whatever disappointments you might meet with, you would always have a great deal before you. You have ideas. I," with apparent inconsequence, "I haven't, you know."

Murdoch looked somewhat puzzled, but he did not contradict him, so he repeated his statement.

"I haven't, you know. I wish I had."

Then he dropped his hand and looked indefinite again.

"I should always like you to remember that I am your friend," he said. "I wish I could have been of more service to you. You are a fine fellow, Murdoch. I have admired you—I have liked you. Don't forget it."

And he went away carrying the burden of his indecision and embarrassment and

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good intention with much amiable awkwardness.

That day Murdoch did not see Rachel Ffrench. Circumstances occurred which kept him at work until a late hour. The next day it was the same story, and the next also. A series of incidents seemed to combine against him, and the end of each day found him worn out and fretted. But on the fourth he was free again, and early in the evening found himself within sight of the iron gates. Every pulse in his body throbbed as he passed through them. He was full of intense expectation. He could scarcely bear to think of what was before him. His desperate happiness was a kind of pain. One of his chief longings was that he might find her wearing the pale blue dress again and that when he entered she might be standing in the center of the room as he had left her. Then it would seem as if there had been no nights and days between the last terribly happy moment and this. The thought which flashed across his mind that there might possibly be some one else in the room was a shock to him.

"If she is not alone," he said to himself, "it will be unbearable."

As he passed up the walk, he came upon a tall white lily blooming on one of the border beds. He was in a sufficiently mystical and emotional mood to be stopped by it.

"It is like her," he said. And he gathered it and took it with him to the house.

The first thing upon which his eye rested when he stood upon the threshold of the room was the pale blue color, and she was standing just as he had left her, it seemed to him upon the very same spot upon which they had parted. His wish had been realized so far at least.

He was obliged to pause a moment to regain his self-control. It was an actual truth that he could not have trusted himself so far as to go in at once.

It was best that he did not. The next instant she turned and spoke to a third person at the other side of the room, and even as she did so caught sight of him and stopped.

"Here is Mr. Murdoch," she said, and paused, waiting for him to come forward. She did not advance to meet him, did not stir until he was scarcely more than a pace from her. She simply waited, watching him as he moved toward her, as if she were a little curious to see what he would do. Then she gave him her hand, and he took it with a feeling that something unnatural had happened, or that he was suddenly awakening from a delusion.

He did not even speak. It was she who spoke, turning toward the person whom she had addressed before he entered.

"You have heard us speak of Mr. Murdoch," she said; and then to himself, "This is M. Saint Méran."

M. Saint Méran rose and bowed profoundly. He presented, as his best points, long, graceful limbs and a pair of clear gray eyes, which seemed to hold their opinions in check. He regarded Murdoch with an expression of suave interest and made a well-bred speech of greeting.

Murdoch said nothing. He could think of nothing to say. He was never very ready of speech. He bowed with an uncertain air, and almost immediately wandered off to the other end of the room, holding his lily in his hand. He began to turn over the pages of a book of engravings, seeing none of them. After a little while a peculiar perfume close to him attracted his attention, and he looked downward vacantly and saw the lily. Then he laid it down and moved farther away.

Afterward—he did not know how long afterward—Ffrench came in. He seemed in a very feverish state of mind, talking a great deal and rather inanely, and forcing Murdoch to reply and join in the conversation.

M. Saint Méran held himself with a graceful air of security and self-poise, and made gentle efforts at scientific remark which should also have an interest for genius of a mechanical and inventive turn. But Murdoch's replies were vague. His glance followed Rachel Ffrench. He devoured her with his eyes—a violence which she bore very well. At last—he had not been in the house an hour—he left his chair and went to her.

"I am going away," he said in an undertone. "Good-night!"

She did not seem to hear him. She was speaking to Saint Méran.

"Good-night!" he repeated, in the same tone, not raising it at all, only giving it an intense, concentrated sound.

She turned her face toward him.

"Good-night!" she answered.

And he went away, Ffrench following him to the door with erratic and profuse regrets, which he did not hear at all.

When he got outside, he struck out

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across the country. The strength with which he held himself in check was a wonder to him. It seemed as if he was not thinking at all—that he did not allow himself to think. He walked fast, it might even be said, violently; the exertion made his head throb and his blood rush through his veins. He walked until at last his heart beat so suffocatingly that he was forced to stop. He threw himself down—almost fell down upon the grass at the wayside and lay with shut eyes. He was giddy and exhausted, and panted for breath. He could not have thought then, if he would; he had gained so much at least. He did not leave the place for an hour. When he did so, it was to walk home by another route, slowly, almost weakly. This route led him by the Briarley cottage, and, as he neared it, he was seized with a fancy for going in. The door was ajar and a light burned in the living-room, and this drew him toward it.

Upon the table stood a basket filled with purchases and near the basket lay a shawl which Janey wore upon all occasions requiring a toilet. She had just come in from her shopping, and sat on a stool in her usual posture, not having yet removed the large bonnet which spread its brim around her small face, a respectable and steady-going aureole enlivened with bunches of flowers which in their better days had rejoiced Mrs. Briarley's heart with exceeding great joy.

She looked up as he came in but she did not rise.

"Eh! it's thee, is it?" she remarked. "I thowt it wur toime tha wur comin'. Tha'st not been here fur nigh a month."

"I have been—doing a great deal."

"Aye," she answered. "I suppose so."

She jerked her thumb toward Granny Dixon's basket chair, which stood empty.

"She's takken down," she said. "She wur takken down a week sin', an' a noice toime we're ha'in' nursin' her. None on us can do anything wi' her but mother—*she* can settle her, thank th' Amoighty."

She rested her sharp little elbows upon her knees and her chin upon both palms and surveyed him with interest.

"Has tha seed him?" she demanded suddenly.

"Who?" he asked.

"Him," with a nod of her head. "Th' furriner as is stayin' at Mester Ffrench's. Yo' mun ha' seen him. He's been theer three days."

"I saw him this evening."

"I thowt tha mun ha' seed him. He coom o' Monday. He coom fro' France. I should na," with a tone of serious speculation,—"I should na ha' thowt she'd ha' had a Frenchman."

She moved her feet and settled herself more conveniently without moving her eyes from his face.

"I dunnot think much o' Frenchmen mysen," she proceeded. "An' neyther does mother, but they say as this is a rich un an' a grand un. She's lived i' France a good bit, an' happen she does na' moind their ways. She's knowed him afore."

"When?" he asked.

"When she wur theer. She lived theer, yo' know."

Yes, he remembered, she had lived there. He said nothing more, only sat watching the little stunted figure and sharp small face with a sense of mild fascination, wondering dully how much she knew and where she had learned it all, and what she would say next. But she gave him no further information—chiefly because she had no more on hand, there being a limit even to her sagacity. She became suddenly interested in himself.

"Yo're as pale as if yo'd had th' whoopin'-cough," she remarked. "What's wrong wi' yo'?"

"I am tired," he answered. "Worn out."

It was true enough, but did not satisfy her. Her matter of fact and matronly mind arrived at a direct solution of the question.

"Did yo' ivver think," she put it to him, "as she'd ha' yo'?"

He had no answer to give her. He began to turn deathly white about the lips. She surveyed him with increased interest and proceeded:

"Mother an' me's talked it over," she said. "We tak' th' "Ha'penny Reader," an' theer wur a tale in it as towd o' one o' th' nobility as wed a workin' chap—an' mother she said as happen she wur loike her an' ud do it, but I said she would na. Th' chap i' th' tale turnt out to be a earl, as ud been kidnapped by th' gypsies, but yo' nivver wur kidnapt, an' she's noan o' th' soft koind. Th' Lady Geral*dine* wur a difrient mak'. Theer wur na mich i' her to my moind. She wur allus makkin' out as brass wur nowt, an' talkin' about 'humble virchew' as if theer wur nowt loike it. Yo' would na ketch *her* talkin' that road.

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Mother she'd sit an' cry until th' babby's bishop wur wet through, but I nivver seed nowt to cry about mysen. She getten th' chap i' th' eend, an' he turnt out to be a earl after aw. But I towd mother as marryin' a workin' man wur na i' *her* loine."

Murdoch burst into a harsh laugh and got up.

"I've been pretty well talked over, it seems," he said. "I didn't know that before."

"Aye," replied Janey coolly. "We've talked yo' ower a good bit. Are yo' goin'?"

"Yes," he answered, "I am going."

He went out with an uncertain movement, leaving the door open behind him. As he descended the steps, the light from the room, slanting out into the darkness, struck athwart a face, the body pertaining to which seemed to be leaning against the palings, grasping them with both hands. It was the face of Mr. Briarley, who regarded him with a mingled expression of anxiety and desire to propitiate.

"Is it yo'?" he whispered as Murdoch neared him.

"Yes," he was answered, somewhat shortly.

Mr. Briarley put out a hand and plucked him by the sleeve.

"I've been waitin' fur yo'," he said in a sonorous whisper which only failed to penetrate the innermost recesses of the dwelling through some miracle.

Murdoch turned out of the gate.

"Why?" he asked.

Mr. Briarley glanced toward the house uneasily, and also up and down the road.

"Le's get out o' th' way a bit," he remarked.

Murdoch walked on, and he shuffled a few paces behind him. When they got well into the shadow of the hedge, he stopped. Suddenly he dropped upon his knees and crawling through a very small gap into the field behind, remained there for a few seconds; then he re-appeared panting.

"Theer's no one theer," he said. "I would na ha' risked theer bein' one on 'em lyin' under th' hedge."

"One of whom?" Murdoch inquired.

"I did na say who," he answered.

When he stood on his feet again, he took his companion by the button.

"Theer's a friend o' moine," he said, "as 'as sent a messidge to yo'. This here's it—'*Look out!*'"

"What does it mean?" Murdoch asked. "Speak more plainly."

Mr. Briarley became evidently disturbed.

"Nay," he said, "that theer's plain enow fur me. It ud do *my* business i' quick toime if I"——

He stopped and glanced about him again and then without warning threw himself, so to speak, on Murdoch's shoulder and began to pour a flood of whispers into his ear.

"Theer wur a chap as were a foo'," he said, "an' he was drawed into bein' a bigger foo' than common. It wur him as getten yo' i' trouble wi' th' stroikers. He did na mean no ill, an'—an' he ses, 'I'll tell him to look out. I'll run th' risk.' He knowed what wur goin' on, an' he ses, 'I'll tell him to look out.'"

"Who was he?" Murdoch interposed.

Mr. Briarley fell back a pace, perspiring profusely and dabbing at his forehead with his cap.

"He—he wur a friend o' moine," he stammered,—"a friend o' moine as has getten a way o' gettin' hissen i' trouble, an' he ses, 'I'll tell him to look out.'"

"Tell him from me," said Murdoch, "that I am not afraid of anything that may happen."

It was a rash speech, but was not so defiant as it sounded. His only feeling was one of cold carelessness. He wanted to get free and go away and end his night in his silent room at home. But Mr. Briarley kept up with him, edging toward him apologetically as he walked.

"Yo're set agen th' chap fur bein' a foo'," he persisted, breathlessly, "an' I dunnot blame yo'. He's set agen hissen. He's a misforchnit chap as is allus i' trouble. It's set heavy on him, an' ses he, 'I'll tell him to look out.'"

At a turn into a by-lane he stopped.

"I'll go this road," he said, "an' I'll tell him as I've done it."

(To be continued.)

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THE MEDITERRANEAN OF AMERICA.

THE Indian canoe-men about the mouth of the Amazons sometimes pick up pieces of a porous gray substance which floats with sticks and rubbish on the current. They know nothing of the origin of this *pedra-pomes;* it is good for cleaning guns and knives, and they keep fragments of it about their houses for that purpose; I have some pieces of it which were given me by the poor folk as presents of some value. These floating bits have a story to tell. They speak of fierce, glowing heat, of streams of red-hot lava gushing down the sides of burning mountains, cooling slowly while puffed out with gases, and forming beds of pumice-stone, as light as cork. They tell again of snow-fed streams, rushing and tumbling over the rocks, undermining the lava-beds, and tearing off great fragments of the porous stone. These fragments are borne downward on the strong current, jammed against rocks, pounded and whirled about in the rapids, and ground between floating tree-trunks, until they reach the quiet water below: there a thousand tiny streams have united to form a broad river, which flows swiftly between forest-clad banks and past solitary Indian huts, until it is merged into a yet broader and deeper flood—the mighty Marañon, the Peruvian Amazons.

The fragments tell now of long stretches of clay-stained water; of open horizons east and west; of verdant shores and archipelagoes; of pathless forest, where the woodman's ax is never heard and the dusky hunter glides unobserved through the shadowy arcades of foliage; of sand-banks lighted by the fires of the turtle-hunters; of scattered settlements, half buried in the green forest; of weeks, months perhaps, in the swift current before the stained and battered fragments reach the sea.

We must conceive of the Amazons not as a single stream, but as a great alluvial flat, furrowed by a net-work of broad and narrow channels, and with much of its surface occupied by shallow lakes. All large rivers have such alluvial systems along their lower courses (the bayous and lakes of the lower Mississippi are familiar examples); but on other streams the plains narrow off as we ascend them, and are soon lost; on the Amazons alone they extend almost to the head-waters, as if a sea had been filled in, leaving deep ditches for the water-flow, and countless pools on the surface. From Manáos to the Atlantic, the width of this alluvial flat varies from fifteen miles to a hundred or more; on the upper Amazons it is probably still wider;* only as we approach the Andes, the rocky shores are narrowed to the main stream.

In our voyage up the river we shall see very little of the highlands; our first rambles then will be among the islands and channels of the *varzeas*, with their swampy forests and stretches of meadow, and half-submerged plantations. And the lowlands deserve a much more careful study than has ever been given them.

We leave Pará with the midnight tide; by gray morning we are steaming across the Bay of Marajó, which is not a bay at all, but properly a continuation of the Pará River. The wind blows briskly over the wide reaches, swaying our hammocks under the arched roof of the upper deck; we roll our blankets closer around us, and let who will retreat to the stifling state-rooms. But if Boreas cannot unwrap us, Phœbus brings us out quickly enough; we rise to look upon the beautiful morning, with the sun shining in our eyes, and the bright waves leaping and dancing for joy.

The water-system of this region belongs, perhaps, more properly to the Tocantins than to the Amazons. Marajó, commonly spoken of as an island in the mouth of the Amazons, is not to be confounded with the silt-formed archipelagoes of the river-valley, for it contains high as well as low land; it is rather a great tract cut off from the main shores by a net-work of narrow channels, through which the Amazons sends its contribution of water to the Pará River. But as this contribution is at least equal to the combined outflow of the Tocantins and its neighbors, the Pará has a fair claim to Amazonian honors.

Even the Amazons is no broader; crossing the mouth of the Tocantins the main channel is like a sea, with great reaches of open horizon. But farther on we enter the system of passages that separate Marajó

* I am not personally familiar with the river above Obidos.

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ON THE AMAZONS.

from the main-land, where the steamer keeps close to the forest-clad shores.*

Any one who is not blind must feel his soul moved within him by the marvelous beauty of the vegetation. Not a bit of ground is seen; straight up from the water the forest rises like a wall,—dense, dark, impenetrable, a hundred feet of leafy splendor. And breaking out everywhere from among the heaped-up masses are the palm-trees. For here the palms hold court; nowhere else on the broad earth is their glory unveiled as we see it: soft, plumy *Jupatis* drooping over the water, and fairy-light *assaiso* and *bussús* with their light-green vase-like forms, and great noble fan-leaved *miritis* looking down from their eighty-feet high columns, and others that we hardly notice at first, though they are nobles in their race. If palms, standing alone, are esteemed the most beautiful of trees, what shall we say when their numbers are counted, not by scores, nor hundreds, but by thousands, and all in a ground-work of such forest as is never seen outside of the tropics? The scene is infinitely varied; sometimes the palm-trees are hidden, but even then the great rolling mass is full of wonderful changes, from the hundred or more kinds of trees that compose it; and again the palms hold undivided sway, or only low shrubs and delicate climbing vines soften their splendor. In most places there are not many large vines; we shall find their kingdom farther up the river, and on the highlands; here we sometimes notice a tree draped with pendent masses, as if a green tapestry were thrown over it. Down by the

* These channels are generally described as only just wide enough for the steamer to pass through them; a natural mistake, because the towering forest makes them look narrower. Most of them are as broad as the Hudson at Albany.

AT BREVES.

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water's edge the flowering convolvuli are mingled with shield-like leaves of the arborescent arums, and mangroves standing aloft on their stilt-like roots, where they are washed by the estuary tides.

The Indian pilot points out numbers of rubber-trees, and we learn to recognize their white trunks and shining bright-green foliage. This low tide-region is one of the most important rubber-districts, where hundreds of *seringueiros* are employed in gathering and preparing the crude gum. Occasionally we see their thatched huts along the shore, built on piles and always damp, reeking, dismal, suggestive of agues and rheumatism; for the tide-lowlands, glorious as they are from the river, are sodden marshes within, where many a rubber-gatherer has found disease and death.

The little town of Breves owes its prosperity to this dangerous industry. It is built on a low strip of sandy land, but with swamps on either side coming close up to the town. Even along the water-front the main street is a succession of bridges. But the houses are well built, of brick or adobe, and the stores contain excellent stocks of the commoner wares. It looks fresh and pretty enough; the miasma of the swamps does not often rise to the high lands, so we are not loth to remain here for a few days and study the rubber industry more closely.

In the river-towns there are no hotels; but we are provided with a letter of introduction, which insures us a hearty welcome and a home as long as we care to stay. For the Amazons is a land of hospitality. Out of the large cities, a stranger, even unintroduced, will always find shelter and food, and for the most part without a thought of remuneration; and, if on a longer stay he occupies a house of his own, he will be expected to extend the same hospitality to others.

The rubber-swamps are all around, but land traveling is out of the question. So an Indian canoe-man is engaged,—a good-natured fellow, and an adept in wood-craft. He sets us across the river at a half-ruined hut, where bright vines clamber over the broken thatch and hang in long festoons in front of the low door-way; but within, the floor is sodden black clay, and dark mold hangs on the sides, and the air is like a sepulcher. The single slovenly *mameluca* woman who inhabits the place complains bitterly of the ague which tortures her; yet year after year, until the house falls to pieces, she will go on dying here, because, forsooth, it is her own and the rubber-trees are near. She will not even repair the structure. You can see sky through the roof, but if rain drives in she will swing her hammock in another corner, and shiver on through the night as best she may; for to-morrow there are rubber-trees to be tapped, and a fresh harvest of the precious milk to be brought home,—and what will you have? One must expect discomfort in a swamp.

Back of the house the rubber-trees are scattered through marshy forest, where we clamber over logs, and sink into pools of mud, and leap the puddles; where the mosquitos are blood-thirsty, and nature is damp, and dark, and threatening; where the silence is unbroken by beast or bird,—a silence that can be felt; it is like a tomb in which we are buried, away from the sunshine, away from brute and man, alone with rotting death. The very beauty of our forest tomb makes us shudder by its intenseness.

In the early morning, men and women come with baskets of clay cups on their backs, and little hatchets to gash the trees. Where the white milk drips down from the gash they stick their cups on the trunk with daubs of clay, molded so as to catch the whole flow. If the tree is a large one, four or five gashes may be cut in a circle around the trunk. On the next day other gashes are made a little below these, and so on until the rows reach the ground. By eleven o'clock the flow of milk has ceased, and the *seringueiros* come to collect the contents of the cups in calabash jugs. A gill or so is the utmost yield from each tree, and a single gatherer may attend to a hundred and twenty trees or more, wading always through these dark marshes, and paying dearly for his profit in fever and weakness.

Our *mameluca* hostess has brought in her day's gathering—a calabash full of the white liquid, in appearance precisely like milk. If left in this condition it coagulates after a while and forms an inferior whitish gum. To make the black rubber of commerce the milk must go through a peculiar process of manufacture, for which our guide has been preparing. Over a smoldering fire, fed with the hard nuts of the *tucumá* palm, he places a kind of clay chimney, like a wide-mouthed, bottomless jug; through this *boião* the thick smoke pours in a constant stream. Now he takes his mold,—in this case a wooden one, like a round-bladed paddle,—

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ON THE BANKS.

washes it with the milk, and holds it over the smoke until the liquid coagulates. Then another coat is added, only now, as the wood is heated, the milk coagulates faster. It may take the gatherings of two or three days to cover the mold thickly enough. Then the rubber is still dull white, but in a short time it turns brown and finally almost black, as it is sent to the market. The mass is cut from the paddle and sold to traders in the village. Bottles are sometimes made by molding the rubber over a clay ball, which is then broken up and removed. Our old-fashioned rubber shoes used to be made in this way.

Twenty million pounds of rubber, valued at $6,000,000, are annually exported from Pará; in the dry season many thousand people are engaged in gathering it. But the business is altogether a ruinous one for the province, as Brazilians themselves are fully aware. The *seringueiro*, who gains two or three dollars from a single day's gathering, has enough, as life goes here, to keep him in idleness for a week; and when his money is spent, he can draw again on his ever-ready bank. It is so with all the forest industries; they encourage idleness, and draw workmen from agricultural employments, and retard civilization by keeping the Indian and half-breed population away from villages and schools, yet not from the worst side of white life. The small traders have consciences as elastic as the rubber they buy. Generally they sell goods on credit, and when the poor ignorant people come to pay in produce, they come to a tyrant, who will charge them twenty milreis where they owe ten; who will force them to work for him, though he has no legal right to their services; who will sell them inferior goods at high prices, and take their produce at low ones. In this way one can see how even the small merchants manage to live. For instance, one of them buys a coarse German wood-knife, which, including freight from Pará, may cost him seventy-five cents. He sells this as an American article for two dollars, takes his pay in rubber at sixty-five cents the kilogram, and sells the latter for seventy-five cents the kilogram, with a sure market; total profit, over 200 per cent., and that when the trade is "*honesto*." They tell of one trader who carried to the River Tapajos a box of playing cards, which he was unable to sell because the Indians did not know their use; so this Christian gentleman picked out all the face-cards, and sold them as saints at fifty cents each. So the story goes, and the man does not deny it;

PREPARING RUBBER.

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THE RUBBER GATHERER.

but, in justice to human nature, I prefer to doubt its entire truth.

The half-wild *seringueiros* will go on submitting to impositions and dying here in the swamps, until Brazilians learn that by purchasing this land from the government and planting it in rubber-trees, they can insure vastly larger profits, and do away with the evils of the present system. It is what must eventually be done. The rubber gatherers, in their eagerness to secure large harvests, have already killed an immense number of trees about the Pará estuary; they have been obliged to penetrate farther and farther into the forest, to the Tocantins, Madeira, Purús Rio Negro, and eventually even these regions must be exhausted, unless they are protected in some way. The trees, properly planted and cared for, will yield well in fifteen years, and, of course, the cost of gathering would be vastly reduced in a compact plantation; half the present labor of the rubber collector consists in his long tramps through the swampy forest.

Around Breves, rubber is almost the only product of the lowlands; the whole region is simply an endless succession of channels, and small lakes, and swamps covered with forest—beautiful beyond thought from without, a dismal wilderness within. From the village we could take canoe-trips in almost every direction, and return by different routes to our starting-point; or we could spend days in voyaging and never repass a place.

If we could only transport some of this forest to a northern park! If we could bottle up the sunshine and let it loose in Broadway! Our canoe passes along by shores where we would fain pause at every turn to catch some new effect of light and color; and as we are looking at the opposite side, our man may keep the boat steady by holding on to a palm-tree or an arum-plant, which would soon draw half the people in New York to see it, if we could set it in one of the squares.

And now we turn into a narrow channel, a mere cleft in the forest-wall; it is not more than ten yards wide, but, as in all these forest streams, the depth is considerable; hence, the Indians call such channels *iga-*

BREVES CHANNEL.

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rapés, literally canoe-paths. There is a richness about all water-side vegetation that makes even our northern woodland streams superbly beautiful; but here the foliage is far thicker and more varied, and, among the other channels, for not a glimpse of northern or southern highland is seen over the dead level of the *varzeas*. No danger of running aground here. Along the sides our charts may mark twenty, thirty,

THE TABLE-TOPPED HILLS.

dark leaves, drooping palm-fronds and great glossy wild-bananas spread their warm tropical splendors. One thinks of a temple; the arching boughs, the solemn cathedral shade, the sunshine breaking through to cast long trails on the quiet waters and drop golden glories over the tree-trunks and crooked water-washed roots, while tiny leaflets catch the glow, and shine like emeralds and diamonds in the dark forest setting. Even the Indian boatman dips his paddle noiselessly, as if he feared to disturb the Sabbath stillness. There is not much of animal motion; only now and then a brown thrush crosses the stream, or a *cuajuá* bird sounds his shrill alarm from the tree-tops, or great butterflies come waving along like blue silken banners, casting vivid reflections in the water, so bright are their glossy wings. But we must learn that solitude, not life, is the grand feature of these forests.

So we look, and wonder, and look again, until the steamer comes along to take us away from Breves; we carry off a thousand pleasant memories, and, as souvenirs, a lot of the fearfully ugly painted pottery for which the place is famous. Our good host comes down to the wharf to see us off, and to assure us once more that his house is always "*ás suas ordens*," whenever we care to return to it. May he always find hearts as kindly as his own!

We must travel all night yet before we emerge from the Breves channels into the broad northern stream. But we reach it at last,—the giant Amazons, the river of Orrelana, and Acuña, and Martius, the river with the destinies of a continent in its future. Its yellow waters, five miles broad, sweep majestically toward the sea. East and west lie open horizons, where the lines of forest are lifted up by the mirage, and broken into clumps and single trees, until they are lost in the sky. On either side there may be two or three forty fathoms; but out in the middle it is always "*ha muito fundo*"; in the strong current the bottom is unattainable by ordinary instruments. The snows of half the Andes are flowing here, the drainings of a region as large as the United States. This main channel varies greatly in breadth; it may be seven or eight miles wide, as near the junction of the Xingú, or narrowed to hardly a mile, as at Obidos, where the whole mighty flood rushes past in one body. No instrument ever brought here could measure the depth at Obidos; we only know that it is very great; probably exceeding, by a hundred feet or more, that of Lake Ontario. Almost to the base of the Andes the river is deep enough for ocean vessels. But you could voyage from Pará to the fron-

VEGETATION OF THE RAISED BORDER.

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tier of Brazil, and hardly enter the main stream at all. Everywhere there are side channels—*paranámiris*, and *furos**—rivers of goodly size, though they do not appear at all on the maps; some of them, in fact, are hardly less broad than the parent flood. Without counting the tributaries, I am safe in saying that there are ten thousand miles of navigable water-way in the Amazons valley.

The steamer passes from one side to another as we touch at the river-towns; mere hamlets, specks in the wilderness. Most of them are on *terra firma*,† but hardly raised above the flood-plains. Frequently we stop to take in fuel at some *fazenda*, where the wood that is put on is counted slowly, stick by stick. After passing the mouth of the Xingú, we see the flat-topped hills on the northern side, like a line of mountains, all cut off at the same level. They are remnants of the great table-land through which the river has cut its way; some of them are 1,600 feet high. It is easy enough to say this; but I confess that I am more and more filled with astonishment when I contemplate the vast extent of this aqueous denudation. Conceive of a mass two thousand miles long, on the average at least thirty-five wide, and varying in thickness from four hundred to eighteen hundred feet, all washed down to the sea by a single river! And you have to add to this the wide valleys of the tributaries, collectively at least as much more; it is even probable that the table-land itself was much thicker,—two thousand or twenty-five hundred feet. We have the very best of proof that all this has been done since the beginning—or, more probably, the middle—of the Tertiary period, the last of the geological ages. The elder Agassiz supposed that the whole valley was to be referred to glacial action. Naturalists are now convinced that he was wrong; but surely the wonder is not lessened. The world is full of just such proofs of the power of water, the symbol of instability and weakness.

CACÁO ORCHARD.

The hills are twenty miles away; between them and the main river there is a great belt of netted flood-plains,—in this district, for the most part, covered with grass-growth. Yet we do not see this; from the river there is

*Paraná, in the Indian language (*Lingua geral*), means the sea, and is also applied to the Amazons; *paraná-miri* is a little sea, a lesser Amazons. Properly, this term is applied only to a channel which leaves a river above, and enters it again below; while a *furo* is a passage from one channel to ...; but the words are loosely used.

†e Amazons this term is applied to all land ... alluvial or swampy. *Varzeas*, or *vargens*, ...od-plains.

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DRYING CACÁO.

only the same succession of forest-lined *varzeas*, with banks cut so steep that our steamer can keep close in shore; sometimes we almost brush the foliage. In most places, if we land from the main river or a side channel, we find, not marshes, as at Breves, but comparatively high land, running along the shore. The great trees are festooned with vines, and thick-leaved branches reach out over the water; but there is not much undergrowth, and we can easily walk inland. We find that after a little space the ground slopes gradually *away* from the river; two or three hundred yards from the bank the belt of forest ceases, and we come out suddenly on a great stretch of meadow, or a lake, the farther shore of which is lost on the horizon.

To explain these features, we must remember that the islands and flats have been formed by the river itself. Every year, in February and March, the Amazons rises to a height of thirty feet or more above its ordinary level, and overflows the meadow land in all directions. Now, in the river the particles of mud and clay are held in suspension by the swift current; but as the water flows over the meadows it becomes quiet, and the particles sink to the bottom. Naturally the coarser detritus is deposited first, near the river, and at last it builds up a ridge, as we have seen. When fully formed, the top of the ridge, in some places, is just out of reach of the highest floods. The meadows, being lower, are flooded during several months; hence the forest trees will not grow on them; but they flourish well on the banks, where their roots are only covered during three or four weeks.

The raised borders are the farming-lands of the *varzeas*. Corn, cotton, sugar-cane and tobacco all grow well on them; mandioca, which on the highlands requires more than a year to mature its roots, yields rich harvests on the plains during six months of the dry season. But between the Rio Negro and the Xingú, the most important lowland crop is cacáo. It is true, the trees will grow quite as well or better on the *terra firma;* but Brazilians prefer the *varzeas* for their plantations, because the ground is easily prepared and takes care of itself; besides, the orchard arrives at maturity much sooner. We hardly notice these cacáo plantations from the river; the dark green of the foliage is so like the forest, and generally there are other trees near the shore. But for miles the banks are lined with them, mostly the orchards of small proprietors, who own a few hundred *pés* of cacáo, though some of the estates have twenty or thirty thousand trees. In our wanderings about the lowland we often pass through these *cacoaes*. They have a rich beauty of their own,—the dense foliage, the twilight shade beneath, and the dark stems, four or five together, with the fruit growing, not among the leaves, but directly from the trunk and main branches, attached only by a short stem. The ground is quite clear and free from underbrush, and in the summer when the fruit is gathered is for the most part dry. The harvest months are July and August, when the gatherers go every day to pick the ripe fruit from each tree and bring it in baskets to the house. There the oval, ribbed outer shell is cut open and the seeds are washed from the white pulp; then they are spread over mats and placed on raised

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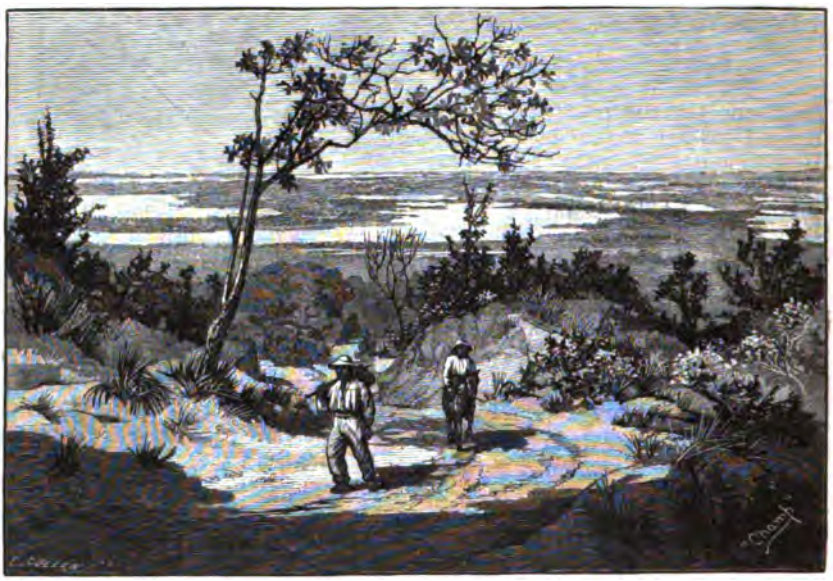
stagings to dry in the sun, care being taken to turn them at intervals. Most of the seed is exported in this form; a little is roasted, pounded, and made into cakes with melted sugar for the delicious chocolate of the country. Unfortunately, on the Amazons the sun is a very uncertain drying agent; frequently there are heavy showers, and the sky is clouded for days together; so it often happens that the imperfectly prepared seed gets musty and half rotten before it reaches the market. Much of the Pará cacáo, therefore, does not rate very high with the manufacturers. All this might be avoided by the introduction of a simple drying-machine, such as is used at Rio for coffee.

Stopping at the *fazendas*, we frequently get a refreshing drink, made from the white pulp which surrounds the cacáo-seeds. Enterprising planters prepare from this pulp a delicious amber jelly, which, if it were placed in the market, would be much more popular than guava-jelly. Even the shells are valuable; they are dried and burned, and from the ash is prepared a very strong brown soap—a necessity to every Amazonian washerwoman.

The high *varzeas* are healthful enough; unlike the Breves tide-plains, malarial fevers are not at all common here. But life on the cacáo-plantations has one great drawback: all the tigers and anacondas in Brazil can never compare to the terror of the mosquitos; not one or two serenaders, piping cannily about our ears, but swarms of them,—blood-thirsty monsters, making straight at face and hands with a savage desire to suck our life out of us. At night the houses must be closed tight, and even then the little torments come in through every chink, making life a burden to a sensitive man. And yet, in justice to the Amazonian mosquito, I must say that I have never found his bite half so virulent as that of his cousin in the Jersey swamps; after a day in the forest, where one is constantly exposed to their attacks, all irritation is removed by a cold water bath. Nor must one infer that these pests are everywhere; they keep to the woods, only coming out at night; at Pará and Breves we saw very few of them, and in the thick forest of the highlands, away from the channels, they are hardly noticed.



LOOKING OVER THE LOWLANDS FROM MONTE ALEGRE.

Back from the river we can ride for miles over the great breezy meadows, only we must make long detours to avoid the lakes and swampy forests and clumps of shield-leaved arums. There are a thousand beautiful things to see on these campos; bright yellow and white flowers dotting the surface, pretty warblers and finches and whistling black *japús*, little fishes in the pools and brilliant dragon-flies entomologizing over the reeds; drooping bushes of sensitive plant, with wonderfully delicate, feathery leaves all spread out gratefully to the sun;

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VICTORIA REGIA.

and which, if one jars the branch roughly, close and bend down in mute remonstrance, the protest of their helplessness against our brute strength.

Far away from the river, and sheltered in bays of the highland, the meadows are as level and clean as a wheat-field, bright velvety green, rippling with the wind like a great lake. Everywhere the grass is dotted with cattle. Such places, indeed, owe their beauty to the fires with which the herdsmen yearly cleanse their surface. They are the favorite pastures, and most of them have been absorbed into the estates of large proprietors.

The grazing industry is gradually assuming very large proportions on the Middle Amazons, as it has heretofore on Marajó. It is true that the herds do not compare, and probably never will, with those of La Plata; but there is an immense field for profit on these lowlands if the present barbarous system can be superseded by a more civilized one. The cattle are a hardy, half-wild stock, well suited to the rough life they lead, but of small productive value. The only profit derived is from the meat and the hides; owing to the over-supply, the meat is very cheap, retailing at from three to five cents per pound; the hides are carelessly cured and often half spoiled. As for the milk, no value at all is set on that; the herdsmen drink it sometimes, but the town-people hardly use it even in their coffee, and butter and cheese manufactures are

THE PIRARACÛ FISHER.

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unknown. It is true that the cows give very little, a quart or two at the utmost, and that only when they are running on the lowland pastures; but with improved breeds and careful management I see no reason why the yield should not be equal to that of our northern herds. Excellent butter is made now by American residents; this and cheese ought to be manufactured in large quantities. The great difficulty in the way of successful grazing is that the lowland meadows must be abandoned during the floods; then the cattle are driven away to the scanty pastures of the highland campos; sandy tracts, with scattered trees, and short wiry grass. Even these are of limited extent; numbers of small herds are confined to little islands of the raised border, and reduced to rations of the long *canna-rana* grass, which the herdsmen cut for them over the submerged land; but there is not enough of this for their wants, and the poor beasts may be seen wading up to their necks to catch the floating leaves. Hundreds die of disease and famine; when the rise of water is rapid, whole herds are drowned.

Some system of winter-feeding ought to be devised. For instance, near large sugar-plantations, where cane is ground in the wet season, the tops might be utilized in this way; or the richly nutritive *canna-rana* grass of the floating islands could be collected in steamboats and sold to the herdsmen at a small price. As for hay, it probably could not be preserved in this humid climate; but various succulent roots grow almost spontaneously, and every northern herdsman knows their value for milch-cows. It might even be profitable to plant pastures on the high land.

I wish some enterprising American grazer would turn his attention to these plains. He would have to introduce new breeds with caution; probably it would be well to cross them with the hardy native stock. There would be other difficulties, no doubt, but I am sure that they would disappear before American pluck and ingenuity. Surely, with canned butter selling at seventy-five cents a pound, and land worth hardly so much per acre, there are vast possibilities for profit here. For making butter on a large scale it might be necessary to import or prepare ice. Even as now carried on, the industry is very lucrative. Some of the large proprietors own from ten to thirty thousand head of cattle, valued at eight or ten dollars per head. They employ hundreds of herdsman,—hardy fellows, in the saddle from morning till night, hunting up strays, keeping the herds in rich pasture, and branding them every year. We often see these *vaqueiros* galloping over the campos on their wiry little gray horses, each with a bright red blanket rolled behind the rough wooden saddle, and a lasso-cord hanging in front; their bare great-toes thrust into tiny stirrups, and their hair streaming in the wind.*

Climbing the heights of Monte Alegre, we look off over great stretches of the meadow-land, threaded by channels and dotted with quiet little lakes. The eye strives in vain to unravel the intricacies of this vast network. Yet it is all governed by certain fixed rules; there is a science of the lowlands. Here, just as everywhere else, we find that no natural form, however complicated, is the result of accident. The lakes are mere shallow depressions in the meadow-land; some of them dry up entirely in September and October, or remain only as rows of pools and swampy flats; many, even of the larger ones, are so shallow that in the dry season canoes are poled across them; five miles from shore a man can stand on the bottom with head and shoulders above water, and one might wade across but for the alligators and the fierce little cannibal fishes.

The smaller lakes are innumerable; in fact, there is every gradation in size down to pools and puddles. Sometimes our canoemen can hardly push their way through the thick growth of aquatic plants; or, where the waters are still, we hold our breath to see the eight-feet-broad leaves of the *Victoria regia*, and its superb white and rosy flowers.† Nearly all the lakes are connected with the rivers, often by very long and tortuous channels,—forest-covered creeks, or passages in the open meadow, or wider *igarapés* lined with soft plumy bamboos and graceful *caraná* and *javary* palms. Where the banks are shelving, great flocks of herons gather to fish in the shallow water, flying up in snowy clouds before the canoe; roseate spoonbills spread their wings like flashes of sunset; egrets and bitterns hide in the tall grass. I love best to pass through these channels in the early morning, when the palm-tops are sharply defined against the deep blue sky, and the bamboos look white in contrast to the shadows beneath them, and

* Leather-tanning and shoe-making would be very profitable. Excellent tan-bark is obtained from various highland trees.

† I have measured flowers which were 11½ inches in diameter.

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the rising sun intensifies the picture with its wonderful richness of light and color. Then the wind blows freshly across the meadows, rippling the young grass; parrots and macaws come flying over the lowland in pairs, screaming loudly; toucans call from the solitary trees, and small birds innumerable keep up a ringing concert. They are all so happy to see the day, so brimming over with the gladness of life!

Heaven forgive me for my ingratitude! Even among the home friends I am forever panting to get back to my forests and streams. I am half minded to buy a wooden canoe and a fishing spear of the first Indian we meet, and to go sailing away, away, among the crooked channels and sunny lakes until I lose myself in their intricacies. One could live a hermit, and plant mandioca, and catch fish just as the Indians do, and live a life of peace. As it is, I must needs content myself with watching the Indian fishermen, and half envying them in my heart.

In the summer the Indians come by hundreds to the lakes and channels to fish for the great *pirarucú (Sudis)*, and to prepare the flesh, just as cod-fish is prepared on the Newfoundland banks. They build little huts along the shores; trading canoes come with their stock of cheap wares to barter for the fish, and a kind of aquatic community is formed, which breaks up with the January floods. The pirarucú feeds among the floating grass-patches, in shallow water; sometimes the fishermen watch for it here; in the open lakes one man paddles the canoe gently, while another in the bow stands ready to cast his harpoon at the fish as they come to the surface. Successful lake-fisheries depend, first, on high floods, which allow the fish to come in from the river over the submerged land; second, on low summer *vasantes*, which keep them confined to narrow limits and in shallow water. When both of these fail, the fisheries are unproductive; hence the price of dried pirarucú varies in different years from $1.50 to $8.00 the *arroba* (thirty-two pounds). Most Americans do not care to eat it at any price, yet one may come to like it very well. It is the standard article of food with the lower classes all through the Amazons.

Besides the pirarucú, the lakes and channels swarm with smaller fishes innumerable. The Indians catch them with a line, or spear them with tridents; in the small streams they are shot with arrows,—an art which requires peculiar skill, since one must allow for the refraction of the water. Even the little brown urchins take lessons by hooking the hungry *piranhas*, which will bite at anything, from a bit of salt meat to a bather's toe. Our northern trout-fishers are scandalized to see these boys thrashing the water with their poles to *attract* the piranhas. Turtles, too, are caught in the river; and on the sand-banks, where the animals come to dig their nests, the canoe-men go around with sharpened sticks, probing for the delicious eggs. Oil is made from these eggs, and on the upper Amazons the turtles themselves are kept in pens for the winter supply of meat.

The time of plenty is the dry season. With

INDIAN SHOOTING FISH.

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the heavier rains of January the river rises rapidly. By March it has overspread all the lowlands like a sea, a vast sheet, two thousand miles long, and thirty or forty in average width, with only lines of forest and floating grass marking the limits of lakes and channels; canoes pass almost straight across. In May and June the waters recede.

In the river-towns one hardly notices the changes; only in the winter there are more rains and the air is damp, so that shoes gather mold, and books drop to pieces. The people lead the same quiet life, year in and year out; the well-to-do merchant is content with his slow sales and large profits; mechanics work clumsily in the manner of their fathers; Indians and mulattoes are satisfied with their mongrel existence, half the year in their palm-thatched houses, the other half wandering through the forests and over the lowlands.

The largest of these river-towns is Manáos, but it is little more than an overgrown village. Obidos, Santarem, Cametá and Teffé may each have two or three thousand inhabitants; the rest seem hardly worth mentioning. In all the world there is no region of like extent with the Amazons valley which is so thinly settled. A vast proportion of the surface is abandoned even by the wandering cannibal tribes.

Yet it is no wonder that Brazilians proudly call the Amazons the Mediterranean of America. Not alone for the main stream; the great branches spread their arteries in all directions, navigable often for hundreds of miles. And so the giant stream flows on, through the richest region on earth, yet the least known; where tropical heats are tempered by the refreshing trade-winds, and the climate is wholesome in most places; where all nature seems to invite man to come, yet the region of all others which man has forsaken—a glorious desert, an overflowing wilderness.

But the floating pumice-stones are full of prophecy. Across the continent, the Andes send their messengers to the Atlantic; and with the eye of faith one can see the wealth of the Pacific coast floated down on these waters to enrich the civilized world; isolated republics drawn into the sisterhood of nations by the strong bands of commerce; rich cities rising on the no longer silent shores; narrow prejudices disappearing with foreign intercourse.

Will it be soon? Sooner than we look for, may be. Brazil gave the signal by opening the Amazons to free navigation. Bankrupt Peru dreams yet of her railroad over the Andes; if she ever builds it her commerce will go—not westward to the Pacific but eastward to the Huallaga and Purús. The Mamoré Railroad is now surveyed around the falls of the Madeira. It may be abandoned for the present; even if it is built now it will not be a paying enterprise for years; but sometime it must be an achieved fact, and Bolivia will look back with wonder on her mule-train commerce. Colombia has had commissions at work exploring the Icá and Jamundá, and steamboats have penetrated from Pará almost to her capital. These are but signs; but be it soon or late the destiny of the Amazons is sure. Even the Darien ship-canal, if it is ever made, cannot compete with this deep, straight channel for the trade of the western republics.

HOPE.

No MATTER where we sail,
A storm may come to wreck us—
A bitter wind, to check us
In the quest for unknown lands,
And cast us on the sands,
No matter where we sail:

Then, when my ship goes down,
What choice is left to me
From leaping in the sea—
And willingly forsake
All that the sea can take,
Then, when my ship goes down?

Still, in spite of storm,
From all we feel or fear
A rescue may be near:
Though tempests blow their best,
A manly heart can rest
Still, in spite of storm!

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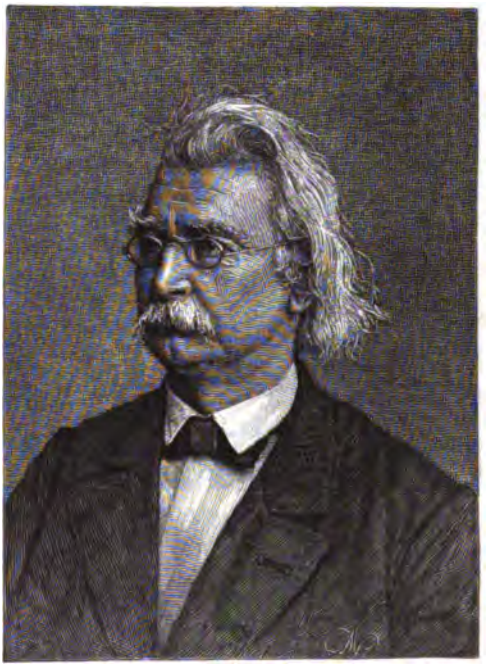
THE UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN.

In England, in France, and in Germany, especially during the last ten years, the question of remodeling the whole system of higher education has been violently debated. Innumerable pamphlets, advocating a dozen conflicting schemes and agreeing only in their extreme disrespect for the historic tradition, have from time to time appeared, and have tended to strengthen the conviction in the public mind that a reform of some sort was an urgent necessity. It is, however, a notable circumstance that both in England and France the most unprejudiced thinkers and those whose experience in educational affairs give them a special right to be heard, have recognized the excellence of the German university system, and have generally agreed in pronouncing it superior to their own. With us, too, a similar conviction seems slowly to be gaining ground among those few who know what a German university is; while the reactionary tendency in the opposite direction is becoming equally pronounced. Every reform, however, if it is to prosper, must be a gradual and organic growth. A sudden transplanting of the German university to our soil would probably be a very disastrous experiment. The reasons for this supposition have been quoted often enough, and need not be repeated.

A university was originally a free association of private men who united into a guild or society for the purpose of cultivating the sciences. They were at first mostly mature men, and, as long as they enjoyed no recognition from the state, had full liberty to arrange their affairs as they pleased. Usually it was the fame of some great teacher which drew them together, and the pure love of knowledge, for its own sake, which made them submit to the self-imposed restraints with which they gradually burdened themselves, as they grew in numbers and the necessity of organization became imperative. A kind of conventual life naturally grew up among these devotees of learning, and celibacy, although not always enforced, became the rule among them. They assumed a dress or uniform of their own, usually of a semi-clerical cut; and a strong *esprit de corps* asserted itself within their organizations. They were really literary monks, separated by their exclusive pursuit of knowledge from the great herd of Philistines who had no spiritual interests, no thoughts beyond the narrow horizon of their daily round of toil. As bequests of money and real estate multiplied, and the associations grew in power and usefulness, the kings began to favor them, adding to their wealth, and investing them with certain rights and privileges, of



KARL RICHARD LEPSIUS.

which they were to have the exclusive enjoyment. Among these were separate and independent jurisdiction and the right of conferring degrees. The graduates, whether they remained at the university or not, regarded themselves always as members of the university, and asserted their influence in the management of its affairs. If they continued to reside within the college walls, they were intrusted with the supervision and instruction of the younger members, and could thus insure the maintenance of their own policy or the continuance of their own school of thought, long after both were historically superannuated.

This accounts, in a great measure, for the extreme conservatism of the European universities, both in mediæval and in modern times. The majorities in the faculties almost

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invariably belonged to a defunct school of philosophy and science, and the advanced few frequently found themselves ostracized, or their hands and tongues tied by the vote of the majority, with whom every final de-

ERNST CURTIUS.

cision rested, except in matters where the state reserved for itself the right to interfere.

It need not, therefore, occasion much surprise that, in the great battles of civilization during the past centuries, the universities have usually taken their places in the rear, and when the victory of the one or the other tendency has been decisive, they have yielded, half reluctantly, to external pressure, and have changed their methods of instruction in accordance with the demands of the times. Many examples might be quoted to prove this assertion. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, while scholasticism, with its artificial formulas and hair-splitting definitions, was firmly established within the various faculties, the most prominent humanists, like Ulrich Hutten, Agricola, Reuchlin, and Melanchthon, were denied the privilege of lecturing in many German universities; and it was, in most cases, the command or persuasion of the secular rulers which compelled the professors to recognize them as colleagues. In 1511, Hutten was forbidden to teach Latin and Greek prosody by the rector (president) of the University of Vienna. The popes, who feared the humanists as probable heretics, had authorized the theological faculty to keep a strict supervision over professors and students, and to punish or expel every one who was suspected of teaching or cherishing heretical opinions.

In Heidelberg the humanists had a similar reception. To be sure, at the suggestion of the Elector Philip, Agricola and Reuchlin were permitted to lecture there for a short time; but the faculty refused to recognize them. It even opposed the founding of a professorship of Greek literature. In 1511 it denied Melanchthon the degree of *magister artium*, on account of his well-known hostility to scholasticism.

The Reformation, although it counted many adherents among the German professors, was, nevertheless, violently opposed by the most prominent faculties, even in North Germany. "The universities and the pope," says Luther, in a letter to Spilatius, "will, you may be sure, either make no declaration or declare against us." In Wittenberg, where Luther held a professorship of theology, his mighty influence, of course, did not fail to assert itself. And in Vienna, where Paulus Speratus, in 1524, preached against the old scholastic methods, the Reformation is said to have found much favor within the university. But the repressive decrees of the Emperor Ferdinand and the vigilance of the Jesuits prevented the further spread of heretical opinions. At Erfurt the Catholics regained their ascendency after the peace of Westphalia. Frankfort-on-the-Oder testified its sentiments toward the Reformation by conferring the degree of doctor of theology upon Tetzel, the notorious dealer in absolutions. Rostock remained passive, and only after the most obstinate struggle Leipsic yielded to the government decree demanding its acceptance of the evangelical faith. Heidelberg refused to obey the command of the Elector, which required of the faculty that it should test the soundness of the new doctrines, and it was not until 1557, when the public opinion among the students loudly demanded a change of policy, that the academical authorities saw fit to accept Melanchthon as a university teacher.

Protestantism, when it had once gained a foot-hold in North Germany, naturally regarded itself as the final result of human progress, and began with more or less success to repeat the tactics of its predecessors. The Protestant professors, like the Catholic

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HERMANN GRIMM.

ones, held it to be their first duty to watch over the orthodoxy of their colleagues and students, and the pursuit of learning, apart from its bearing upon theology, became a secondary consideration. The Pietistic movement, although its leaders did not object to a single Lutheran doctrine, but aimed merely at a revival of the religious life within the church, was ridiculed, sneered at, and sometimes attacked even with sterner weapons. Ecclesiastical history and Biblical exegesis were rarely taught, while a vast deal of energy was wasted on doctrinal ingenuities and polemical discussions. Spener, the Pietist, relates that in his youth a student of theology might spend five or six years at a university without having heard one lecture devoted to the interpretation of Scripture. Francke even goes so far as to assert that while he studied in Leipsic a Bible was hardly to be had of any bookseller in the city. And yet the Bible was blindly accepted, and a critical examination of its language condemned as a sin against the Holy Ghost. That the New Testament was not written in classical Greek very few would admit, and when more advanced scholarship had established this fact beyond a doubt, the faculties boldly stultified themselves, and declared that the New Testament spoke a language of its own, and was subject only to its own laws.

The narrow and short-sighted conservatism which discouraged independent research naturally excluded bold and original thinkers from the university faculties. It is especially notable that in Germany, until the beginning of the present century, the majority of scientists, inventors, and philosophers whose names the nation honors, have either had no connection, or only a very brief one, with the great schools of learning. Kepler struggled with poverty all his life long, and did finally obtain a miserable position without salary at the university of Rostock. Copernicus was canon at Frauenburg. Otto Von Guericke, the inventor of the air-pump, was a councilor in Magdeburg. Spinoza lived and labored in philosophic seclusion, and was obliged to refuse a professorship at Heidelberg because full liberty of expression was denied him. The philosopher Wolff was, indeed, a professor at Halle, but he was banished because in a lecture he had compared the moral code of Christ with that of Confucius; he was, however, allowed to return later. Fichte, having been expelled from Jena, was well received in Berlin. Many more examples might be quoted to show that the universities have satisfied themselves with dispensing the fund of learning already accumulated by the past, and that while

RUDOLF VIRCHOW.

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HERMANN LUDWIG HELMHOLTZ.

in accomplishing this work they have rendered invaluable services, they have, as a rule, assumed a hostile attitude toward the champions of independent thought.

When, therefore, the rumor spread in the first years of the present century that King Friedrich Wilhelm the Third intended to found a new university at Berlin, a number of prominent scholars, connected with already existing universities, seized the opportunity to present their views concerning the disadvantages of the old system, and the reforms which they believed necessary to insure their permanent abolishment. All were convinced that the German universities had in the past failed to fulfill the highest purpose of which they were capable, and that the only way to infuse vitality into the new institution was to found it, without regard for tradition, upon entirely new principles which should embody the latest results of modern experience.

The first effort of the king, when the resolution to found the university was irrevocably taken, was to secure the co-operation of as many great and important men as possible. He knew that one or two such men would add more to the fame and usefulness of his university than a hundred conscientious routine men. He was convinced that Fichte was such a spiritual force, and he did not therefore allow himself to be frightened by the expulsion from Jena or the accusation of atheism. Among theologians, Schleiermacher had gained a great reputation as an eloquent author of liberal opinions, and more especially by his efforts to reconcile Christianity with the latest results of science. When Napoleon suspended the University of Halle, which had displeased him, Schleiermacher lost his position as professor of theology. He had thus a double claim to consideration on the part of the government toward which he had in such dangerous times testified his loyalty. Among jurists, Savigny was the greatest name, and he was accordingly invited to accept a seat in the faculty of law. It was on the same principle that Hufeland, the physician-in-ordinary to the king, and a man equally prominent in practical philanthropy and in theoretic science, was offered a professorship in the medical faculty. An effort was also made to secure the permanent services of Wilhelm von Humboldt, whose philological and æsthetic writings had proved him a scholar of extraordinary versatility and thoroughness. No one had taken a livelier interest in the affairs of the university than he, and there is no doubt that it was he who, in his diplomatic capacity as minister of instruction, finally made an end of the king's

THEODOR MOMMSEN.

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wavering and persuaded him that the founding of a new school of learning was both pecuniarily a practicable undertaking and, moreover, a necessity of the times.

In the many documents relating to the university which were from time to time laid before the cabinet, we find this thought repeatedly emphasized that Germany needed an intellectual center, and that this center could and must be nowhere except in the political capital. If young men from all parts of the Prussian dominions could be induced by the superior advantages of the capital to come here to pursue their studies, their petty provincial pride would be gradually rooted out and give place to a nobler and worthier patriotism embracing the whole German land and nationality. Thus the university was to further the great thought of German unity. For it is well known that it was a statesman of those days, the Minister von Stein, who laid the foundation for the work which Bismarck is now accomplishing. And yet, strange to say, von Stein was not favorably disposed toward the plan of founding an institution of learning in the capital, and his temporary retirement from office in 1808, owing to Napoleon's persistent hostility, was among the circumstances which hastened the realization of the long-considered and much-debated project.

Although it was not until August, 1809, that the cabinet resolution definitely establishing the university was issued, the institution may be said to have existed *de facto* since the winter of 1807–1808 when Fichte delivered his thundering "Orations to the German Nation" *(Reden an die Deutsche Nation)*. Berlin was then yet in the power of the French; the French grenadiers paraded the streets, and the rattle of their arms and the sound of their drums could be heard through the windows from the hall where the fearless professor was lecturing. He tried to rouse the German people from their hopeless apathy; he appealed to all their tenderest memories, to their patriotism, to their pride, and his words re-echoed far and wide and rekindled the slumbering enthusiasm for the Fatherland. He prepared the way for the war of liberation, awakening the sentiment which then burst forth mightily, sweeping the foreign armies from the soil. When he ventured to publish his stirring philippics, Fichte received a warning from the Minister von Begme, to which he proudly answered: "I know that a ball of lead can kill me, as it did Palm, but it is not that I am afraid of; for the end for which I labor I am also willing to die,"—no meaningless boast, indeed, in those days when the life of a German offender was held to be of small account in the eyes of the French conqueror.

The university was opened in October, 1810. The organization which was finally adopted differed but slightly from that of the older German universities; although a number of radical changes proposed by Fichte and Wolf were respectfully listened to by the minister and the commission, they were in the end rejected. The academic constitution which, after prolonged debate and a careful study of the workings of the system at Leipsic and Göttingen, gained the approval of the government, contains the following regulations: The teachers of the university shall be divided into three degrees; ordinary or full professors, extraordinary, or assistant professors, and *privatdocenten*—for which no English equivalent exists. The professors are appointed by the state, and it is their duty to give a certain number of lectures during the academic year. The members of the Prussian Academy of Sciences shall also have the right to deliver lectures at the university if they desire it. Every professor may lecture on any subject he chooses within his own faculty; he may also lecture on subjects outside of his own specialty if he possesses the degree proving proficiency on the chosen subject. Every ordinary professor takes part in the deliberations by his faculty,* at the head of which is a dean. The highest officer of the university is a *rector magnificus* who is elected annually by the ordinary professors from their own number. The deans of the four faculties form with the rector, pro-rector (the rector of last year) and the university judge, the academic senate, within whose jurisdiction everything belongs which concerns the university in general. Its decisions are made by a majority of votes and the rector is presiding officer. In minor matters, involving breaches of discipline, the rector may punish the delinquent without consulting the senate. Punishments exceeding four days' prison can only be ordered by the senate.

It will be seen from the above that inde-

* The four faculties of a German university are theology, medicine, law and philosophy. The professors representing all these departments form together a go[illegible]dy, corresponding to what we would call [illegible] have been obliged to use the term [illegible] and now in its American se[illegible]nstance explair[illegible]

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pendent jurisdiction was accorded to the new institution in spite of much opposition on the part of individual professors. The feeling seems to be general, at least among those of the professors whom I have the honor to know, that it is an entirely superfluous right,—a remnant of mediæval times which will probably disappear before many years.* One learned gentleman with whom I lately discussed this point thought, however, that it was a great convenience to the students to have their quarrels among themselves and their occasional fights with the police judged by a mild and humane tribunal like the academic senate; it was a very humiliating thing to be dragged up before a police-court and to have the proceedings published in the newspapers the next morning. He was especially anxious to impress upon my mind that in German society it was regarded as a great disgrace to have been fined by an ordinary police-court or to have endured never so brief a term of imprisonment at its dictation, while a couple of days in an academic *carcer* was an experience which a man would look back upon in his old age with fond regret, as something that rather belonged to student life, and without which one's youth would not have been complete. My informant seemed to regard it as an inalienable right of students to thrash a night-watchman if they could, or to be thrashed by him if he happened to be the stronger. These feats were held to be about equally glorious, and one of the chief charms of academic life would be destroyed in case an eternal peace was concluded between students and police, which would inevitably be the case if the university were deprived of its independent jurisdiction.

A student who is called up before the rector or the senate is always treated as a gentleman. He is addressed with extreme courteousness, and is made to feel his own dignity, which, perhaps, in a freak of boyish exuberance of spirits, he had forgotten. He is not, as is so frequently the case with American faculties, bombarded with questions from all sides, cross-examined with an evident purpose to confuse and entrap him, and in the end treated to a long-winded moral exhortation, containing the usual professional platitudes. I have conversed with a number of students, both in Leipsic and in Berlin, who have received "special invitations" from the rector, and I have never discovered in them any trace of that petty spite and animosity toward their instructors which in many of our American colleges is so deplorably prevalent. American students, it may be urged, are often mere boys; at all events, as a rule, they are younger than the German. They do not understand their own welfare, and therefore waste much of their time and energy in playing tricks on one another and on their teachers. This is undeniably true; but it is only half the truth. The fault lies as frequently with the teachers themselves. A man who sits year after year at a desk, droning out the same commonplace lectures, interspersed with feeble jokes, or hearing lessons in a half-mechanical way, even if his moral character be never so estimable, can hardly chain the attention of twenty or a hundred lively young men, overflowing with animal spirits. He is merely a school-master, and school-masters have proverbially a hard time in trying to enforce discipline.

Then again, the American professor is too often, in our smaller colleges, a man who has failed in some other pursuit, and falls back on teaching as a last resort. Real scholarship, in the German sense, has certainly been the exception, and respectable mediocrity the rule. No one has ever thought of demanding prominence as an original investigator as a necessary qualification for a professorship. We have, of course, scholars of this order at three or four of our colleges; but, as the public understand it, the duty of the instructor is to communicate the accumulated traditional lore of the past, not to be laboring in the vanguard of pioneers, on the outermost boundaries of science. And here lies the difference between the German and the American (or, indeed, the English) idea of a university teacher. The Germans hold that a man of the latter order is more valuable to an institution of learning than any number of ordinary, respectably educated, routine teachers. He fills his students with enthusiasm for his science; he stimulates them to follow in his footsteps; their daily contact with him often makes the decisive epoch in their lives, and in after years the memory of him remains a living presence and an inspiration.

It is not an exaggeration when I say that hardly any institution in the world counts at the present time so many great names within its faculties as the University of Berlin. Mommsen, Curtius, Helmholtz, Grimm, Vir-

* Since writing this I have been informed that a law has already been passed abolishing the jurisdiction of the German universities of Berlin from October 1st, 1879.

chow, Leopold von Ranke, Lepsius, Gneist, Zeller,—what a fund of talent, strength, and spiritual vitality is represented by names like these! Each one of these men has broken a pathway for himself into the unknown, and has extended the sphere of human knowledge. They do not look upon themselves merely as teachers of youth; their first allegiance is to their science. And the government takes the same view of their position, and encourages them by granting them leisure and frequently pecuniary help for independent investigation. It is safe to assert that no one can now obtain a professorship at the University of Berlin without being a man of unusual power and energy. The system of selection provides, so to speak, only for "the survival of the fittest," and those of the competitors who are insufficiently equipped for the intellectual contest disappear from the arena and drop into inferior positions. It is well known that, besides the professors, a great number of *privatdocenten* (private instructors) are permitted to lecture at the German universities. These private instructors are graduates who, after having gained some distinction during their college career and obtained their doctorate, aspire to professional honors. They have no regular salaries, but manage to eke out a scanty living by the lecture fees they obtain from the students, by giving private instruction, and frequently by writing for scientific periodicals. The fact that their names appear in the university catalogue is looked upon as a kind of official indorsement, and is in itself a guarantee of thorough scholarship. They devote their time largely to study and experiments in some special branch of science which has hitherto received insufficient attention, and in which there is, accordingly, yet a chance of making a name. A great deal of conscientious and valuable labor is done by these men, chiefly in the way of collecting minute facts and observations, though frequently of a more boldly experimental kind. What is especially worthy of notice is that the German universities are thus constantly educating a whole army of workers who, from motives of ambition or from a true love of knowledge, spend the better part of their lives in the service of science. Such a class of people, whether they reach the goal of their ambition or not, cannot fail to exert influence upon the spiritual life of the nation, especially as their number is rather larger than appears from the academic calendars. According to this latter authority, they number in Berlin at present about eighty, while the whole body of instructors exceeds two hundred (1877–78, two hundred and fourteen). Of these, one hundred and five constitute the faculty proper, and have the title of professors, viz.: sixty-three ordinary and sixty-two assistants. The *privatdocenten* have no seat or vote in the deliberations of the faculty.

The practical workings of this system I had ample opportunity to observe during a previous sojourn at a German university. When a professor is inclined to take his ease, and fails to give satisfaction, the students desert him, and go to one of the *privatdocenten*, who lectures on the same or a kindred subject. And, as the professor is largely dependent upon the lecture fees which he receives from his students, such a desertion is apt to stimulate his lagging energy and induce him to exert himself to the utmost. There is, of course, no attempt made to control the attendance of undergraduates upon lectures, and every one is at liberty to seek knowledge wherever he chooses. The only thing which concerns the university is whether, in the end, he has acquired the amount requisite to pass his examination, and of this the examination itself is a sufficient test. During the first years after the foundation of the University of Berlin, a feeble effort was made to regulate the attendance; the professor now and then passed a paper around, without previous notice, and requested all who were present to sign their names upon it. It is needless to say that they signed not only their own names, but also those of their absent comrades. And the professor found, moreover, to his astonishment, on glancing over the names, that Seneca, Æschylus, Socrates, Cicero, and other distinguished strangers had been among his audience.

At the University of Berlin, the lectures of *privatdocenten* are, as a rule, rather scantily attended compared to those of professors, probably because almost every department of learning is represented by men of such conspicuous ability and fame that it is hopeless for a comparative beginner to enter the lists with them. What, for instance, could a new-fledged doctor have to say on the subject of Roman history, which in interest and authority would even remotely approach a lecture by Mommsen? What young physicist could hope to draw students away from Helmholtz? Whose word would be more weighty concerning the antiquities of Greece than that of Ernst Curtius, the ex-

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cavator of Olympia? But at other universities where the old pedantic type of professor, prodigiously learned and prodigiously tedious, is not yet extinct, I have known instances of *privatdocenten* gradually making the professor entirely superfluous. If at our American colleges we would introduce some modification of this system adapted to our civilization, we should soon see the amiable and incompetent instructor replaced by wide-awake and adequately equipped men. A free and unlimited competition would hardly be commendable, as students are with us not always the best judges of real competency and soundness of scholarship; but a competition among men whose scholarship had been tested and whose character furnished a sufficient safeguard against mere hunting for cheap popularity by claptrap devices, could not fail to have the most beneficial results. Those who have reason to fear for their own heads, will doggedly oppose "all baneful German innovations," and others, no doubt, who would gladly measure strength with younger rivals, may, from an honest distrust of whatever comes from Germany, fight against this timely reform.

The faculty is, of course, continually being recruited from the body of the *privatdocenten*, although there is no rule obliging a university to fill its vacancies in this manner. Very frequently the government, with the consent, or at the recommendation, of the academical senate, invites some well-known foreign scholar to accept the vacant place; but as far as I can learn from the statistics of the University of Berlin, the majority of the faculty have been chosen from the *privatdocenten*. The senate practically has the appointments in its own hands. As soon as a vacancy occurs, the rector, in the name of the senate, sends in the names of three candidates as especially worthy of consideration. Each name is accompanied with a recommendation, while the preference of the academic body is also respectfully indicated. The *Kultus-minister* (the minister of public worship and instruction) then appoints one of these candidates, and almost invariably the one whom the senate has declared to be its choice. Strictly speaking, the government is not bound by any law to accept the advice of the university, but practically a well-established precedence is equivalent to a law. A deviation from this method of appointment would be an unheard-of thing in Prussia. If the government were to reject all the names presented by the senate, it would naturally be construed as a wanton challenge to the university, and as the university is a powerful institution, having many of its members both in the Prussian and in the German parliament, the minister would undoubtedly before long have occasion to repent of his rashness.

In American colleges the methods of appointment differ somewhat in the different states. The board of trustees—in most cases a very miscellaneous body, consisting largely of men who have no idea of what a university is or ought to be—come together and deliberate concerning the needs of the institution. In matters of appointments they usually act on the recommendation of the president and accept his candidate, which is, on the whole, the nearest approach to the Prussian system which we can hope to see realized. In the Western states where trustees are mostly selected for their wealth and presumable willingness to endow the needy university, friends and protégés of these gentlemen offer themselves to teach half a dozen branches with equal willingness, and the president, who is afraid to alienate a future endower, gives the worthless polyglot his recommendation for a professorship. Of course, this criticism in no wise applies to colleges like Harvard, Yale, Cornell and Michigan, where the alumni of the institution have now, or before many years will have, a majority in the board of trustees. It is a very curious notion, however, which seems to be prevalent among us, that professors, who certainly know the needs of a university better than any one else, and have its interest more at heart, must be excluded from all direct participation in its government.

There are at present from thirty to forty American students at the University of Berlin. Many of them are regularly matriculated, and are studying for the degree of *philosophiæ doctor*, while others merely attend special lectures, with the consent of the professor. One celebrated member of the faculty, whose word ought to have great weight, assured me that they were, as a rule, earnest and energetic men, with whom it was a great pleasure to work. If they come here for the purpose of devoting themselves to science, their previous training (provided they are graduates) is found to be quite sufficient, and there are among them many excellent mathematical heads. In philology they are at a disadvantage, because they have passed through no preliminary course of training approaching in completeness and thoroughness that of the German

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gymnasium. Moreover, in the so-called *Seminarien* (private exercises in the professor's house or elsewhere) Latin is frequently spoken, and in the classical ones exclusively. It is delightful to hear with what fluency Professor Vahlen, who conducts the *Seminar* in classical philology, speaks the Ciceronian tongue. He enunciates with great distinctness, as if he gloried in the very sound of the words, and liked to dwell on them. His students also express themselves with apparent ease, and answer the questions he addresses to them without much hesitation, and in Latin—usually grammatically correct, but rather destitute of the classical flavor. Of course the American student who has reached even this degree of proficiency is a phenomenon, and he who despairs of ever reaching it is apt to quit the *Seminar* with a discouraged air, and vow that he will never again look into a Latin book.

Professor Vahlen is a thin and bony man of about fifty, with a pair of piercing eagle eyes, and a lean but very impressive face. He reads and translates his author from the *cathedra*, and intersperses his critical and grammatical remarks as he goes along. Like most German professors, he dwells with preference on the philological phase of the text, and illustrates it abundantly with historical and philosophical comments. He seems rarely to regard his author from a literary point, although he reads with warmth and animation as if he really felt the beauty of the passage, which in the next moment he dissects with admirable keenness and accuracy. He takes a strong personal interest in those of his students who in any way distinguish themselves, and is especially kind and considerate toward foreigners.

As regards the expediency of employing Latin as the language of lectures and other academic exercises, the opinions of the members of the Berlin faculty seem to be divided; most of those with whom I have conversed on the subject agree that it is a useless mediæval tradition, and that the sooner it is done away with the better; but they believe that this can only be done gradually, and are therefore opposed to all sudden and sweeping changes. It is, however, merely a question of time when the reform will be finally accomplished. At present, all lectures, with a few notable exceptions, are delivered in German; but until very recently, the so-called *Antrittsrede* (inaugural address) of a *privatdocent*, no matter to what faculty he belonged, had to be delivered in the classical tongue. A scientific lecturer, whose inaugural address required the most modern terminology, naturally found this rule extremely inconvenient; and if, as was often the case, he had to illustrate his theories by experiments, the difficulty was doubly increased. Dissertations in philology (German, classical and Oriental), ancient history and ancient philosophy must still be written in Latin, as also the dissertation for the licentiate degree in theology. Candidates for the degree of doctor of philosophy are permitted to write in German, but are then obliged to pass an extra examination in Latin afterward. A number of American students who have studied in Berlin, but who are unable to conform to this requirement are thus obliged to take their doctorate at Göttingen, or some other university where the rule is not enforced. Helmholtz, the present* *rector magnificus*, and nearly the whole scientific portion of the faculty are strongly opposed to these regulations making the study or use of Latin obligatory upon scientific students after their admission to the university, and there is every reason to believe that all such regulations will soon be abolished.

As I have said, the strength of the Berlin University lies chiefly in the fact that it counts so many great and renowned men within its faculty. Among these no one is more conspicuous than Hermann Ludwig Helmholtz, professor of physics, of whom it is said, with justice, that he has made an epoch in every branch of science to which he has devoted himself. He is a man of about fifty-seven, rather below middle height, and somewhat inclined to stoutness. His face is decidedly handsome; the brow especially of remarkable spaciousness and breadth, and all the features clearly modeled and in good proportion. His grave dark eyes express calm and keen observation; they are undeniably a trifle cold, and probably judge men with the same merciless, mathematical exactness with which they observe other natural phenomena. One can hardly imagine a more unsentimental, passionless face, nor a fitter face for a man of science. One feels at once that his mental atmosphere must be clear and bracing, and unobscured by fogs of sentiment. I find also that in social circles Helmholtz has the reputation of being an interesting but a cold

* Academic year 1877–78.

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and unapproachable man. However, the students, who work in his laboratory and thus come into closer contact with him, cherish the profoundest respect and admiration for him. One of them, a young American, who has studied physics in Berlin for three years, told me that during all this time he never remembered that the professor had addressed one personal question or remark to him, not even as much as a comment upon the weather. Every morning, when Helmholtz enters his laboratory, he greets the young gentlemen, and then immediately begins to question them successively in regard to their work. He explains with admirable clearness and ease, and when an interesting point comes up for discussion, he has been known to spend an hour or more with one student in trying to elucidate it, sometimes even forgetting his lecture hour. His language is always mathematically precise, and the most abstruse and involved theory becomes as simple as the multiplication table before he has done with it.

The remarkable discoveries of Helmholtz in the most various departments of science are universally known, and may be found in every encyclopedia. His fame dates from the publication of his treatise "On the Conservation of Energy," which was only the forerunner of a long series of equally brilliant labors in optics, acoustics and physiology. If he may be said to have any specialty to which he devotes himself by preference, it is the physiology of the senses. Here his philosophical profundity, combined with mathematical exactness of thought, have produced the most significant results. It will be remembered that it was he who succeeded in ascertaining the speed with which sensations were communicated through the nerves of animals and men; it was he too whose experiments in acoustics *(Die Lehre der Tonempfindungen)* established the scientific proof for the musical theory of harmony, and, above all, it was he who invented the ophthalmoscope, an instrument by which light is thrown upon the background of the eye, so that the retina with its woof of nerves and blood-vessels may be distinctly observed. The nature of a disease in the eye may thus be ascertained and the sight of thousands saved, who otherwise might have become the victims of false conjectures and experiments. It is needless to say that Helmholtz is an excellent lecturer. He does not aim to be eloquent, as indeed eloquence would be out of place; but he is clear, concise and impressive.

Among the scientists of the university, Rudolf Virchow, professor of general pathology and therapeutics, probably ranks next to Helmholtz. He is a restless and energetic man, who extends his activity in many directions, and has accomplished much solid and valuable work. As a physiologist he is especially known by his great work on cellular pathology *(Cellularpathologie)*; and of late he has turned his attention toward anthropological studies, and has published a voluminous work, concerning the value of which I am not competent to express an opinion. Professor Virchow's political career, which has extended over many years and brought him many reverses, is so variously judged that it is hard, among the many conflicting opinions, to arrive at an independent judgment. It appears, however, that the professor has at all times stood up boldly and bravely for what he believed to be right, and has refused to keep silent when prudence or regard for higher authority might have made such a course expedient. In consequence of this irrepressible bravery, Virchow, who was with many other excellent and patriotic men involved in the political movement of 1848–49, was deprived of his professorship by the reactionary government, and was not reinstated in his former position until 1856. Since then he has taken his place in the Prussian *Landtag*, and has played a significant rôle as one of the leaders of the so-called *Fortschrittspartei* (party of progress). He is in no sense an eloquent speaker, but bristles with facts and statistics, and delivers many a valuable argument which presents a much better appearance in the newspaper than on the floor of the house. As a lecturer on medical topics he is said to be very successful, and often inspires his students with his own enthusiasm for his work. It is especially owing to him that the Pathological Institute of Berlin has been so admirably fitted up and affords such fine opportunities to young doctors for independent scientific research.

Another famous professor, who, like Virchow, has had to suffer for his political independence, is Theodor Mommsen, the author of the history of Rome. He was, previous to the revolution of 1849, professor of jurisprudence in Leipsic, and traveled from 1844–47 in Italy, partly at the expense of the Berlin Academy of Sciences. On his return, the ardor with which he expressed his liberal sentiments made him suspected

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by the government, and he was deprived of his office. He then for a time edited a paper in his native province, Schleswig-Holstein, became professor in Zürich, but was in 1857 appointed to the chair of ancient history at the University of Berlin. In the Prussian parliament he has occupied a conspicuous position as one of the ablest and most honored members of the National Liberal party.

It cannot be denied that it gives one a peculiar satisfaction to know how a famous man looks. I have not infrequently found that an author's eyes, gestures and facial expression furnished the exact commentary I needed for the complete understanding of his books. Thus the passionate partisanship which characterizes Mommsen's Roman history; his love of Cæsar, his hatred of Cicero, and more especially the intensely modern spirit in which he deals with ancient events, will perhaps be in a measure explained by the study of the historian's own personality. His most prominent feature is a pair of piercing gray eyes, with which he is apt to regard you sternly over his spectacles, while he converses in a gentle, deliberate manner which almost takes the edge off the severity of his glance. You are not surprised to know that he has the reputation of saying the sharpest, most biting things in the calmest tone, as if they were mere truisms. There is a gleam of fanaticism lurking in his features,—a suspicion which is confirmed by his whole career as an author and a politician. His face is that of a scholar, but it indicates primarily a man with strong beliefs and conviction, and with the keenest power of observation. The *tout ensemble* of his features has an intensity of expression which is rarely seen in a modern man of his position. I have met similar types, deducting the scholarly refinement and finish, among religious fanatics in the West. But to complete the professor's portrait: his large forehead is covered with a net-work of wrinkles and surmounted with an abundance of gray hair, which is worn long, reaching down upon the neck. It may be of interest to know that he has fourteen children, of whom a large majority are daughters.

The weakness of Professor Mommsen's voice makes it difficult, in the moment, to value his lectures at their full worth. I should give any young man who intended to study history under him the advice of Mephistopheles to the student in "Faust":

> "But take thy notes as zealously
> As did the Holy Ghost dictate to thee."

In dealing particularly with Sulla, Marius, Cicero and Cæsar, and the whole period of the decline and fall of the Roman republic, Mommsen displays an eloquence which, on paper, looks as magnificent and imposing as from the *cathedra* it sounds dry and unimpressive. And yet there is a sharpness and delicacy of characterization in the portraits which he gives you of the great Romans, and a certain charm of complete intelligibility with which he invests their motives and modes of action, which, once heard (or rather seen), is never forgotten. These are, of course, the same qualities which have made his Roman history renowned, but Mommsen is not the man to fall back upon his early achievements; he is yet laboring with inexhaustible energy and force, and gives his students always the latest results of his investigations.

Almost a contrast to Mommsen, both in personal appearance and in his tendencies as a scholar, is Hermann Grimm, the son of Wilhelm Grimm, the younger of the two famous brothers. Hermann Grimm's literary affiliations were in his youth with the Romanticists, whose atmosphere he breathed, and who gave the first coloring to his ambition. He even married, so to speak, within the Romantic school; his wife being the daughter of Bettina Brentano, "Goethe's child-love," and Achim von Arnim, the author of "Countess Dolores" and many other nightmarish and blood-curdling tales. Grimm, however, has with every year removed himself more widely from the traditions of the school, until now only the faintest tinge of Romantic moonshine may be felt, rather than seen, lingering over his pages. As a novelist, he excels by the fineness with which he draws the most fleeting, intangible moods and the finest *nuances* of character. Among his shorter tales there is one entitled "The Child," which gives evidence of a remarkable gift of psychological observation. His longest romance, entitled "Invincible Forces," contains many vivid descriptions and remarks of extraordinary fineness and force, but seems to have no firmly knit skeleton, strong enough to keep the whole elaborate structure erect. It is an excellent book, without being an excellent novel. The American heroine, I am afraid, would find it hard to convince her countrywomen that she had ever seen New York or Chicago. It is well known that Grimm has always taken a lively interest in American affairs, has done much toward introducing our best authors

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in Germany, and has himself translated the greater part of Emerson's essays. For Emerson he entertains the heartiest veneration, and speaks with enthusiastic appreciation of the loftiness of his character and genius.

It was, however, not his attempts in fiction but his early prominence as an art critic which led to Grimm's appointment as professor of the history of art at the University of Berlin. His volumes of "Essays," dealing with subjects relating to art and literature, have already become classics, without which no German library is complete; they are written in the purest style, with a warmth of sentiment and a delicacy of perception which are beyond all praise. His "Life of Michel Angelo" (the only work of Grimm's which seems to be generally known in the United States) is, properly speaking, a history of the Renaissance itself with Michel Angelo for its chief and central figure. It is a marvelously attractive book,—a book charged with warm vitality. Like all that Grimm has written, it has a decided individuality; it arouses in you the desire to know the author. Grimm, the professor, has the same lovable and delicately constituted personality as Grimm, the author. In his lectures on Goethe, for instance, now published in two handsome volumes, he displays a power of characterization and of sound æsthetic judgment which is rarely found in an academic *auditorium*. It is this varied endowment—creative ability coupled with keen critical discernment—which constitutes the perfect university teacher. None but he who has himself felt the creative joy *(die schaffende Freude*, of which Goethe speaks) can enter sympathetically into a poet's soul, follow his development, judge of his actions, and worthily interpret his works. It is this which Grimm has done, as no one else before him, in his "Lectures on Goethe," and which he has been doing for a long series of years in relation to many other artists and poets whom he has interpreted to his students, from his *cathedra*. Personally, he is no less attractive than he is as an author. He is a tall, well-formed man with a fine, expressive face. You cannot talk long with him without being impressed by the healthy naturalness and fineness of his thought; you discover at once that he is a man of delicate senses. He has suffered much from illness during recent years and looks nearly ten years older than he did in 1873.

Among the other celebrities of the university, the Egyptologist Karl Richard Lepsius is one of the foremost. He is a man of very striking appearance, but in spite of his vast learning he is rather dry and a little wearisome as a lecturer. His fund of facts and his knowledge of details are so enormous that he seems to find it difficult to master them. He gives you much that is interesting, but in a rather uninteresting manner. The astonishing acquirements of the man, of course, inspire you with unbounded respect and make his utterances absolutely authoritative; but, for all that, a listener of a literary turn will be apt to spend a good deal of his time in imagining how much more beautiful and impressive these marvelous facts would have been, were they presented with a slight *afflatus* of eloquence. But I find it is a tradition in the German universities that regard for style is unworthy of the serious consideration of a scholar, and that eloquence is a mere clap-trap substitute for the solider virtues of scholarly soundness and profundity. It thus happens that men of exceptional intellectual endowments, as, for instance, the former university preacher, Professor Steinmeyer, adopt a style of address which impresses one as a fraction of the confusion of Babel. Professor Steinmeyer writes most excellent sermons, but he delivers them with a studious disregard for commas and periods, and with inflections which must have been borrowed from some strange barbaric tongue. It is needless to say that the students do not manifest much eagerness to listen to such preaching; I find that a great number of them are not aware that a university preacher exists. The government, possibly because it failed to appreciate Professor Steinmeyer's style of rhetoric, seized the opportunity, during a recent illness which brought him near death's door, to appoint his successor. This act of discourtesy immediately stimulated all the professor's latent vitality and he hastened to recover; the government was forced to recognize the fact of his existence, and in order to avoid difficulties, established a new theological professorship, or divided the duties of the old one between the two claimants.

But to return to Lepsius. I did not intend to compare his manner of speaking with that of his theological colleague. I only ventured to express the opinion that grace of style and an occasional approach to eloquence are not necessarily proofs of dillettanteism. My limited space does not permit me even to mention the long array of valuable contributions to classical and Semitic philology, and especially to the science of Egyptology, which we owe to this

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indefatigable scholar. While he was yet a very young man his historico-philological treatises repeatedly gained the prize of the French Academy; in his "Lettres à M. Rossilini" he established the scientific theory for the interpretation of hieroglyphics, and during the years 1842–45 he accompanied a joint English and German expedition through Egypt, and on his return collected the rich results of his researches in twelve superb volumes with 650 plates, published at government expense. He is a man of marvelous energy, and in the various offices which he fills, as director of the Egyptian division of the royal museums, as librarian of the Royal Library, and as member of the Academy of Sciences, accomplishes an extraordinary amount of work.

One of the most popular teachers at the University of Berlin is Ernst Curtius, the author of "The History of Greece." His perfect amiability and *bonhommie* and the elegance and cordiality of his manner could not but endear him to those who come into close contact with him, while his fame as a historian and the profundity of his scholarship inspire something more than respect even in those who meet him only in his lecture-room. Professor Curtius has had from fifty to sixty American students under his instruction; and I may be pardoned for mentioning two whom he remembers with particular pleasure and of whose ability and scholarly acquirements he speaks with much appreciation, viz.: Professor Carter of Yale College and Mr. Keep, the author of an excellent Homeric glossary. In the opinion of Professor Curtius, the majority of American graduates rank with German *Primaners*, or members of the highest class in a gymnasium; they are apt to deal with learned themes in a declamatory and rhetorical fashion, hiding the insufficiency of their knowledge under a sounding phraseology. He did not mean to assert that this was a national characteristic; it was rather the common device of immaturity and indicated some false system or tendency in our preparatory schools.

Professor Curtius has a very agreeable voice and a clear and lucid manner of lecturing; he is frequently in the habit of conducting his auditors through the Greek division of the Royal Museum, and illustrating by the veritable objects, many of which he has himself excavated at Olympia, the manner of life and thought among the ancients. It is needless to add that these peripatetic lectures are very popular, being really themselves a venerable tradition from the days of Plato and Socrates. You seem to breathe the breath of Greece. These objects —some of them two to three thousand years old—may have been touched by the heroes who came to participate in the Olympian games. Here, for instance, is an urn or pitcher of burnt clay, or terra cotta, the fragments of which Professor Curtius discovered in an Olympian tomb. It has now been carefully joined together, and no piece was found lacking. The form is light and graceful, and the sides decorated with hasty-colored sketches, representing scenes of everyday life. There is the picture clearly drawn, and the colors yet bright and warm. Notice the wonderful grace and the soft distinctness of the few simple lines which go to make up this figure; and these pitchers were made and decorated by common artisans, not by men who laid claim to the title of artists. Imagine, then, what the average artistic culture must have been among a people whose artisans could draw lines like these. The fact that they are not the work of educated artists is proved by various circumstances: in the first place, the material is very cheap; and, secondly, the pitchers are found in great abundance in the tombs of a certain period. They are a kind of mortuary vessels, which were thrown into the grave, and thus purposely broken; the breaking having some symbolism, and being a part of the burial ceremony. In these lectures, whatever Professor Curtius touches is made to tell, not only its own history, but the history of the people who fashioned and used it. Antiquity revives under his hands, and begins to breathe and move in a human and intelligible manner. We feel our own blood pulsing in its veins, our own emotions and passions animating its actions.

It is not to be wondered at that, with such a corps of instructors, the University of Berlin attracts more students than any other similar institution in Germany. The number of regular attendants upon lectures is at present 5,006, of which 2,834 are regularly matriculated, and candidates for university degrees. In Leipsic, where the total number is less (3,163), the number of matriculates is somewhat higher (3,036). The opinion generally prevails in Germany, as abroad, that for any one who intends to devote himself to classical or Germanic philology, the Leipsic University is to be recommended; while a naturalist—or, in fact, any student of the exact sciences—would find it more profitable to go to Berlin.

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MEMNON.

WEARY, forsaken by fair, fickle sleep,
A traveler rose and stood outside his tent,
That shrouded was in dusky shadows deep
By palm-trees cast, that o'er it kindly leant.
A low moon lingered o'er a large extent
Of lifeless, shifting sands. Her pallid rays
Had kissed the scorchèd waste to sweet content;
And now her farewells whispering, still she stays,
As loth to leave the land to Phœbus' fiery blaze.

Slowly she sinks; and faint streaks quietly creep
Up from the east into the dusky sky—
Aurora's yellow hair, that up the steep
Streams to the rear of night full breezily,
Shaken from her flushed fingers, that now dye
The under-heavens crimson; now she springs
Full-blown before the day, and hastens by
With silver-footed speed and yearning wings,
To kiss a form of stone that at her coming sings.

Thrilled at the sound the traveler starts aside,
And sees the image, prostrate, half-enwound
With red unstable sand-wreaths, and its wide
Forehead, and lips that moved not with their sound
Celestial, lined with many a furrowed wound,
Deep graven by the gnawing desert blast.
Half-buried sphinxes strewed the waste around,
And human-headed bulls, now moldering fast,—
Their impious shapes half gone, their greatness wholly past.

Out of this desolation vast and dead,
Now glorified and clothed in red and gold,—
Brightness befitting Egypt's Hero's bed,—
A matin to his Goddess Mother rolled
From Dawn-kissed lips, that also kissed the mold
Of their decaying substance. The sweet psalm
Thrilled in the listener's ears, with manifold
Cool music mingled of the murmuring palm;
And accents large and sad deepened the lifeless calm:

"O Mother, stay; thy son requireth thee.
All day the sun, with massive maddening glare,
Beats on my weary brow, and tortures me.
All day the pitiless sand-blasts gnaw, and wear
Deep furrows in my lidless eyes and bare.
All day the palms stand up and mock at me,
And drop cool shade over the dead bones there
And voiceless stones, that crave no canopy.
O beautiful Mother, stay; thy son requireth thee.

"O Mother, stay; thy son's heart needeth thee.
The Night is kind, and fans me with her sighs,
But knoweth not nor feeleth sad for me.
Hyenas come, and laugh into mine eyes;
The weak bats fret me with their small, shrill cries;

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And toads and lizards crawl in slimy glee.
Thou comest, and my torturers dost surprise;
And fondlest me with fresh hands, tearfully.
O dewy-lipped Mother, stay; 'tis thy son prayeth thee.

"O Mother, why so quickly wouldst thou flee?
Let Echo leave her mountain rocks, and twine
My words with triple strength to cling to thee,
And clog thy limbs from flight as with strong wine.
Let them recall sweet memories of thine,
Of how the long-shadowed towers of wind-swept Troy
Were dear to thee, and near, whiles thou didst pine
For the god-faced Tithonus; and the joy
Thou drank'st when thou hadst gained the willing kingly boy.

"O Mother, how Scamander chided thee,
And swelled his tawny floods with grief for him,
And drowned his oozy rushes by the sea!
For often have I heard such tales from him,
Thou listening, whilst the purple Night did swim
Reluctant past, and young Emathion hung
Upon thy wealthy bosom. Music, dim
In ears not all divine, the nigh stars sung
Of thine high origin Hyperion's courts among.

"O Mother, what forebodings visited thee
From the Laconian's ravished bridal bed?
What mists of future tears half blinded thee,
When Ilion's god-built gates, wide opened,
Let in the fatal Spartan woman, wed
To Troy in flames, dogs gorged with Trojan slain,
And tears of thine, Mother, for thy son dead?
Dead! would my soul were with the body,—slain,
Nor stony-fettered here upon this Theban plain.

"O Mother, what glooms darkened down on thee,
And tearful fears made thy scared eye-lids red,
When me thou sawest by some god's enmity
Madly to meet Pelides' fury led,
Sparing the aged Nestor's childless head,
By me made childless. On the Phrygian plain,
Between the bright-eyed Greeks and Trojans, bred
Warriors, I met the Pthian ash in vain,
Which bade my breast's bright wine the trampled stubble stain.

"Then, Mother, weeping thou to Jove didst flee,
And wring thy fingers, and a suppliant
Didst kneel before him, grasping his great knee
And awful beard, and clinging like a plant
Of ivy to an oak; till he should grant
Peculiar honors, not vouchsafed before,
To thy son's obsequies. Nor didst thou pant
And pray in vain, and kiss his beard all hoar,
And large ambrosial locks that veiled the sapphire floor.

"For, Mother, when the ruddy-bosomed sea
Had drunk its fill of fire, and, climbing high,
Smoke of my funeral pyre with savory

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Odors of oil and honey 'riched the sky,
Out of the seething flames a cloud did fly
Of shrill-voiced birds,—like swarms of swarthy bees
That move their household gods in young July,—
And screaming fought and perished, to appease
My Manes, and fulfill impelling Jove's decrees.

"O mother, hath my song no charm for thee
To hamper thee from flight? Thou then didst wait
Scarce till the lustral drops were dry for me,
And embers parched with dark wine satiate;
But wast away through the Hesperean gate
To mourn o'er waters Atlantean. Now,
Thy loose locks trailèd are in golden state
Down the far side of yon keen peaks of snow:
The brazen sun hath come, and beareth on my brow.

"Soon will for me the many-spangled Night
Rise, and reel round, and tremble toward the verge.
Soon will the sacred Ibis her weird flight
Wing from the fens where shore and river merge,
With long-drawn sobbings of the reed-choked surge.
The scant-voiced ghosts, in wavering revelry,
For Thebes' dead glory gibber a fitful dirge:
Would thou wert here, Mother, to bid them flee!
O Beautiful Mother, hear; thy chained son calleth thee."

WITH STONEWALL JACKSON.

"ATTENTION to orders!"

It was the evening dress-parade; in an old field beside the Charles City Road, a few miles from Richmond, the bayonets of a Confederate regiment were flashing back the last sunbeams of a midsummer day. But our "attention" now was something more than mere formality, as the curt tones of the adjutant proclaimed the order consigning us to the command of Stonewall Jackson.

The battle of the Seven Days was over. The last curl of the smoke which had rolled down the slopes of Malvern Hill had been borne away and dissipated, and the inevitable rain following the conflict had washed the air clean of all taint of its sulphurous burden. There were still to be seen, here and there in the woods, trees recently felled where no ax had been plied, and in the fields there were furrows not traced by the plow; there were acres—miles indeed—of country, now without a human inhabitant, where the soil was trodden like a highway; about the White House on the Pamunkey, fires were still smoldering among the *débris* of abandoned camps; here and there, in deserted farm-houses, or else in some shady grove of timber near a spring, were field hospitals, in which some of the wounded yet lingered, awaiting transfer through convalescence, or the final discharge which death would confer; here and there, too, in out-of-the-way places in the woods, disfigured by dust and blood, and with faces blackened and swollen and distorted out of all likeness to the Creator's image,—prostrate in the underbrush, or standing upright and stark in mud and water as they had met their doom,—were forms in gray or blue or brown clothing which betokened that they had been men. In Richmond, the tobacco factories and warehouses were so many hospitals and prisons, and full to overflowing with the city's late defenders or assailants, as the case might be; down the James, about Turkey Island Bend and the Westover plantation, the remnant of one army was striving, under the protecting guns of its iron-clad fleet, to renew its shattered organization and impaired *morale;* while between it and the city, another army, in scarcely better plight, was laying to heart

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Napoleon's aphorism—"After defeat, the saddest thing in war is victory."

The opening of the attack which had rolled up McClellan's right flank had been intrusted to the raw troops of the newly organized "Light Division" of A. P. Hill. These brigades, and even many of the regiments composing them, had been but a short time associated together, were strangers to each other, and to the young major-general, their commander, and thus the interdependence and homogeneity of feeling—such important elements of efficiency in modern warfare—were feeble or altogether wanting in the division. But these soldiers, in whose garments the smell of fire was not yet to be found, were quick to learn the ways of war; the same men, who under the cannonade of the 26th of June—that ordeal always so trying to new troops—had suffered almost a panic, four days later stormed and captured those death-dealing guns with the steadiness and determination of veterans. Before the battle, they had scarcely known and cared even less to what division of the army they belonged; *now* if you asked one of them he would answer, with a perceptible pride in his mien and in his voice, that he was one of Hill's "Light Bobs."

For a while the mere relief from daily hardship and danger had been enjoyment in itself, but by degrees the dull routine of the camp grew more irksome than ever by contrast with the late stirring events; and in recounting the triumphs and glories of the battle, men lost sight of its attendant horrors, or saw them more and more dimly through the veil of retrospection. Dead comrades were buried out of sight, and so gradually they passed out of mind; the more seriously wounded were at home on leave, more to be envied than pitied, while the slightly wounded were returning to duty, physically or morally none the worse for their scratches.

And now we were going with Jackson! The very idea seemed to infuse a new spirit into the listless men, as if they felt already the refreshing breezes and tasted the cool springs of the far-off mountains. A month before, in our sultry squalid camps along the Chickahominy, the news had reached us of the brilliant Valley campaign, and in the midst of destitution and depression and doubt, with the enemy at the very gates of the capital, the bulletins of McDowell, Front Royal, Winchester, Cross-Keys, Port Republic, read like a fairy tale: the contrast with our own tedious inaction lent a charm to the record of these stirring events, while scurvied mouths watered, and stomachs nauseated with eternal ration-bacon fairly yearned for the tents of Israel filled with blockade dainties, and for the teeming wagons of "Commissary"-General Banks. With feverish interest we devoured the accounts of rapid marches, of sudden appearances where least expected, which had frustrated every combination of the enemy and conferred upon the troops of the mountain department the anomalous *sobriquet* of "Foot Cavalry." The commander who was thus harvesting laurels almost daily—the first crop that season had borne, after long and sorrowful sowing, upon Confederate soil—had been, only a year ago, an obscure, plodding professor of natural philosophy at the Virginia Military Institute; remarkable chiefly for certain eccentricities of manner, and something of a butt for the witticisms of the thoughtless young cadets, because of what they regarded as too rigid exactness in his enforcement of the regulations. A little later, with the victory of the Southern arms at Manassas, came the story of how Jackson's brigade of Virginians had stood "like a *stone-wall*" against the irruption of the enemy upon our wavering lines, and won for their leader the name which was destined to supersede his sponsorial designation in the ages to come. In the long period of disaster which ensued, he escaped the popular notice. Left with a single division to guard the approaches to the fertile region of the Shenandoah, he had held on until the last moment, and when compelled, by the general drawing in of the Confederate frontier, to fall back for his own protection, had retired sullenly and doggedly, bringing off all movable stores and munitions of war, tearing up the railroad to save the precious iron as well as to retard the enemy's advance, and even transporting the locomotives up the Valley Turnpike by horse-power, while his rear-guard was skirmishing at every step with the pursuing column, and another force was moving upon his flank through West Virginia to cut off his retreat. Then followed that brilliant series of successes already referred to, which sent a thrill of hope through all the Southern land. Again the enemy had found the inexorable stone-wall in the path of his triumphant advance,—a stone-wall for resistance, a catapult for dealing rude blows where an opportunity offered. Milroy, Banks, Fremont, Shields, in succession, attested his power of striking hard and

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promptly. The tactics of the young Bonaparte in Italy were recalled to mind, and the comparisons of the two campaigns reflected no discredit upon the Virginian. As we wondered still at these triumphs, he was again on the move with his face turned eastward, and the roar of his musketry was heard upon our left, swelling the din of that hot afternoon at Gaines' Mill, as he drove in the Federal flank and forced McClellan from the ground of that stubborn contest. But the free air of the mountain land liked him best, and he was not to linger long in the lowlands; the enemy's shattered forces in Northern Virginia had been reorganized under General Pope, who "came from the West where he had been accustomed to see only the backs of his enemies,"—as he announced in the order by which he assumed command. According to this instrument, the war in that department was to exhibit henceforth a new aspect entirely; the army was admonished to dismiss from its vocabulary such terms as lines of retreat and of supply; and to give to its enemies a free monopoly of the same; positions were only to be considered with reference to attacking from them, while General Pope proclaimed that his head-quarters would be "in the saddle." At the period with which this chronicle opens, Jackson had already been dispatched to offer remonstrance to these Vatican decrees, and we were to follow on the morrow.

It was late in the afternoon before we embarked in the train of cattle-cars and wood-flats and began our rumbling, bumping journey—through the Chickahominy low grounds and past our old picket-post at Meadow Bridges, along the causeway where we had marched at double-quick going into the "first day's fight"; then on through the hours of the night, jostled and cramped, all idea of time or of distance being merged in the sense of present discomfort and the necessity of bearing it, until, chilled to the marrow and but half awake, we stopped, and our objectivity rallied just enough to take in vaguely that we were at Gordonsville. Some woods close to the track were designated as our camping ground; they were already populous with sleeping men of the other brigades, more than one of whom was rudely awakened by being trodden upon, as we stumbled among them in the dark—for there were no fires burning. Blankets were soon unrolled and spread, and in a few minutes more we had joined our comrades in the land of Nod.

The drum corps and bands of the division, sounding reveillé in deafening discord, recalled us to consciousness and our eyes opened upon a scene so different from the monotonous level fields and pine woods of the low country to which they had been accustomed, that we had to rub them again to be sure we were not dreaming. Bold hills shut off the view on every side, and waving fields of ripening corn stretched toward them and up their slopes, while thrifty-looking farm-houses, embowered in trees, relieved the landscape here and there. The dew-drops sparkled in the level rays of the sun, or frosted the tops of the grass when the long, cool shadows fell, and over all was the brilliant, yet pure and tender, sky of a midsummer early morning. Only in the camp and about the dépôt was there to be seen a vestige of anything betokening war. Here freight trains were moving up and backing down as they discharged a burden little enough like the wares of peaceful traffic. Ominous-looking square boxes, singularly heavy to handle, needed no marks to denote them ordnance stores to an experienced eye, and certain mess-chests and rolled tents, with other personal effects of the general staff, piled upon the platform, certified the military character of the freight. Little other baggage was to be seen, for the wagon-trains were to follow the troops by country roads, and would not be up for some days yet; the regimental camps were defined only by the stacked muskets upon the color line, the men being grouped about in the intervals, discussing the situation while they awaited further developments. We had yet to learn that in Jackson's corps to stack arms was synonymous with being in camp, and that permission to halt implied making oneself comfortable without delay.

As it happened, however, Providence, or some other power, befriended our inexperience, and before the morning was far advanced, we were distributed by brigades, in more commodious camping-places, along a woody ridge with slopes open in front to the banks of a small brook. Beyond this the ground rose again, and upon this acclivity, the troops of Ewell's division were already in camp. Here began our real initiation into the mode of life which we were henceforth to pursue. By this time the stock of cooked rations was running low in the haversacks, and details were ordered to report for a fresh supply to the brigade commissary; what it was to consist of, and where

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it was to come from, were questions speedily settled by ocular evidence. In the open ground near the stream, was a rail pen inclosing a herd of cattle; thither the details were conducted, and found the subsistence officers of the division already assembled, and having their provision allotted to them on the hoof. It was short work after that; the animal selected was driven apart from its fellows, and dispatched by a musket-ball in the forehead; it was skinned, dressed and quartered on the ground, and slung upon a fence-rail between two men, each quarter of the smoking beef was borne to camp. Here, orders had been received to prepare for an immediate movement, and a style of cooking ensued which was of a piece with the rough-and-ready butchery already described. The new provision was no sooner distributed to the messes than men were busy about the fires preparing it for transportation on the march; bayonets, ramrods and sharpened sticks served in lieu of utensils, and, impaled upon these, the collops, still warm and quivering, were speedily twisting and sputtering over the fires. The staff of life was represented by a mixture of flour and water made into dough upon the rubber side of a poncho, and baked in the hot ashes, or else upon clean chips propped up on edge before the fire. Both bread and meat were quite innocent of any savor of salt, for there had been no issue of this useful condiment, but a little powder from a broken cartridge, rubbed upon the steaks, furnished a tolerable substitute so far as they were concerned, while a small dole of "genuine" coffee and sugar—the first for many weeks—seemed an earnest of the good things toward which our expectation yearned. There were, indeed, certain dainty souls in our midst, who, having secured to themselves the tidbits,—by covenant with the butchers, whose perquisites they were,—now served up savory messes of brains or tongue in extemporized frying-pans, contrived by adjusting a tin-plate upon the end of a cleft stick, or prepared ox-tail stews with flour dumplings in some of the patent "contraptions" which they had providently brought along,—thus making "both ends *meat*," as some one suggested. The charm of novelty yet clung about the new order of things, and laugh and jest were not wanting to season the primitive fare. The *pièce de résistance*—as it was, according to most literal translation—was variously named, as the inventive fancy of the individual, or his luck in the cut falling to his share, might suggest. "Beef and *pull-it*" enjoyed a run of popularity, until some fellow—whose wits were possibly sharpened by appetite unappeased in spite of his struggles with an especially stringy morsel—offered in amendment, "sinews of war." This designation was adopted at once, as better befitting the dignity of the military matter under discussion, and passed into the vernacular of the corps, to hold thenceforth a significance no less specific than attaches to the knightly order bestowed by the Merry Monarch upon his favorite loin.

Supper disposed of, pipes were filled and lighted, and we broke up into small councils of war; each discussing a different theory of the campaign without, however, coming to any definite conclusion. Where was the enemy? Which way was he moving? Would we await his attack or advance to meet him? Above all, where was Jackson? We had not yet seen the leader of whom we had heard so much, and we had the most indefinite notions concerning his personality. The awkward martinet professor, described by some of our number who had been students in his classes at Lexington, did not fill the measure of the central figure of the Valley campaign; our minds would not be content with dry statistics; their familiar "Old Jack" was not like our "Stonewall." The masses of his countrymen found something peculiarly acceptable in the character of the man, apart from his services: his retiring modesty, his indifference to display, his simple trust in the Giver of all victory, were shining virtues in the eyes of a people who had only taken up arms in behalf of what they considered their dearest rights, and with no care for the pomp and circumstance of war. His very homeliness was a recommendation to the essentially practical-minded Southerner, regarding himself as the peer of any man, and constitutionally intolerant of the pretension symbolized in gold-lace and other fripperies of official rank. To such a one the old faded gray coat and cap of the Valley campaign were emblematic of something after his own heart. In a contest which, in the estimation of the participants on either side, partook of the nature of a crusade, the man whose first care, after the "fatiguing day" upon which he himself had shed most glory, was to forward his subscription to a Sunday-school at home; the man whose negro servant claimed to foretell a battle by the omen that his master rose frequently during the night to pray—this man would clearly "do to tie to." A hundred stories

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illustrative of these traits had already gathered about his name and invested him who bore it with a mysterious interest, and while they served to draw him home to our hearts, as a representative man, they marked him apart as a leader of men, not by any fortuitous combination of chances, but because of that inherent fitness which the chances of war had brought to light. This prestige attached also in some degree to the troops whom he had unfailingly led to victory, and whom we as yet scarcely conceived as mortal men in all ways like unto ourselves. Those fires gleaming through the darkness across the little valley were to us as are the lights of a populous city to the stranger approaching it at night, revealing nothing of the mortal nature of the busy inhabitants; nor was our ideal disturbed when returning daylight showed no trace of our late neighbors upon the hill-side. Only here and there a thin wreath of smoke from a smoldering fire betokened where they had been; under cover of the darkness, while we were still sleeping, without drum or bugle note, they had folded their blankets—tents they had none—and had "silently stolen away."

Some important movement was evidently afoot, and still the morning hours went by and brought no orders for us. The shadows were already lengthening out again, when drums were heard beating in some of the camps further along the ridge, as if for dress-parade; a few minutes later our adjutant passed along, warning the regimental officers to prepare their companies for immediate marching; and as the sun was dipping behind the western hills, columns were seen winding down from the timber to the plain below, then moving northward toward the Rapidan. Soon we were following in the same direction, through the fields at first, where the troops ahead, marching in column of fours and by the right flank, had worn parallel foot-paths knee-deep in the herbage; then out upon the highway, trodden smooth and hard by the same feet; now with the forest shadows deepening the twilight into gloom, and the religious quiet of its dim aisles broken by the shuffling murmur of the column's tread and the cadenced clanking of canteens against the bayonet-shanks, or the occasional note of the "whip-poor-will" uttering shrill protest against the strange intrusion; now by farm roads, with rows of tall corn standing upright and motionless on either side, the drooping blades gleaming mysteriously in the gray moonlight, as it were another armed host halted for ours to pass; now down in a glen, with dank odors filling the air and the musical gurgle of running water under our feet, as we crossed a rude pole bridge; and anon carried far away in thought from any of these surroundings, as the bark of a dog from some otherwise silent farm-house suggests other homes, then wrapped in slumber. Knapsacks were growing heavy, and muskets were shifted at shorter intervals from shoulder to shoulder; feet were beginning to throb and burn with a suggestion of blisters, and to drag a little as we stepped out; men spoke seldom and only in monologue, the sterner souls deigning no reply to the exclamations of pain or fatigue which formed the burden of speech; and so on through the hours of the still summer night. A vociferous baying of dogs and crowing of cocks at last announced that we had arrived *somewhere;* a few moments more, and the clustered white houses and court-house cupola of Orange stood out clear and distinct in the moonlight before us. Rest here, for a while at least, for the Rapidan is close by, and the enemy not many miles off on the other side!

It was a busy scene in and about the usually quiet little country town upon which the sun rose that morning of the 9th of August. Our night march had been pursuant to an order for concentration at this point, and we were beginning a day pregnant with events. Since an early hour the bivouacs had been all astir with preparation; batteries stood, with horses ready harnessed and munching their forage, in the fields where they had parked over night; ordnance officers were riding about, directing the movements of certain tarpaulin-covered wagons,—all the visible transportation, except the ambulances,—in the throng which poured steadily through the town and out upon the road to Barnett's Ford. We had at last a near view of those troops whose exploits had so commanded our admiration, as we waited by the roadside to take our place in order in the column, and an interesting study we found in the endless variety of type and costume offered. Almost the only semblance of uniformity was in the arms and equipment, every portion of which had changed its allegiance since it issued from the arsenal, while the garb of these veterans exhibited a strange mixture of garments furnished forth by the quartermasters of either army. There were many brigades of Virginians, representing every class and section; conspicuous among these was the old "Stonewall Brigade," now led by the gallant Winder, who had already seen the sunrise of his last morning on earth;

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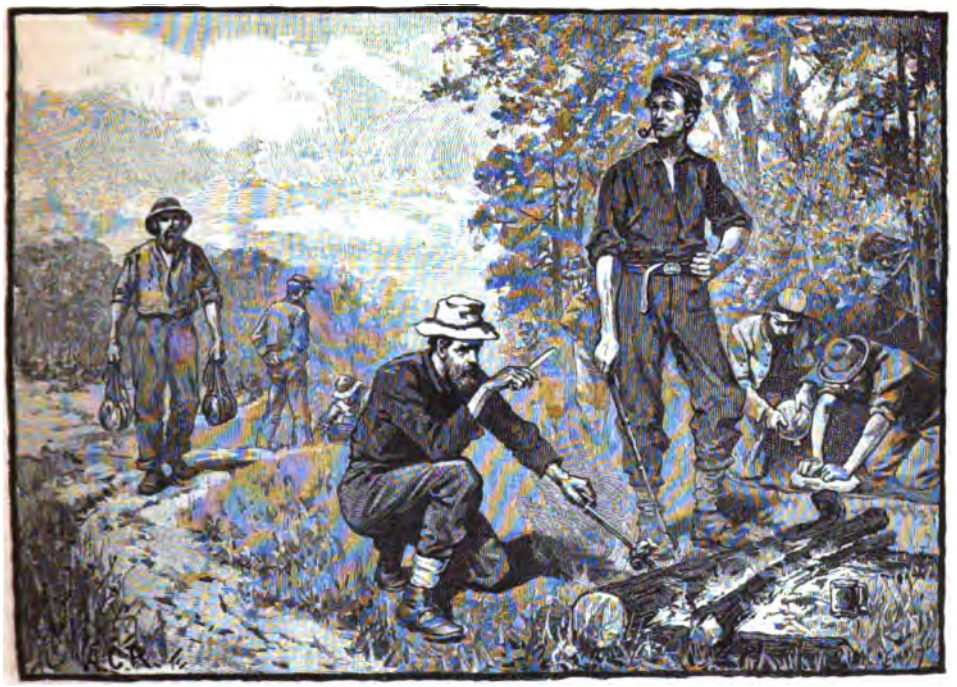
Carolinians, too,—gaunt, sallow men, wearing the gray cloth of peculiar texture which, in spite of stain and rust, distinguished the "State Troops;" solemn as Cromwell's "Ironsides," and about as tough to tackle.



THE SINEWS OF WAR.

Tall, big-boned Georgians, slouching by in long-skirted coats of brown jeans, their swarthy faces and abundant bushy locks shaded by wide-brimmed wool hats of the same color, or of black or gray, giving them a very Quaker-like look, despite their arms and trappings. And here comes a set of fellows of a different sort; there must be a dash of Celtic blood beneath that gay *insouciance*. A novice would be puzzled to say what state claims them, or what nation, for that matter,—you may hear half a dozen tongues spoken in one of those regiments, counting out Doric brogue and local "gumbo." Ask one of them the name of the command, and the odds are he will tell you—with a half-pitying glance, as if the information were, or should be, superfluous—"the Eighth Brigade." There is a crispness in the utterance which distinguishes the dweller in towns from the agriculturist, while a certain *chic* in their habiliment, as well as the "snap" and go in all their movements, sets them further apart from the other troops. Their dress is motley enough; but there is no admixture of homespun; the few coats or jackets to be seen are well cut, and the threadbare cloth is of fine quality, while the pelican device on their buttons tells the story of their origin; for they come from far-off, sunny Louisiana—from the cosmopolitan "Crescent City."

For a while the march is slow and often interrupted, for the head of the column has already reached the Rapidan and is crossing, and with probable foot-work to do on the other side it is good economy to keep dry shoes and trowsers also, if the ford be deep. So we think when it comes to our turn, and splash through in accurate uniform as to our nether members, looking very top-heavy with the divested garments added to bulging accouterments and baggage, and upborne by so slender a support. And so we pass the Rubicon. No more halting or delay now. "Close up!" comes continually along the column, and though the hot sun glares and the air is filled with choking dust, the march is pushed without relenting. A moment's halt by any one for a swallow of water must be atoned for by a long double-quick, seasoned with much jostling and not a few observations of a *cursory* character from the men filling the road, before the laggard can hope to regain his place,—by which time

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the benefits of his sybarite indulgence are more than canceled. Many such stragglers from the brigades ahead are already mingled with our ranks: some of them are but too willing to escape from their own and have no thought of regaining them; others, though conscious of a lapse from virtue, are content for the present to backslide no further, and with their faces in the right direction trudge sturdily on, hoping vaguely to catch up at the first halt. There are signs of work ahead, too; we meet occasional cavalry-men conducting dusty blue-coats by twos or threes to the rear, and reporting "plenty more of the same sort a little further down the road"—they are well out of the scrape for to-day, lucky scamps, and so can afford to be facetious. Now staff-officers and couriers thread their way circumspectly by the side of the road, or, with more enterprise, strike through the fields and woods at a trot, and anon we try to persuade ourselves that a faint, jarring growl, felt rather than heard at intervals, may be merely distant thunder; but there is a trifle too much of the *staccato* in those bass notes, and now, as we open a more extended view, there is smoke rising from over toward Culpepper. "The troops ahead may be in camp there," or, "Somebody may be burning new ground," or, "No—look yonder!" Just over the distant woods, a queer little round white cloud jumps suddenly out of the sky,—there's another! And now a pattering sound, like rain falling on a tin roof, comes back to us, mingled now and then with another not to be mistaken,—the prolonged, murmurous vociferation rising and falling upon the air, now shrill, now hoarse,—which tells that the gray people are charging. The ball is open, indeed!

A "TAR-HEEL."

Forward still—but there are eddies and counter-currents now in the tide of humanity rolling toward the sound which becomes more and more unmistakably the voice of battle. First of all come the stragglers,—men who, wearing the garb of soldiers, yet never fight,—limping rearward with abstracted gaze, as if they took no heed of the jeers which greet them at every step; ambulances next, inside of which we catch occasionally a glimpse of a prostrate, moaning figure returning broken and mangled over the ground which he trod an hour ago,—where some of us are now treading in his very foot-prints; then more stragglers; then field-hospitals and ordnance-wagons beside the road; then stragglers again, some of them bloody now, and grim with the stains of mingled dust, and sweat, and powder, and haggard with faintness and fatigue. Now the leveled fences and wheel-tracks turning into the fields mark the frontier of the battle-ground, but the firing, though distinct, is still receding, and we keep to our order in column. The sun is already down, and the rising moon sheds a soft, mellow light over the scene of conflict, revealing its features only by suggestion. Stacked muskets and drooping battle-flags mingle confusedly with rows of trampled corn, and the eye seems to discern the camp-fires of an army in the stray beams which filter through the foliage, making spots of alternate light and gloom in the woods. A light, filmy vapor hangs breast high above the ground, and the air is odorous with its pungent fumes and with aromatic exhalations of the bruised herbage. By degrees the firing dies away in stray skirmish shots, until at last the quiet of the summer night is broken only by the rumbling of ambulances on the road and the subdued voices in the bivouacs, and we lie down in the wan moonlight upon the field which has been won without our aid. The Valley army has again en-

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countered its old adversary, and again Jackson has given "check."

Our service thus far under the new *régime* had been a little disappointing; for, though the field of Cedar Run had brought no hard knocks to our personal share, and while we came in for our due proportion of praise, it was somewhat barren of substantial pudding. It had been unjust, perhaps, to General Pope, upon so brief a probation, to have compared unfavorably his administration of the subsistence department with that of General Banks; yet we could not quite forbear some regrets for the "flesh-pots of Egypt," as typified in our ovens and camp-kettles left behind, when the fruits of the promised land were found to consist of green corn, and not too much of that. We accordingly went back to hunt up our wagons, solacing ourselves with the moral reflection that grass beef in Orange was better than a dinner of herbs in Culpepper with strife in the midst thereof. But we were not to hold fast to even so much that was good, until we should have first proved all things; and before many days we were once more in quest of the general with the ambulant head-quarters, who, notwithstanding his dispatch from the battle-field that his cavalry and artillery were in pursuit, had followed at so respectful a distance upon our flying traces that, in the two days which elapsed between the close of the engagement and our return across the Rapidan, he could scarcely have enjoyed more than a distant glimpse of even "the backs of his enemies." Nevertheless, though still in his novitiate as to the modes of warfare prevalent in Virginia, and laboring under further disadvantage through defects in his Western education, General Pope learned apace. In the hitherto neglected department of military science relating to lines of retreat, and in its application, especially, his progress was most rapid. Following the axiom which declares that *linea recta brevissima est*, the lines in question were promptly reduced to a single one, upon which he moved with such celerity that not

PASSING THE RUBICON.

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even Jackson's practiced marchers could overtake his rear-guard before it was over the Rappahannock.

A "PELICAN."

But the race is no more invariably to the swift than is the battle to the strong, and a trial of speed was yet to be essayed which should refute calculations by the book of arithmetic; in which the Foot Cavalry, though heavily handicapped, was still to show a lead at the winning-post. As the spirit of gaming will pervade such contests, the interval between the heats witnessed what seems, in the light of subsequent events, very like a big game of bluff. It was upon a bright Sunday morning—the more shame—that a little bridge spanning the river near the Warrenton Springs formed the center of interest for either army. The enemy made numerous attempts to destroy this structure, and thus prevent our crossing, while some companies of sharp-shooters, on our side, were thrown out to defend it; and, as the day wore on, a furious artillery duel grew out of this slight difference between neighbors. The gallant officer who commanded the skirmishers has testified that it was the most trying duty of a somewhat extensive service; yet so well was it performed that at night-fall the bridge still stood, and we lay down expecting a renewal of the contest on the morrow.

"Mystery is the secret of success,"—so our leader professed and believed,—and we were never to know what happened next day in that locality; for by two o'clock in the morning we were moving silently among the hills, following the course of the river upward, and long before dawn were well out of sight and hearing of our last night's camp. The two days' march which ensued was a test of the best speed and bottom of the Foot Cavalry; that movement must remain a life-time memory to those who were participants in it, and yet it is almost impossible to recall its incidents with any degree of distinctness. No systematic halts broke its weary monotony, nor is there any remembrance of camping-places to serve as an index of each day's stage; when the column stopped, far on in the night, the weary, foot-sore men, all accoutered as they were, dropped beside their stacked muskets, and without so much as spreading a blanket were instantly asleep. No reveillé woke them in the morning, but long before the crack of day they were shaken up, to limp on in the darkness, still more than half asleep. Knapsacks had been left behind in the wagons, and haversacks were reduced to the minimum weight by noon of the first day; for the provision of unsalted beef was spoiled and worthless by that time and had to be thrown away. There were no stated meal-times, therefore; the fuel for this rapid and prolonged locomotion was chiefly green corn from the fields by the roadside, hastily roasted when some blocking of the way by the artillery or ordnance train, stalled at a hill, necessitated a few minutes' halt; or unripe apples, snatched from the trees as the column passed an orchard, and devoured while marching. The fine dust, which enveloped the column like a cloud, settled upon clothing and accouterment, upon hair and beard, until there was no longer any distinction of color; only hands and faces showed a departure from the whitey-gray uniformity, as the mingled soil and perspiration streaked and crusted the skin. Men dropped exhausted out of ranks by the wayside, or got hope-

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lessly in arrears in stopping to gather a few ears of corn or an apple, or to dip a cupful of water from a spring; but the column still pressed on. Whither were we going in such haste? No one could guess, unless it was, perhaps, he who was now seen frequently riding back and forth along the toiling column, and who by degrees had come to be recognized as its guiding spirit—Jackson. It would have been easy to have mistaken him for the courier of one of his brigadiers, for all external tokens to the contrary; his single-breasted coat of rusty gray, sun-scorched about the shoulders until it was almost yellow, and his plain cadet-cap of the same hue, tilted forward until the visor rested almost upon his nose, were meaner in appearance than the make-up of many a smart fellow in the ranks whose musket was the badge of his station; and not a quartermaster in the corps but would have considered Jackson's gaunt old sorrel a bad

FIRST AT THE WINNING-POST.

A BACKSLIDER.

swap for his own nag. But the eager look in his eyes when one could catch a glimpse of them under the cap-brim, the firm set of his lips and the impatient jerking of his arm from time to time, were all signs by which we were to learn to know that "something was up," though we could not read them then. We had already crossed the Rappahannock and were stretching across Fauquier at our best pace. The people of this long-abandoned border-land stared amazed at the sight of the gray-backs in their midst again,—still no sign of a blue-coat. We cross the Manassas Gap Railroad and strike into the defiles of the Bull Run Mountain,—can we be going to the valley? The sun has risen for the third time since this mad race began, as we strike a railroad track *running north and south*, and Manassas is in sight! Ah! General Pope, better had you looked a little more carefully to your "lines of communication and supply." The longest

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way round is sometimes the nearest way home, and "disaster and shame now lurk in the rear" indeed—for Stonewall Jackson has flanked you!

It was the work of but a few minutes to clean out the small dépôt guard and the infantry force hastily sent down from Alexandria by rail, to repulse our "cavalry raid," and the stakes were ours. The space about the station was occupied by frame store-houses and sutlers' shanties, the camp of a cavalry regiment was standing as its late tenants had left it, and there were besides, two trains of cars freighted with new clothing for Pope's army, but which that army was destined never to see unless it was upon the "backs of its enemies." True to its equine instincts, the corn-fed Foot Cavalry charged first of all the salt-sacks; slitting them open and devouring the contents by the handful with the gusto of colts fresh from clover pasture. But this most urgent craving was soon appeased, and when the salt had lost its savor, we began to consider what we should eat and drink, and wherewithal we should be clothed,—no easy matter, and one requiring the exercise of judgment and self-denial, by reason of the very abundance of the supply; for it was possible to utilize of this profusion only so much as we could personally transport, and we had had recent experience of how very little that might be upon occasion. Yet how tempting were those new blankets, rubber-ponchos and shelter-tents! How comfortable next winter would be those cavalry overcoats with voluminous capes, and collars turning up to the tops of the ears! and those high boots,—they would be just the thing for stumping about in the snow and slush, but, alas! how worthless for such marching as we had done yesterday and might do again to-morrow. If we could only have brought the wagons along, or if this railroad were but open all the way to Richmond! How soon a haversack got full, and how hard it was to reject further additions of sardines, canned meats and fruits, and desiccated vegetables! But such regrets were worse than vain, and he who dwelt long upon them was likely to lose his chance of obtaining even such things as he might lawfully and prudently claim. Some solution of the difficulty was afforded as the day wore on, and our wealth began to be somewhat more equitably and economically distributed, as in more peaceful communities, through the medium of traffic and barter between man and man of articles which one did not want for those of which another held a superfluity. A mounted officer or courier would be seen exchanging any number of shirts or trowsers for a McClellan saddle, a pair of spurs, or even a halter; or a ragged private would be offering for sale to an officer, equally ragged it might be, a handsomely mounted pistol or sword,—each endeavoring to fix the price according to a nice calculation of the imminence of marching orders. An infantry man with a captured mule would be hesitating whether to retain his "loot" at the risk of confiscation by the Q. M. D., for the sake of getting a lift on the next march, or to make a swap for something of surer utility, as a pair of shoes. The tariff was somewhat irregular, but the law of supply and demand governed it still; a pint bottle, bearing the cabalistic inscription, *Sp. Vini Gallici*, was a sufficient *quid pro quo* for a case of fine surgical instruments, while an entire keg of lager went begging for a long time. A loyal subject of Gambrinus was at last found in the person of a sturdy Hessian who had strayed into our ranks: "I vas looken efervere already, unt don't can vint some beer—dat is better don anyding," said the happy Teuton, as he dipped his tawny mustache into the amber fluid and took a mighty swig.

So ran the festive hours of our brief holiday, and now, having danced, it remained to settle accounts with the piper. Night was coming on, and so were our friends whom we had left on the Rappahannock, and orders were already abroad to hold ourselves in readiness to take the road again. But, lest by the token of walking in ways that were dark we should lie under the imputation of evil deeds committed, a grand illumination signaled our departure and insured General Pope against mistaking his way. We ourselves had some need of a similar office, for the corduroy road to Centreville was full of pitfalls and stumbling-blocks, and the last gleams of our gigantic holocaust were giving place to the first streaks of dawn as we reached that desolate little hamlet and were allowed a short halt. Still no enemy, and as we filed off upon the road to Sudley our minds were more mystified than ever as to the objective point of our restless leader. The old soldiers who had served under Johnston and Beauregard were now at home, recalling at every step scenes associated with the battles of "the 18th" or of "the 21st;" but to us of the Light Division the locality was devoid of any such significance. Indeed, after the fertile valleys of Fauquier, so lately traversed, the

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famous battle-field seemed remarkable only for its arid desolation. The houses about which the tide of conflict had surged on that sultry Sunday morning a year ago were distinguished from other Virginia farm-houses mainly in that their tenants would seem possessed of the mysterious faculty of living without water, so rare were the springs in this region. We cross Bull Run near the ruin of the famous stone bridge, and now there seems to be some stoppage ahead; so distinctive of the officer of the old service, and as we scramble into our places in the road, suddenly, from beyond the woods in front, the sharp, ringing report of a Parrott gun breaks upon the air,—another—and then another still, but duller and more distant. A few seconds, then succeeds the familiar flutter of a rifle-shell, passing nearly spent overhead. The hunt is up; Jackson is at bay on his baptismal soil, with Pope in front and the whole North behind him, and

"CORN-FEDS."

the troops file off along the edge of a wood as if they were at last going to take ground for camp. The stillness of the hot summer afternoon is broken only by an occasional impatient remark, as we rest in the broiling sun, seated upon the dusty grass by the road-side. Upon a bare knoll not far off, our brigade commander is looking attentively through his glasses at something which we cannot see; now he closes them and rides down to the road again. "Attentio——n!" comes the stentorian order, long drawn out, another battle has begun upon the field of Manassas.

Space forbids more than passing mention of the succeeding events of that memorable campaign. The world knows the story of Jackson's grim fight to hold his ground, while Pope, McClellan, and Burnside were closing in upon him, and his own lagging succor held off; of that sharp, short skirmish in the blinding rain at Chantilly where brave Phil Kearney fell in front of our brigade. It were vain to tell of the passage of

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the Potomac, to recount the investment and capture of Harper's Ferry, where the scenes already described at Manassas Junction were re-enacted. Boonsboro', Sharpsburg, Shepherdstown,—these are names belonging to history, and to that custody the writer would yield them, while his modest pen more becomingly illustrates the annals of the Foot Cavalry in their every-day aspect.

The bright, bracing October days had come. Since the return from Maryland there had been no very active hostilities, and the troops were resting in their camps, scattered over the fair country between Winchester and the Opequan. Occasional changes of locality for the sake of wood comprised the extent of the marching, and kept the reputation of the corps for mobility from going quite to seed, while its destructiveness found vent in tearing up all the railroads within reach,—as though it would have thus disposed finally of the one rival whose pretensions in the matter of rapid transit could not be disputed! However this may be, the man of the Foot Cavalry seemed to regard the occupation in the light of an *auto da fé*, and as he warmed his hands by a fire of piled cross-ties, with a length of rail, poised upon the top, red-hot and bending with its own weight, an inquisitor might have envied the beatific consciousness of duty well performed which overspread his soul. Like other people in prosperous circumstances, we came gradually to be quite fastidious in our considera-

A GLIMPSE OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

tion of camping-places, and in view of the abundance of fine timber which surrounded us and the bold springs which gushed from every hill-side, were luxuriously extravagant in the matter of fuel,—if, indeed, generous fires might not be reckoned among the necessaries of life, now that the nights were becoming frosty, while as yet we had but a scanty *tenue d'été* for all defense against the nipping air. Few companies could parade a sound pair of trowsers; an overcoat was a

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distinctive badge of high official rank, and tents had long since passed among the things of tradition. In default of the regulation shelter, the camps presented an array of nondescript wigwams in every variety of color, shape, and material. The dwellers in these motley tabernacles—themselves no less motley—were like a mob of school-boys in their excess of animal spirits, which, deprived of outlet through the channels of hard fighting and marching, found vent in noisy hilarity upon the least provocation; for now that the wagons were up and "pone" bread and beef stews had re-appeared in the *menu*, the Foot Cavalry, feeling its keep, waxed fat and kicked. Two causes were potent above all others for the calling forth of this vociferous demonstration,—the chase of a hare or the appearance of Jackson near the camps. His dislike of notoriety was well known, and he never failed to avoid it when it was possible; for this very reason, the men who, when General Lee passed, were wont to stand silent by the roadside and with heads reverently uncovered, would yell like demons for the sake of "making old Jack run," and all the camps would turn out in force at the signal.

It was the end of a bleak November day; the fires of railway ties, extending in a long line either way as far as the eye could follow, made still more neutral by contrast with their ruddy light the dun-gray fields of stubble, and the woods in which the gorgeous panoply of the earlier season was paling into russet and ashy tones. The work was over and we were waiting with some impatience for the order to take up the line of march back to camp; for the evening air struck chilly through our threadbare and tattered jackets, and we had eaten nothing since early morning. Moreover, a wild rumor had spread abroad that an issue of fresh pork awaited our return, and though the long habit of expecting nothing good until it came secured us against any serious disappointment, there were not wanting tender memories of "short" biscuit to raise our anticipations higher than we cared to own. Thus preoccupied, we are fain to refer a distant cheering further down the line to tidings of the coming rations, and we gather by the roadside in order to get off the more promptly when our turn shall arrive. The sound grows more and more distinct every moment, and now, far down the road some moving object can just be discerned in a cloud of dust which travels rapidly our way. Nearer and nearer it comes; louder and more enthusiastic ring the shouts, and now we make out in the dust the figure of a single horseman, with a clump of others trailing off into obscurity behind him—Jackson is coming! A moment more, and he is here, going at almost top-speed; his hat is off; his hair blown back from his broad white forehead; his eyes dancing and his cheeks aglow with excitement, and the rush of keen air. And now the cheers grow deafening and ragged hats are swung more wildly still as the men of the Foot Cavalry recognize their leader. The cavalcade passes like a whirlwind and disappears in the dust up the road, cheered to the very last lagging courier of the escort,—for we are in good humor now with ourselves and all the world. And as we step briskly out upon our homeward march, the air feels fresh and invigorating, and the miles seem shorter than they were in the morning; even the beloved biscuit is of minor consequence, and the promised pork pales beside the thought which fills us—that we have seen Jackson!

And we got the pork besides!

HER REPROOF TO A ROSE.

Sad rose, foolish rose,
Fading on the floor,
Will he love you while he knows
There are many more
At the very door?

Sad rose, foolish rose,
One among the rest:
Each is lovely—each that blows;
It must be confest
None is loveliest!

Sad rose, foolish rose,
Had you known to wait,
And with dead leaves or with snows
Come alone and late—
Sweet had been your fate!

Sad rose, foolish rose,
If no other grew
In the wide world, I suppose,
My own lover, too,
Would love—only you!

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A NARROW STREET.

V.

JACOB DOANE left them the next morning. Perhaps it was chance, for Achsah shrank behind the others, afraid to trust herself, and possibly it was this which made his final words of parting fall to her.

"Remember that I am to hear from you; and some day, before many months, I shall look in upon you again, God willing, if it is only for an hour."

There was no outward change in their life when he had gone. There were the tiresome children droning over their lessons in the school-house a mile away, the daily homely work of the household, the small economies, the narrow ways which sorely chafed Achsah's spirit. But there are joys which show little on the surface, and an undercurrent of gladness made the days move smoothly and swiftly for Achsah. She looked forward to Jacob's first letter with a hope that was almost pain. She found it lying in the post-office one afternoon, a week or more after he had left them. She would scarcely have owned how many days since his departure she had taken the post-office in on her way to and from school. When the first quiet corner was turned, she broke the seal, pausing an instant to re-read her own name upon the outside, transcribed in a heavy, irregular hand. It seemed a new name to Achsah. The letter was such a one as a brother might have written to a sister interested in his work and surroundings,—nothing more. But Achsah was satisfied,—more than satisfied. She was full of an abiding joy as she carefully refolded the precious sheet. He had spread his daily life out before her. He had let her look into his heart—showing her his hopes, his efforts for these poor people so suddenly dear to him. She forgot herself—or rather she had become a partner in his work. His entire trust was reward enough. And yet she lingered over the last few sentences: "I have just returned from a long tramp to the next village, which has no preaching-place. My only class-leader lives there. He came for me to visit a man frightfully injured in one of the mills, who must die. I hardly expect to find him alive in the morning, when I shall see him again. The low room, full of the reek of pipes, the air heavy with curses—the men, scarcely one of whom was sober, and the women—why do I put this before your pure eyes? It haunts me. You are asleep by this time, though we have sat as late before your fire more than once. How the sight of your kind faces would strengthen me! But I must not think of that. May God have you in his keeping!" This was the beginning of a series of letters which made a glory around Achsah's colorless life. She replied to them one by one, stiffly, formally, as she fancied,—for she had not Jacob's ready pen,—but not unsatisfactorily to him. For he wrote again, "It is a lowering day. I have come in from a round of visits, tired and depressed. (Thank God! you know nothing of the misery and sin in the world!) I find your letter lying upon my table. It lightens the whole room."

Summer came, its arms full of flowers. But few found their way to the narrow street where the Brays lived. The season was unusually warm, and Margaret's health more feeble than ever. But there was no change for them—no stay by the sea-side or jaunt to the mountains, and but for Jacob's long, cheerful letters, which Achsah shared in part with the others, they would have known scarcely any pleasure. Nor were his letters always cheerful. Sometimes a word of discouragement escaped him. He confessed that so far he saw little or no result from his labors. Outside the small band he could call his own, suspicion, ignorance, and the prejudice that waits upon ignorance, stood in the way of his work. "But I am only occasionally disheartened," he wrote, "and my discouragement drops off the end of my pen when I sit down in my bare room to write to you. I find when my letter is folded my ill spirits have fled. I fear I inclose them to you. But do assure Miss Margaret that I am both well and happy in my work. I am only lonely, at times inexpressibly lonely. Still I know that I could never make a home here for any one dear to me. So, courage and patience! I say to myself. And do not let your kind hearts be made unhappy by my trials, which are one-half imaginary, and the other wholesome and bearable." Achsah read this letter with a swelling heart. Was it for her that he looked forward to making a home? She dared not dwell upon it, lest she deceive herself. It was too great a happiness to come to her

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The summer wore away, and in the autumn Jacob made them a brief visit; walking half the way, as he boldly confessed, since his purse was too nearly empty to allow him to reach them in any other manner. It chanced that Achsah had a few days' vacation,—possibly he had planned his visit for this time,—and they spent long hours strolling about the pleasant suburbs of the town together in the rare November days. Summer came back a little while for them. October had left its gay flags upon the trees in the great, beautiful gardens outside the city. They turned over books together, they stood before pictures, and they dreamed dreams, and yet with no love confessed between them. If there was love in Jacob's heart, he held the confession back from his lips. Again they spent long, delightful evenings before the fire, with books and work, Susan purring contentedly over her knitting, and Margaret forgetting her pains to smile upon them from her corner. But often the book was laid down and the work forgotten. These hours were too precious and too few to be given to the thoughts of others. The life in books, though printed yesterday, was stale compared to that flowing strong and full in their own veins. They spent three happy, swift days together, and then he went back to his work. He said good-bye to Margaret and Susan in the little parlor; but Achsah followed him to the door. Margaret had touched Susan's arm, holding her back and closing the door softly behind the two.

"I wonder if you know how I dread to go," he said, lingering. "Not to the work; but I am so lonely there. You cannot realize what it is to come from the sick or the wretched or the indifferent—which is worse than all—with a heart full, to an empty room. O Achsah, are women afraid of poverty? Women like you?"

The beating of her heart took away her breath.

"I cannot say. I have never known anything else." In her effort to speak quietly her words came slowly.

"But this is not poverty," he said impatiently. "Your home is a palace to anything I could offer a woman."

He sighed and was silent. Ought she to speak? Could she speak? What if he were thinking of some other woman, who waited for him! Oh, if he loved her why did he not say so and give her an opportunity to utter the comfort and assurance that was nearly bursting her heart!

He put out his hand, trying to smile bravely.

"You will still write to me, Achsah? Your letters will not fail?"

And Achsah, calling up all her strength, was able to answer steadily:

"No, they shall not fail."

"God bless you! Good-bye, my——"

He wrung her hand, sprang down the steps and out of sight.

Achsah closed the door, and stood a moment leaning against it before returning to the others. If he loved her why did he not tell her so? The "if" filled her with torment. Margaret scanned her face hastily as she returned to the parlor. But though it was a trifle paler than usual, and her manner was subdued, neither of these circumstances revealed anything to the elder sister.

Autumn deepened into winter and spring came round again. This year the Conference was held in a distant city. Jacob wrote from there: "Decide for me. For the way does not open straight before my feet." A larger and more desirable church in another town had been offered to him. His efforts in Durham had carried his name beyond that village. "It rests with me to say whether I shall go or stay. A month ago I should not have hesitated. But there has been a quickening at Durham. It seems to me to be the beginning of a great awakening. But why should not another reap the harvest as well as I? And there is no lack of work in this other church to which I am called. It is no bed of roses. Oh, my friend, it means so much to me—this larger, well-paid appointment (for I will not deceive myself or you); it means everything earthly for which I care—*a home at last!* And yet, when I think of Durham, which no one will covet—of the poor ignorant people whom nobody will desire, nobody love at first sight—decide for me; I cannot decide for myself."

Achsah handed the open sheet to Margaret, pointing silently to this paragraph, then she turned and looked out of the window, though there was nothing to see. Susan's crocuses had not yet begun to show their pale faces above the late snow in the tiny back-yard.

Margaret wiped her eyes as she refolded the letter.

"I think, dear, you should write to him at once, to-night."

Achsah's hands held each other tight behind her back, but she did not turn her face.

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"What shall I say, Margaret?"

Try as she might, she could not keep her voice from trembling.

"It rests in other hands than yours, dear. It is hardly for him, even, to say," Margaret answered, solemnly. She put her arm around Achsah and drew her toward her, longing, yet not daring, to ask for her confidence. Poor Achsah's heart swelled. Did Margaret feel that it was perhaps her, Achsah's, own future that was thus being weighed and balanced? Did Margaret suspect the pain in her heart, the hope that struggled with doubt? But not even to her could she confess it, though she longed to lay her head upon her sister's bosom and own it all in a burst of tears.

That night, when the others had retired, she lingered down-stairs to write a brief note to Jacob.

"It seems to me that you have already decided," she wrote. She shed a few tears as she folded and sealed her letter—tears which she hastily repressed, ashamed to own them, even to herself; and she mailed her letter the next morning on her way to school, counting the days before she could hear in reply. A week passed and she received no letter. It was in the weekly church paper that they learned the result at last. Margaret read it aloud: "Durham, Jacob Doane."

"I thought it would be so," she said, in an excited, trembling voice which showed how near this matter had lain to Margaret's heart. "You are not surprised, dear?" she said to Achsah, as she laid down her paper.

"No;" Achsah said quietly without raising her head from her work.

"I was sure that he would not leave his poor people at such a time," Margaret went on, forgetting Achsah in her own interest in Jacob's decision.

Achsah neither avoided notice nor betrayed feeling. She listened to Margaret's encomiums upon Jacob (Margaret had worked herself into a nervous state of excitement not unusual in these days of weakness), adding a word when necessary, and going off to her evening studies at last, as though she had made no sacrifice and suffered no pang of giving up. Margaret watched her bending over her books and wondered if she had been mistaken, and if Achsah's interest in Jacob had been only that of friendly regard.

Another week brought a letter from him. He had returned to Durham. Religious interest had burst out like fire confined. The little chapel would not hold the people that flocked to it. One of the mill-owners had offered a larger room. Night after night it was crowded. "I have not had a moment to write. I have scarcely eaten or slept for a week," wrote Jacob, from an overrunning heart. And Achsah fell upon her knees in her own little room and sobbed out her last regret. What was she, that she should think of herself at such a time! And though he might stand as far away from and above her as the mountain-tops stand above the sea, she thanked God that she had known him.

His letters came less frequently now, though they were no less glowing with friendship—if friendship it was—and above all with Christian zeal. Through all this dreary spring, his burning words, in which self was forgotten, so filled her with his spirit that it seemed to Achsah that she walked with him upon a plain above all earthly ills.

Summer came on hot and exhausting. Religious interest no longer seethed and boiled at Jacob's station. The froth floated off; but of what remained, there was gathered the following winter enough for the foundation of a strong church. Now he might go. Another spring there would be nothing to detain him.

VI.

It was one day late in the winter that Achsah came home to find Margaret stretched upon the lounge, her face white and pinched with pain, while Susan bent over her in evident alarm. It was but one of several attacks of severe pain which had seized Margaret during the past few months, the knowledge of which both sisters had carefully kept from the youngest girl. It could no longer be concealed.

"Why did you do so, Susan?" Achsah's peremptory tone came back with the reproach. "And you should have called a doctor. How could you let it go on so? She must see a doctor at once."

It struck Achsah as strange, when a physician was summoned, that Susan did not call the young doctor who lived a few doors away, and for whom they had sent occasionally in their rare illnesses, but an old physician from the other end of town, who had known them as children, and who had years before attended their mother in her last illness. But still she felt no alarm. Assurance is deep-seated in the young; and nothing could really ail Margaret, she thought.

"What did he say?" she asked of Susan, catching her alone when Dr. Woodville had gone.

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"Not much; he is coming again. He was here only a few moments."

"But he must have said something."

Susan tried to rid herself of Achsah's detaining hand.

"He asked a great many questions. Don't hold me so, child;" she broke out sharply, and from sheer surprise Achsah's hand dropped away. In all her life she could not remember hearing Susan speak in such a tone.

"I hope you will be satisfied now, dear," Margaret said that same evening. She was lying in her corner, paler than of old, except for a feverish spot on either cheek. "The doctor made me a little nervous with all his questions. It reminded me, Susan, of when he used to come to see mother."

Susan turned her head away without replying, and presently when no one noticed her, quietly slipped out of the room.

"I don't know why I should think of mother," Margaret went on feverishly. "You don't remember her, dear. She died a dreadful death."

"Margaret!" Achsah was white with terror. For an instant all horrible possibilities were real.

"No, dear, it isn't at all probable that I shall be like her," and the sick woman nestled among her pillows and tried to sleep. But an awful dread was roused to eternal sleeplessness in Achsah's mind.

Dr. Woodville fell into the way of looking in upon Margaret every day after this, merely as a friend, he said; prescribing nothing but a tonic, and suggesting a more nourishing diet. Once he brought with him a younger physician of established reputation, who chanced to have taken a seat in his carriage, he explained. Achsah followed them to the door when they went away.

"Tell me the truth," she said, looking piteously from one to the other.

"Certainly, certainly, my dear," said Doctor Woodville, temporizing.

She turned impatiently to the younger man.

"Ask me anything you wish," said he, gravely.

"Can you reach the cause of her illness? Can you remove it?"

"Partly, at least—without doubt," he replied unhesitatingly.

But when they had gone and Achsah repeated the young physician's words to herself, she saw that they meant nothing.

"You must spare yourself all you can," Susan said a few days later. "You look fit to be in your bed already. And now that Margaret will never work again——"

"O Susan, don't say that," said Achsah.

"We must look the truth in the face; and I seem to have known it all the time, only I would not own it to myself. I remember mother's sickness." And Susan covered her face with her apron and sobbed out her despair. "We have only your salary to depend upon. And what would become of us, of *her*, if you were to give out?"

"I shall not give out. Don't think of me, Susan. I can endure——" to the end, she would have said, but her face dropped upon her knees. The end! The dreadful end, when Margaret should be worn out upon the rack!

This very day there chanced to come a letter from Jacob. She put it away half read. When Death draws near everything pales before it. And when a fortnight passed and she did not reply, a second letter followed the first: "Dear Achsah, you do not write. I say to myself, 'The children at school are troublesome and she is tired.' But beneath this plea for patience I ask myself if I can have vexed you. Did I say too much in my last letter? Too much and too little, since I did not say all? Let me confess it now though I tremble as I write. (What if you understood *and are silent!*) I love you, dear. It cannot be a secret, though I have not dared own it to you until now. For myself I dare anything, but for you—Achsah, I could not have brought you here. But the spring draws on and I am going away. My presiding elder says that he has work for me elsewhere. He does not tell me where, but I am not afraid to go. I am not even afraid to try to make a home for you—a humble home. Would you despise it? A tent pitched in the wilderness for a time and then removed. Does it appall you, my love, with your quiet, orderly ways? I remember you said one day, 'How dreadful it must be to go you don't know where!' Achsah, the one woman in the world to me,—would it be dreadful to you?"

So it had come at last—when it was too late! She read the letter all through, saying at the end: "Too late!"

For how could she desert Susan, who had said, "What should we do if you were to give out?" And what had she to do with love—whose place, as God had appointed it, was to stand by Margaret to the end?

His home! A tent pitched in the wilderness for a little time! Would she despise it? Ah, he little knew her heart! An unknown future? What was that to her with him beside her. She confessed it to her-

self. She was not ashamed to own her love for him now, and she shed some bitter tears. Is not sacrifice acceptable even though offered with weeping? Then she prepared to write to him. Better now, while she saw her duty clearly. By and by her love for him might cloud her eyes. Even at this moment she was tempted to tell him everything. He had been very gentle and tender toward Margaret—would he not willingly share Achsah's dreadful burden? But she turned upon herself. What! was her love so selfish that she could thus fetter him in his work—making it only a struggle for bread? Rather let her drop out of his life. But again her heart pleaded for him. He would wait. His affection was not for a day, she knew, and oh, the comfort of this strong heart to rest upon.

Then Margaret's worn face rose to reproach her. God forgive her! Was she wishing for the end already? No, no; and the end was still far away. Doctor Woodville assured them that when the first shock of finding herself really ill had passed, Margaret might rally. She might even live for years; but she must never work again. Achsah wrote her letter and dropped it into the post-office the next morning—only a few words, but they changed the whole current of her life. "I fear you have expected a different answer," she said. "It grieves me to give you pain, but I cannot go with you." She entered into no explanation, she gave no reason for putting his love aside. She did not realize how cold and formal words may appear upon paper which have come from a burning heart. And she said nothing of Margaret's illness. When the letter had gone, she remembered that she had not spoken of it, and she shed a few tears over the loss of his sympathy in their trouble. For her own deeper loss she had no tears; it was beyond such expression.

There came a few broken sentences in reply—"Good-bye, and God keep you, Achsah! I deceived myself; but the dream was very sweet while it lasted, and I do not blame you. Perhaps some day we may meet again, and be friends. Now I must try to put you out of my thoughts."

And Achsah laid this letter away as we lay away the clothes of the dead.

VII.

She heard no more from Jacob, and it made her sore at heart to see how entirely he had dropped out of the thoughts of the other two sisters. Once, after a paroxysm of pain, as she soothed Margaret with the cool touch of her hands upon the feverish forehead, the sick woman looked up into her face to say: "How could I live without you, my darling? You will never leave me?"

"No," Achsah replied. There had come such a fullness at her heart that she could not utter another word.

"You are sure?" Margaret asked, excitedly. "He will not take you away? It may be only a little while, Achsah. You will not let him take you away?" Her face was full of terror.

Achsah put her arms around her, and laid the poor throbbing head against her bosom.

"My dear! My dear! Nobody shall ever take me away from you." And Margaret was assured, and sobbed herself quiet.

They had given up their church journal at Susan's suggestion—Susan, who cared most of all for it; it was her only literature. But they could not afford even this luxury now. Margaret alone must suffer no deprivation. A chance number, however, fell into their hands, and gave to Achsah the information she longed to seek, yet dared not ask for. At the foot of a partial list of appointments for the year, among other names, unknown to her, she read, with a throbbing heart, "Jacob Doane, transferred to the Northern Ohio Conference." The last hope crept out of her heart. She should never see him again.

The following winter Margaret died. God was merciful. He sent his angel to give the poor creature rest. He laid his finger upon her and her pain ceased. For a little time she was her own sweet self again—grateful, loving, gentle. Then she fell asleep.

"Why not send for Brother Doane?" Susan asked, when they were making their preparations for laying Margaret away to her long sleep. "She would have wished it. And he would come—even if he had to walk, as he did before."

"He has left Durham and gone West," Achsah replied, trying to make her voice steady. "I saw it in the paper."

"And he has not written? I did not think he would forget us so soon," Susan said in meek reproach.

"O Susan! he has not forgotten us. It was I—I have never written since Margaret was taken ill."

And Susan suffered the matter to pass. Grief and cares pressed this from her mind.

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The funeral over, there were bills to be met, ways and means to be devised. Sorrow is indeed a luxury not to be indulged in by the poor. Achsah went back into school. Her health was weakened. She was thin and without color, and she knew no tricks of dress to soften the effects of sorrow and long watching. Even if she had had the heart for these things, she had not the means. When they had paid the last debt incurred by Margaret's illness, denying themselves even food and fire that they might owe no man anything, they took counsel together. Should they give up their home and seek a cheaper tenement? Achsah could not bear the thought of a change. We can leave the places where we have been happy, but sorrow throws a sad charm about any spot. To think of a stranger in the room where Margaret had died! No, they could not go away. And when a respectable lodger offered himself for Achsah's old room, and Susan obtained work at plain sewing, and Achsah's salary by unexpected good-fortune was slightly increased, they decided to stay where they were.

Three or four years went by; there was nothing to mark any of them. Achsah had developed a quiet self-reliance in her time of trial which made her come to the front naturally now. Susan rested upon her;—poor Susan, who secretly mourned Achsah's lost good looks,—the red gone out of her cheek, the rounded outline of her face grown sharp. But in spite of these changes, strangers looked twice at her face; it had gained something in its loss.

All this while ministers came and went at the church on the hill. Perhaps the people were difficult to please, or it may be that the ministers were at fault, for no one staid out his allotted time. Sometimes these passing shepherds sought out the two sisters, but more often they were overlooked. The society was large, and they were neither rich enough to attract attention, nor sufficiently poor to seem to call for aid.

Five years after Margaret's death, one of these changes was taking place at the church. A stranger had been transferred from a distant conference to fill this appointment. His name had not reached the two sisters, but they had heard marvelous reports of his eloquence, of his devotion to his work, as well as of his success in his last charge.

Susan looked forward to the Sabbath—his first Sabbath here—with unusual interest; but Achsah was indifferent.

"He will come and go like the rest," she said, "and he will never be anything to us but a voice sounding out of the pulpit."

"What is it about being a mouthpiece? I suppose they are all only that," Susan said meekly.

"But I like them to be a human presence, as well," Achsah rejoined. Then she put on her hat and prepared to go down into the town upon some household errand. Her way led her over the hill and through the park. Spring had come early this year. The buds were swelling upon the trees, the grass was already green in spots exposed to the sun. April though it was, there was a sense of awakening in her own heart. She moved on with a freer step, loosening the heavy shawl at her throat and throwing back her veil that the soft air might reach her face. The outline of her cheek was growing round again; her pain over Margaret's loss was changing to a gentle grief, as time bore it further away. Sharp anxiety had done its work and gone. The last few years had been peaceful, and even quiet and rest leave traces of their visits.

She came out from the park facing a row of sunny, handsome houses built substantially of brick and with a bay-window over the door of each. One had been unoccupied for two or three years. Achsah had come to have a friendly regard for the place. She had even said lightly to Susan:

"When we are rich, dear, we will live there ourselves," pointing out the advantages of its situation—overlooking the bay from its upper windows and with the elms from the park almost sweeping it in front. To-day the blinds were thrown wide open and Mrs. Cooper's face appeared at one of the windows beckoning her over.

"Come in, come in," she said, appearing in the door-way. "This is the new parsonage."

"But—I had intended to live here myself," Achsah replied, with a bewildered stare and only half pleased. Her foolish jest had taken an unaccountable hold upon her.

"You are entirely too late. Of course you are surprised; everybody will be; it was the parsonage committee. We were fairly ashamed of the old place, and I have had this in my mind for a year or two. You see we must do something—the new minister comes from such a wealthy congregation. Why, his predecessor actually kept a carriage! I don't know what 'the fathers' would say." And Mrs. Cooper laughed complacently over the changed times as she

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led the way through the handsome empty parlors.

"And will the new minister set up a carriage?" Achsah's ideas were somewhat confused by Mrs. Cooper's running sentences.

"Now, don't be absurd, Achsah Bray. They say Brother Doane is a most earnest, simple-hearted man, entirely above worldly vanities."

"Brother Doane?" They had reached the stair-way. Achsah sat down upon the lowest step.

"Yes, Jacob Doane. It is not possible that you had not heard his name! But don't sit down, you must see the upper rooms;" and she led the way to the pleasant front chamber overlooking the park, which she had already decided in her own mind should serve as the minister's "study."

"And this," passing into the little bay-windowed room over the hall, "will make a delightful sewing-room for his wife—adjoining the study, you see, and with a glimpse of the bay through that break in the houses beyond the park. A stand of flowers here, a brass bird-cage, a sewing-chair—really I can see it all," said Mrs. Cooper, with a happy laugh. "I only hope we may like her. So much depends upon the minister's wife, you know."

"And have you seen her?" Achsah had turned away to watch a white sail just dipping its way across the distant bay.

"Dear me, no; I have scarcely thought of her. We have had so much to do. It came upon us so suddenly; the transfer was only granted at the last moment. We know nothing at all about his family. You are very pale," she said, as she finally let Achsah out at the street door. "It was that last flight of stairs—but I wanted you to see the view from the upper windows."

Achsah said something in reply and hastened away. She had reached the lower town and passed the shop where her errand lay, before she came to herself. Jacob Doane! And they were to meet again after all these years! But no, it was scarcely probable that they would meet. There was a vast gulf between the Jacob, untried, unknown, who had sat by their fire, and the minister, eloquent, successful, who was coming to stand in the pulpit of the great church on the hill. He had said in that brief last letter that some day they might meet again and be friends. But would he seek them out now? When once there has been a break between people, circumstances come like wedges, driving them farther apart. Susan and she had seldom met the ministers of their church. It would hardly be different now. He would be to them only a "voice from the pulpit." Better that and nothing more, she said to herself as she passed the new parsonage again on her way home over the hill. For the first time Achsah realized that she had cherished a hope all these long silent years which must be rooted out of her heart now, even if by fire.

VIII.

A SLIGHT indisposition kept Susan at home from church the next morning and Achsah went alone. She had debated in her mind whether or not she would go. But her desire to see Jacob, even under these new conditions, overcame her reluctance to put herself to this trial. In the great congregation she would be unnoticed. Then, too, she must accustom herself to hearing his voice—to hearing his name, which until now had never been uttered in her ears outside of her own household. It would be wise to begin at once. But she had hesitated so long that it was late when at last she entered the church. The singing and the long prayer were over; the minister had begun his sermon. Already in Achsah's mind Jacob had taken a new place; he was "the minister." She slipped into a seat by the door, under the overhanging gallery. The light in the church seemed dim after the glare of the sun outside. At first she could distinguish nothing clearly. Even the tones of the speaker's voice brought nothing to her ears but a remembrance (Jacob's voice had always held a charm). Gradually his form took familiar shape. He had lost much of the old stoop of the shoulders; his bearing was more erect, his features more clear-cut and less rugged than she remembered them to be, his manner more assured; he was Jacob still, but Jacob brought through a refining fire. And yet the long, dimly lighted church, the years since they had met, even the new ties which had utterly sundered their lives, were as nothing to that other intangible distance between them as his words took hold of her at last and showed her heights of which she had never dreamed and depths of thought which no plummet from her mind had ever sounded. But at the close of the sermon, when he leaned over the pulpit and talked to the people before him as man to men,—weak, erring, yet

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struggling toward the light,—Achsah forgot herself and was comforted.

They sat alone in the long spring twilight, Achsah and Susan. It was the hour which brought Margaret very near to them, especially upon Sabbath evenings, when there was no pretense of work. They had been talking of the strange chance, or providence, as Susan called it, which had brought Jacob to be their minister. Achsah spoke of him calmly. "You must hear him another Sunday," she said; "his words are like strong hands to lift one up." There came a pull at the bell. "It is the lodger, he has forgotten his key again." And Susan went to let him in. But instead of going up the stairs, heavy steps followed her to the back parlor door, and a strange form stood waiting in the door-way as she stepped aside to let it pass in. Achsah sprang up to strike a light, but she trembled when its quivering rays fell upon the new minister advancing out of the darkness.

"I was obliged to announce myself to Miss Susan," he said in a constrained voice. "I hope ——"

But Achsah had already in her surprise pronounced his name.

As the light flared up he had glanced quickly about the little familiar room. Nothing had changed except that the signs of Margaret's occupation were gone. Her sofa stood vacant in its old corner.

"I only learned of it to-night; why did none of you ever write to me that she was ill?"

"I told Achsah you would come,—even if you had to walk," Susan broke in irrelevantly.

"Nothing could have kept me away," he answered in a repressed voice. And though Achsah offered no excuse for her negligence, she blessed him in her heart for the reproach in his words. He had not forgotten them, then!

The constraint of the first moment had vanished at this touch of sympathy over Margaret. They looked into each other's faces with solemn, tender eyes.

"Sometime, you will tell me more," he said. "To-night I can only ask, 'Is it well with you?'" His eyes rested upon Achsah. Hers were full of tears, but she answered calmly, even returning his gentle smile.

"Yes, it is well with us."

With him it was well, she knew. There was no need to ask.

But Susan was not so easily satisfied.

"And you? Tell us about yourself," she said, setting out a chair for their visitor, and trying to speak in a cheerful voice, though wiping her eyes the while. "Your family?—are they here?"

"I have no family; I have never married."

There was a pause. Achsah's heart beat fast. His reply had stirred the deep waters under the still ice. She dared not look up or speak.

"You will let me give you a cup of tea?" said Susan, making a move to cover the awkwardness of the moment, which she felt, but did not in the least understand.

"I am expected back; but ——" he glanced at Achsah, whose eyes were on her hands in her lap,—"I cannot refuse."

So Susan bustled away, closing the door after her.

"I could almost imagine 'now' to be 'then,'" Jacob said after a silence. "Tell me, Miss Achsah, if it will not pain you, was she ill when you wrote that letter to me?"

"Your letter came the very day we knew—the day we were sure that there was no hope," burst out Achsah, covering her face with her hands.

"And if it had come before? Would your answer have been different if it had come before?"

She was sobbing, but she did not speak. He put his arms around her.

"My poor girl! my darling! Why could you not have trusted me?" he asked.

"Must I serve yet other seven years, Rachel?" he asked when he went away.

Sometimes our thoughtless words prove prophecies. Achsah and Susan went to live in the new parsonage on the hill before the trees in the park had shed their leaves.

"To think," said Mrs. Cooper, ruefully, "that all these preparations should have been made for only Achsah Bray!"

But Achsah developed wonderfully after her marriage, Mrs. Cooper declared,—Mrs. Cooper, who saw only the flower which love had made to bloom, and knew nothing of the strength that had come from wind and rain and the striking of the roots deep into the soil of adversity and pain.

THE END.

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WAS IT LOVE, OR HATRED?

I HAD seen something of certain parts of the State, but was a fresh arrival in the little community of Jocyltown and knew very few of the inhabitants well before an affair occurred which placed me at once on the footing of the oldest citizen. The hotel was the only brick building in the place,—a new settlement on the plains which has since become a thriving center of two railways,—and, in the hotel, all that was of brick was the front. Compared to that of the log-house opposite it was imposing, for there, Jocyl, the oldest inhabitant, had passed a lonely existence before he laid out his farm in building-lots, and started the new town by the simple expedient of running up the hotel. Next door to the hotel, on either side, were the two principal stores of Jocyltown, built of pine and clap-boarded, and across the way, close to the log-hut with its lean-to addition, laborers were digging the foundations of a Methodist church. The main hotel was not so high in the eaves as the brick front, but it spread over a good deal of ground, and an extension had been run to the rear with two elbows, so as to bring the rear back again to the line of the street, beyond one of the stores. This addition had a door marked "Ladie's Entrance," and Jocyltown was not long in finding out that it had been well named, for at least one lady, and a very pretty one too, was in the habit of coming in and out that way. Well, in this rear extension the sensation had its start, for a young married woman had been found one morning severely stabbed, while her husband had left town suddenly on a horse belonging to the hotel-keeper. When discovered she could not speak, but she made no sign of denial when asked if her husband had stabbed her. This was enough for the inhabitants of Jocyltown. The lady had been seen and admired for her beauty; of the husband little was known, save that he never stood treat at the bar, and seemed a moping sort of fellow who kept aloof from folks, and put on airs of superior learning. At the store, where he was acting as chief clerk, he served his customers with as few words as they would allow. He had made a horrible assault with intent to kill, and probably had succeeded in his purpose. The men who met together at the bar were convinced of the fact, and decided that parties should start at once in search of the offender.

"It aint actually necessary to bring him in," said the leader in this decision, as he separated with his party toward the north; "what is most to be looked after is, that he don't get further and try it on again! He's a horse-thief, anyhow."

With these indefinite instructions clearly enough understood, we turned westward and struck out into the prairie.

I had two reasons for accompanying this party. One was, that in this direction I knew the land pretty well, and might very likely come across persons with whom I was acquainted; another was to verify a theory I had picked up from somebody. I had been told that fugitives, unless they have some definite plan of flight, are more apt to run to the west than to any other point of the compass. From the general aspect of the case, I was pretty sure the crime was a hasty one, and the criminal a man without a fixed purpose. The road we followed was so full of tracks that nothing could be done in the way of tracing the criminal by signs. Our only plan was to follow the old-established trail until we met some one who might have seen the culprit. We had ridden about twelve miles before a turn occurred in the road. At a point where the plain rose to a ridge before flowing up toward a hilly country with some timber beyond, it turned abruptly to the south. Just here my theory stood me in good stead, for I watched the edge of the trail sharply as we made the bend, and there, sure enough, were fresh tracks of a horse between the thin wiry grass, and pointing to the westward! Without a word of comment my companions turned their horses and we all rode a little way at a trot. Presently I began to look about me and recognized the locality.

"We have him," said I. "He has put up at Clark's, over on the oak barrens."

At this name my companions looked grave, but then, justice must be done, and they had the orders of the community.

"How many miles?" said one.

"Six, or seven."

"Humph! Sandy road, too, most of it, I'll be bound. If we rest the horses now, we can fetch it by sunset."

It was after sundown when we arrived,

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owing chiefly to my uncertainty of the road. However, as long as there was light, we were certainly on the right track, supposing always that the hoof-marks we were following did not belong to some one else. Later on it was needless to see them, because there was no house except Clark's in the neighborhood. I was a little nervous at what our reception might be. Clark was not the man to allow a lot of fellows to surround his house after dark without a protest that might send more than one saddle home empty. I suggested that one should ride ahead and knock Clark up, while the others should follow immediately on the sound of parleying.

It was black as pitch as I rode up to the frame dwelling-house. It had been built in a city many hundred miles away, and put up here in pieces brought by rail and ox-carts across rivers and prairies. In that rough piece of country it looked by daylight as if it had dropped from some city which had taken to traveling through the air; at night a stranger coming upon it would not have believed a modern frame house possible in such a spot.

"What the —— do you want, anyhow?" cried Clark from an upper window after a prolonged siege of knocking. Knowing that he must have a rifle in one hand and a pistol in the other, I hastened to name myself, and begged him to come down and let me in. This he proceeded to do with a much better grace than his first words might have led one to suspect; for, with Clark, oaths were of little more account than extra breaths; they served as convenient points in his discourse for putting on the stress of voice. Emphasis is a difficult matter to arrange for the best of us; but Clark's arrangement was simplicity itself, for he used imprecations merely as stepping-stones down the shallow river of his discourse.

"There's a man put up here that we are after," said I. "He's cut his wife pretty badly down at the hotel in Jocyltown, and gone away on old Jocyl's mare. We want you to give him up."

"Now, hold on," said Clark, stepping back. "You're my friend, and I calc'late you're fair, but who the —— is 'we'? There is a man put up here, I wont deny; but I don't give no man away; I want you to understand that."

"Why, you don't want to protect a murderer, do you?" said I.

"How do I know he's a murderer? You say so, and I wont give you the ' I don't really know anything about it. The man's in my house, and while he's there, he's safe."

While we parleyed, my companions had put the horses in the barn, and now came up. The elder moved directly behind Clark into the door.

"Hey there! —— you, who asked you in there?" cried Clark, cocking his pistol and leveling it. There was just light enough from a candle in the passage to take good and infallible aim.

"For heaven's sake, Clark," said I, catching his arm, "we are not on the fight."

"Yes, we are on the fight," said Brown, the man who had stepped in, drawing his pistol with a quick motion. "I am, if my power is resisted. I'm the law, I am. See here."

With the other hand, and still keeping his pistol on Clark, he pushed the lappel of his coat aside and showed the metal badge of a sheriff. Clark's arm dropped at once and we all went into the house.

"Damn me if you'd have got in to-night, sheriff or no sheriff," said Clark discontentedly. "What the ——! I thought you was alone."

We had entered the sitting-room, and while I busied myself with lighting a lamp and stirring up the fire in a stove at one end of the room, Clark and my two comrades roused up the offender. Presently all four made their appearance. My companions were solemn; Clark was surly and fretful, while the prisoner was pale and trembling.

"Sit down by the fire and tell us all about it," said Clark roughly, but with kindliness, pushing up a seat and pouring him out some whisky in a tea-cup. The whisky seemed to do the prisoner good, or else the heat of the stove allayed his fit of trembling. His dull look of misery gave way to more intelligence as he gazed from one face to another. Somehow he was not a man you could be hard on.

"Is—is she dead?" he finally managed to stutter, looking wistfully around.

"Not yet," said Brown, the deputy sheriff, sternly.

"Ah!" shuddered the man, "I hope she wont. I hope she wont. I have no hard feelings against her—none at all."

"Perhaps it's the other way," suggested Randall, taking a piece of navy-plug out of his waistcoat pocket, and with his penknife shaving off a piece of a shape and size peculiar to himself. He offered the black cake "obacco to the prisoner as a kind of mute

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testimony that his words were not meant to be offensive, but the latter shook his head sadly. We had all drawn up around the stove, and Clark brought out a demijohn of the right stuff, and two or three thick glasses, such as they use in bar-rooms. We lay back in our chairs and rested our feet, tired with many hours in the saddle, against the projecting foot-rest which ran around the red-hot stove.

"I'm very sorry it has come to this," said Brown, after a few moments; warmth, rest, and the whisky having somewhat subdued even the austerity of a deputy sheriff. "You really hadn't ought to have done it, Mr. Pierre."

The man he addressed as Pierre was still young, rather slight of build and dark in coloring. You could see at a glance that he was of a nervous temperament, and in the lamp-light his eyes shone with a strange effect that might be termed a glare, somewhat like those of a hunted animal at bay in a dark thicket. From the womanish way in which he sipped his whisky, it was evident that he could have done very little drinking in his life. Whatever was the cause of his crime, rum was not. It must have been more the alcohol than the heat of the stove which brought some color back into his cheeks. He shook his head mournfully at Brown's words, but life was not so gloomy as it had seemed a few minutes before.

"Well, how did you come to do it?" burst out Clark, whom curiosity, as well as disgust at the invasion of his rights of hospitality and asylum, rendered fidgety and talkative.

Still Pierre would do nothing but shake his head and sigh. In view of having to stand a trial it was not to be wondered at that he would not commit himself. But I knew that perhaps he might never come to trial at all.

"You don't look like a man who would strike a woman," said I.

The prisoner started and gave me a quick, full look of gratitude. He could be silent no longer.

"I swear to heaven," said he, "that I never laid hand on that woman before. Much as I have been provoked,—or ——" here he hesitated,—"irritated—I never struck her. What happened last night was the affair of a moment. The first thing I knew, I was riding out of the village and feeling that I had stabbed somebody."

"And taken somebody's horse," added Brown, dryly, the first flush of the whisky having expended its softening effects.

"Oh! I was going to send the mare back."

"Ah!" ejaculated Brown, with satire quite lost upon the prisoner.

The ice being broken, and the whisky having had its effect on his tongue, he now leaned back in his chair and spoke as follows:

"I might as well tell you, gentlemen, how it all came about,—at least, as far as I am able, because there are points in my experience I can't pretend to account for. The woman I hurt so badly the other night is my lawful wife; I never cared for any one else but her, and when I married her, I doubt if there were a happier bridegroom in the land. Happy isn't the word: I was mad with joy and I acted in such a way that everybody was making fun of me. I saw them well enough. They thought I was blind to their ridicule, but I took it all in. Only my delight at getting Lou—that is the name of my wife—was so great that I didn't care a straw for ridicule or anything else. Well, I had had hard enough work to get her, that's a fact, and my marriage was the triumph of three years of as great misery as I can think of. This business is bad enough, but I would rather swing than pass such a time as I did then.

"You may suppose from my saying that I had hard work to get her, that the match was uneven, or that there was something against me, or that Lou didn't like me. Not one of those things is true. I was making a little money, had a reputation for perfect steadiness, never drank, belonged to a church and taught in Sunday-school. Lou hadn't a cent, never doubted my character for squareness, and took a liking to me from the first. In fact I was always bashful and never had taken to girls, while Lou had got quite a name for being a belle when I began to follow around after her. Folks actually thought better of her for having me attentive to her. That is only to show you that there was nothing against me in any way, shape or manner. Well, that was the beginning of it all. I was so well received that I was certain all was right, and I suppose that turned my head a little. I just let up brakes all around, and if I didn't just love that girl! There wasn't anything I wouldn't do for her. Well, she didn't quite understand it all. I sometimes think women don't know what love is; at least they don't love the way we men do. They are cool, and seem to be able to think of

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something far ahead when the man is half out of his mind with the pleasure right there. Pretty soon she began to fight off and dictate terms. That was all right enough; I submitted, and would have stood almost anything. But next thing that happened she broke the engagement. Then I went to see her and we had a fine row. She told me she didn't care a button for me, and I must keep my distance, and all that sort of trash. Well, I saw pretty soon that she didn't care for anybody else, and did care for me; and so after a blow-out the matter was patched up, and we were thick again as ever. After this she was more loving, but pretty soon the same thing occurred again. This time I was furious and stayed away. Well, she stood that about two weeks and then dropped. I was about dead by that time, but I had determined not to make the advances, and so she had to. Well, gentlemen, I'm making too long a story. That is the way she acted a great many times. To say I loved her all through would not be true. On the contrary there were times when I hated her so that I lay awake at night just to think over what could hurt her most. Why, I have had long plans mapped out to humiliate and shame her, and it was only by keeping my memory jogged every now and then, and recalling that a man has no business with such dirty, small work that I saved myself from putting them into execution. There was one thing I noticed, however. When I was near her I couldn't be half so vindictive as when we were apart. Out of sight I could ponder over the most ingenious plans for her ruin and harm, but when she was by there was something in her eyes or the turn of her head that made a baby of me at once. It was that—whatever it may be—which prevented any such move on my part and brought us together at last before a clergyman in church."

Pierre had become absorbed in his remarks and now reached automatically for his glass, which Clark had filled again with whisky and water. It seemed to do him good to talk, and all the rest of us were so much interested that we not only said no word, but forbore to look at him, lest something might interrupt the flow of his confessions. Weariness, warmth, the liquor, and, somewhere in the air, the feeling of a tragedy, combined to throw such a spell as most easily turns a man to loosening his inmost secrets from the cells where he has meant to keep them forever. The tallow candle burned dim and the stove took on the dull red glare of forged iron. It made no difference that the room and its contents were bare and vulgar, or that the men who sat about the cheap, ugly fireplace were rough in exterior and of minds different one from another; a common interest was occupying them. It was one of those occasions when everything conspires to knit individuals into a composite group, animated by one life. So strong was this feeling of fellowship that the prisoner evidently found it difficult to remember that his position was a dangerous one, or that three of the five men within the four walls were at least his jailors and possible even worse.

"So we got married after all," continued Pierre, only stopping long enough to address himself to his tumbler, and never taking his eyes off the dark top of the white-and-red-bodied stove; at which we all were staring. "I suppose you are married men, gentlemen?" he said, and for the first time looked up quickly. Brown nodded gravely and assumed an answer for the rest of us; and the speaker was too busy with his recollections to consider whether Brown had a right to act for any of the others. "Well then, you know what it is to be married, speaking in a general way, and what a very different thing marriage is to the idea most young men form of it. I wont deny it, I am cursed with a bad temper, and every now and then it masters me. I had consoled myself all along with the reflection that when once the ceremony was performed everything would be well, at least as far as my troubles of courtship were concerned. I soon found, however, that very much the same thing was to be my lot even after all I had gone through with. You are married: you know what an awful hold a wife has over a man, especially if he is perfectly steady, loves her to distraction, and never looks at any other woman. Well, that was the kind of man I was, and having found it out pretty thoroughly, Lou began a systematic course of tyranny. So far from having left behind me the anger that used to overcome me before marriage, on the contrary I often found myself hating her worse as my wife than formerly as my intended. You will understand me. I had learned to require her presence as an absolute daily necessity. Once I had merely looked forward to a union with her as the great delight of the future. She was master of the situation, therefore, and dictated

terms; for my love for her was so intense that I could not bring myself to play the bully, and would do anything rather than look at another woman. It seemed to me an insult to love to dispute her commands. If she was unreasonable and demanded wrong and silly things, if caprices bent her this way and that and made us both uncomfortable, there seemed to be only these alternatives: either to convince her and get her to yield peaceably, or else to give way myself.

"It is needless to say that the latter was almost always the result. Many is the time she has gone to sleep in my arms, and morning has found us in separate rooms,—she all coolness and scorn, and I with the vilest hatred bursting in my heart. Why I have not killed her long ago I do not know. She was so sure of me, and so unconcerned that I should take advantage of greater strength some day to subdue her, or do her bodily injury, that it afforded her an additional pleasure to brave the rage she saw was consuming me. Sometimes, when I was at the worst, I have said to her: 'Have a care! There is a limit to all things,' and she would answer with a burst of derisive laughter. Ah, that she had taken a little notice of her danger!"

Pierre sunk his head between his hands and sighed. Perhaps the motion may have had to do with moisture in his eyes.

"Yes," he went on, "it did come, after all. Never mind what the last cause was,—the final blow to my resolution. I am telling you now more than I have ever breathed to human being. There was no reptile on earth, no devil in hell, that did not seem good to me beside that woman. I felt I must kill her, if it were only to rid the world of such a pest. There was a sense all through me that her death would rest completely something that was tired and worn out, all inside my veins and nerves; as if her blood would cool some fever that had been accumulating for years. Perhaps I have never forgiven her the unnecessary cruelty of our courting days. Perhaps it is only the tortures she has inflicted since marriage which affected my very flesh. At any rate, the longing for revenge was perfectly satisfied by the act. At each blow I gave her the other night, the black cloud that had hung over my heart lightened, and I believe —God forgive me!—that I kissed her when I left her!

"Love her?" he cried passionately, after a pause, and rising from his seat. "Yes, a thousand times more than before I gave her those cowardly stabs. I feel like a parent who has been forced to beat the child he loves most in the world. But I—unhappy wretch!—have committed murder, and, instead of hurting her a little, have destroyed the only thing that makes life tolerable. For without her life will be intolerable, that I know. Ah, why did I hurry away? What a fool I was! After being such a coward as to touch a woman, I might have had the courage to face it out. But my mind was in a whirl, and something—somebody—said: 'Get a horse, quick, and fly!' And so I did. Could it have been Lou said that?"

Pierre stared out fixedly into space, with the round-eyed look of a man trying with all the might of his memory to recall a scene. Our host had been watching him breathlessly during his recital; whenever I stole a glance at Clark's hairy face I could see that he was not the least moved of the company. A few moments before Pierre stopped, however, Clark's eyes narrowed into a crafty expression, and, rising softly, he opened and ransacked a small drawer in a chest near the wall. His manner was so peculiar that it attracted my attention. It meant that what he wished to avoid was our attention. From the drawer he extracted certain large cigars of a dark color, and during the next few moments, while changing glasses and refilling the tumblers, he managed to substitute one of these for the fresh cigar lying on the chair or table which stood by each man's seat. Brown took up his and lighted it. Randall followed suit, and held the cigar to his nose, at the same time raising his eyebrows in the direction of Clark. Our host nodded, as if to say: "Try it; it's first-rate," and as he caught my glance, relapsed into his chair uneasily. I, too, smelt of my cigar, and placed it unlighted between my lips. While Pierre stood gazing, in deep thought, Clark came around to me with a lighted match for my cigar. After a moment's hesitation, I took it, and lit the tobacco. It had a pungent and very peculiar odor, so that I thought it wisest to pretend to smoke it without doing so. My precaution was justified a moment after. Brown's head had fallen back on his chair, his mouth was open, and he was in a deep sleep. The cigar lay on the ground. Randall had folded his arms upon the table, and his long breathing told that something—perhaps the whisky and the monotonous voice of the speaker, perhaps something else—had sent him into a heavy slumber. I was drowsy myself. The

room was close and warm. I threw my arms over the back of a chair near me, and, laying my head so that I could see every one on opening my eyes, shut them close, and soon was in a state of semi-consciousness which was not sleep, but certainly was not being wide awake.

Pierre at last roused himself from thought.

"Yes, gentlemen," he continued, blind to the fact that he had talked a long while and that most of his audience could not hear him. "I am not only a criminal, but a vile coward to have run away. Oh," he cried with a sudden turn of feeling, "I must see her, even if she is dead. But what keeps me here? Let us go back at once."

"No, you wont," said Clark, rising up and seizing Pierre by the coat. "You wont do no such thing."

"Good heavens! I had forgot. I am a prisoner. But we are going back, anyhow. Cannot these gentlemen understand my position and take me back now?"

"These gentlemen," answered Clark, with a derisive gesture at our sleeping forms, "are not able to get into a saddle, not to say sit in one. Besides, they have no orders to bring you back."

Here he grinned in Pierre's face and caught himself under the chin in an ugly and suggestive manner. Pierre turned a little pale.

"Sooner or later," he said firmly, "it makes little difference, except that I must see Lou before I die. Must?—I am a prisoner."

"Wal, now, pard," said Clark, moved by the sharp tone of despair, "I reckon you wouldn't flinch at the last, would ye? But as for being a prisoner —— What made ye take old man Jocyl's mare?"

"I took the first horse that came to hand. I meant to send it back."

"Well, I believe you, and thought you was square from the first. I don't mind the woman so much—that's none of my business—but the mare! I tell you it ud go ag'in my grain to help a hoss-thief!"

"No, no, no; of course I'm no horse-thief," said Pierre impatiently. "But what do you mean by help?" His face had grown bright with hope.

"Aha," said Clark, "now you see light ahead. Go back to Jocyltown indeed,—not much! Do you see them fellows? Opium—opium did it. Just a whiff of it and off they go sound as woodchucks, and good till twelve o'clock to-morrow morning. Now, then, you just hop on to my horse, take the road I tell you, and light out. They'll never ketch you, or my name aint Clark."

Pierre said nothing, but his face was joyous with a solemn kind of gladness. He only grasped Clark's thick hand and shook it over and over again. They disappeared at once from the room. To all intents and purposes I was asleep,—at least so I argued to myself,—and had no call to interrupt their proceedings. My best occupation was sleep, and to this I turned with such entire success that the sun was high in the heavens before we discovered that our bird was flown.

Brown, Randall and I rode into Jocyltown at a sharp pace the next day with the missing mare, and didn't care to talk to anybody until we got into the bar-room, where we told our story. I was rather surprised to find how little effect it had on the audience. Instead of breaking out into curses against Pierre, they received the news of his escape very much in the light of a good joke on us. Old Jocyl never knew what a joke was, or else thought it was some form of expense to laugh, and therefore systematically refrained. There was a peculiar vein of regret in his voice, when he said:

"I suppose you don't know that she's mending—doing well, the doctor says."

"Don't say!" said Brown. "Well, women folks do hang on to life; they beat cats. That Pierre is a lucky fellow to have lit out just when he did. If he hadn't, I don't believe he'd have ever known he wasn't a murderer."

"'Taint like you to do things by halves," growled Jocyl. "But who's goin' to pay for the two days' use of the mare? I don't see how I'm to get even anyways, what with a wounded woman in the house and you lettin' the husband escape!"

"Bother the old mare! You may thank me for gettin' her back at all. But, as to the man, there's no two ways about it, Clark must have drugged the liquor. No straight whisky would have fetched me that way."

"Or the cigars," I suggested; but no one took the trouble to listen to what I had to say.

"I never was so fooled in my life," said Brown, with several gentle oaths. "If ever I catch that fellow alive, I'll take him by the ear and walk him right up to that pretty young wife he's been a-carvin',—and what she says to do that I'll do, if it's to hang him instanter!"

Everybody chimed in with a chorus of approval, for Brown was standing treat at the time, partly to relieve his feelings, partly

with a shrewd idea of taking the edge off the natural resentment of the crowd at the loss of Pierre, and partly to stop the mouths of the jokers at his expense. I had stepped to the window, when I saw cause to give Brown a private signal to come outside into the entry leading to the front door. Pulling him out on the veranda, we perceived a man alighting hurriedly from a weary horse. As he walked unsteadily up the steps, we saw that it was Pierre. Brown was so surprised that he hadn't a word to say. I stepped forward.

"What are you doing here?" I asked in a low tone. "Don't you know your danger? Or have you heard the news?"

"What—what news?" gasped Pierre, leaning up against a pillar white as a sheet. My questions were confusing. "You don't mean she's ——"

I did not answer at once, for I, too, was at a loss. Did the fool expect to find her alive after he had tried so hard to kill her? Was he hoping she was dead, or did he fear to hear that she was?

"She's going to get well," said I, sullenly, feeling thoroughly disgusted at the bare idea that he might still wish her ill.

Pierre started with an inarticulate noise, and hurried along the veranda to the "ladie's entrance"; but Brown was before him.

"Where are you going?" cried Brown, seizing him roughly by the arm and swinging him round. "You're my prisoner. You don't get off this time."

"I must go upstairs to see her," said Pierre, setting his teeth.

"Right, you must," said Brown, wrathfully. "But I shall take you there, mind that. I've sworn it."

"Then, come on!" cried Pierre, pushing open the door and hastening upstairs with Brown at his elbow. I followed, without stopping to ask myself what business I had there. At the head of the staircase was the door of the room; Pierre stopped and drew himself up with surprising dignity. His tone would have imposed on bolder men than Brown.

"Gentlemen," he said, "stand aside. This is my wife's room!"

Involuntarily we stepped back and Pierre opened the door. The bed stood opposite, at its head sat the doctor, and in it, propped up by pillows, was his young wife, still wonderfully pretty in spite of her thin white face and grief-darkened eyes. Her inborn tact had kept her sweet-looking and coquettish even under these circumstances, where the doctor was the only visitor that could be expected to enter. Pierre leaned speechless against the door-post, unable to advance, retreat, or shut the door from our profaning eyes. His wife's eyes were closed, and the long dark lashes made her face even more charming from the childlike effect they gave to her countenance. At a low exclamation from the doctor, she opened them wide on the door with the three men standing within and beyond. But plainly her eyes saw only one, for they dilated with joy, and fairly blazed upon poor Pierre who stood vacillating in the door-way.

"I knew you would come back," she cried with a little hysterical shriek. "You have forgiven me, I know," she went on, as Pierre ran across the room and, dropping on his knees by the bedside, raised his hands to her in a dumb appeal for pardon. "And I—why I never have known what it was to love before; I promise never to torment you any more. I will be a good wife. Promise to pardon me and never go away again!"

What Pierre answered, and what he felt, Brown and I never knew, for the doctor sprang across the floor into the door-way and pulled to the door after him. Pierre could not have felt meaner than Brown and I thought him, for the woman's beauty, her lovely ways and her generosity in taking all the blame, made us ready to fight anybody and everybody on her behalf. We followed the doctor down-stairs in silence and made our way at once to the bar-room. Only oaths and whisky could relieve, in some little degree, the unwonted emotions stirring in the mind of Brown. It was, in a silence big with imprecations not yet ready to burst, that Brown, with a sweep of his arm, ordered up every man and lounger to drink.

Then the torrent fell, and chiefly on the head of the ruffianly husband who could put cold steel to such a lovely bit of humanity as Mrs. Pierre. But at the end there was a breathing space to take a calmer survey of the whole affair and look at it from other stand-points.

"And yet," said he reflectively, "to see the way she took him back again! That knocks me. Why," he cried, looking around and bringing his clenched fist down on the walnut, "I do believe he begun wrong. There wouldn't have been any fuss at all, if he'd only have knifed her a little *first off!*"

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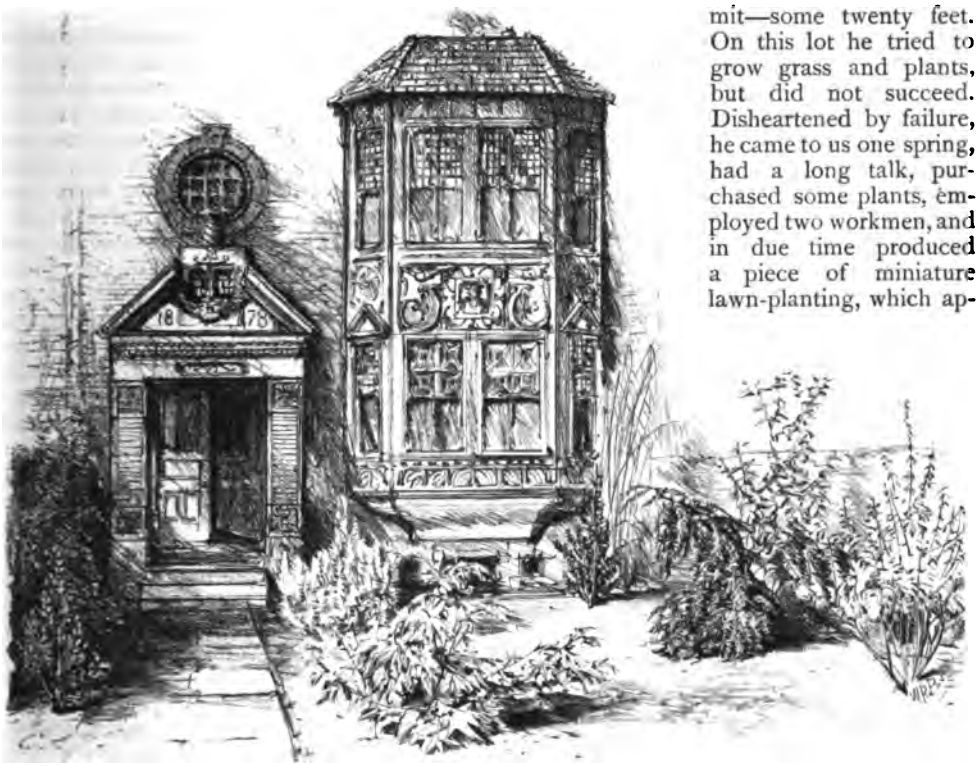
LAWN-PLANTING FOR CITY AND COUNTRY.



DESIGN FOR PLANTING A CITY LOT.

I.—A CITY LAWN.

TRUE lawn-planting confined to the dimensions of a city lot seems almost an impossibility. Indeed, under such conditions, the creation of landscape as ordinarily understood can be sought no longer unless we attempt it "Chinese fashion." If, however, we use Chinese or Japanese plants they should be American grown and employed in American fashion. It is, in fact, a difficult matter to plant a city lot permanently on account of hot pavements and walls, and cold currents of wind. Many plants fail altogether, others pine, and others grow too large. Knowing indeed the frequent failures of such undertakings, we feel impelled to describe to the reader how we once planted, or helped to plant, a city door-yard, and how it looked when it was done. A friend had a lot on which he had erected a house as far back from the street as convenience would permit—some twenty feet. On this lot he tried to grow grass and plants, but did not succeed. Disheartened by failure, he came to us one spring, had a long talk, purchased some plants, employed two workmen, and in due time produced a piece of miniature lawn-planting, which appears in our illustration as it looked after ten years of careful fostering.

Creation of turf was of course first attempted. The lack of well-grown turf is almost fatal to the beauty of any possible selection of plants. Here, where all is foreground in a certain sense, a large amount of the general tone and color of the place must come from turf. Ornamentation becomes in such cases more like the decoration of a room. The turf must make the carpet whereon the ornaments are to be arranged. In this case the unsatisfactory grass was replaced by a turf of ivy planted at intervals of eighteen inches, so that a thick mat of foliage could readily develop. On fences and buildings, ivy often freezes badly, but on the ground it is hardy and luxuriant. The lower part of the fence of our lot, however, was covered with it and it formed a fine contrast or relief for other plants.

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The ivy turf recognized as the predominant feature, what plants do we notice first? Here by the gate is a Japanese maple, one of the twenty-five varieties known in this country. It is nearly the most noteworthy plant in the lot, and demands our attention still more because it presents one of the best instances of what the Japanese can furnish us for lawn-planting in America. The maples of Japan are perhaps most free from the peculiar characteristics that make so many plants Japanese born and bred, wonderful, but not beautiful, in our eyes. These maples are miniature trees, with a free, full development that suggests neither deformity nor stunted conditions. Their dimensions would not in twenty years increase enough to unfit them for city lots,

PARASOL PINE. (SCIADOPITYS VERTICILLATA.)

though they never should receive a touch of pruning-knife; and as to hardness, we can only say that in this respect they equal any American maple, with the added toughness of all dwarf trees. We have already noted in a previous paper how beautifully the leaves of these maples are variegated during summer, white, green and yellow mingling on the same surface, and how these same leaves are divided and subdivided until they become shreds of tissue. It is always curious that the most diminutive and complex types belong to the hardest and dwarfest varieties.

But we have not done with Japanese plants. Along the walk directly back of the Japanese maple is a golden Japanese cypress *(Retinospora plumosa aurea)*. This arrangement has been intended to produce contrast between evergreen and deciduous plants, between a larger and more erect form and one smaller and more compact. The winter effect of the lot has also been considered in using evergreens, although it should be noted, at the same time, that evergreens are especially difficult to grow on city lots. Occasionally they will die and they always require more skill to keep them healthy than deciduous trees or shrubs. The Japanese cypresses or retinosporas, as a group, have a remarkable fitness for city lots, considering the fact that they too are evergreens. True, certain varieties grow to a considerable height, but most forms are slow and of moderate growth, if they are not actually dwarf. Their forms are indeed legion. They are drooping or erect, fern-like or lichen-like, and even pass into curious thread-like shapes. In color they are golden, variegated and green, but chiefly bright, glossy green. At the time of the formation of this tree its size is about a foot, although it is by no means young. In future its spray-like forms will grow considerably, but pruning, to which it is specially amenable, will readily restrain it, without danger of malformation. This peculiar ability to bear with utmost ease the strain of pruning distinguishes *R. plumosa aurea* above most other evergreens and makes it well fitted for city planting. The general color of its foliage is a broad suffusion of gold, which, when the plant has been pruned systematically, remains unusually bright in winter. No other evergreen, perhaps, equals it in this quality, and it is a quality very valuable for city lawns, where bright and varied color in winter is specially grateful. It is easily transplanted and might be common, for it is easy to propagate. The general appearance of these retinosporas resembles that of an arbor vitæ, only they are more varied and spray-like in form, richer in coloring, and hardier and better in every way.

On the other side of the door-yard we have a Japanese snow-ball. The supreme excellence of this shrub lies in its rich nature. Everything about it is excellent. The soft, brown, fuzzy stems, the dark-green, heart-shaped leaves, piled in pictur-

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esque masses when the plant has been properly pruned, and above all, the large, pure white snow-ball flowers make it very choice and attractive. Indeed, the contrast between the shining, crinkled green leaves and the well-rounded flower-clusters is always striking. These flowers, moreover, hang to the branches five or six weeks, and drop unbroken.

Standing out prominently on the open turf is a weeping hemlock of lighter and more rounded habit. Indeed, all its lines are models of curving grace. Like the Japan snow-ball in the one quality of picturesqueness, it needs much the same care in pruning to develop its full charms and to restrain it and adapt it to a city lot. The beautiful sprays and tendrils should be encouraged in their irregularities in order to obtain a characteristic and graceful form.

Another prominent feature of this part of the picture is a *Spirea prunifolia*, a deciduous plant intended to contrast with the evergreen hemlock. The curious small leaves and the set of the branches of this spirea are very characteristic and assort well in a group of varied shrubs. It is, moreover, the bridal-wreath spirea, bearing lovely white flowers in June. Through the summer, its shining, oval leaves contrast strikingly with other foliage; and late in fall, few plants present more beautiful colors.

Only two more plants await our admiration to complete the assemblage of more prominent shrubs and trees visible in the picture of this miniature lawn, and both of these are again Asiatic and one Chinese. The first, a tree-box, needs only to be mentioned to call up visions of stately gardens of the eighteenth century,—clipped yews and box-trees wrought into the similitude of strange beasts and other quaint devices in the old formal manner—a manner that accorded well in its time with buildings designed after Greek temples and with lawns where all was evident art and stately elegance. Lords and ladies paced between "pleached" hedges and there was in it all a certain harmony. But now in our modern world, art is demanding the presence of nature everywhere. Except in retired corners, we cannot properly practice the old formal manner, yet we may still employ the box-tree as satisfactorily as ever. Very many city lots show its value where the passage of years has left it healthy and flourishing. Probably nothing in the way of plants withstands injurious city influences better. Then, moreover, it is an evergreen, an evergreen shrub with distinct conspicuous leaves and vertical lines of growth which accord well with the architecture of city houses. Its bright living green is also compact and so

WEEPING GOLDEN JAPANESE CYPRESS. (RETINOSPORA FILIFORMA AUREA.)

patient of pruning, as already noted, that its growth may be guided at will.

Another plant, a tamarisk (*Tamarisk indica*), grows close by the corner of the house. Its waving elegance forms a strong contrast with associated shrubs and serves to lighten the general effect of the place. Very distinct and exquisite also is the foliage of the tamarisk,—fine as fronds of some delicate tropical fern. The flowers come in late summer and early fall, fringing the foliage with drooping pink lace-work.

At a later date, two other striking plants have been added to the lawn with a view perhaps to replacing eventually some shrub grown old and unsightly. They are not visible in the picture, being as yet very small, but appear in two separate illustrations. They are both Japanese, but the first, the parasol pine, is perhaps the most extraordinary lawn plant of the curious Japanese flora. It is greatly prized in Japan and grows there to a considerable size, with shining whorls of strange-looking glossy foliage

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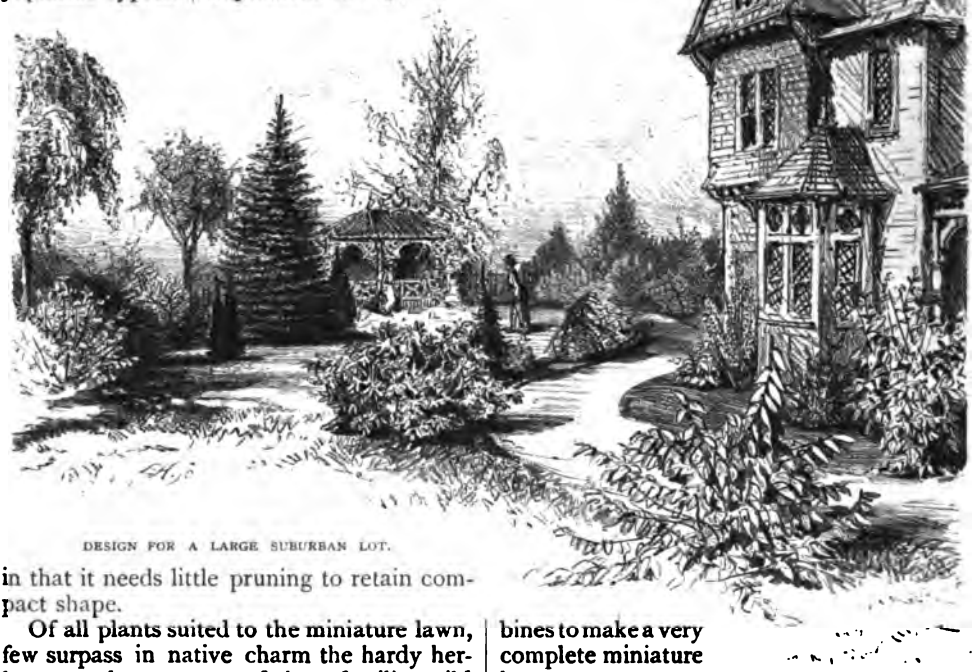
disposed in thick masses. Perfectly hardy, it is likewise, by its dwarf nature, well adapted to small lawns during at least twenty years of its life. During the first three or four years, it hardly grows as many inches, and is always rich and unique in its appearance. As yet it is an extremely rare plant in America, where there scarcely exists a specimen over four feet high.

The Japanese cypress in the cut is a very rare variety, decidedly the rarest plant on this particular lawn; but it is also very beautiful with its thread-like masses of golden drooping foliage. It is dwarf and well fitted for small places, and has an advantage over the common golden Japanese cypress *(R. plumosa aurea)*,



DESIGN FOR A LARGE SUBURBAN LOT.

in that it needs little pruning to retain compact shape.

Of all plants suited to the miniature lawn, few surpass in native charm the hardy herbaceous plants, many of them familiar wild flowers. On our miniature lawn, the less and less fashionable crudity called "ribbon planting" would be almost inappropriate, not to speak of the trouble of replanting such plants every year. All the richness of color in flower and leaf of bedding plants may be obtained in a more delicate and fitting way for small plots by the employment of hardy herbaceous plants and bulbs that flourish for years in the open ground.

Few other features of our city lawn remain to be mentioned. Star-shaped clematises creep over the borders of the ivy on the ground, as well as over the fence. Japan creepers cling to the stone-work of the lower part of the house, and from sundry nooks peep out white snow-drops, yellow crocuses and the tiny bells of the lily-of-the-valley. To vary further the color of the green ivy turf, low-growing, richly colored herbaceous plants, like the creeping yellow-leaved moneywort, wander about at will. Purple asters, blue aquilegias and lovely day-lilies appear here and there on the outskirts. Everything combines to make a very complete miniature lawn.

But such lawns will not care for themselves. They need thorough culture, and especially pruning, to adapt them to their confined location. Summer pruning is very important, particularly for the ivy, whose wandering tendrils need occasional training, as well as pinching. This care, however, is not irksome, for there is little to be done at a time; and, in any case, we doubt whether other adornments of home will afford equal pleasure with less expense.

II.—A COUNTRY LAWN.

LET us now give our attention briefly to another typical, but entirely different,

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instance of lawn-planting, viz.: a country home of the commonly occurring dimensions of 100 feet wide by 200 feet long. Citizens

WEEPING PINE (PINUS AYACUHUITE).

going to their business daily, and possessed of moderate means, frequently occupy a place of this size in some neighboring village or suburb of the city. To employ a gardener by the year, on half an acre, would seem extravagant; yet gardeners are hardly to be had on other terms. Consequently, a few hints afforded by the description of an existing lawn will scarcely come amiss to many, who, if they realize how much adornment of this kind is possible for them, must be sorely puzzled to secure the fulfillment of their desires.

The place to which we refer is that of a neighbor, who a few years since purchased it, in a so-called improved state, and gradually has made it, from the crudeness and almost chaos of its former condition, a truly delightful spot. Originally, the lawn was covered promiscuously with maples, arbor vitæs, old fruit-trees, neglected-looking rose-bushes, and rows of rudely clipped shrubs. The new owner of the place changed all this by cutting down everything except a few trees along the fences, and two notable specimens, of which more hereafter. He then subsoil-plowed the lawn, spading only such parts as the plow could not readily reach.

No greater fallacy exists than the idea that spading is better than plowing of an equal depth. No tilth can be better than that given by the plow, followed by frequent and continual applications of the harrow. Leveling with the spade can then be executed in the most perfect manner, and the finishing touch can be given by a light cross-plowing and harrowing. Seed should be always liberally applied; and, instead of the various lawn-grass mixtures, we believe in the use of simple red-top seed, together with a very little white clover; and when it is thus applied (during quiet hours of the day that it may fall evenly), two or three years should suffice to grow a thick, velvety turf. Weeds are the great enemies of good turf, and every lawn should be kept as free from these pests as a flower-garden. The employment of good artificial fertilizers greatly helps to secure permanent freedom from weeds, since foul seeds cannot very well lurk in them.

Good turf obtained, the walks were carefully laid out in long, graceful curves, with shallow grass edges, neatly trimmed. Every

WEEPING NORWAY SPRUCE (ABIES EXCELSA INVERTA) AND DWARF PINE (PINUS STROBUS COMPACTA).

winter, fertilizers were applied to enrich the grass, and a perfect surface was always maintained throughout the season

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by the use of a lawn-mower. The house, being on the north side of the lot, afforded abundant protection for choice plants, and secured the employment of large and effective masses of evergreens, as part of the same shelter. The masses of foliage, also, since they pertained to a larger place, needed less exact care in their disposal. Their appearance, likewise, having less individual attraction at a distance from the house and more mere picturesque effect, required less pruning and studied attention.

Among the trees that had been preserved from the general destruction that befell the old plantation, were two specially attractive specimens. It was really wonderful how they came to occupy the positions they did, and indeed, how they came to be on this lawn at all, for the other trees used were by no means choice or rare. These two specimens, on the other hand, were both choice and somewhat rare. One of them, the cut-leaved weeping birch, stood by the summer-house and hung graceful sprays above its rustic angle. Indeed, at this point in the picture, the bolder color effects of the lawn-planting seemed to culminate. Rising thirty feet above the summer-house, the white bark of the birch split into strange devices, and the delicate grayish green foliage made a fine effect against the masses of large Norway spruces near by.

The other noteworthy tree retained is a Nordman's fir, by some termed the king of evergreens. It stands by itself, equally removed from the clustered shrubbery of the outer boundary, and from the choice plants along the only footpath. After the cut-leaved birch, it is decidedly the most imposing and important tree upon the lawn,—a rich, dark mass of color on the green turf and near the light deciduous foliage. You will at once note how perfect the symmetry—perfect, even for a Nordman's fir. Growing as it does in a massive, stratified manner, with a blue silvery lining under the leaf, the compactness and symmetry add greatly to its beauty. And what a grand specimen it is—thirty feet high and without a flaw!

Two varieties of evergreens are grouped about or near the Nordman's fir. They are small, six to nine feet high, and were planted by the new owner some eight years before. Their arrangement has been made with the view of affording a measure in height for the larger trees as well as a complete and harmonious contrast of color. The most noteworthy of these is *Pinus ayacuhuite*, a rare pine of decided beauty, of which we give an engraving. Although this pine comes from Mexico, it is generally hardy in the Northern states; it is the nearest approach to a weeping pine that we have if we except *Pinus excelsa*. The branches, indeed, do not droop, but the long pendent clusters of needles give a weeping appearance to the general effect of the tree. In the young plant of our illustration, the shape of *Pinus ayacuhuite* is decidedly pyramidal; but as it grows older, it assumes more of the usual spreading appearance of *Pinus excelsa*. No specimen, however, of which we know has yet attained large size, for it is comparatively a new plant and as yet little employed. *Pinus excelsa* has occasionally suffered from a peculiar disease,—but for beauty of color and form it is nearly equal to the *Pinus ayacuhuite*. We notice even now in youth that *Pinus ayacuhuite* has a more open appearance or branching than the Nordman's fir, against the shining dark masses of which its rich blue color stands out in beautiful relief. There is a slight resemblance between the outline of this specimen and that of the Nordman's fir, but not too much when accompanied by contrasting bluish-green color. The growth of this tree is moderate and easily restrained by pruning, to which it takes very kindly. To complete a harmonious and richly effective arrangement, three pyramidal arbor vitæs, at that time three or four feet high, were planted within two feet of each other, and about ten or twelve feet east of the Nordman's fir. Standing singly near the fir and pine, one plant of this arbor vitæ would have been almost too slender and insignificant; three specimens, growing together at the base and developing independent spire-like heads, give variety of form and sufficient size to bear a proper relation to the graces of the other trees. Their color too is light, lighter than that of either of the other trees, thus affording a complete contrast of hue as well as form. This arbor vitæ is thrifty in habit and perhaps hardier than any other of its race, and above all keeps its formal shape with little pruning. It is still an uncommon tree, and well deserves more attention.

It is a fortunate thing for the lawn that it occurred to some one to plant the Nordman's fir just where it stands, for it is the making of the place artistically considered. Color as well as form are here grouped harmoniously and yet boldly. The variety in height, the different shades of kindred color, the columnar, spreading or open, and the

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massive conical, forms, all combine into an instance of what we conceive to be good lawn-planting composition. A sense of coziness is suggested by the semi-detached lawn or croquet-ground of this part of the place,—features that are defined, as it were, by this very group. Further variety of detail is given to the scene by climbing honeysuckles and wistarias clustering about the rich, solid proportions of the rustic summer-house. Across the lawn, past the border of the croquet-ground, is a beautiful Japan Judas-tree; it is a lovely shrub, with early pink flowers and rich green leaves, and does not grow high enough to interfere with the sunset view. Across the path from this plant is a group of the rare and exquisite Japanese maples. Nearer the house, and still on the path, is a graceful weeping hemlock, already noticed as one of the choicest of evergreens. The common hemlock, in certain conditions of its growth, is unsurpassed for weeping grace. Imagine one of these naturally weeping specimens, fixed permanently by grafting at the best development of its pendulous habit, and you have the true weeping hemlock. It is indeed rare and difficult to propagate, yet it would, nevertheless, be brought into common use could people generally see its great beauty. Slow-growing and even dwarf, it is also delicate and graceful. It is always, moreover, surprising one with new and beautiful shapes. One peculiarity of this particular specimen consisted in the fact that it is low-grafted. Convention declares that weeping trees must be grafted high to secure the effective appearance of their pendulous form; but practical experience in America, on the other hand, teaches that the stems on which these weeping forms are uplifted tend to diseased and disfigured conditions under the stress of American suns and changes. The spreading forms of the low-grafted hemlock assume, moreover, a more natural grace.

Near the weeping hemlock, with perhaps a deciduous shrub or so between, are four very distinct dwarf evergreens, distinct and curious especially from the manner in which they are grouped. They consist of the weeping Norway spruce surrounded closely by three dwarf white pines. Norway spruces and white pines are always associated in our minds with large, massive forms, but here are white pines that in twenty years need scarcely reach four feet. The weeping Norway spruce, too, is dwarf, but in a very different way. The forms, moreover, are perfectly natural, in no way the result of pruning. And what curious plants they are,—the one rounded and compact, with long, well-defined needles and softly blended colors of blue and green, and the other dark, grotesque, and erect!

A little farther along the border of the walk and near the turn leading to the front of the house, stands a rhododendron. This beautiful plant is specially effective at this point, as it not only varies the curve of the walk, but presents a delightful object in view of the bay-window, about which are Ghent azaleas, flowering deciduous shrubs, *spirea, thunbergii, prunifolia*, and other fine-leaved, beautiful flowering varieties.

It is not, indeed, an expensive lawn, having scarcely cost $500 for all the plants; but there is something of everything hardy to be found on it. Blue and white wistarias form a cordon of bloom along the eaves of piazza and balcony, and honeysuckles, Virginia creepers, etc., fill a part of the space between the columns. The Japan creeper and the great purple or white flowering clematises creep about here and there. Young vigorous roses bloom in nooks of shrubbery. Violets peep out early in unexpected places, and familiar wild flowers lurk in favoring spots. There is no startling display of beds of flowers, any more than there is in woodland glades; but the plants seem at home. In front, along the road, is a wall of solid masonry, neatly capped with stone by the new owner, and covered with Japan creepers. Immediately within are purple beeches, rich and dark. A weeping beech stands in the corner where its expanding foliage has plenty of room, and at intervals are fine flowering shrubs of large size, like the Chinese magnolias. Along the path to the front door are planted choice dwarf deciduous shrubs. The outlines of shrubbery and trees have been made up in the ordinary way, with Norway spruces, white and Scotch pines, elms and maples, with such common large-growing shrubs as lilacs, philadelphuses, dogwoods, spireas and weigelas. The grouping of these ordinary shrubs and trees is naturally arranged, after that of attractive bits of outlying woodland.

The perfect keeping of the paths of this place is also noteworthy; but better still is the regard shown for the health and well-being of the plants. Contrary to the usual habit of people who have no gardener, the plants have not been treated according to the mere advice of others, but have been made to thrive in a peculiar way by a painstaking study of their individual wants.

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MR. NEELUS PEELER'S CONDITIONS.

"And those that are fools, let them use their talents."—TWELFTH NIGHT.

"THAR'S SUCH A THING AS CALLS IN THIS WORLD."

CHAPTER I.

"CALLS! I tell you, Calls! Betsy Peeler, or Betsy Wiggins, whichever you mout like most to be called. Calls! Thar's such a thing as CALLS in this world. Do you hear me?"

"I hear you; you know what my name is, and of course know how to speak to me," quietly answered Mrs. Peeler, and went on with her sewing.

This brief dialogue occurred, very many times, in various places in the neighborhood of Dukesborough, once a lively little village in the state of Georgia. Outside of these dark sayings, which Mr. Neelus Peeler was wont to utter to his wife in moments of passion when she would be gently remonstrating about his inactivity, the world had no indications, for years upon years, of the eminence to which he was destined to rise.

Nobody had believed that Neelus Peeler, or anybody like him, would get Elizabeth (always called Betsy) Wiggins. But he did. The Wigginses were industrious and made a good living. The Peelers were—everything but these. But Betsy had fair complexion and a head of hair that hinted at redness. Then she was tall. Neelus was a fraction below middle height, with black eyes and black hair. The latter, when he was young and a beau, was curly, but after his marriage, neglected, it seemed to be in knots. Betsy, from a child, had said that if ever she married at all it should be to a person of black hair and curly. The Wigginses, especially Sam, Betsy's bachelor brother, ten years her senior, were very modest persons, with few words. Neelus Peeler, as all his ancestors had been, was a great talker. We seem, all of us, to want what we have not ourselves, and what none of ours have. It hurt the old people, but it nearly broke Sam's heart, when Betsy, contrary to all expectation, showed a willingness to take Neelus Peeler. But they said that, not being match-makers, they shouldn't wish to be match-breakers; and so Neelus got his prize; and a prize she was, if he could have known it.

Neelus Peeler's life, like that of all the other Peelers, had been spent heretofore, rather in meditation than in action. Marriage even, and to a woman who hardly knew what the word idleness meant, did not seem to be likely to

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change the proclivity of his mind; and it was not until after several months spent with her parents, and after some serious appeals from his wife, that he began to look around a little. Not for his sake, but for the sake of the Wigginses, whom everybody respected and liked, he began his career with a position as overseer upon a plantation, and continued in this business for several years, with little change, except in the mere matter of location.

But this business did not seem to suit him. He often said that he was a person that people didn't understand; and the older he grew, the deeper he became, to all appearance. His reputation as an overseer did not grow in the way his wife had fondly hoped. As for her, she did all she could to help it. Besides the work she did for her husband, herself, and their son Elijah, she rendered many services on the plantations of their several employers, in looking after the aged and sick, and very young children, and the poultry, and the calves, and such like. Mr. Peeler, on the other hand, would often be found, if in winter, on the leeward of a good, fat, blazing pine-stump, while the hands were at work; if in summer, in a fence-corner, under a persimmon or sassafras. In these situations, his meditations, whatever they were, were not directed to the mere cultivation of the ground. Indeed, they were sometimes so profound that—although it would grossly offend him to tell him so—he would seem to be fast asleep.

As I before hinted, habits like these induced frequent changes of location. In spite of the services of his devoted wife, an employer seldom kept him longer than a year. At Christmas they would pack up their little property, and move off in an ox-cart, and try again somewhere else. When, with suffused eyes, she would beg him to attend more closely to his business, if for no other sake, at least for 'Lijah's, oh, how furious he would get!

"Calls, I tell you! Thar's such things as calls in this world. Don't you hear me?"

Gradually they shifted further and further from the neighborhood, until finally they found themselves on a rented place on the edge of the wire-grass country, about fifty miles below Dukesborough. The folks at home, hearing of this change, although they had foreseen it long, were troubled. Sam seldom left home; for, being the mainstay of his parents, he had to see after all the business of their little farm. They made a plenty, and were never in debt; but they could not afford to spend much, except for their own needs. Yet Sam, at Christmas, carried to his sister a wagon-load of good things,—hams, chickens, flour, potatoes, lard, etc. It did him good to do it; for he doted on his sister Betsy, though (as occasionally he would admit in confidence) he despised Neelus.

"Good gracious me! The good Lord have mercy on all of us! You don't tell me so, Betsy?" said Sam to his sister the next day after his arrival. He was getting ready to return; Mr. Peeler, taking leave, had ridden off.

"Fact. They've licensed him already," and, for the first time in her life, she blushed before her brother with shame.

Sam started to laugh, but, noticing the pain she felt, he restrained himself. He bade her good-bye, advised 'Lijah, now a big fellow, to be industrious and stand by his mother, and then drove on back home.

"Well, well, well!" he soliloquized many times on the way. "Neelus Peeler goin' to preachin'! Heered a call! *He* heered a call! I'm afraid he answered too soon, and when they were callin' somebody else. But I wondered what made him pray so powerful loud and strong last night. I might have knowed somethin' was goin' to bust. Whenever somever men like him begin to holler that way in their family prayers, and get to talkin' about a Gallio-like gineration, and the gald of bitterness, and the bounds of in-iquitty, and a-askin' the Almighty if He and everybody else don't know about their conditions, and all sich, they are goin' to try to be a preacher, or a exhorter, one or tother. But Neelus Peeler!" and Sam laughed aloud.

"Howsomebeever," he would continue, "Neelus have a mighty power of words; and he can have a mighty cryin' and pleadin' way when he wants to; and them wire-grass people, sich as I seen, might be satisfied with Neelus. And as he aint no manner of account to his family, he might jest as well go to preachin' as to stay at home and do nothin'. So joy go 'long with you, Neelus, in your new speres. Only I wish your son 'Lijah wasn't so much like you. Poor Betsy! Poor Betsy! But she shall never want bad, as long as I can raise a hand to work."

And sure enough, the news soon came up into the old settlement that the Rev. Neelus Peeler was a minister, and an acceptable minister, of the Gospel. For three or four years Mr. Peeler held forth in pul-

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pits, in both stated and missionary labors. His previous thoughts and reflections had been so constant and so long continued that when he did begin at last, he was at least as good a preacher as he ever became afterward. This began to be remarked more and more frequently as the time elapsed. Having discovered that his forte lay in the pathetic, and that he was not as likely, as he at first believed, to do great things in other departments, he grew year by year more and more plaintive; his brow and eyes, and especially his mouth, assumed mournful shapes; the hymns he gave out were all of the melancholy kind, and the texteses (as he called them) were generally of wrath and threatenings. Yet, no matter what was the text, his own conditions (a word of everlasting use with him) were the main burden of his discourses, and he would often sing out:

"And oh, my brethering and my sisters, and do you know my conditions? And yes, you know 'em, and no, you don't; oh no, you don't; and if it wasn't for grace—oh, it's all grace—it's all grace! I'm thankful for grace, and oh—and oh—and ah—and oh——"

What was commonly understood as being meant by his conditions was that his wife, so far from cordially approving his undertaking the sacred ministry, was not even a member of the church; and further, that her worldly-minded brother, who sometimes even got drunk, lived on her parents, and was likely to eat up and drink up all they had.

At last the old people died, and died within a week of each other. The mother went first. Then the old man said he couldn't stand it.

"I can't stand it, Sammy. I've lived with her so long, and she have been such to me that I can't stand it to be without her."

Sam tried to remonstrate with his father: but sure enough he followed the sixth day afterward.

There was no will. Sam at once proposed to his sister that, as neither was able to purchase the other's interest, and as the estate could not conveniently be divided, they should own and occupy jointly. The death of her parents grieved Mrs. Peeler sorely; but she became thankful to be allowed to return to that peaceful home and to the society of the best of brothers. Mr. Peeler felt—well, there was no telling exactly how he did feel. He had had no fondness for his wife's parents and he positively disliked Sam, though Sam had never spoken a harsh or a slighting word to him. He hardly knew why he disliked him, but he rather persuaded himself that it was because Sam was such an awful sinner; and that if it wasn't for Sam *he* might have begun preaching sooner and gotten on better with it after he did begin. He said to his brethren and his sisters, especially his sisters, that at last the poor old people were brought down with sorrow to their graves, and that now his own conditions were likely to become more afflicted than ever before.

"And don't the death of his poor father and mother have no bearin' upon the poor worldlean?" asked Sister Peacock, his favorite hostess whenever he found himself that far from home.

They were sitting at the supper-table. Brother Peacock was there too; but Sister Peacock was the main one, who, though a female,—often acknowledging, as she said she was willing to acknowledge, that she *was* a female,—was the strongest pillar of Harmony Church.

"And is the poor creeter yit on his Gallio-like way, a-keerin for none o' these things?"

"The gald of bitterness and the bounds of iniquitty!" answered Mr. Peeler, as he sat and ate the biscuit and fried chicken and drank his coffee.

"They are his'n if ever they were anybody's; leastways I'm afeered so."

"Do he just lay about drunk and do nothin'?"

"Oh no," mildly and generously replied Mr. Peeler, "not as bad as that,—not quite as bad as that. He do work some, and he do keep sober sometimes for a while; but oh—it's his worldly heart, and his worldly ways, and his worldly behavior, and oh me!" And Mr. Peeler wiped his mouth with his cotton bandana, took another biscuit, passed his cup for more coffee, and meekly accepted another piece of chicken.

"It's to be hoped that when you git thar, and he can have some examples, he may yit turn, sinner, turn, and be made to ask hisself sometimes (as the hime says), 'Why will ye die?'"

"That's my hope; in that hope I mainly stands. With 'Lijay to help,—for that boy is a-growin' in grace, too, I humbly thinks,—I hopes to help him mend hisself in some of the biggest of his transgressions."

Sister Peacock became silent, out of respect for what she knew was the pain in the good man's heart, in thus having virtu-

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ally to confess that he could count upon no co-operation in that blessed work on the part of his wife.

Oh, how he did ring that "gald" and those "bounds" that night at prayers! How he did mourn and weep for all the Gallio-like, nothin'-keerin, downward-rushin' sinners of a gainsayin' world!

"What always strikes me, Mr. Peacock," said his wife after rising from her knees,—"what always particular struck me in Brother Peeler is he's so able and strong in pra'r."

"Yes, and me too," answered Mr. Peacock, who never controverted anything Mrs. Peacock avowed.

Mr. Peeler sighed sweetly, turned toward Sister Peacock, elevated his upper lip, with his forefinger gently tapped first one eye-tooth then the other, and then, passing it to and fro in the vacant space, said, with an extremely pious lisp:

"Oh, Thithter Peacock, I with you could 'a' heerd me in them dayth and in them timeth before I loth thethe two of my front teeth."

The next morning after breakfast, when Mr. Peeler, being full up to his throat with ham and eggs and other good things, was about to leave, the hostess made one more fond remark.

"Well," said she, "I'm a female, and I acknowledge I *am* a female; of course I don't know about the laws, and about property, and all them things; but, if I am a female, I know jestice is jestice; and no such a worldlean as your wife's brother is ought to be allowed to have half o' that property, and specially after he lived so long with his parrents, and, in all prob'bil'ty, brought down thar gray ha'rs with sorrow to the grave."

This, with the good breakfast, sent Mr. Peeler off better satisfied with himself than he had ever been in all his life.

When he got home that night, he hinted to his wife what Sister Peacock had said.

"And what did you say to that?" she answered, turning and fastening her large blue eyes on him.

"Well, I didn't—ah—that is, I jest let Sister Peacock say her say, and—my horse was there hitchted to the tree, and I was jest agoin' to start and, ah ——"

"And you didn't say anything? You didn't tell her that you were ashamed to hear such a thing said about Sammy Wiggins? You didn't tell her that he was the best son that was a-living; that he was the main support of his parents, and had been for twenty-five years; and that they loved him better than they loved anybody else; and that they ought to have done it; and were bound to do it? You didn't tell her that?"

"I thought I said,—leastways it was my desires to say, that my horse,—he were already hitchted to the tree, and ——"

"You didn't tell her what I told you when I came from there the last time,—that while I was there I told father that, as Brother Sammy had taken care of him and mother so long, and had never done anything for himself, that he ought to make a will, and make over to Brother Sam more than half the property; and then the reason why he didn't do it? You didn't tell her that?"

"Betsy, haint I already said to you, or haint I already ans'ered that it was my desires to say to you that my horse he were hitch——"

Her face was crimson, and her beautiful eyes were yet enlarged; but it was from shame, not anger, as she caught him up in his speech.

"Oh, Mr. Peeler, Mr. Peeler! it was a pity that somebody wasn't there when that woman, who you tell me is the smartest and the piousest in all that Ohoopee region, was talking in that way; it's a pity that somebody wasn't there to tell her that when Neelus Peeler's wife, who had never helped her parents since she was a girl, but who had got from them every help that they could afford to give her,—when she tried to persuade her father in his old age that her brother, who had served him without wages all of his life, ought to be paid something for his services, and when her father asked Sammy about it, that Sammy, for the first time in his life, got mad with his father, and said that if such a paper was ever made, he would tear it up the very minute the breath was out of his body; that he wouldn't take one cent of the property, and wouldn't stay to see a man buried, even his own father, who would cut off his only daughter in such a way as that; but he would run away, and stay away from a place that he knew would be always haunted by bad spirits. Oh, it's a pity, a pity, there wasn't somebody there to tell that good and pious woman something about what sort of a man Neelus Peeler's—wife's—brother was!"

She turned away from him, went into her bedroom, wept deeply a little while, then

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dried her eyes, came in, prepared supper, and called her husband and 'Lijah to it. No one coming in then would have suspected that anything unpleasant or uncommon had occurred.

CHAPTER II.

A SNUG little home they had there on Rocky Creek: three hundred acres of moderately good ground, a neat one-and-a-half story house, with piazza and two back shed-rooms, the farm well stocked with beasts and necessary implements. Then there were three negroes,—a man, his wife, and their son, a plow-boy,—family servants, well treated and devoted. Mrs. Peeler looked younger by many years, Sam thought, and so told her many times. The work went on well. Everybody worked except Mr. Peeler, and, I must grieve to say, 'Lijay, now some sixteen or seventeen years old. 'Lijay had inherited his father's repugnance to agricultural pursuits, yet not, apparently, his talents for public life. His father had his hopes about him. He was very young yet, he knew. He gave out that what he expected mainly of 'Lijay for the present was assistance in the reformation of his uncle Sam, and withdrawing him from the gald and the bounds by which he was held. As for himself, he circulated yet more widely than ever before, and among more distant fields. For somehow he had become rather worn in that wherein he had first labored. Even this was a good day's ride from his present home. Here there was left but one church for stated preaching; but the less of this sort he had, the more far and wide he traveled on what he called his missionary work, especially now that his services were never needed at home. Revivals and protracted meetings were what he liked best of all. These he would pursue throughout all the regions round about Buffalo, and Williamson's Swamp, and occasionally even to and beyond both the Ohoopees, Big and Little.

"Oh, a bunnance, a bunnance, Sister Peacock," he would say on his way back, while stopping for the night,—"a bunnance of good preachin' to be done all around in thar and among them Ohoopees."

"I sposen so," she would answer; "they tell me—them that's been down thar—that they needs a bunnance o' light in them wasted and watery places."

"A bunnance, a bunnance. I try to lift up the gospel poles, and when my arm gives out, Brother Lazenberry he takes hold of 'em, and when his'n gives out, I take hold ag'in, and, betwixt us, them poles is hilt up when me and Brother Lazenberry travels around thar together."

Sometimes to have heard his and Sister Peacock's talk, or his and 'Lijay's when he had gotten home again, one might have supposed that Mr. Peeler was just returned from toilsome and dangerous missionary labors in regions the most remote and benighted in all the earth.

And yet Mr. Peeler was not happy. He could but observe that he was not wearing well, as they used to say. He had rung, it seemed, every possible change of his afflicted conditions throughout a circle of at least fifty miles diameter in the wire-grass country, and yet the sympathies of the brethren and sisters everywhere seemed less tender and responsive. The sisters especially were gradually dropping their friendly quarrels about who should have him at their houses and feed him on biscuit and fried chicken. Something was the matter: what was it? He was conscious of no diminution of his powers. Somebody was to blame for it. Who was it? Sam Wiggins!

Old Sam was innocent of any intention to hinder Mr. Peeler's continued ascent. He worked every day of his life except Sundays for Mr. Peeler's family. True, sometimes on a Saturday, when he would return from Dukesborough, he might be a little "disguised," as they used to call it, with whisky. But this had never been a habit with him, and he was always ashamed of it. With the exception of this infirmity, he was one of the best characters in all the country. Then, he was a skillful farmer. They made a plenty. They could have sold poultry, eggs, and butter in town; but there was no one except 'Lijay to carry them; and even if his mother had desired him to do so—as she did not—'Lijay was not the boy for low work like that. And so they all, white folks and negroes, consumed them, or sent what was left to their poorer neighbors.

But this entire devotion of Sam to Mr. Peeler's family seemed to have a depressing influence upon Mr. Peeler's mind. The more his wife doted upon her brother, and the more the neighbors praised the dear old fellow, the more he grew to dislike him. The farther he went from home on a "preachin' tower," as he was wont to characterize his travels, the more he

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mourned and wept in the pulpit, and the more he asked of his brethren and sisters if they knowed his conditions, his afflicted conditions, and the more he counseled and exhorted his hearers, and took up the argument against himself, as it were, and contended that we must all have our trials, and our crosses, and must take 'em up and carry 'em along in a vainglorious and a gainsayin' world. Such complaints were never heard anywhere near home. Indeed, Mr. Peeler seldom had an opportunity of exercising himself in his line except in fields quite distant, and becoming more and more so from Dukesborough.

Yet Sam Wiggins would hear from time to time of some of the things his brother-in-law had said, and the folks would occasionally joke him about being such a sinner as to make Mr. Peeler shed tears over him.

"Oh yes, yes," Sam would say, "Neelus is a great weeper. But Neelus cries different from other folks. He cries with his jaws. There aint a bit of Neelus's cryin' that comes from anywhere lower than his jaws."

Sam felt at first no great resentment against Mr. Peeler; for though brave, and even resentful in the face of manifest and intended wrong, he regarded Mr. Peeler as a sort of weakling that one might commiserate, but not combat. But more than this, he felt that he ought to bear almost anything for the sake of his sister, than whom never sister was more fondly loved, admired, and doted upon. Occasionally he would feel a pang of keen indignation, but it was soon gone. Mr. Peeler thought he understood Sam; but he did not,—that is, not quite. He never had expected that Sam would hear of what he was wont to say of him on the Ohoopees, and had no notion that, even if it should reach him, he would ever seriously resent it. Not for a great deal would he have had Sam leave the place; for he wanted him for the double purpose of supporting his family and furnishing capital for his ministerial labors.

"You say the poor creetur brought his bottle with him last night, 'Lijay?" he asked one Sunday morning of his son.

"Yes, sir, and I taken it, I did, after he got to sleep, and I went out, and I poured the stuff on the ground, and put back the bottle on his table."

"That was right, my son. 'Lijay, you know I can't be with your poor old uncle much of the time. I has to go where the sperrit calls me. I'm a-dependin' on you to try and to see, if you can't see how, for to rigulate him in his wand'rin' and wicked pro—mulgations, so to speak. You are my depennence, 'Lijay."

Oh, how 'Lijay laughed and how proud he was! Depend on him! Uncle Sammy was already a soberer man since *he* had been thar.

Sam missed the liquor in the bottle. He had left it for a morning's cooler-off. For the first time in all his life, he felt hurt with his sister, whom he suspected of removing it.

"Some things is best, Betsy," he soliloquized, as he looked at the empty bottle. "Some things is best, and some aint best."

But he never said a word to any person upon the subject, and soon ceased to feel any sense of injury.

'Lijay was a great talker. It was he who would relate to his father, on his return from his towers, the condition of the work in the field, and of matters generally. Mrs. Peeler had tried to get his father to continue the pains which she had taken to make something of him, before he had grown too big for her strength. In vain she would tell of his idleness, his long, big tales, and his general sauntering worthlessness. Sam urged her at last to stop. Her talk did no good. 'Lijay was young and foolish; nobody was perfect; let him get some age; he would have a lesson, after a while, that would learn him something; let him alone. That is what Sam told her, and she took his advice.

In spite of Mr. Peeler's entire neglect of all sublunary pursuits for his public work, both stated and missionary, his professional reputation kept on the wane. The country communities of those times were not very exacting, provided their preachers insisted upon being sure in their own minds of having been called, and provided that they led moderately pious lives, and kept good, sound doctrine. Mr. Peeler could not but be aware of some declension in his influence. His afflicted conditions had been worn and worn, until they seemed as if they were going to be threadbare, and that at no distant date. The main complaint was that, no matter what was the text, he preached the same—or pretty much the same—sermon, at all times and places.

"I'm nobody but a female, and I acknowledge it," said Mrs. Peacock one day, when her husband and another of the deacons were discussing at dinner Mr. Peeler's merits. She had been one of the last to give up. "And I've always looked upon Brother Peeler as a acceptable minister of the gos-

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pel,—that is, considerin' his chances. But somehow Brother Peeler, he preach better at first than he preach at the present time, and he don't come out enough on doctring lately."

Ah!" answered Brother Bullard, "Sister Peacock, you hit the nail when you said that word; you hit the nail right spang on the head, jest as if you had 'a' had a hommer. A few more of them greens, Sister Peacock."

Sister Peacock helped to the greens, and wanted to fill Brother Bullard's plate with contributions from every dish at her end of the table.

"No, no; plenty—plenty," he remonstrated, just before it was beginning to run over; "plenty—plenty. But you jest as well 'a' had a hommer when you said that word."

"Brother Peeler is very good in a funil sermon," acknowledged Mrs. Peacock.

"That he is! Jabez Marshall, nor neither can Silas Mercer, beat him very fur thar."

"And then he's very able in pra'r!"

"Powerful!" said Mr. Bullard.

"But yit, Brother Bullard, we must have —we do want—we can't get along, *all* the time, without *some* doctring, if it's only of a Saturday meetin' like, or of a Conference day, with a little final pesseverance, and not a bit of fallin' from grace, and —— Well, you know, Brother Bullard, I never was nothin' but a female, and I was always willin' to acknowledge ——"

But Brother Bullard made Sister Peacock hush up right there, underrating herself in that kind of style. They all agreed, even away down there, hard on the Ohoopees, that there were limits to human griefs and sympathies; and that even the saddest and most sympathetic of mankind liked—occasionally, at least—to be pointed to a more hopeful prospect, both of this present mortal, and the future eternal, life. And then, some doctring was actually needed sometimes. Sister Peacock might be a female; but she stoutly denied being a babe, to be fed on milk. The other sisters, following the lead of the great pillar of Harmony Church, took up this idea, and said they wanted something hard and solid, too; and the way they talked about Brother Peeler would have led one to suppose that Brother Peeler regarded all the women, in all the borders of Buffalo, Williamson's Swamp, and both Ohoopees, whatever their ages, as so many infants. The fact was, Mr. Peeler had to make a new strike. Sam Wiggins had improved every way under the sweet influences of his sister. Mr. Peeler ought to be more cheerful. Although the last to see, he did see at last that, even if in humility, he must go himself, and lead his flocks to feed, in more pleasing pastures.

One day he returned from an uncommonly extended "tower," and looked cheerful. Old Sam suspected that he had made a fee of five dollars for marrying some couple; but Sam was mistaken. 'Lijay, and only 'Lijay, knew the cause. Oh, how he had praised 'Lijay and bragged about, and was so thankful for what he and 'Lijay were doing for the regulation of poor Sammy Wiggins!

"'Lijay," he said, "I believe I've jest found out the real true idee of preachin'. It's to take a big tex' and then *charge*. I done that on Little Hoopee last Sunday week. I took a big tex' and I charged; and I tell you, my son, everything flewed before me like ducks when Len Peek is arfter 'em on Rudisill's mill-pond. I am goin' to fetch up that sermon here the first chance I git, and then, you listen."

Shortly afterward, when the pastor of Elim Church, not far distant, was somewhat ill, Mr. Peeler hinted a willingness to occupy his pulpit one Sunday morning. It was the best that could be done in the circumstances. Here was a large congregation. It was remarked that Mr. Peeler gave out a more cheerful hymn, and spoke a more hopeful prayer than usual. He took for his subject the triumphant entry of our Lord into Jerusalem. He apologized for taking so vast a subject for his text; but on such a subject as this, veerses ought to be no object. I could not dwell (without the appearance of levity) as he did, upon the wildness of colts in general, and mule-colts in particular; on the temerity of an unpracticed rider undertaking to travel on one of the latter for the first time (in all human probability without any saddle, and a mere rope for a bridle) into a great city, and among vast noisy multitudes. The climax was in ascribing to these multitudes the motives for their concourse and their clamors, and their strewing branches in the way. By the time that he got to this part of his subject, his passion, which had been working from the beginning, seemed to have gotten beyond all bounds, and he screamed as he denounced that onbelievin' and Gallio-like people. And then his audience was stupefied with amazement as he declared and labored to prove that the intention of these

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clamoring crowds was to "skeer" that colt —that young colt—that young mule-colt—that young onbroke mule-colt—and drive him to do things that were too awful to contemplate.

At this cap of the climax, Mr. Peeler, overcome by his feelings, sank down in the rear of the pulpit. The congregation was at a loss what to think. The young men smiled, and looked across at the young girls; the young girls smiled in turn, and looked at their mothers; the answering mothers puckered their faces and looked at the old men, and the old men frowned upon one another with terrible solemnity for a moment, and then looked interrogatively up to the pulpit. But the pastor apparently had been growing worse and worse for the last three-quarters of an hour, and sank deeper and deeper, until he was no longer to be seen. After several moments' silence, he rose feebly, complained of being extremely ill, gave out a hymn, prayed a dejected prayer, and dismissed the congregation.

CHAPTER III.

It was very soon ascertained that the pastor's views on the late question in theological science were not at all in accord with Mr. Peeler's, and so Neelus had to take his mule back across the Ohoopees, where he had been foaled. But how he did grow to dislike Sam Wiggins! Sam Wiggins did it all; and once more he returned, in his discourses and prayers, and conversation over chicken and biscuit, to his afflicted conditions. A little freshened by temporary rest from work upon one long-continued line, and resolving, if possible, to recover the ground he had lost, he strove to dig down to the very roots of human sympathy, drag it forth, and press out its last tear.

Meanwhile, Sam quietly pursued his humble way, working every week-day all day long for Mr. Peeler and his family, and when the night came, sitting by his sister, watching her knitting, rolling her balls of yarn, reeling her hanks of cotton and wool, and occasionally alluding fondly to the two old people now lying in the garden. When bed-time came, he lit his candle, went to his bedroom, and slept the sleep of the upright, the industrious, and the weary. As he used to say to several friends, but always in the strictest confidence, the old fellow had grown a little tired of Neelus Peeler's everlasting preachin' and prayin' and talkin' about him, and he was sorely concerned sometimes to know what he ought to do. But for his affection for his sister, he sometimes felt that he would like to give Mr. Peeler a good shaking, and then go away and leave the place forever. Between this affection on the one hand and his growing resentment on the other, his simple, guileless heart had many a conflict. In the impossibility of real, his mind indulged itself in imaginary, avengement. Curiously enough, his ruminations on one occasion took the direction of art. The hawk had been unusually troublesome of late to the barnyard. Sam, having no time to hunt so cunning a thief, determined to make a scare-crow, intended to represent a man with a gun in his hand making ready to fire. Although with quite limited knowledge of the principles of art, it occurred to him to make this figure resemble Mr. Peeler. With some old, worn-out clothes, and other necessary things, he made his man, set him up, and contemplated him.

"Good! I had no idea I could do it so well. You are ugly enough, Neelus."

Yet, in fixing the attitude of the arms, he had some difficulty. After several efforts he sat down and pondered.

"It's no use; it wouldn't fool a jay-bird or a joree, let alone a hawk. They'd know *you* well enough, but they wouldn't know the gun."

Rising again, and essaying to adjust the arms to the intentions of the hunter, a new idea seized him suddenly.

"That's it, that's it! Instid of making you a-shootin' at 'em, I'll make you a-preachin' at 'em. Ef I can git that idee in 'em, they leaves these parts certain and sure."

Suiting his actions to his words, he took away the gun and stretched out the arms.

"I wonder I didn't think of it before. All you want now, Neelus, is a *woice*."

This unbloody revenge went far to satisfy his sense of injustice. He grew to think this likeness quite striking, and every time he passed within view of it, smiled with satisfaction. Many a talk he had with this preacher.

"How's your conditions this morning, Mr. Peeler? Pretty good? Ah! Jest passable, eh? I think you mout be satisfied with 'em,—the rest of us a-workin' and you a-roamin' and a-roarin' 'round genilly."

Sometimes he would seriously remon-

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strate with him for his ingratitude, his non-appreciation of his wife, his neglect of his son; but he would soon lapse into a pleasant vein, and, regarding him with pleased attention, seem to lose all resentment to the man in the satisfaction with his own hitherto unknown and unsuspected genius. These colloquies were usually concluded with the ejaculatory refrain: "All you wants is a woice. What *would* you be if you only had a WOICE!"

The only uneasiness he felt was from an occasional apprehension that his sister might happen to notice it sometime, and, being struck by the fac-simile of her husband, have her feelings hurt. But she seldom went out of the yard in that direction. However, to make sure, in order to avoid detection, he placed the figure in the plowed ground beyond the fence, artfully averted his face from the lot, and, as it were, disposed his audience down toward the meadow.

About this time the regular battalion muster came on. This was the grand occasion of the year, not even excepting the Fourth of July. Men that never got drunk during the whole year sometimes had to give out on this day, and nothing, or next to nothing, was said about it. The drum and fife were too inspiriting, the memories of the brave deeds of their fathers too fresh and exulting, to allow even temperance-society people to keep entirely sober. By night, after such a day, the battalion, taken as a body, believed itself competent to manage the choicest red-coat brigade that might be mustered.

Sam Wiggins, in obedience to the orders of the captain of his militia district, had to attend. 'Lijay suggested to his father that he ('Lijay) ought to go along with his uncle Sammy, and try to keep him sober. He had very nearly made an entirely sober man out of him, anyhow; but to-morrow would be a great strain. The idea struck Mr. Peeler as wise and opportune. Sam smiled, but said nothing at the breakfast-table, and his sister looked surprised, but also said nothing, when Mr. Peeler told 'Lijay he might have Jim, the mule, to ride to the muster.

During the greater part of that day, Mr. Peeler sat in his piazza and ruminated. He hardly knew what he thought. Sam had been temperate so long that Mr. Peeler now had inadequate cause of crying, even with his jaws. If the old fellow should happen to make a big spree of it to-day, a little fuel would be added to the flame of his pathos, which he confessed had been burning low of late. He hardly knew how he felt. Toward evening, his wife brought out her sewing and sat also in the piazza, silent and thoughtful. At length Mr. Peeler spoke.

"It appears like Sammy is sorter late in comin' from the muster."

"Yes," answered his wife, "it's time they were home."

"They?" ejaculated Mr. Peeler. "They? 'Lijay would have been home long ago, if it hadn't been for your brother. It's him that's been a-keepin' 'Lijay back, you may be sure o' that. Pity—pity—pit-tee," continued he, lengthening his words as if he would reduce to measure and sing his commiseration,—"pity that a minister of the gospel, the blessed gospel, should have to have his mind all tore up by sich a case, and to have his own son a-follerin' of *his* own uncle, and to take keer of him, and to watch him, and to fetch him home from a wicked muster of a wicked battalion in a wicked town; and—ahem!—a man's own wife not seemin' to keer for sich things, and her own brother at that, and a drawback, as it were, and a backhold, and a——"

"Mr. Peeler, what is all such talk about, and what is it worth? You know I do care for such things (or ought to know it) as much as you do; but not like you do. I care for them for Sammy's sake; for he is the best man in this world, in spite of that one fault, which he is very seldom guilty of, and which, somehow, you make ten—yes, a thousand—times worse than it is. You talk about his being a drawback. Why, if he was to go away from here, as I know he feels like doing sometimes, he would be missed—I can tell you that."

"Oh, Betsy, I shouldn't wish, that is, I shouldn't desires that Sammy should go away and depart from us, and, as it were——"

"No; I think not. But I can tell you farther, that if you did let 'Lijay go to the muster for the reason you say you did, and if Sammy finds out that that was the reason, and if such as that is to be kept going much longer, Sammy will leave; and there wont be any power on this earth that can stop him. Mr. Peeler, I wonder you did that. I'm sorry you did that."

Mr. Peeler, with all his powers, stood in some awe of both his wife and Sam.

"Why, Betsy, my dear, I—I—I—thought that was the very best thing,—leastways, it was my desires——"

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"The best thing!" she replied, contemptuously, but quietly, and, as always, without anger; "the best thing with an honest man to send a boy, and a boy like 'Lijay, after him to watch him?—his own sister's child; and one too that, here I tell his father, has been watching and hounding his uncle too long already, and is not a fit person to be put to reform his uncle, or any one else that I happen to know. 'Lijay had better staid home."

"Well," said Mr. Peeler apologetically for his wife's weakness of judgment. "Sich is the female mind, and sich it will a-most always stick to its own brothers, no matter how Gallio-like,—and even against their own chil'.—But yonder they come—and—yes—jes as I expected."

There they did come slowly up the lane, the horse and the mule; but only the latter's rider was erect. Sam's horse was apparently bringing a heavy load.

"Now, aint that a sight for a minister of the gospel to have to see a-comin' to his gate—and the poor bewilderin' creeter not bein' able to set up, nor hold his head up, but has to lay down on the dumb animal's neck, and 'Lijay, he havin' to hold on to his leg. I leaves the sight." And Mr. Peeler withdrew into the back-yard.

Mrs. Peeler put down her sewing and looked anxiously and painfully at the comers as they slowly approached. Never before had Sammy come home, or been known to be, in such ill condition. She rose to her feet, and looked more and more eagerly as they neared the gate. Just as they reached it, she uttered a cry and ran to them. The burden was taken from the horse, carried somehow to the house, and laid upon the floor in the piazza. Mrs. Peeler went to the back-door and called her husband.

"Have the poor creeter been put away, Betsy?"

"I tell you to come in. You are wanted here right away."

"Well, my skeerts is cle'r," and, slowly entering, he walked through the house on toward the piazza. No sooner did he get there, than he fell backward into a chair. There stood Sam Wiggins, leaning against a post, wiping with his handkerchief the sweat from his face, while prostrate, with rolling eyes and grinning mouth lay—'Lijay! The boy, seeing his father, muttered some words about "having fotch—ole fel—safe; but mons-trouble,"—and then gave a loud, dismal cheer for "Gen'l Wash'n."

Mr. Peeler winked his eyes repeatedly while looking alternately up at Sam and down at 'Lijay, as if he must be mistaken as to their relative situations. He then looked at his wife, who stood still, silent, pale as the dead."

"I don't," he began, at length; "I don't, that is,"—rubbing his eyes violently, and winkin' more and more; "aint they—aint they some misunderstandin'—or some mis—ta—take—or some mis——"

"You see for yourself," said Sam; "or, could see, if you would open your eyes and quit winkin' 'em so much, and would look down thar on the floor. You see it aint ME."

"I never should a bl—b'lieved it."

"You shouldn't. Well, *I* always knowed it was a-comin'; only it didn't come quite as soon as I spected; but it's come soon enough."

He lifted the boy, carried him into his chamber and laid him on the bed. 'Lijay was inclined to remonstrate, still desiring to continue faithful to his trust, and look after his poor old uncle Sammy. Being repeatedly assured that Uncle Sammy was all right, at last he became reconciled, and immediately dropped to sleep. His father looked on utterly bewildered. He curiously contemplated 'Lijay, seeming to regard him as something that was dead, and to be trying to recall to himself whether or not he had ever known it while it was alive. He followed Sam back to the piazza, as if he had been charmed. Sam paid no attention to him; but, taking his hat, he walked past the stable, climbed the fence, arrived at the stump on which the imaginary Mr. Peeler, now much worn and wilted by long service in wind and weather, yet held out his arms and poured forth upon his conditions to a sorrowful and sin-stricken world.

"And now, sir, before I go from you for good, I'm goin' to do the best I can for you, and give you some conditions, as you call 'em, that will do to talk about when I'm gone. It's the best I can do, situated as I am, and situated as you are, and situated—well, never mind about the balance."

He seized him by the throat, wrenched him from his elevated position, and, striding along, the feet of the wretched man dragging beneath that powerful grasp, his arms yet extended, as if yet appealing for sympathy and succor, the avenger pressed ruthlessly on into the remotest depths of a small pine thicket that had grown up around a bend of the spring-branch. It was never definitely known what became of the victim; but from fragments of felt, feathers, cotton,

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shoe-leather, and other articles of human apparel, afterward seen upon the margin of the stream, it was suspected that he had been drowned.

CHAPTER IV.

SAM walked slowly back, lingering a minute or so at the spring, at the cow-pen gap, at the stable, at the crib, at the yard gate (where he exchanged the saddles of the horse and mule), and even at the bottom of the piazza-steps. Mr. Peeler and his wife were sitting there, and both watched him closely as he dragged his feet up heavily. Without daring to look at his sister, he turned to Mr. Peeler and, standing, said:

"And now, Neelus Peeler, it's about time you and me had some understandin'."

"A understandin'—Sammy, a—under—standin'?" Mr. Peeler's eyes snapped, and he looked as if he had been under the impression that the most satisfactory understanding had been arrived at between him and his brother-in-law long ago.

"Yes, sir," answered Sam, making his attitudes so as, if possible, to have his sister in the rear while he had Mr. Peeler in front.

"Yes, sir, a understandin'. I've stood your preachin' about me (if you mout call it preachin'), and I've stood your talkin' about me, and what's more, I've stood your doggin' me about with 'Lijay about as long as anybody could be expected to stand 'em. But now, Neelus, we got to part. It's mighty easy to make a settlement. I want nothin' but Bob, and my saddle and bridle, and thar they stand hitched at the gate. Betsy may have the rest."

He turned and looked toward his sister.

"It's sorter hard to part from her, and ——"

Before he could utter another word, she gave a piercing scream and fell upon his neck.

"No, no, no!" she cried. "And what will become of me without the only one in this world who loves and cares anything for me?"

And then she let him go, and stood with her left hand resting upon his shoulder. Raising her right and extending it toward her husband, she said:

"Neelus Peeler!"

Mr. Peeler could not sit in that chair; so he got up and backed against the wall.

"Yes, sir, stand up. Eighteen years ago you stood in that room and promised to love, and honor, and protect the girl that stood by your side. And while you were making these promises, this man here was standing in his mother's room, because he couldn't bear to hear the words spoke that were to part him from his sister. I'm not going to reproach you for anything you've done to me, nor for anything you've neglected to do for me and the poor boy that lies in there on the bed. But this man here, who has been for over thirty years working and toiling for father and mother and me and has got nothing for it except his food and his clothes,—do you think I'm going to suffer you to drive him away from this place, and keep me here after he is gone? I call heaven to witness, Mr. Peeler, that if either my brother or I must leave this place, it shall be *me*. The day he leaves, I leave too;—but not to go along with him, and be a burden to him any longer. There's been enough of that, God knows. But when he takes his direction, I will take the other, and work my way, or beg my way from house to house."

Her long hair became disengaged from its comb, and fell streaming over her neck, and face, and shoulders. She pushed it back from her eyes, and then again threw her arms around her brother's neck. Mr. Peeler tried to speak; but, for the first time in his life, the words stuck in his throat. He scraped himself slowly against the wall until he reached the door, then backed into the house, and got out of sight.

Poor old Sam! He feebly strove to get loose from his sister; but all his great strength seemed to have departed from him. He reached out toward the post, got hold of it at last, laid his head against it, slowly sank down upon the bench beside it, and wept aloud. He had not had the slightest idea of giving up in this way; but the arm of that sister around him pressed upon his great, big, old heart, and he could not see clearly how they were to part. There they sat a long, long time. Day went down, and the moon arose, and yet there they sat. Sam tried to argue. He had thought that he had a good case; but she headed him at every corner, and it appeared more and more that instead of a good case he had no case at all.

"Oh no, no," she said softly. "No, no. Here was where you and I played together. You've been here ever since I went away. Perhaps I may not have done as well as some others; but God knows what is best. And now I am back again in the same old home: no longer a child, but needing as much as a child, and more than ever I have needed before, the love and ——"

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"But Be–be–bets—" Sam began.

"No, no," said his sister gently, putting her hand upon his lips. "No, no, I am better off than you think, in spite of some few troubles which I am thankful are no worse. You can't put yourself in my place, my dear old Sammy. I am happier than you know of. And I am going to be happier than I have ever been in my married life. I am sure of it. Come with me."

They rose, and she led him into the garden, down behind the rose-trees, under the cedars, and they sat down upon the rude bench. They were not persons for much sentiment, these two, brother and sister, even as they sat at midnight by the graves of their parents; yet they came away shortly afterward, if not with fonder mutual affection, with more cheerful hopes for all the good to which they humbly aspired.

From that night things grew better and better. Mr. Neelus Peeler retired from public life; not abruptly, nor, as it was believed, from any definite predeterminate resolution. It seemed rather as if the work that had been allotted to him in the vineyard was finished sooner than had been expected. His forte having been mainly, if not entirely, in the pathetic, and it now being universally recognized that, in his domestic relations, he had every thing to be thankful for, except in the matter of his own son (and he not so old as to be incapable of amendment), Mr. Peeler necessarily subsided into private life.

About a year afterward, a girl baby was born. Mrs. Peeler said that Sammy should name it. To this proposition her husband made no objection; for now in Mr. Peeler's eyes Sam Wiggins had become, not only respectable, but great. Sam answered that if they left it to him, they ought to know that he should name the child Nancy. And then his sister, as she lay upon her bed, lifted her arms, put them around his neck, pulled him down, and hugged him until the old fellow was ashamed of himself. For Nancy was the name of their mother.

'Lijay, now having different guides, made some improvement. Before he was fully grown, Sam succeeded in what he frequently (but always confidentially) declared was his best hope for 'Lijay, namely, in marrying him off; or rather, as he was no match-maker, nor match-breaker, he let 'Lijay marry himself off; and notwithstanding the frequency with which such a thing occurs, everybody wondered at the luck that 'Lijay had.

For the rest of his life, Mr. Peeler submitted with a melancholy resignation to be supported by his brother-in-law and wife. Of course he could not feel as if he ought to be entirely idle. Sam kept him in powder and shot, in fish-hooks and lines; and it was somewhat touching, once in a while, to observe the meek satisfaction with which he would contemplate a broiled squirrel or a pan of horny-heads, that through his labors had been brought to the breakfast-table.

CHAPTER V.

AND oh, how little Nancy did grow!

SUMMER AND WINTER.

IN the mellow month of June
When the tawny thrushes sing,
And the yellow cowslips spring
From the meadows by the brooks,
When in dusky forest nooks,
Elfin huntsmen wind the horn,
And the clover-scented morn
Ripens into cloudless noon,—
Then I love to lie alone
In the grass on some cool hill,
While the meadow-larks all shrill
"Life is music." Care and pain
Fare but ill in Summer's reign.

When the hills are wrapped in sheets,
When the snow whirls on the leas,
And the icy-fingered trees
Sparkle in the moon's cold light,
When the clouds in the long night
Weave a pall for the dead year,
And the keen wind hurls its spear
Right at every one it meets,—
Then my heart is never sad,
For I think of breezy Spring,
And the joys that it will bring,—
Of the robins on the lawns
Piping in the dewy dawns.

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PIERCING THE AMERICAN ISTHMUS.

WHERE shall be located and how planned the long-proposed ship-canal across the American Isthmus? This is the knotty question Ferdinand de Lesseps has prepared for an international congress of engineers, which assembles in Paris, on his invitation, as this paper comes from the press. The times and the auspices seem favorable to the project, which, through the action of the congress may reach a practical beginning. But since there will be two strong, opposing parties in the congress, the one favoring a canal carried over the Cordilleras, by means of locks, and the other, a canal piercing the mountain barrier, by means of a ship tunnel of unprecedented proportions, long and animated discussions must needs precede a satisfactory conclusion. The engineers and the capitalists are nearly agreed, however, that the canal is wanted and would be worth the hundred or perhaps hundred and fifty millions of dollars it will cost. Whatever this audacious century has thought worth its while to do, it has in the main done, and several times has "rectified the frontiers" of human possibility. It is no credit to the Pharaohs, with the pyramids of their ancestors in view, that they projected a canal across the Isthmus of Suez and succeeded in scooping out a shallow channel,—capable perhaps of floating a row-boat, had it not been buried, plans, hopes and all, under the shifting sands, leaving it to be unearthed and completed, in grand proportions, in our time by Frenchmen, who have ever been an affront to the accepted order of things, and in the pride of their new creations even scarcely regret having produced neither Shakspere nor "Pinafore." The century still has twenty-one years in which to popularize flying among human bipeds and to build the interoceanic canal. But flying is not yet indispensable to human happiness, while nothing short of the Isthmus canal can fittingly crown the wonderful engineering achievements of the century. It is a scheme that appeals both to the practical sense and the imagination; it has long been the dream of the most eminent engineers, statesmen and economists; and perhaps even Balboa, planting his colony on the American continent, in 1510, on the Atlantic shore of the Isthmus, and, advancing one day to the mountains concealing the unknown west, may have vaguely entertained the project

> "—— when with eagle eyes
> He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
> Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
> Silent upon a peak in Darien." *

Within a few years the science of making geography to order has been remarkably developed. Holland almost set the fashion by giving Haarlem Lake up to agriculture, and since then has constructed a ship-canal, under great engineering difficulties, from Amsterdam Harbor direct to the German Ocean, making the Dutch metropolis independent of the circuitous and difficult course through the Zuyder Zee. De Lesseps comes next with his Suez Canal, triumphantly completed in the face of political opposition and in defiance of obstacles before regarded as practically insurmountable. Most important of all for the Darien project, the Suez Canal has proven a remarkable financial success, though it cost ninety-nine millions, about twice the amount first estimated. After it was opened in 1869, shares whose par value was 500 francs dropped to between 200 and 300 francs, while ten years afterward they are quoted between 700 and 800 francs. This canal shortens the voyage from England to India by 9,000 miles, yet the fact that British Oriental trade has been injured by it to the advantage of the great commercial cities of the Mediterranean testifies to the foresight of Lord Palmerston when he opposed its construction. The Darien project, on the contrary, met with his approval, and to-day appears to be the only expedient which would enable England to compete with France, Italy, Austria and Constantinople for the future Oriental trade of Northern Europe. The Mont Cenis and Hoosac tunnels demonstrate that man may safely drill his way through the rocky foundations of great mountain chains, and to this conclusion, the St. Gothard tunnel, moving with unexpected rapidity to completion, adds confirmation. Tunnels are soberly being planned to pierce the Alps under the Simplon Pass and to admit a railway under the English Channel. De Lesseps is maturing his scheme for flooding

* Keats, in ascribing the "eagle eyes" to Cortez, wrote better poetry than history.

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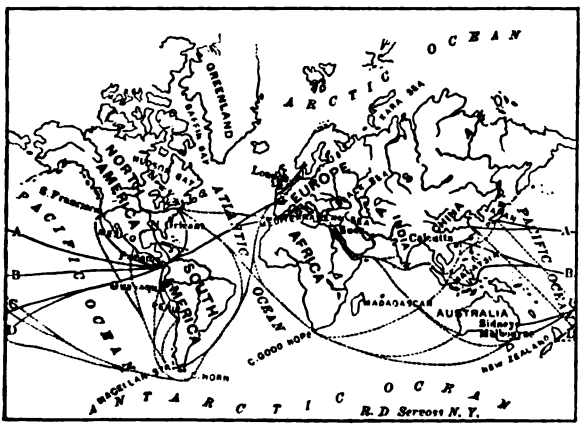
the Algerian desert, confident that a vast inland sea once existed there and that it can be restored by cutting a canal through the sand-barrier of the coast, thus adding fertility and internal water communication to the French possessions in Africa. General Türr, president of the *Société Civile Internationale du Canal Interoceanique par l'Isthme du Darien*, —which holds a concession of rights in the Darien Isthmus for canal purposes and expects to be the nucleus of a new construction company,—is also interested in a project to connect the Adriatic and the Danube by a canal of ordinary capacity. The advisability has also been considered of a ship-canal across the Malayan peninsula,—the long narrow finger of land extending south from Siam to the Straits of Malacca. Such a canal, connecting the Bay of Bengal with the Gulf of Siam, would subtract 1,175 miles from the voyage between India and China. With this and the Darien project successfully executed, a voyage around the world could be made, also *via* Suez, without crossing to the south of the equator, keeping, at the same time, between the eighth and thirty-seventh parallels. Unlike these other already successful or proposed engineering schemes, the Darien Canal will lie in a climate the most unfavorable to the health of the laborers employed, and where tides and floods and a long season of copious rain-falls place new and serious difficulties in the way of mountain tunneling, or the construction and maintenance of ship-locks of unprecedented size. But the reward of success will be proportionate to the difficulties and the cost. From computations made by Frederick M. Kelley, it is seen that the canal would make a saving in distance, from New York to San Francisco, of 14,000 miles; to Shanghai, 11,600 miles; to Canton, 10,900 miles; and to Calcutta, 9,600 miles. English commerce would be benefited by about the same saving in distance over the present Cape Horn route. Based on this saving of distance and the relative saving of time, and on the values of ships and cargoes that would have taken the canal route in 1856 and 1857, is the estimate that the Darien Canal, in reduced insurance, interest on cargoes, wear and tear of ships, freight money, wages, provisions, crews, etc., would produce an annual saving in money to the trade of the United States of $35,995,930; to the trade of England, $9,950,348; to the trade of France, $2,185,930; or a total saving of about forty-eight millions of dollars, showing that the saving to commerce would pay for the canal in two or three, or at the outside four, years. The tonnage which would have sought the canal in 1867–69 had fallen off slightly from the tonnage of 1857, which was 3,094,070 tons. A toll of $2.50 per ton would have realized $7,735,175 to the canal company. Add to this a charge of ten dollars per head on say 100,000 passengers, and it is roughly estimated that the receipts of the canal for the first year would be $8,735,175, equal to eight and one-half per cent. on the cost of the canal if it were one hundred millions. But if the canal were to cost two hundred millions, there would still be, on this basis, an immediate return of four per cent., with the prospect of a rapid increase of the tonnage seeking the canal, as at Suez. Capitalists see that, with the greater share of the commerce of the world necessarily paying tribute to the canal, since it would be without a competing rival, it would be one of the best paying investments the world now offers, even at a cost of two hundred millions. While greatly benefiting Europe, it would place America incontestably in the center of the world's commerce; and, as a writer in the "Edinburgh Review" once said, the success of the scheme would mark "the mightiest event in favor of the peaceful intercourse of nations which the physical circumstances of the globe present to the enterprise of men."



PLANISPHERE BY LIEUTENANT WYSE, SHOWING HOW SEA VOYAGES WOULD BE SHORTENED BY THE ISTHMUS CANAL. [THE DARK LINES INDICATE PROPOSED ROUTES; THE DOTTED LINES, PRESENT ROUTES.]

The one circumstance in the project which

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most favors its at least being undertaken, is the fascination it has always exercised over intelligent and enterprising minds. Practical statesmen and hard-headed financiers have won back the glow of youthful enthusiasm in contemplating the scheme. Men have spent thousands of dollars in their zeal to carry forward the idea, a hope of reward usually being mingled with their thirst for honorable renown. A small library has been written on the subject, in support of the general scheme, or advocating or attacking particular routes and plans. American engineers, the most prominent of them officers of the army and navy, have made the most important scientific contributions to the project. The French, through the recent explorations of Lieutenant Lucien N. B. Wyse, of the French navy, assume the second rank as explorers, and now come to the front as promoters. Englishmen have made important explorations, and have always given encouragement to the enterprise.

It is a singular fact that Columbus, in a direct westerly search for a route to the Indies, happened nearly upon the narrowest strip of land barring his way to the object of his ambition. And on this barrier was made almost the first American settlement, and twenty-three years later (1532), these pioneer Spaniards established a line of communication with the Pacific coast, on the ground that to-day supports the sleepers of the Panama Railway. By this time Magellan had already discovered Cape Horn (1520) in his successful effort to turn the flank of the Isthmus, while Vasco da Gama, seeking to overcome a similar obstacle to eastern commerce, —the Isthmus of Suez,—had passed around the Cape of Good Hope; and it was the dream of a north-west passage that led Sir John Franklin to his fate in Arctic seas. Who can doubt that the same powerful incentive which inspired these voyages of discovery will result in cutting a channel through the Isthmus? At an early day the Spaniards had hopes of being able to connect the harbors on both sides of the Isthmus by means of a short canal as a connecting link between the head-waters of the numerous rivers emptying into these harbors. But when gold mines were discovered in Darien, to screen them as much as possible from the rapacious adventurers of other nations, Philip II. ordered all surveys and maps under lock and key. A century later, the English and French buccaneers pillaged Mexico and Central America, and, for a time, made Spanish possession of the Isthmus little more than a name. But that these early Spaniards had wonderful engineering resources is proven by the Mexican Desague, a vast aperture two miles long, 300 feet wide, and 100 and 200 feet deep, which, two or three hundred years ago, was cut through the mountain range bounding the Mexican plain on the north-west, in order, it is supposed, to permit the escape of inundating floods. Of this Humboldt says: "In its actual state it is undoubtedly one of the most gigantic hydraulic operations ever executed by man." Malte Brun, in his classification, mentions nineteen distinct proposed canal routes, and French exploration has since added another. Humboldt mentions that about 1771 attention was drawn to the Tehuantepec route, by the discovery in the port of San Juan de Ulloa that cannon cast at Manilla had been transported across that isthmus *via* the rivers Chimalopa and Coatzacoalcos. In 1843, M. Garella made a survey for a route near the present line of the Panama Railway, his plan requiring 35 locks and a tunnel over three miles long. The summit on the railway line is only 286 feet high, being perhaps the lowest summit on the American continent, and seemingly making a through-cut on this line not impossible; but other disadvantages weigh heavily against this favorable circumstance.

A new era of exploration began about the year 1850, stimulated mainly by the writings of Humboldt on this region, and his belief in the use and possibility of a ship-canal. Of course the discovery of gold in California gave the Isthmus prominence once more as a commercial nuisance. Since the appearance of Humboldt's book on Central America, the most prominent figure, among Americans, in pushing forward the enterprise has been a private New-York gentleman, Frederick M. Kelley, then a young banker in Wall street. For several years Mr. Kelley alone held the concession now owned by the French company; he has spent his private fortune of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars in promoting the enterprise, to which he may still contribute energy and experience, the French company having shown some disposition to recognize his services. Americans are well acquainted with the man of great projects and speculations of whom "Colonel Sellers" is the comedy type. Mr. Kelley's experience is flavored with a kind of romance and a great deal of American self-confidence and business audacity, and well illustrates the varied fortunes of men who, looking in advance of the times,

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give their lives to the task of making their fellow-men see as they do.

During the gold excitement, Benjamin Blagg, a New York merchant, started for California, but was led off into the valley of the Atrato in New Grenada, or the States of Colombia, by rumors of gold deposits to be found in that quarter. The gold-washing being unprofitable, it occurred to him to make practical use of Humboldt's statement, that one hundred and fifty years before, a priest living at Novita had directed his parishioners in the construction of a canal, since fallen into decay, across the narrow Raspadura Divide, or San Pablo Isthmus, thereby connecting the head-waters of the San Juan, flowing into the Pacific, with the head-waters of the great Atrato, emptying into the Gulf of Darien or the Atlantic (see map). It was believed also that the Indians had used this route for a canal passage, between the two oceans, for centuries, drawing their bungos over the divide, on which the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific water-sheds, in the form of rills, can be traced to within a few rods of each other. Blagg hastened to Bogota and obtained from the Colombian government a concession giving the exclusive right to construct and operate a canal connecting the Raspadura Creek with the head of bungo navigation on the San Juan. He then came back to New York and, supported by Humboldt's statement, made a sale of this concession to Mr. Kelley and several of his Wall street associates. John C. Trautwine was placed at the head of an expedition to explore the Atrato River from its mouth up to the Quito branch, by that to the Raspadura Creek, thence over the summit and down the San Juan to the Pacific. When the expedition started, the twenty-four shares in the company, worth $1,000 at par, rose in the imaginations of their holders to $50,000, but "tumbled out of sight" when the engineers reported that the route was not practicable, and that so far as they could learn, or discover on the ground, the Raspadura canal was a myth; though it was a fact that the Indians frequently pulled their bungos over the divide.

Mr. Kelley's colleagues presented him with the concession, as being of the value of waste paper, and withdrew; while he, then only twenty-eight years of age, determined to make an Isthmus Canal the work of his life. He privately fitted out a second expedition under Noah B. Porter and James C. Lane (competent engineers), which set forth in 1853, and returned with scarcely more encouragement than the first. Mr. Lane, however, had discovered the mouth of the Truando River, and to explore it he was given the command of a third expedition fitted out with great care and expense. Mr. Kelley purchased a small yacht for the party, which departed in the spring of 1854, on board a sailing vessel. Putting into Aspinwall to discharge lumber, the crew were exposed to the Panama fever, of which the engineers were victims. Reaching Cartagena, Mr. Lane and party launched the yacht and sailed up the Atrato. Two of the men were obliged, by continued sickness, to return, while Mr. Lane and a plucky engineer, named Adams, reached the Truando and poled the yacht to its head-waters, where they thought they were about twenty-five miles from the Pacific, and believed they could see a remarkable depression in the mountains. They were too far reduced by sickness to think of penetrating further.

Disappointed, but not discouraged, Mr. Kelley sent out a fourth expedition in 1855 under William Kennish, with five engineers and some thirty-five natives. They were directed to cross the Isthmus to Panama and proceed down the Pacific coast to about seven degrees north latitude, looking out for a depression in the Cordilleras, and thence to run a line of levels across to the Truando. At the point indicated, which was in Humboldt Bay, Kennish found an inlet, which was named after Mr. Kelley, and saw a few miles away a marked depression in the mountain chain. Picking their way over the hills, they began cutting a path through the dense undergrowth to the tributaries of the Truando. So dense is the tropical undergrowth on all parts of the isthmus that an exploring party cannot penetrate a rod in many places before a way has been cut. Only one Indian hut was seen between the mountains and the confluence with the Atrato. Wild beasts, birds, and monkeys were frequently seen and heard screeching and howling, especially when the storms swept over the tropical forests. After passing the falls of the Truando the river widened and deepened until it became a succession of broad lagoons. Arriving at the Atrato, Mr. Kennish had satisfactory data for a unique plan of a canal without locks. At the point of junction the Atrato was found to be 100 yards wide and 53 feet deep, flowing slowly to the Atlantic, 63 miles away, and capable of floating the largest fleet. The mean level of the Atrato

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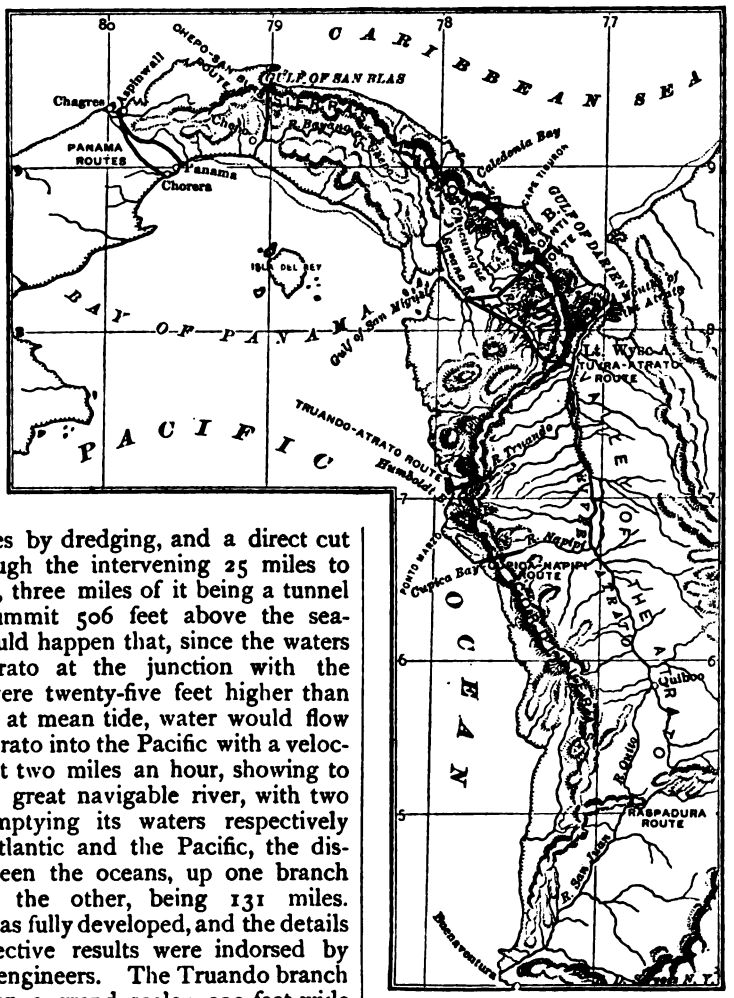
at this point was found (by General Michler) to be only about 25 feet above the mean tide in the Pacific at Kelley's Inlet, where the tide rises twelve feet. Thereby it appeared that if the Truando were deepened for 43 miles by dredging, and a direct cut made through the intervening 25 miles to the Pacific, three miles of it being a tunnel under a summit 506 feet above the sea-level, it would happen that, since the waters of the Atrato at the junction with the Truando were twenty-five feet higher than the Pacific at mean tide, water would flow from the Atrato into the Pacific with a velocity of about two miles an hour, showing to the world a great navigable river, with two mouths, emptying its waters respectively into the Atlantic and the Pacific, the distance between the oceans, up one branch and down the other, being 131 miles. This plan was fully developed, and the details and prospective results were indorsed by competent engineers. The Truando branch was to be on a grand scale: 200 feet wide and 30 feet deep, with two tunnels side by side piercing the Cordilleras, each to be 100 feet wide and 120 feet high,—in fact, large enough "to allow of the passage of a line-of-battle ship, with her top-mast and top-gallant-mast struck and her yards braced;" the whole work to cost, in round numbers, one hundred and fifty millions.

With everything mapped out, computed and planned, Mr. Kelley, in the spring of 1855, sallied forth to see what the world thought of his Atrato-Truando ship-canal without locks. He first asked the government to verify his plans by a governmental survey such as would command the confidence of capitalists. President Pierce listened to the young canal advocate and was pleased with the project.



MAP OF THE ISTHMUS OF DARIEN AND THE VALLEY OF THE ATRATO, SHOWING PROPOSED CANAL ROUTES.

Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War, favored a survey, but there was no unappropriated money for it. The subject was discussed in cabinet meetings, at one of which Mr. Marcy, Secretary of State, said to Mr. Kelley's face that the scheme was a humbug. As for uniting with England and France for a joint survey, to give an international character and indorsement to the project, every member of the cabinet, except Mr. Davis, refused to listen to such a proposition, be-

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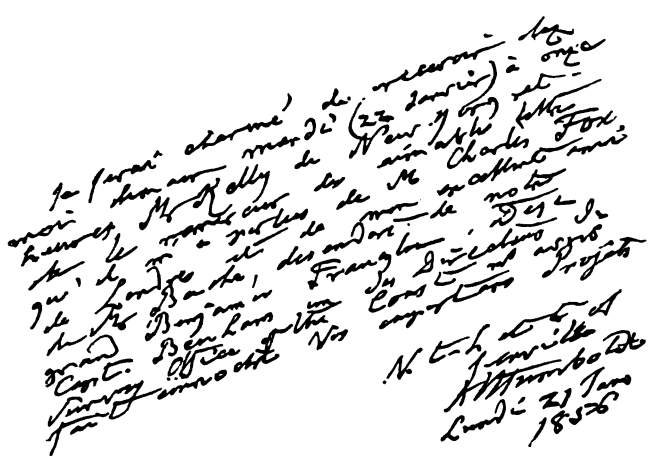
cause they believed it to be opposed to the spirit of the Monroe doctrine.

Hopeless of accomplishing anything at home, Mr. Kelley sailed for England in November, 1855, carrying non-committal letters of introduction from Mr. Marcy to the American ministers in London, Paris and Berlin, and friendly letters from influential men to Humboldt, Sir Edward Belcher, George Peabody and others. In London, he was well received. James Buchanan, then minister to England, entered heartily into his plans, in many ways rendering him assistance, and insisted that his own government must participate with England and France in the survey, and actually tried to get the cabinet to reverse its decision. Mr. Buchanan impressed Mr. Kelley as being one of the most intelligent and accomplished gentlemen he ever met. He next made the acquaintance of Captain Fitz Roy, Sir Charles Fox and Dr. Black—men who had made a study of the canal question. They presented him to Lords Palmerston and Clarendon, who granted a long interview, carefully examined the plans and promised to unite with France and the United States in a survey.

Thus far he had succeeded in obtaining a hearing where he had most desired it; but his friends in London, including George Peabody and Dr. Black, regretted that, with such a gigantic scheme on his hands, he did not look older, for his appearance belied even his thirty-three years. They also advised him not to take his plans before the Royal Geographical Society and Institution of Civil Engineers, lest, receiving unfavorable criticism, he should thereby lose the promised aid of the British Cabinet. But the young enthusiast determined to risk both and in the meantime (this was January, 1856) ran over to Berlin and presented letters to Baron Humboldt, who was then enjoying universal homage. The baron not being at home when first he called, Mr. Kelley left his letters and the next day received a note, a fac-simile of the last paragraph of which is here reproduced to show in what diminutive characters Baron Humboldt wrote French. Punctual to the appointment, he was shown into a plainly furnished room filled with books, maps, globes and scientific instruments. In a moment the old gentleman came through a side door, walking with a firm step, though then eighty-eight. His young guest was made to feel at home at once. Humboldt addressed him in fluent English and asked him first, what had induced so young a man to engage in an enterprise so vast; to which Mr. Kelley replied: "Your writings, Baron." For twenty minutes Humboldt poured forth a stream of varied and compact information about the Isthmus and the science of engineering. He climbed a step-ladder with little sign of senility to get a book, and spreading out maps referred to them while he examined Mr. Kelley's. He regretted that surveys had not been made also of the Napipi, from the Atrato to its head-waters and on to Cupica Bay. When Mr. Kelley called again, by invitation, three days before his departure, Humboldt placed in his hands a long autograph letter of three foolscap pages, being a learned and hearty indorsement of his visitor's efforts in exploration, and with no mock modesty detailing his



FAC-SIMILE OF PART OF AN AUTOGRAPH LETTER FROM HUMBOLDT.*

* In translation this reads:

"I shall be delighted to receive Mr. Kelley of New York at my house to-morrow, Tuesday, January 22nd, at 11 o'clock, and thank him for the friendly letters he has brought me from Sir Charles Fox, of London, and my excellent friend Mr. Bache, of Washington, descendant of our great Benjamin Franklin. Captain Benham, one of the directors of the United States Coast Survey, informed me of your important project.

Your most humble and obedient servant
A. v. HUMBOLDT.
Monday, 21st January, 1856.

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own contributions to the project. He says: "I think nothing more dangerous to the extension of commerce and to the freedom of international relations than to inspire an aversion to all future investigation by an absolute and imperious declaration that all hope of an oceanic canal must now be abandoned. I have too much faith in the powerful means afforded by the present state of civilization to be discouraged."

Returning to London, Mr. Kelley read a paper before the Institution of Civil Engineers on the practicability of a ship-canal without locks by the valley of the Atrato, confident that intelligent men and engineers would fully appreciate his aims and efforts; and so it proved. However, the first evening was one of uncertainties for Mr. Kelley. During the discussion, his plans were freely criticised, and some grave doubts were mingled with praise. Dr. Black and Captain Fitz Roy, an able authority, spoke in his favor, the latter saying: "This, certainly is one of those bold conceptions, which, if they fail, are termed chimerical; but, if they succeed (and it does appear that in this case there is a strong probability of success), immortalize the authors." A second evening was appointed to continue the long discussion, and at this Robert Stephenson, the eminent engineer, presided. The result was still uncertain. Mr. Kelley had procured a translation of the Humboldt letter, and in the midst of the proceedings sent it up to the secretary, who read it. After this, and when Robert Stephenson in closing the debate urged joint governmental survey, and said that "Mr. Kelley had produced more intelligible information upon the subject than had ever before been given to the world,"—he was no longer a shy petitioner at British doors. Soon afterward the Institution awarded him the Telford Gold Medal "for demonstrating the feasibility of uniting the two oceans by a canal without locks." The following week he read a different paper before the Royal Geographical Society, Rear-Admiral Beechey presiding. De Lesseps was present, his Suez scheme being at that time before the Society, and his maps hanging on the walls of another room. Robert Stephenson, Sir Edward Belcher, Dr. Black, Sir Roderick Murchison, Captain Fitz Roy and a large assemblage of members were present. His paper was discussed on two evenings, and Robert Stephenson again spoke favorably of the scheme. De Lesseps was asked to speak of his own plans, and began by saying that he trusted the Darien project would prove practicable and be carried out. Not very long ago at the congress of Commercial Geography held in Paris, de Lesseps said that some persons would oppose the Darien project as a rival of the Suez Canal, but that he himself was opposed to monopolies and believed that anything which tended to increase commercial circulation would benefit the Suez Canal.

One day came an invitation from Robert Stephenson, asking Mr. Kelley to dinner at five o'clock, but hoping he might come at two for a preliminary chat.

"What do you think of de Lesseps' plan?" asked the engineer.

His guest hesitated, saying:

"I am not an engineer—neither by practice nor profession."

"But," said the host, "I think you are quite as capable of judging of this as I am."

"Then, I think de Lesseps' plans are perfectly feasible, much more so than my own," replied Mr. Kelley.

The engineer called for reasons.

"Because," said Mr. Kelley, "the Suez route traverses a perfectly dry, healthy climate; it is also flat, and an abundance of cheap labor can he had; besides, the engineering features are simple compared with those of my scheme, to be carried out in the hottest, wettest and unhealthiest climate in the world, where labor must be transported to the ground. Then it involves cutting a ship tunnel through the Cordilleras."

Mr. Stephenson thought the Suez Canal would require constant dredging.

"Yes," said his guest; "but it will prove such a vast benefit that it will pay to keep on dredging it forever."

To which Mr. Stephenson replied:

"I have had a line of levels run across Suez at my own private expense, and I am persuaded that the scheme is impracticable, on account of the drifting sands."

It was the mistake of a great man. He said he thought the Atrato-Truando project far more promising, and spoke in the highest terms of America and its enterprise. That de Lesseps did not meet with a very favorable reception in London, Mr. Kelley thought was due to British jealousy.

In July, 1856, Mr. Kelley went to Paris, against the advice of Mr. Buchanan, who, on setting off for home (probably on the lookout for the Presidency), promised to get the co-operation of the United States govern-

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ment, with which, and with that of the British government already secured, he might hope to win over Napoleon to the project. But Mr. Kelley, knowing that the Secretary of State, Mr. Marcy, thought the ship-canal about as practicable as a route to the moon, did not long defer shipping his hobby across the channel. For six long months he worked incessantly to get an audience with the French emperor. John Y. Mason, the American minister, was very courteous, but rendered no assistance; for what reason Kelley never could divine. The French minister of foreign affairs, to whom he received an introduction, said "Very good," to the plans, and gave a shrug, a bow and a smile, and referred him to the American minister for a presentation. Likewise, the British and German ministers. Thus matters went on till January 26, 1857. On that day he was surprised to meet an English barrister and his wife—London friends—at *table d'hôte*. They inquired after his success in Paris, and he related his disappointments, the landlord and landlady, who for the first time learned the object of their guest's restless sojourn, listening with curious interest. After dinner, the barrister asked to see his maps, which were spread out on the table, nearly the entire company remaining to hear his story. Madame Mercier, the landlady, caught the canal fever at once. "You shall see the emperor," she cried. "My uncle is a friend of the emperor's. He will arrange the audience." Early the next morning, she drove off to see her uncle, La Fouche Pelletier, son of the first Napoleon's great friend, and on returning said to Mr. Kelley: "Remain at the hotel to-day, for I think the emperor will send for you." Her guest smiled incredulously; but between one and two o'clock came a message inviting him to an audience at the Tuileries at 5 P. M.

At the palace, Mr. Kelley was cordially received by the emperor, who assured him of his lively interest in all ship-canal projects. He had noticed, he said, that the Americans had thrown aside his own plan for a Nicaragua Canal. (While languishing in the prison at Ham, Napoleon had written a pamphlet on the Isthmus project.) When Mr. Kelley's plans were spread out, he said, "Mr. Kelley, you will please let me ask questions, as I find it easier to comprehend a subject by making inquiries." This was a gentle hint to the American citizen that the Emperor of the French felt himself capable of leading the conversation. And indeed his information was very full and ready. He listened attentively to what was said, assisted in tracing out the lines on the maps, and was greatly pleased with the tangible shape in which the enterprise was presented. Twice he walked away, and appeared as if he would leave the room, returning each time to continue talking with animation. Finally he said: "Mr. Kelley, I like your plans. What can I do for you?" He offered to make the survey at the sole expense of the French government, to which Mr. Kelley could not assent, since he had invited the English to co-operate. Then he said he would pay a third, if the British and United States governments would agree to open the canal to the commerce of the world and make the territory neutral; moreover, if the survey was favorable, he thought he could guarantee one-third of the capital necessary to carry out the plans. Then, requesting further information after Mr. Kelley's return to America, Napoleon directed a servant to fold the maps, and withdrew.

Mr. Buchanan had now become President, and Mr. Kelley hastened home to take advantage of the old signs of friendship. The President, seeing him in a long line of visitors at the White House, called him out of the line, saying so that all might hear: "Here, at least, is one man who doesn't want office." The next day, at a private interview, Mr. Kelley asked Mr. Buchanan to join with the British and the French to make the survey, and was amazed to hear the President say: "I will do all in my power for you, but this can't be done." He reminded Mr. Buchanan of different opinions expressed in London. "Yes," the politician said smiling, "but it can't be done, and you mustn't ask me why." And so the man of deportment vacillated before the Magog of party expediency and the ghost of James Monroe. However, the government offered to make the survey independently of foreign powers, and Brigadier-general Michler of the army and Lieutenant Craven of the navy headed an expedition to the Atrato, which returned in May, 1858. A dispute arose as to which officer ranked the other, and thereby had the privilege of supervising the report. It took a year to settle this hotly contested point of red-tape etiquette, which resulted in a compromise. General (then Lieutenant) Michler made an exhaustive and able report in favor of the Atrato route correcting and improving on Mr. Kennis' plans. Lieutenant Craven, in a brief repc declared adversely. Then it took anotl

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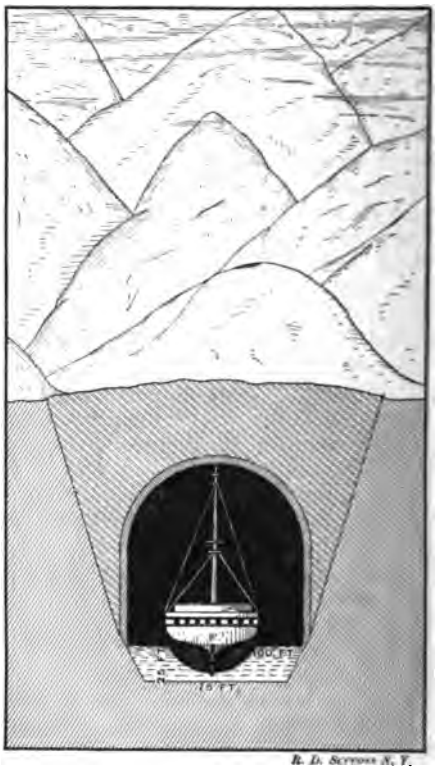
year at Washington to get the report printed, by which time the rebellion had broken out, Mr. Kelley's concession had expired by limitation, and his brilliant and promising hobby had broken down completely. Impoverished in hopes and fortune, he retired from active advocacy of the scheme.

Mr. Kelley's enthusiasm revived, however, in 1863, when his attention was called to the San Blas route, between the Gulf of San Blas and the Bayano, or Chepo River, at the narrowest neck of the Isthmus, it being there only thirty miles from ocean to ocean. His own means being exhausted, he succeeded in interesting Cyrus Butler, and the late Luke T. Merrill in his plans. Mr. Butler, who has become a zealous advocate of the scheme, now owns a considerable share in the French company possessing the Darien concession. In the autumn of 1863, Captain Norman Rude, with the assistance of the natives, ran a barometrical line over the San Blas route. The following spring a surveying party was equipped, led by A. MacDougal. Beginning on the Pacific side they found a good harbor in the Bay of Chepillo; and discovered that the Bayano River would afford perfect ship navigation for more than ten miles with almost no improvement; and that for eight miles further the ground was admirably suited to canal purposes, crossing only one considerable stream, the Mamoni River. They were now at the foot of the Cordilleras, the summit of which was found to be 1,500 feet. Crossing over to the foot of the hills, on the Atlantic side, MacDougal estimated that the contemplated tunnel would be seven miles long; this was on the supposition that he was within three miles of San Blas Bay, affording a magnificent harbor, which, with its numerous islands, lay in full view before him, the land sloping gradually to the sea, with the Mandinga River some distance to the left. He attempted to triangulate the distance to the Gulf of San Blas, but hostile Indians compelled the party to beat a retreat. His report was highly satisfactory and plans were made for a canal. Since the tide at the starting-point of the canal, ten miles up the Bayano, rose nearly 13 feet, and on the other side in San Blas only 2½ feet, the plans were made to comprise tidal locks at the extremities of the canal to prevent the waters of the Pacific at high tide from flowing through into the Atlantic with a current troublesome to the passage of ships, and also to prevent a counter-current during the ebbing of the tide. The accompanying cut indicates the sectional area of the proposed



CROSS SECTION OF THE MOUTH OF THE PROPOSED SAN BLAS TUNNEL. HEIGHT OF TUNNEL, 115 FEET.

tunnel, 100 feet wide and 90 feet high above the water-line, 25 feet above the bottom of the canal, making the entire distance from the bottom to the crown of the arch, 115 feet. It was the aim of Mr. Kelley and Mr. Butler to re-secure a concession from the government at Bogota. During the administration of President Grant, both he and Secretary of State Hamilton Fish took great interest in the canal project, but the government thought the concession ought to be procured in the name of the United States. This, it is believed, excited the suspicions of the Colombian authorities, who demanded conditions rendering the concession practically worthless. In 1870, Commander Thomas O. Selfridge was placed at the head of an important governmental expedition to explore the Isthmus. Among other routes, he set out to verify from the Atlantic side the San Blas survey of MacDougal. He reached the summit, and the rainy season having set in, concluded to return. He gave it as his opinion, however, without

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going entirely over the mountains, that the tunnel would be ten instead of seven miles long, while in other respects he admitted the general accuracy of MacDougal's survey. This assertion, based on insufficient data for a conclusive opinion, dampened the fervor with which the San Blas route had been received among engineers. Commander Selfridge then proceeded up the Atrato and surveyed the Napipi route to Cupica Bay, the investigation of which Humboldt had so strongly recommended. Selfridge's project may be described as the composite plan, for it contemplated locks (from three to twenty), a tunnel at least three miles long, and a reservoir and aqueduct to feed the summit level. He estimates the cost at about ninety millions, and the distance from ocean to ocean at 178 miles.

During the winter of 1875-76, de Lesseps formed an international society for the study of the American Isthmus. M. Gorgoza, who possessed a concession for a Darien Canal, which he had vainly tried to sell to prominent politicians in Washington, turned up in Paris, and repeated the statements he had made here, namely, that he had explored the Darien neck, from the Gulf of San Miguel *via* the Tuyra and Paya rivers, and so on to the Atrato, finding remarkable depressions, making a through-cut canal entirely feasible. This helped to set the ball of exploration rolling in Paris, and proved to be on a par with the nonsense that has always adhered to the history of the San Miguel region. About 1850 Dr. Cullen declared that he had crossed from the Savana River, emptying into the Gulf of San Miguel, to Caledonia Bay on the Atlantic, finding an opening in the hills, which would admit of a through-cut canal, with moderate cost of construction. He drew a fascinating bird's-eye view of the way his canal would look when completed, but of this value, that where he declares an open cut could be made through a depression in the hills, it would in reality be necessary to bore a tunnel some twelve miles long.

In 1876, the society of which General Türr is president, organized in Paris for the exploration of the San Miguel or Tuyra region, the stock of this speculative company being divided into 100 shares. De Lesseps would neither buy nor accept stock, preferring not to be identified with the private financial interests of the scheme, knowing that with respect to the general project the public would expect him to occupy an impartial or judicial position, and one devoid of the suspicion of self-interest.* Among the gentlemen owning an interest in the company are M. Pereire, supposed to be worth over a hundred millions, and the owner of the French line of transatlantic steamships; P. M. Oppenheim, the wealthy Frankfort banker; Cyrus Butler, of New York; G. Vedelius, a Swedish engineer, and two famous literary men, Émile Littré and Octave Feuillet, the dramatist. The most important member, to the company, has been Lieutenant Lucien N. B. Wyse, of the French navy, son of the late Sir Thomas Wyse and (as the Bonapartes style her) the "Princess" Letitia Bonaparte, daughter of Lucien, brother of Napoleon the First. Though only thirty-five years of age, Lieutenant Wyse has made many scientific explorations, besides serving both on sea and land in the Franco-German war. He has crossed the American continent from sea to sea, in twelve different places, between Patagonia and San Francisco. In March, 1878, he performed the journey of seven hundred miles from Buenaventura to Bogota, on horseback, in ten days. This tremendous ride was made over a common trail, with a fresh horse every two days, Lieutenant Wyse sustaining himself by eating balls of chocolate, and arriving in Bogota just in time to secure a canal concession from a friendly outgoing administration.

Between 1876 and 1879, Lieutenant Wyse made surveys of two canal routes by way of the Gulf of San Miguel and the Tuyra River to the Atlantic. One of these (marked A in the map on page 272) follows the valley of the Tuyra River and one of its branches, thence over the divide to the River Caguirri, which empties into the Atrato; this route requires twenty-five locks. The other (marked B), preferred by its projector, begins at the same point on the Tuyra, about twenty miles from the Gulf of San Miguel, proceeds east to the junction of the Tupisa with the Chucunaque, and then makes almost a straight line to the point of Acanti on the Atlantic side, where a harbor must be created. As projected by Lieutenant Wyse, the tunnel would have a length of about eight miles, a height of 118 feet, a width of 52½ feet at the bottom of the canal, and of 65 feet at the water line,—thus having a capacity smaller than the San Blas tunnel with a proposed width of 100 feet. In determining the width

* It is said that de Lesseps made no money out of the Suez Canal, and has had to meet the expenses of his position and family out of his salary of $10,000 a year.

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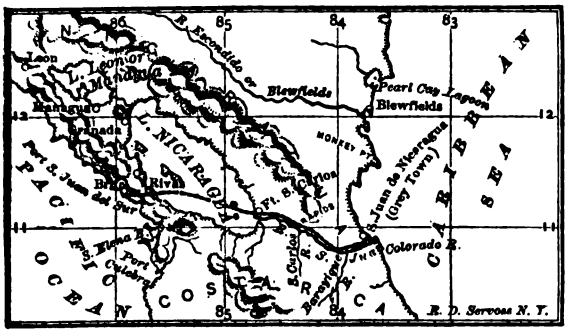
of the tunnel, weight must be given to the opinions of ship-owners. Of all things they fear to have a ship touch her sides against wall or pier, and as there is almost sure to be a current of between two and three miles an hour in the canal, a ship of only forty feet beam could be handled in this narrow channel only by great watchfulness and difficulty.

If the wisdom of the congress decides that a canal with locks is more practicable and desirable than a canal with a tunnel, the choice will undoubtedly lie between Lieutenant Wyse's Tuyra-Atrato and the Nicaragua routes, with a majority, at the outset, favoring the latter. But it is inconceivable that practical engineers, considering future usefulness no less than temporary facility of construction, would adopt a lock route, unless they believed it practically impossible, even at double the expense, to construct a tunnel canal on the mean tide level. Nicaragua Lake, a large navigable sheet of water extending to within sixteen miles of the Pacific, and having the San Juan River for its spacious outlet, has frequently drawn the attention of ship-canal projectors. Lieutenant Lull and Chief-Engineer Menocal, both of the United States navy, in the reports of their surveys make the distance from Brito to Greytown 181¼ miles, and place the cost of construction at about fifty-three millions, including the unfortunate necessity of making harbors (for no natural ones exist) at both termini. It is proposed to lock down from the lake to the Pacific and to improve navigation on the San Juan by means of locks and dams. M. Blanchet is at the head of an association owning a concession for this route, and will urge its claims before the congress. He thinks fourteen locks would be sufficient, and places the cost between forty and fifty millions of dollars. Lieutenant Wyse estimates the expense of his own lock project and his tunnel scheme respectively, at about the same sum,—in round numbers, one hundred millions. Passage through a canal being necessarily slow, there must be great difference in time and attendant expense between, on the one hand, drawing a ship by tug-boat through the Nicaragua Canal, 181 miles from ocean to ocean,—or even through the Tuyra-Atrato Canal, about 110 miles from sea to sea,—and, on the other hand, through the San Blas Canal, only 30 miles long, or through the Tuyra-Acanti line, with 42 miles of canal and tunnel and 20 miles of navigable river. A ship of 5,000 tons burden could be pulled through the San Blas Canal probably in six hours, making "turn-outs" unnecessary, ships passing from the Atlantic to the Pacific one-half of the day, and going in the opposite direction the other seven or eight hours; while it is safe to say that, under the most favorable conditions, three or four days would be consumed in making the passage of the Nicaragua Canal. The question of locks between five hundred and six hundred feet long—for there must be room both for the ship and the tug-boat—is in many respects more serious to solve than that of a ship-tunnel. Grave doubts are entertained by the ablest engineers of their ability to construct locks of that size capable of withstanding the water pressure, even supposing that lock-gates of the requisite dimensions could be made to open and shut with the necessary facility. What prudent ship-owner would care to put his ship of 5,000 tons burden, loaded with a valuable cargo, into a canal 181 miles long, involving the passage of twenty-four locks, if these locks were liable to get out of order, thereby delaying transit a week or a month? It must not be forgotten that a ship-canal will not be built to gratify engineering ambition or hydraulic theorists, but to satisfy the practical wants of ship-owners. De Lesseps is inclined to favor a tunnel, and declares the necessary conditions for a practicable canal to be: no locks, good harbors, and the avoidance of other than tidal rivers. Lieutenant Wyse is substantially of the same opinion, and Mr. Kelley and his engineers, convinced that no other kind of canal ever would be constructed, have steadily adhered to the tunnel plan.



MAP OF THE PROPOSED NICARAGUA ROUTE.

As between the San Blas route advocated

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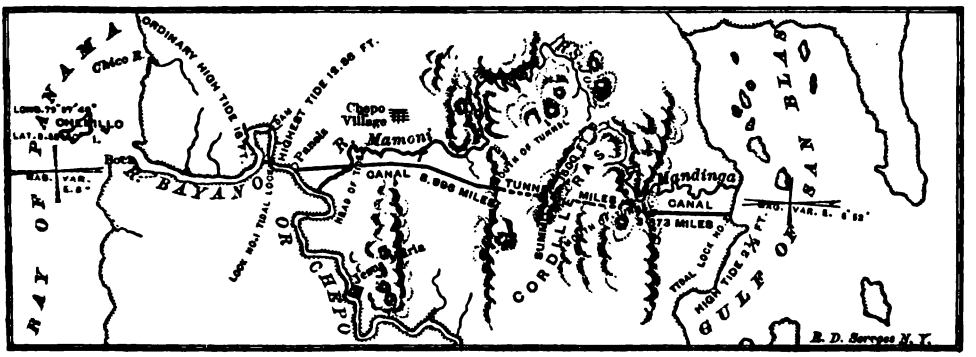
by Mr. Kelley, Mr. Butler and others, and the Tuyra-Acanti route surveyed by Lieutenant Wyse, the public, applying the judgment of practical common sense, will probably say, "Other things being equal, choose the shortest way across." It is thirty miles



MAP OF THE PROPOSED CHEPO-SAN BLAS CANAL AND TUNNEL ROUTE.

over the San Blas Isthmus, and sixty-two miles between San Miguel and Acanti. Besides, it is very clear that "other things" are not equal, but are decidedly in favor of the San Blas route. Take the conditions named by de Lesseps. There is no better harbor on the Atlantic side of the Isthmus than that of San Blas, while at the other extremity of the line the Bay of Chepillo, a fair harbor, opens into the Bay of Panama. On the other hand, it is necessary to make a harbor at Acanti, though San Miguel is in every respect but one an excellent harbor. Here the extreme tide rises at the mouth of the Tuyra to the height of twenty-five feet, coming in with such force that ships are said sometimes to drag their anchors, while ordinary high tide at the mouth of the Bayano or Chepo (of the San Blas route) reaches only a height of about sixteen feet. Then as to the avoidance of other than tidal rivers: at the junction of the Chucunaque and the Tupisa rivers, Lieutenant Wyse proposes to turn both these rivers into his canal. The Chucunaque has always been noted for its floods. It has a very large water-shed, given to sudden and terrific rain-falls, the torrents coming down with a roaring sound which the natives recognize with dread. Further up the stream the water has been found to rise thirty and forty feet during the rainy season. Lieutenant Wyse proposes to protect the canal from the flood drift-wood by a strong grillage. Any one who has once witnessed what destruction to dams and piers on the upper Mississippi is frequently caused by the lodgment of logs and drift-wood, in a way to bank up the waters, would place little dependence on any possible grillage at the mouth of the roaring Chucunaque. On the San Blas route the Bayano River forms ten miles of the canal, almost ready made. And at the "Paneis" the canal empties into the Bayano, which flows by, and not into the canal. Between this point and the tunnel the only considerable stream crossed is the Mamoni. On the Atlantic side of the tunnel, the canal passes over three miles of smooth country, unbroken by streams, the Mandinga River lying a little to the north. Lieutenant Wyse estimates that his tunnel line would cost one hundred millions. If the San Blas tunnel is seven miles long, the line is estimated to cost $87,550,000; if ten miles long, as Commander Selfridge supposes, it would cost $108,500,000. Lieutenant Wyse, who made hasty examination of the line, thinks the tunnel could be reduced to nine and a half miles, and Mr. Kelley and Mr. Butler firmly believe that MacDougal is right in his estimate of seven miles. The United States government will be asked to make an official survey. Lieutenant Wyse thought so well of the San Blas route that he crossed the ocean during the winter to examine the Kelley-Butler plans, as well as to invite American representation at the congress. That extraordinary difficulties will be encountered in the construction of any proposed Isthmus canal, is most certain. In many respects, it would seem better if a ten-mile tunnel were required on the San Blas route; then a third of the canal would be the Bayano River, and a third a tunnel cut in imperishable rock, and protected from the floods, and in which the laborers could work during the rainy season. Rear-Admiral Ammen, who in an able pamphlet severely criticises the Tuyra-

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Acanti route, lays much stress on the almost insurmountable difficulty of excavating the bottom of the tunnel twenty-five feet below the level of high tide, and on the cost of carrying away and depositing the excavated material. When the time comes for breaking ground, there will be means devised, probably, for overcoming these difficulties, as there will also be drills invented, making the construction of the tunnel, except that part below tide water, comparatively much cheaper and more expeditious than that of the St. Gothard tunnel. As to the disturbing influence of earthquakes, Lieutenant Wyse affirms that no danger is to be apprehended from them; even the galleries in the salt-mines of Colombia have never been shaken down.

When de Lesseps failed to procure governmental aid for the Suez Canal, as a last resort he appealed to the people, who subscribed more money than he wanted. If this canal congress, with the prestige and authority derived from the eminent engineers who are expected to take part in the deliberations, settles on a route, an international company, similar to that which constructed the Suez Canal, will be formed with a capital of $100,000,000; and de Lesseps ventures to say that the money will be subscribed within ninety days after the congress reaches a favorable decision. It will be a stock company of limited liability, and incorporated under the French law, which in some respects is most favorable to great financial transactions. According to the plan proposed, the present French company owning the concession and receiving compensation for it will be merged in the new company, of which de Lesseps is to be president and managing director. It is in the achievements of this one man that the world is likely to find the most substantial basis for the hope that we are at last approaching the successful solution of the great engineering problem of the century.

INVOCATION.

SCENT of the rose! . . .
Breath of the new-plowed field and verdurous sigh
From copses budding! . . .
Myrrhs that the chafing boughs
Of aromatic pine-trees cause to fly
O'er coily fern-tops, studding
The layers damp of fronds that heap in long wind-rifted rows . . .

Bloom of the quince
So firm and ruddy and tender to foretell
Crisp fruit and solid! . . .
Heart of the forest prince
Of odor nuttier than the sandal smell! . . .
And all ye marshes squalid
Whose fog a savory saltness pricks, whose veins the clear tides rinse . . .

Hair of the night,
Black where the stars glimmer in sparks of gold
Through tresses fragrant . . .
Breeze that in smooth, cool flight
Trails a strange heat across the listening wold . . .
Breast of the coy and vagrant
Uncertain spring, beneath whose cold glows the great heart of light . . .

Clouds of the blue,
Crowned by the sun and torn by lightning-jag . . .
And joyous sparkles
In seas and drops of dew . . .
Ye smiles and frowns that alter where the crag
Glitters and darkles! . . .
Hear me, ye blissful, that alone see why I call on you!

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SOME ASPECTS OF MATTHEW ARNOLD'S POETRY.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD'S chief literary activity during his earlier years was as a poet. For a period of not far from fifteen years, he has come before the public mainly as a writer of prose. His poems were, both in substance and in form, such as find favor with the few rather than the many,—with the audience of Wordsworth, rather than that of Scott and Byron. In his principal prose works, he has addressed himself directly to the fundamental questions of New Testament religion, considering them with reference to historic fact and universal truth, to individual life and modern society. In his latest essays, he seems to be applying himself mainly to broad, practical problems, relating to the higher interests of English national life. It would not be difficult to trace, through this diversity of subject and method, a strongly marked unity and a steady growth.

The recent publication of his collected poems has called fresh attention to them. The qualities in them which will first impress appreciative readers are beauty, thoughtfulness, and sadness. The quality of sadness pervades the volume very deeply. This circumstance is somewhat eagerly laid hold of by those who have learned to dread in Mr. Arnold, as a prose writer, one of the most dangerous enemies of the traditional theology. "See," say they, "how this gospel, which is set up in opposition to supernatural Christianity, is a gospel of gloom and hopelessness." But whatever temporary polemical value there may be in this line of remark, it quite fails to penetrate the full significance of the poet it deals with. Mr. Arnold's poems are sad partly because he is the true poet of that class who unite intellectual activity with moral earnestness; and the characteristic mood of that class in England, during the generation that is passing, has been largely a mood of sadness. It is a sadness that comes from a sense of the insolubility of the great problems of human destiny.

The change from old forms of faith, in men of moral sobriety, has generally, I think, three stages. Sometimes one person goes through them all; often he does not get well beyond the first or the second; and the three shade into one another imperceptibly, and not seldom to some extent coexist. The first stage is one of conscious and agreeable liberation. Those elements in the old belief which galled the moral sense are thrown off. The view of human character and the world's history escapes from the narrowness of dogmatic interpretations; the lights and shadows become broader; a wider kinship with human nature is recognized; the mood is one of elation and hope. I think Dr. Thomas Arnold very fairly represents, in the Church of England, this first stage of intellectual progress. He brought into the religious field not only a large, humane, and sympathetic manhood, but a strong aptitude for historical study; and history is the great solvent of dogma. But Dr. Arnold's mind did not carry him to any questioning of the central historical facts upon which Christianity based itself.

But that method and spirit of investigation, of which the first results are so acceptable, carries the logical mind, in course of time, upon far more difficult ground, and into far deeper struggles. One by one the accepted historical foundations seem to crumble. Philosophy and material science fail to answer the most importunate questions. The soul, in this second stage of movement from its old creed, stands face to face with the terrible doubt: Is human life ruled by any power that it can comprehend, or worship, or trust?—and finds no affirmative answer.

That is the great doubt which has saddened a large proportion of the thoughtful men in Matthew Arnold's generation. The most fervent piety and the most active benevolence in the Church of England have been, to a great extent, in the extreme High Church party, whose methods of thought and very axioms have been such as the best intellect of the time must reject. Those who are called Broad Churchmen have been too utterly disunited among themselves to constitute a school of thought, and have, upon the whole, been deficient in spiritual leadership. The influence of Maurice, who was a spiritual leader, was weakened by excessive mysticism and by a constant desire to reconcile dead formula with living truth. Robertson was a master spirit, but he stood alone, and the light he throws on questions of religious philosophy is largely indirect; his fruit is precious, but it was largely left for a later generation to gather. Outside of the Church of England, there have been

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men of deep religious sentiment and men of profound and resolute thought; but the two streams have not flowed into one. In this respect, in John Stuart Mill were embodied the two unreconciled forces of his time: a mind which cannot find God, and a heart which cannot rest without Him.

It is this period of which Matthew Arnold is the characteristic poet. As Keble represented the piety of the mediæval revival, as Swinburne represents the world and the flesh in their newest dress, so Arnold, in his poems, represents the doubts and sadness and unsatisfied aspiration of his time. How far the sadness in his poetry may be temperamental, we do not know. But certainly there is nothing in their other qualities that would indicate morbidness. No; the qualities of health—with one exception—are there. The perfection of literary form intimates the same strong self-control which in the sentiment never disappears, even when grief is keenest or darkness is most unrelieved. That mother of health, a profound and receptive love of nature, yields constant and finest inspiration. There is sensuousness wholly untainted by sensuality. Yet there is wanting one condition of moral health,—sympathetic intercourse with common humanity. There is a lonely isolation; we move in a world of contemplation, of intimate familiarity with nature in all her moods, of vivid survey of history in panoramic aspects, of high aspiration and resolve. But we miss the warm, familiar atmosphere of the household, with its fireside and its cradle, its unconscious sacrifices and homely loves. We are somewhat remote from the humble, universal humanities, in which, as in a broad mirror, the highest truth often shines. In much of Wordsworth's poetry we are secluded from ordinary human companionship, and move upon heights trodden only by the few. But Wordsworth's heart warms at the sight of the peasant mother and her idiot boy, or at the grief of the little girl who has lost her tattered cloak. If with one side of his nature he touches the heights of serene calm, upon another side he is in close sympathy with ordinary humanity. Here, we cannot but think, is one secret of the want of spiritual trust, not in Arnold alone, but in a large class of thinkers who, in the strenuousness of their pursuit of truth, become somewhat unsensitive to the humble lives around them. That is a deep saying: "If a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

It does not belong to our present plan to consider, except incidentally, the very great literary beauty and power of Mr. Arnold's poems; but only to touch on a few illustrations of the religious sentiment in them. It is not too much to say that that sentiment supplies their deepest element. Mr. Arnold is a true poet, but he is intensely and profoundly ethical. He is seeking always the highest truth. He is bent on the wisest and most successful conduct of life. This is the sentiment and purpose which give unity to his poetry and prose, more than the acuteness, the grace, the imagination, which are common to them both. But his work is far too large and varied to be summed in any formula.

It is but rarely that we find in a single poem of Mr. Arnold's that debate between two opposite interpretations of life which is expressed in Tennyson's "The Two Voices." Tennyson, too, is the poet of an age in which doubt is strong. But his most characteristic and finest utterance is the victory of faith over doubt. The struggle is set forth in "In Memoriam," where the death of a dearly loved friend forces upon the soul the question of an after life, and the larger question of which that is a part, the reality of a beneficent divine order of the universe. The final answer is one of sublime calm and assurance.

The religious key-note of Mr. Arnold's earlier poetry is the self-reliance of a strong and proud soul, which relinquishes as childish the hope of finding any response to human wants and aspirations outside of the soul itself. Not less than this, I think, is implied in the sonnet among the "Early Poems," entitled "Religious Isolation":

"Children (as such, forgive them) have I known,
Ever in their own eager pastime bent
To make the incurious bystander, intent
On his own swarming thoughts, an interest own—

"Too fearful or too fond to play alone.
Do thou, whom light in thine own inmost soul
(Not less thy boast) illuminates, control
Wishes unworthy of a man full-grown.

"What though the holy secret, which molds thee,
Molds not the solid earth? though never winds
Have whispered it to the complaining sea,

"Nature's great law, and law of all men's minds?—
To its own impulse every creature stirs;
Live by thy light, and earth will live by hers!"

In one of his later poems, "Memorial Verses," Mr. Arnold gives noble praise to Wordsworth. Goethe and Byron were al-

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ready gone; now at Wordsworth's death "The last poetic voice is dumb." The characterization of the first two is very striking:

> "When Byron's eyes were shut in death,
> We bowed our head, and held our breath.
> He taught us little; but our soul
> Had *felt* him like the thunder's roll.
> With shivering heart the strife we saw
> Of passion with eternal law;
> And yet with reverential awe
> We watched the fount of fiery life
> Which served for that Titanic strife."

Equally fine is the description of Goethe, "physician of the iron age:"

> "He took the suffering human race,
> He read each wound, each weakness clear;
> And struck his finger on the place,
> And said: 'Thou ailest here, and here!
> He looked on Europe's dying hour
> Of fitful dream and feverish power;
> His eye plunged down the weltering strife,
> The turmoil of expiring life—
> He said: 'The end is everywhere;
> Art still has truth, take refuge there!'
> And he was happy,—if to know
> Causes of things, and far below
> His feet to see the lurid flow
> Of terror, and insane distress,
> And headlong fate, be happiness."

The quality for which Wordsworth is praised as unique is his power of waking spontaneous, unreflective, happy emotion:

> "He found us when the age had bound
> Our souls in its benumbing round;
> He spoke, and loosed our heart in tears.
> He laid us as we lay at birth
> On the cool, flowery lap of earth;
> Smiles broke from us and we had ease;
> The hills were round us, and the breeze
> Went o'er the sun-lit fields again;
> Our foreheads felt the wind and rain;
> Our youth returned; for there was shed
> On spirits that had long been dead,
> Spirits dried up and closely furled,
> The freshness of the early world.
> * * * * * *
> Others will teach us how to dare,
> And against fear our breast to steel;
> Others will strengthen us to bear—
> But who, ah! who will make us feel?
> The cloud of mortal destiny,
> Others will front it fearlessly—
> But who, like him, will put it by?"

It is as poet and not as critic that Mr. Arnold writes this. Yet when we escape from the charm of the poetry, it is impossible not to say, "But this is not Wordsworth's special quality!" He does, indeed, express at times a spontaneous, unreflective joy in nature. But his most essential characteristic is that he recognizes in nature a mysterious kinship with man. He, above all others, invests her grandeur and loveliness with a profound spiritual meaning. He does not "put by the cloud of mortal destiny;" he fronts it,—not defiantly or despairingly, but with the calm and solemn courage of one who sees in it a divine meaning. It is because nature is to him the symbol of a Divine Presence that his poetry is full of consolation and of spiritual energy; it is because Mr. Arnold, with a sad courage that vainly strives to be content, renounces the hope of any discernible common law reigning in the human spirit and the outward world, that most of his poetry is so profoundly sad.

He uses the imagery of nature with singular power and beauty. Thus, in the poem called "The Future," he expands that trite figure, "the river of time," in a series of marvelous pictures. There is the old refrain of sadness; the early freshness of earth is gone forever:

> "What girl
> Now reads in her bosom as clear
> As Rebekah read, when she sate
> At eve by the palm-shaded well?
> Who guards in her breast
> As deep, as pellucid a spring
> Of feeling, as tranquil, as sure?
>
> "What bard,
> At the height of his vision, can deem
> Of God, of the world, of the soul,
> With a plainness as near,
> As flashing, as Moses felt,
> When he lay in the night by his flock
> On the starlit Arabian waste?
> Can rise and obey
> The beck of the Spirit like him?"

But when the music of this strain dies on the ear, Truth will have hearing, and say, "Not so! In many a woman's heart to-day the spring of feeling is as deep, as pellucid, as tranquil, as in that distant age whose beauty to our eyes is in truth a reflection from realities nearer to us. Many a loyal soul to-day hears as clearly, obeys as swiftly, the call of the Spirit, as any seer of old."

But the poem moves on its majestic way:

> "But what was before us we know not,
> And we know not what shall succeed.
>
> "Haply, the river of Time—
> As it grows, as the towns on its marge
> Fling their wavering lights
> On a wider, statelier stream—
> May acquire, if not the calm
> Of its early mountainous shore,
> Yet a solemn peace of its own.
>
> And the width of the waters, the hush
> Of the gray expanse where he floats,

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Freshening its current and spotted with foam
As it draws to the Ocean, may strike
Peace to the soul of the man on its breast—
As the pale waste widens around him,
As the banks fade dimmer away,
As the stars come out, and the night-wind
Brings up the stream
Murmurs and scents of the infinite sea."

In these lines there is a power like Nature's own. The soul is lifted above the region of articulate thought; its own questionings are forgotten; it is hushed in a sacred awe.

There runs through these poems a strong moral energy, breaking out at times into hot scorn of the world's dullness and apathy. Thus, in a sonnet (among the earlier poems) "Written in Emerson's Essays:"

"'O monstrous, dead, unprofitable world,
That thou canst hear, and hearing, hold thy way!
A voice oracular hath pealed to-day,
To-day a hero's banner is unfurled;

"'Hast thou no lip for welcome?'—So I said.
Man after man, the world smiled and passed by;
A smile of wistful incredulity,
As though one spake of life unto the dead."

In the "Last Word" we have embodied the courage of despair:

"Creep into thy narrow bed,
Creep, and let no more be said!
Vain thy onset! All stands fast.
Thou thyself must break at last.
* * * * * * *
"They out-talked thee, hissed thee, tore thee?
Better men fared thus before thee;
Fired their ringing shot and passed,
Hotly charged—and sank at last.

"Charge once more, then, and be dumb!
Let the victors, when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall!"

Whatever gospel there is in these pages —with here and there an exception—is a gospel for the strong. The sonnet on "Immortality" would give it as the boon only of the few,—not of those who, "foiled, depressed, outworn," look forward to another world for the victory they have missed here.

"And will not, then, the immortal armies scorn
The world's poor, routed leavings? or will they,
Who failed under the heat of this life's day,
Support the fervors of the heavenly morn?

"No, no! The energy of life may be
Kept on after the grave, but not begun;
And he who flagged not in the earthly strife,

"From strength to strength advancing—only he,
His soul well-knit, and all his battles won,
Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life."

This may seem the temper of Stoicism rather than of Christianity. Mr. Arnold is for the most part the characteristic poet of modern Stoicism. Yet, the idea of this sonnet is closely kin to Christ's own saying: "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." It is only when unfairly pressed into literalness that the saying is a hard one, and we may perhaps say the same of the sonnet. That which follows it has a fine tenderness:

"'He saves the sheep, the goats he doth not save.'
So rang Tertullian's sentence, on the side
Of that unpitying Phrygian sect which cried:
'Him can no fount of fresh forgiveness lave,

"'Who sins, once washed by the baptismal wave.'—
So spake the fierce Tertullian. But she sighed,
The infant Church! Of love she felt the tide
Stream on her from her Lord's yet recent grave.

"And then she smiled; and in the Catacombs,
With eye suffused, but heart inspired true,
On those walls subterranean, where she hid

"Her head 'mid ignominy, death, and tombs,
She her Good Shepherd's hasty image drew—
And on his shoulders, not a lamb, a kid."

Of the sonnets, we can, for want of space, quote only one more,—that upon the last prayer of Augustine's mother. Like some others of these poems, it belongs in its religious quality not to any place or time, but to the Church Universal:

"'Ah, could thy grave at home, at Carthage, be!—
Care not for that, and lay me where I fall!
Everywhere heard will be the judgment-call;
But at God's altar, oh! remember me.'

"Thus Monica, and died in Italy.
Yet fervent had her longing been, through all
Her course, for home at last, and burial
With her own husband, by the Libyan Sea.

"Had been! but at the end, to her pure soul
All tie with all beside seemed vain and cheap,
And union before God the only care.

"Creeds pass, rites change, no altar standeth whole;
Yet we her memory, as she prayed, will keep,
Keep by this: *Life in God, and union there!*"

Among the shorter poems of the book, one of the strongest is the prayer which bears the name "Stagirius"—an unfortunately obscure title, which the note does not sufficiently explain. The sense of the Being prayed *to* is dim; the sense of the things prayed *for* is intense,—as in this passage:

"When the soul, growing clearer,
Sees God no nearer;
When the soul, mounting higher,
To God comes no nigher;
But the arch-fiend Pride

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Mounts at her side,
Foiling her high emprise,
Sealing her eagle eyes,
And, when she fain would soar,
Makes idols to adore,
Changing the pure emotion
Of her high devotion,
To a skin-deep sense
Of her own eloquence;
Strong to deceive, strong to enslave—
Save, oh! save."

Mr. Arnold is far too great a poet not to rise sometimes into a serene and sunny atmosphere, even in his most serious poems. In "Morality," there is a rare and bright inspiration. The mind is repeatedly lifted by an unexpected turn of thought; in the last instance by a Platonic allusion full of power and surprise. The poem has the temper of firm endurance, which is the precious contribution of Stoicism, of whatever age; but it has also the uplift and illumination of the more spiritual faith.

"We cannot kindle when we will
The fire which in the heart resides;
The spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides.
But tasks in hours of insight willed
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled."

(A couplet worthy to be carried with one as a moral talisman!)

"With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 'twere done.
Not till the hours of light return
All we have built do we discern.

"Then, when the clouds are off the soul,
When thou dost bask in Nature's eye,
Ask, how *she* viewed thy self-control,
Thy struggling, tasked morality—
Nature, whose free, light, cheerful air,
Oft made thee, in thy gloom, despair.

"And she, whose censure thou dost dread,
Whose eye thou wast afraid to seek,
See, on her face a glow is spread,
A strong emotion on her cheek!
'Ah child!' she cries, 'that strife divine,
Whence was it, for it is not mine?

"'There is no effort on *my* brow—
I do not strive, I do not weep;
I rush with the swift spheres, and glow
In joy and when I will, I sleep.
Yet that severe, that earnest air,
I saw, I felt it once—but where?

"'I knew not yet the gauge of time
Nor wore the manacles of space,
I felt it in some other clime,
I saw it in some other place.
'Twas when the heavenly house I trod,
And lay upon the breast of God.'"

It is in the dramatic poem, "Empedocles on Etna," that Mr. Arnold gives most full and powerful expression to the unanswered questionings which make the tragedy in the intellectual life of this age. He avails himself of the story of that ancient philosopher who ended his course by throwing himself into the crater of Etna. Mr. Arnold has the highest qualities of the antique form,—simplicity, clearness, music, perfect self-control. The dramatic action of the poem is very simple. The personages are three: a harp-player, whose songs in the distance serve as occasional interludes, relieving the intense strain of thought; Pausanias, the physician,—"good, learnèd, friendly, quiet man"; and Empedocles himself. The two latter walk up the mountain together, the philosopher conversing with his friend, and giving him so much of his view of life as can be shaped in some sort to practical purpose, advising him in the true Stoic temper to make the best of a lot to which neither great hope nor despair is appropriate. In the meantime, the harp-player, unseen in the forest, obeying a hint of Pausanias, tries by an occasional song to charm away the melancholy of Empedocles. Then the philosopher is left alone, and in soliloquy pours out all the hopelessness of his soul, its utter bafflement before the problem of human destiny. The songs of Callicles yet reach him from time to time, but the accompaniment that best fits with his own mood is the melancholy and awful scenery of the volcano's peak, and in the volcano's mouth he terminates the struggle.

It is difficult to break from the perfect whole of the poem any fragments by which to illustrate its character, so subtly and harmoniously the whole is blended. At the opening, the harp-player sits alone beside a forest-path. He speaks:

"The mules, I think, will not be here this hour;
They feel the cool wet turf under their feet
By the stream-side, after the dusty lanes
In which they have toiled all night from Catana,
And scarcely will they budge a yard. O Pan,
How gracious is the mountain at this hour!
A thousand times have I been here alone
Or with the revelers from the mountain towns,
But never on so fair a morn;—the sun
Is shining on the brilliant mountain-crests,
And on the highest pines; but farther down,
Here in the valley, is in shade; the sward
Is dark, and on the stream the mist still hangs;
One sees one's foot-prints crushed in the wet grass,
One's breath curls in the air; and on these pines
That climb from the stream's edge, the long gray tufts,
Which the goat loves, are jeweled thick with dew.
Here will I stay till the slow litter comes.
I have my harp too—that is well.—Apollo!
What mortal could be sick or sorry here."

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It is by consummate art, like that of the great classic masters, that the breath of the forest and the morning sustains and soothes the mind, while the sad human story works itself out.

As his parting gift to the good Pausanias, Empedocles gives to that stern view of life as without God or a hereafter, to which he has been driven, the best face it will wear.

"Is it so small a thing,
To have enjoyed the sun,
To have lived light in the spring,
To have loved, to have thought, to have done;
To have advanced true friends, and beat down baffling foes?
* * * * * *
I say: Fear not! Life still
Leaves human effort scope.
But since life teems with ill,
Nurse no extravagant hope;
Because thou must not dream, thou need'st not then despair!"

But when, at the departure of Pausanias, he has taken his final leave of human fellowship, he turns to thoughts gloomier than the scenes amid which he now stands.

"Alone!—
On this charr'd, blackened, melancholy waste,
Crowned by the awful peak, Etna's great mouth,
Round which the sullen vapor rolls.—Alone!"

His purpose of death is fixed. He says to himself:

"For something has impaired thy spirit's strength,
And dried its self-sufficing fount of joy;
Thou canst not live with men nor with thyself.—
* * * * * *
Before the soul lose all her solemn joys,
And awe be dead, and hope impossible,
And the soul's deep, eternal night come on—
Receive me, hide me, quench me, take me home!"

A song in the distance arrests him. He glances back over the sweetness of his earlier days, only to feel again the loneliness of the present. The stars come out above him; the volcano glows at his feet: life, life brilliant and intense,—he alone is dead to life and joy. To the elements he will return—but, mind? will that perish too? Or will it return to earth to repeat the fruitless round, and mankind go deeper and deeper in nothingness, and be forever astray? Now, at the very last, he partly sees where his own mistake has lain.

"Slave of sense
I have in no wise been; but, slave of thought?—
And who can say: I have been always free,
Lived ever in the light of my own soul?
I cannot; I have lived in wrath and gloom,
Fierce, disputatious, ever at war with man,
Far from my own soul, far from warmth and light.
But I have not grown easy in these bonds—
But I have not denied what bonds these were.
Yea, I take myself to witness,
That I have loved no darkness,
Sophisticated no truth,
Nursed no delusion,
Allowed no fear!

"And therefore, O ye elements! I know—
Ye know it, too—it hath been granted me
Not to die wholly, not to be all enslaved.
I feel it in this hour. The numbing cloud
Mounts off my soul; I feel it, I breathe free.

"Is it but for a moment?
Ah, boil up, ye vapors!
Leap and roar, thou sea of fire!
My soul glows to meet you.
Ere it flag, ere the mists
Of despondency and gloom
Rush over it again,
Receive me, save me!" [*He plunges into the crater.*]

A song from the unconscious Callicles below pictures the beauty of the night, the procession of Apollo and the Muses; and after the terrible tension of the mind it is filled at the close with images of peace and calm.

These extracts give but a most inadequate suggestion of the power of the poem. Its deepest power lies in this, that the calm, deliberate, hopeless view of the universe which Empedocles expresses, and which in his longest address to Pausanias, from which we have quoted only two stanzas, he sets forth at large, are the full expression of the doubts and fears which haunt the minds of men to-day. As the expression of one man's experience, they constitute a deep tragedy; as the epitome of what thousands of men have felt in some degree, the tragedy broadens and intensifies indefinitely.

The closing poem of the book, called "Obermann Once More," is very remarkable, not only in itself, but because, standing where it does, it has the effect of an entrance into a higher region of thought and feeling. It is preceded by "Stanzas in Memory of the Author of 'Obermann,'" which bears the date of November, 1849. This almost unknown writer is described by Mr. Arnold as a man of austere sincerity, delicate feeling for nature, and melancholy eloquence. A solitary soul, he retired among the Alps, near Vevey; and there ended his life, which extended from 1770 to 1846. These memorial stanzas, written in deep sympathy with him who is their subject, picture charmingly the beauties of the Alps; yet, in the pages of Obermann which describe them, there is an undertone of "languor, cold, and death."

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"Yes, though the virgin mountain-air
Fresh through these pages blows;
Though to these leaves the glaciers spare
The soul of their mute snows;

"Though here a mountain-murmur swells
Of many a dark-boughed pine;
Though, as you read, you hear the bells
Of the high-pasturing kine;

"Yet, through the hum of torrent lone,
And brooding mountain-bee,
There sobs I know not what ground-tone
Of human agony."

In Obermann the poet sees one borne down by the troubles and perplexities of his age. Nature soothed, but could not console or reanimate. The verses close with a burst of feeling such as the author rarely gives way to:

"Farewell! Under the sky we part,
In this stern alpine dell.
O unstrung will! O broken heart!
A last, a last farewell!"

The poem which follows this, and closes the book, is entitled, "Obermann Once More" (composed many years after the preceding). An expression in the first stanza implies that twenty years measures the time between them. The poet returns to his old friend:

"Once more I slip my chain,

And to thy mountain-chalet come,
And lie beside its door,
And hear the wild bee's alpine hum,
And thy sad, tranquil lore!"

When the night is falling, the spirit of Obermann appears to him. It is the old friend and teacher, but he brings a new message:

"Thou fled'st me when the ungenial earth,
Man's work-place, lay in gloom.
Return'st thou in her hour of birth,
Of hopes and hearts in bloom?"

In swift retrospect, Obermann recalls to him great events of the past: the birth of Christianity, its decay, the shock of the French Revolution. Some of the condensed pictures are wonderful. What an epitome of the Greek-Roman world at the Christian era is this!

"Perceiv'st thou not the change of day?
Ah! carry back thy ken,
What, some two thousand years! Survey
The world as it was then!

"Like ours it looked in outward air,
Its head was clear and true,
Sumptuous its clothing, rich its fare,
No pause its action knew.

"Stout was its arm, each thew and bone
Seemed puissant and alive—
But ah! its heart, its heart was stone,
And so it could not thrive!

"On that hard Pagan world, disgust
And secret loathing fell.
Deep weariness and sated lust
Made human life a hell.

"In his cool hall, with haggard eyes,
The Roman noble lay;
He drove abroad, in furious guise,
Along the Appian way.

"He made a feast, drank fierce and fast,
And crowned his hair with flowers—
No easier nor no quicker passed
The impracticable hours.

"The brooding East with awe beheld
Her impious younger world.
The Roman tempest swelled and swelled,
And on her head was hurled.

"The East bowed low before the blast
In patient, deep disdain;
She let the legions thunder past,
And plunged in thought again.

"So well she mused, a morning broke
Across her spirit gray.
A conquering, new-born joy awoke,
And filled her life with day."

It is difficult to stop in this quotation, but we cannot give the whole poem. In equally vivid imagery is represented the triumph of Christianity, the new life with which it filled the dead old world. The victorious West hears its words: veils her eagles, snaps her sword, lays her scepter down.

"Lust of the eye and pride of life,
She left it all behind,
And hurried, torn with inward strife,
The wilderness to find.

"Tears washed the trouble from her face,
She changed into a child!
'Mid weeds and wrecks she stood—a place
Of ruin—but she smiled!"

"The glorious impulse lasted long," continues Obermann, "but it ended at last.

"That gracious Child, that thorn-crown'd Man,
He lived while we believed.

"While we believed, on earth he went,
And open stood his grave.
Men called from chamber, church, and tent,
And Christ was by to save.

"Now he is dead! Far hence he lies,
In the lorn Syrian town;
And on his grave, with shining eyes,
The Syrian stars look down."

The old faith is dead; the new is not born. "That," says Obermann, "was my sad message to the world. I said to it:

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"'Your creeds are dead, your rites are dead,
Your social order, too!
Where tarries he, the Power who said:
'See, I make all things new?'

"'The millions suffer still, and grieve.
And what can helpers heal
With old-world cures men half believe,
For woes they wholly feel?
* * * * * * *
"'But now the old is out of date,
The new is not yet born,
And who can be *alone* elate,
While the world lies forlorn?'"

"This it was," the Spirit goes on, "that drove me to Alpine solitudes. But—

"Despair not thou as I despaired,
Nor be cold gloom thy prison!
Forward the gracious hours have fared,
And see, the sun is risen!

"He breaks the winter of the past;
A green, new earth appears.
Millions, whose life in ice lay fast,
Have thoughts, and smiles, and tears.

"What though there still need effort, strife?
Though much be still unwon?
Yet warm it mounts, the hour of life;
Death's frozen hour is done!

"The world's great order dawns in sheen,
After long darkness rude;
Divinelier imaged, clearer seen,
With happier zeal pursued.
* * * * * * *
"What still of strength is left, employ
This end to help attain:
One common wave of thought and joy,
Lifting mankind again!"

The vision ends; the poet wakes; only the torrent's voice is heard; the peaks tower against the star-sown sky. By some vague impulse he turns eastward.

"And glorious there, without a sound,
Across the glimmering lake,
High in the Valais-depth profound,
I saw the morning break."

So the book ends—facing the sunrise.

We have said that in Mr. Arnold's poetry and prose there are traceable a strongly marked unity and a steady growth. The sentiment that links the poetry to the prose is found in this closing poem, in which the author is bidden by the sympathetic spirit of Obermann to give his remaining strength to help attain this end:

"One common wave of thought and joy,
Lifting mankind again."

The prose writings of his later years are an attempt in this direction. Without discussing the soundness of his interpretations [illegible] Bible, it is enough here to point out [illegible]nds in religion the great hope of the human race, and that his conception of religion lays supreme stress on conduct and character. Reduced to an intellectual form, his later creed might not seem greatly to differ from his earlier one. But the spirit and temper are different. Instead of isolation, there is the effort to serve. There is the recognition that Christ had the secret of life; the perception that the deepest truth embodied in Christ is untouched by all the new discoveries of thought; the sense that joy and peace are not a lost treasure of the ancient world. There is the consciousness that moral fidelity finds its true completion in brotherly love and unfearing trust and broadening hope.

The new and larger life breaking upon the world, like the sunrise upon the Alps, is not to be measured by Mr. Arnold's creed, or by any creed, new or old. Fashion our theories and doctrines as wisely as we can, they very imperfectly express the great realities, of which we may have a living consciousness deeper than all our speculations. The "common wave of thought and joy," whose uplift is felt by brave hearts, is much more than a new interpretation of history or religious philosophy. It includes all the great onward movement of mankind,—mixed, it is true, and fluctuating, yet pulsating now with new intensity and new elation. To it belong all the half-articulate aspirations of classes and nationalities, all social reforms, all strenuous and successful study of nature, all resolute inquiry into distinctively religious truth. To this same onward movement especially belongs the swiftly growing perception that religion centers in character. And out of this perception and crowning it, comes the reviving sense of a spiritual meaning in life, and a sublime destiny inviting not only the race, but the individual.

It is in the sentiment of "Obermann Once More" that we recognize a noble expression of what we have regarded as the third and final stage in the religious progress of thoughtful minds. It is the serene trust which comes, under whatever form of intellectual belief, after the season of doubt and dread which succeeds to the first elated sense of liberation. But the ultimate unspeakable trust is to be hoped for only when, through all its uncertainties, the soul has remained true to its convictions of moral right. The most memorable passage in Robertson's works is that in which, out of his own experience, he gives this lesson. We quote it here, partly because it is eminently appropriate to our subject. Throughout these poems, not less

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than in their author's prose, however keen the sensibility to pleasure, however hopeless at the moment may appear the problem of life, there is a steadfast, loyal fidelity to morality; never the impulse to grasp recklessly the joys of sense; never the disposition to say, "Evil, be thou my good." It is this moral fidelity which, even in the poems of deepest sadness, might be accepted as the presage of that serene morning which breaks upon the later pages. And, further, we quote this passage from Robertson, because our subject inevitably takes our thoughts beyond all literary criticism, into the struggles which to-day are going on in numberless minds, mostly in silence; and to such minds these words, from one who has been through the depths of the struggle and conquered, come home with deepest insight and power:

"It is an awful moment when the soul begins to find that the props on which it has blindly rested so long are, many of them, rotten, and begins to suspect them all; when it begins to feel the nothingness of many of the traditionary opinions which have been received with implicit confidence, and in that horrible insecurity begins also to doubt whether there be anything to believe at all. It is an awful hour,—let him who has passed through it say how awful,—when this life has lost its meaning and seems shriveled into a span; when the grave appears to be the end of all, human goodness nothing but a name, and the sky above this universe a dead expanse, black with the void from which God himself has disappeared. In that fearful loneliness of spirit, when those who should have been his friends and counselors only frown upon his misgivings, and profanely bid him stifle doubts, which for aught he knows may arise from the fountain of truth itself; to extinguish, as a glare from hell, that which for aught he knows may be light from heaven; and everything seems wrapped in hideous uncertainty,—I know but one way in which a man may come forth from his agony scatheless: it is by holding fast to those things which are certain still,—the grand, simple landmarks of morality. In the darkest hour through which a human soul can pass, whatever else is doubtful, this at least is certain: If there be no God, and no future state, yet, even then, it is better to be generous than selfish, better to be chaste than licentious, better to be true than false, better to be brave than to be a coward. Blessed beyond all earthly blessedness is the man who, in the tempestuous darkness of the soul, has dared to hold fast to these venerable landmarks. Thrice blessed is he who—when all is drear and cheerless within and without, when his teachers terrify him, and his friends shrink from him—has obstinately clung to moral good. Thrice blessed, because *his* night shall pass into clear, bright day. I appeal to the recollection of any man who has passed through that hour of agony, and stood upon the rock at last, the surges stilled below him, and the last cloud drifted from the sky above, with a faith, and hope, and trust no longer traditional, but of his own,—a trust which neither earth nor hell shall shake thenceforth forever."

MADAME BONAPARTE'S LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

FIRST PAPER.

THE romantic marriage of Elizabeth Patterson, of Baltimore, and Jerome Bonaparte, the youngest brother of Napoleon, and the unfortunate termination of that ambitious and ill-starred match, are familiar to most readers. Shamefully deserted by the man who had solemnly sworn to love and protect her forever, and disappointed of the dazzling career which she had fondly anticipated at the imperial court of France, Madame Bonaparte's brave and determined spirit was bruised, but not broken. Foiled in her brilliant schemes, she returned to her father's house, where it would seem she did not receive the welcome of the returned prodigal.

The subsequent career of Madame Bonaparte as a beauty, wit and queen in the first circles of European society has only been vaguely surmised. The recent discovery of her letters, written to her father during this period of her social success—when beauties envied her beauty and wits dreaded her wit, when kings sought her acquaintance and princes claimed her friendship—will enable us to give to the world the true story of the most brilliant years of this remarkable woman's life. These letters have lain in a lumber-room of the old Patterson mansion on South street, in the city of Baltimore, since the death of William Patterson—the father of Madame Bonaparte—in 1836. A few years since, the old house was pulled down to make way for the opening of German street, and the contents of the garret were sold to a junk dealer for a trifling sum. The junk dealer sold them to a paper dealer, who, fortunately, discovered their value, and instead of sending them to the paper-mill, disposed of them to the present writer. The package was carefully tied with red tape and indorsed "Betsy's Letters." Each letter was also indorsed with the name and date, for Mr. Patterson, one of the merchant princes of Baltimore, was a methodical man of business.

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In this correspondence, the three predominant traits of Madame Bonaparte's life are revealed with astonishing distinctness: her ambition, her maternal devotion, and her love of money. Her letters display an amazing knowledge of the world, a keen analysis of men's motives, and an eager pursuit of worldly honors. This Baltimore girl, married at eighteen and deserted at twenty, seems to have possessed the *savoir vivre* of Chesterfield, the cold cynicism of Rochefoucauld, and the practical economy of Franklin. She always addresses her father as "Dear Sir," and shows no affection for any person except her son.

The first letter was written after Jerome had left her, but while there was still doubt whether he would abandon her.

ENGLAND, August 14, 1805.

DEAR SIR: * * * * *

We have at length concluded on remaining here the winter, but not in London, as my going into public or showing myself would be highly improper. I have received no letters from Bonaparte since he has seen the Emperor—he wrote to me from Madrid and Mont Cenis, which is near Milan, where the Emperor then was; but, on his arrival, his brother refused to see him, and he is now cruising before Genoa. He sent Le Camus from Milan to Amsterdam to meet me, and upon finding I was neither at Amsterdam or Embden, Le Camus refused to leave his letter for me with Robert.* I however have just received a message from Bonaparte as late as 29th of June, that he was as much attached to me as ever—he sent this to me through the medium of some English friends of the Marchioness of Donegal, who reside at Genoa. I suppose he finds it impossible to have a letter conveyed. I request you will not mention a word of my affairs to Mr. O'Donnell;† for, although he would not willingly injure me by telling, yet he is incapable of keeping a secret, and everything that is said the French Minister Turreau will certainly write to France. They have had poor Bentalou‡ in the Temple, but he is liberated; they took from him a letter from you to Bonaparte, and I have never been able to get a single letter sent to him. I am sure, likewise, that Turreau has orders to try to sound you with respect to my consenting to a separation from Bonaparte on certain conditions; but, as we have no reason to suppose that he will ever consent to give me up, we must certainly act as if we supposed him possessed of some principle and honor. Turreau will likewise try to find from you what were his intentions on leaving the United States in case the Emperor would not receive me; but a perfect silence if he sees you or talks of me would be the safest.

We imagine that Bonaparte is in some measure a prisoner, and we must wait patiently to know how he will act; in the meantime, it would be extremely imprudent for me to go out or see any one, and I must avoid getting into any scrapes which I might be led into from thinking that he would desert me. No matter what I think, it is unjust to condemn until we have some certainty greater than at present, and my conduct shall be such as if I had a perfect reliance on him. I think that by returning to the United States it would seem as if I had yielded the point, and by next spring everything will be decided.

Mr. Monroe* and family are in London and have shown us the greatest civility and kindness. It is of the greatest importance for you to be very guarded with respect to Turreau; for I have every reason to know that they will try to prevail on me to consent to a separation, and if they can get anything from either you or myself like encouragement, they will persuade Bonaparte that we have no objection, provided, etc., etc., etc.

Do not speak of my connection with the Marchioness of Donegal as if it were known that she conveyed a message from Bonaparte to me, or from me to him, which she has promised, she might be brought into trouble, and no one would venture to oblige us again. We received last evening a letter from Garnier† at Genoa; he says that Bonaparte desires me to return to the United States, that he will be absent from me a year or eighteen months, and that he strongly objects to my staying in England, but we think it is a trick of Garnier's, and that Bonaparte knows nothing about the letter,—especially, as we know Garnier to be a villain. The Emperor has offered to give me twelve thousand dollars a year during my life, on condition that I would return to America and give up his name. I request you will not mention this proposal; I have never taken the smallest notice of it. I never talk before any one of the Emperor or any of his family, and one advantage of my staying the winter in this country is, that I escape observation more than in Baltimore, where you know people are always on the watch, and where many stories would be written to France. We received yesterday letters from Mama and Miss Spear,‡ of the 29th of May, they express surprise at me not saying anything about the decree the Emperor had passed to annul my marriage in our letters from Lisbon. But not one of us knew it until Bonaparte had departed, and he was ignorant of it when he left us. You must place no confidence in what the English papers say, as they often publish that I will appear in public, when I am sitting quietly in my room. * * *

I remain, Dear Sir, yours,

E.

In the autumn of 1805, Madame Bonaparte returned to Baltimore, where she resided until the fall of Napoleon at Waterloo, when she visited England and France. While the ex-emperor was dragging out a weary exile at St. Helena, and his family were excluded from France, Madame Bonaparte was reigning in the *salons* of Paris, receiving homage from Wellington, compliments from Talleyrand, and presents from princes.

CHELTENHAM, August 22, 1815.

DEAR SIR: I have been obliged to remain here owing to indisposition, but shall proceed to Paris when my health will permit me to travel. I have been agreeably surprised at the kind and flattering

* Brother of Madame Bonaparte.

† John O'Donnell, Esq., a wealthy East India merchant in Baltimore, at the beginning of this century.

‡ A French officer who served in the American Revolution.

* James Monroe, afterward President of United States.

† Dr. Garnier, Jerome's physician in America.

‡ Cousin of Madame Bonaparte.

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reception which I have received from the most fashionable and elevated ranks of society in this country —nor is there anything left for me to desire except the presence of my American friends to witness the estimation in which I have the happiness to be held. The political state of Europe is still fluctuating. France is a volcano from which occasionally are emitted sparks of fire which threaten alike all parties. Louis XVIII. remains at Paris protected by the combined forces of Europe. Napoleon is gone to St. Helena, but has left behind him a reputation which adversity has not subverted.

* * * * * * *

Every one wishes me to educate my child in England, and they are good enough to flatter him by saying that Bonaparte talents ought to have English education. He would indeed be much more highly considered in Europe than in America where unfortunately he possesses no rank, and could I combine with the interest he excites here, the solid advantages of a larger fortune, I should be too happy! As a last resort he must be a professional character, and the talent with which nature has so lavishly endowed him might lead him to the highest eminence in Europe. America and its institutions are yet in a state of infancy—nor is there from the commercial complexion of all its pursuits the same field for successful exertion of the kind of mental superiority which your grandson, happily or unhappily, possesses. Splendid intellectual endowments may be a misery or a blessing to their possessor, and everything depends on the method of directing them in early age.* My conduct in leaving America was the result of much previous reflection, nor do I see any reason yet to regret it—on the contrary, my most sanguine expectations have been exceeded.

CHELTENHAM, Sept. 2, 1815.

DEAR SIR: * * * * * * *

As to leaving America without the consent of my friends,—it appears to me that, if indeed I have friends there, they would have wished me to come to a country where I am cherished, visited, respected and admired. It appears to me that, if I have friends in America, their friendship might have been shown in some more agreeable mode than finding fault with me for being miserable in a country where I never was appreciated and where I never can be contented. It appears to me natural too that, if I have friends in America,—which I have, I reluctantly confess, sometimes doubted,—that their pride might be gratified in hearing that I am in the first society in Europe; and that too for my personal merits; for without vanity I may say so, since I have neither rank, fortune nor friends of my own, willing to assist or protect me. I acknowledge that the standing I possess in this country is highly flattering, and that it is not surprising I should prefer people of rank and distinction who are willing to notice me,—their attentions are very gratuitous for I am a very poor stranger, and a very unfortunate one on many accounts. * * * Every one who knows me has heard that your wealth is enormous, and consequently they think I shall have a large fortune from you. In Europe a handsome woman who is likely to have a fortune may marry well, but if it gets about that her parents are dissatisfied with her they will think she will get nothing by them, and if she had the beauty of Venus and the talents of Minerva no one will marry her. People here are not such fools as to marry poor beauties, however much they may admire them.

* * * * * * * * *

Your own pride must be interested in having me the object of public esteem and your interest is to have me placed in an elevated situation. As to the opinions of old Mr. Gilmor and other very respectable and worthy persons, that I ought to be in Baltimore, they only tell you so, because they know that their daughters might come here and never be known. Besides they are envious of your fortune and my situation. Look how they run after the poorest sprigs of nobility, and then you will know what they think of my standing in Europe. I am surprised you do not see the advantages of my position, compared with that of the daughters of other people in Baltimore, and that you permit the chattering of envious people to influence you. You well know that the wealth of our family, and the consequence which from many circumstances we possess, must be very disagreeable to others, and small towns are always worse than others in every respect. If people do not approbate my conduct in America what is the reason they paid me so much attention? Ask George* what I was in New York. What other American woman was ever attended to as I have been there? Who ever had better offers? I never would marry without rank, or God knows I might have got money enough by marriage. They are afraid of your supporting me in a rank, and of your sending my child where he will be in one which all their government stock, insurance stock and real property could never put them. Let them come and try which is of most consequence, they or me! I confess that it would have been perhaps a blessing if I could have vegetated as the wife of some respectable man in business; but you know that nature never intended me for obscurity, and that with my disposition and character, I am better as I am. * * * *

All my conduct is calculated, but you will undo the effects of my prudence if you write to certain people, who show your letters. Let people think you are proud of me, which indeed you have good reason to be, as I am very prudent and wise.

E. P.

In her next letter she alludes with just pride to the perfect propriety of her conduct which, during a long residence in the most corrupt society, remained untarnished.

CHELTENHAM, September 23, 1815.

DEAR SIR: I every day find new reasons to think we succeed best in strange places, since human infirmity seldom stands the test of close and perpetual communion. Europe more than meets the brilliant and vivid colors in which my imagination had portrayed it. Its resources are infinite, much beyond those which can be offered us in a new country. The reception I am happy to meet in England makes me regret the loss of health which sometimes obliges me to decline brilliant parties. The Portuguese ambassador, Count Tonsall, sent me through Viscount Lord Strangford, late ambassador at the Portuguese court, an invitation to a grand ball given to the nobility of Cheltenham. I left my bed at ten o'clock to go, as my attendance was expected, and at one in the morning I found myself so ill as to be unable to go to the supper table, and to be obliged to return.

* * * * * *

My fervent desire of European pleasures was not

* At this time her son was ten years old.

* George Patterson, her youngest brother.

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the vision of a distempered fancy, it was only a prophetic spirit of the fascinations which here surround existence. The purposes of life are all fulfilled—activity and repose without monotony. Beauty commands homage, talents secure admiration, misfortune meets with respect.

In this country the term *old*, which is so often repeated in America, is completely banished from the polite vocabulary. Women of forty, even fifty, are more cherished and as advantageously married as chits of sixteen. They are not here cheated out of their youth as with us, but retain the glorious privilege of charming until at least sixty. Another advantage too they possess of generally marrying men as young or younger than themselves. Since I am so happy as to be in the best society, I much deplore the absence of American friends to witness the estimation in which I am held. I have taken a house for myself, as the customs of this country do not authorize any person of fashion in remaining at a boarding-house; Lady Falkener has been kind enough to chaperone me, and my house communicates with hers. There is no danger of my committing a single imprudent action—circumspect conduct can alone preserve those distinctions for which I sighed during ten years. * * *

The laureled hero, the sceptered monarch, the subtle statesman, the profound politician, have all been betrayed by the *ignis fatuus* of admiration into ruin and degradation. The situation of a young and beautiful woman has ever been one of peril. Detraction accompanies praise, and the advantages of loveliness are dearly purchased by the pains which envy inflicts. * * * *

The Americans begin to excite respect and interest. Their war, so calamitous in its existence, has produced beneficial results. My compatriots enjoy a degree of consideration abroad which was long denied them. They are admitted by their proud enemy into the scale of nations. American institutions, government, manners, climate, etc., etc., have become the subject of inquiry and concern. I feel some little complacency in pronouncing myself an individual of a country which every one seems to think will one day be great. I contribute my mite of applause to the valor of its defenders, and the wisdoms of its councils. *Vive la Patrie!* I exaggerate when I descant on its amusements, since whatever may be the great destinies which Baltimore may develop, its pleasures have not yet dawned. Patriotism induces me to draw a veil over the defects of my country; and policy as well as fashion dictate patriotic feelings. The British are, as they modestly confess, the greatest nation in the world. We must acknowledge that their monstrous vanity is excusable when we know that their gold, their armies, and their councils have successfully directed the efforts of combined Europe against the man whose talents menaced their existence. He was the object of their admiration and dread, and they have in him subverted the glory, the existence of France as a nation. They do not in England pretend to revile Napoleon, as some persons in America have done. His stupendous abilities are admitted—his misfortunes almost respected by his enemies. I listen silently to any discussion in which he bears a part. I easily perceive that he has more justice done him here than with us.

Adieu, dear sir, yours affectionately, E. B.

Madame Bonaparte was now in Paris, for whose gayety she had sighed for ten years. She always detested Baltimore, and seemed to liken herself, while there, to a grain of wheat hid in a bushel of chaff.

PARIS, 22 February, 1816.

DEAR SIR: I have received your letters by Triplicata. As all mine are liable to be opened and published, I wish you would have the goodness to avoid mentioning such things as you have done. I am really pained at your sentiments respecting the course I have pursued. It is the only one which can make me happy, and was adopted after the experience and reflection of my whole life. I am not half as foolish as you imagine, or I should, perhaps, have been more contented. There is but one single chance of securing tranquility for the future years which I may have to live, that is to remain in Europe. I can never be satisfied in America. It was always my misfortune to be unfitted for the modes of existence there, nor can I return to them without a sacrifice of all I value on earth. I have everything necessary to my complete success except money. I possess the means of commanding everything else. I preserve amidst the corruption, the pleasures, the liberty of Paris, the most irreproachable conduct. I have the courage to submit to every privation when a departure from the strictest propriety is required. I form no plans, I try to hope that some unexpected happiness may continue me where alone I attach value to existence. The Ex-King of Westphalia is now living at the court of Würtemberg. He has a large fortune, and is too mean to support his own son. He ought to pay you your money.

I remain, sir, affectionately yours,
E. Etc, etc.

Notwithstanding Madame Bonaparte's repeated declarations that she could not be happy in America, she returned to her native city of Baltimore, where she remained until the first of May, 1819, when, with her son, she again sailed for Europe, and after a tedious voyage of seven weeks arrived at Amsterdam on the 25th of June, whence they started in a private conveyance for Geneva, where Jerome was to continue his education. The expenses of the journey, amounting to seventy-five guineas, were duly reported by Jerome to his grandfather, Mr. Patterson. Immediately upon their arrival in Geneva, Madame Bonaparte became the recipient of attentions from the most distinguished people who were residing at the time in that city. Among others were the step-son of the Duke of Kent (father of Queen Victoria), the Princess Potempkin of one of the oldest families in Russia, Princess Galitzen, and Prince Demidoff, then the wealthiest noble in Europe, whose ancestor was originally a Russian serf who fled from his native village to avoid conscription, and laid the foundation of his immense fortune by the manufacture of arms during the reign of Peter the Great.

In the spring of 1820, the Princess Borghese signified through Mr. John Jacob

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Astor her desire that Madame Bonaparte and her son should visit her at Rome, and her wish to make some provision for the latter. Madame Bonaparte wrote to the princess, expressing her appreciation of the invitation and saying that she was unwilling to interrupt Jerome's education.

On 23d of April, Mr. Astor wrote to Madame Bonaparte from Florence as follows:

Your letter to the Princess* I received at Rome and gave it to her myself; the day after she sent a friend to me to inquire about your circumstances. I told her what I thought was the case, that your father is very wealthy, but that his property consisted chiefly in houses and lands which at present did not produce much; that he has a large family, say seven besides yourself, and that I believed you had to economize to educate your son. I was then asked whether you did not receive anything from the King of Westphalia. I said I was pretty sure you never received a dollar from him. Then the Emperor was mentioned. I said I knew that he once made some provision, but that it had long been withdrawn. The result was that the person did not know what the Princess would do, and you know I had no right to inquire farther. My own opinion is that she feels an interest in your son, and I suppose that under certain circumstances would do something for him. I presume she would wish to have him, but I give it as my opinion that at present you would not give him up to any one.

She has your letter. I think you will do well to depend on yourself and keep your son steady to his education. She was quite unwell when I left Rome, so much so that I could not see her to take leave. Your son will have sense enough not to be flattered with prospects which may prove vain.

* * * * * * *

JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

10 April, 1820.

DEAR SIR: * * * * *

Two weeks ago I received a letter from Mr. Astor of New York, who spent a month last summer in the same boarding-house with me in this country, which he left for Italy in the autumn. His letter, dated Rome, 15th of March, contains: "Last evening we had the honor of an introduction to the Princess B——, who immediately inquired after you and your son. When I informed her that I had left you at Geneva, she expressed much regret at your not having made the journey with us. She then said: 'I am very happy to find an opportunity of speaking frankly to you. I wish very much to see Madame P. and her son here. I have spoken to Mr. Russell and Commodore Stuard [*sic*]; both promised me to speak and write to Mrs. P——, but as yet I have no account of them or her. My object is to make some provision for the son of my brother, who is poor and can give him nothing. I am rich and have no child, and find in myself every disposition to do everything for him.' She requested me to write you without delay in her name to invite you to make her a visit and to bring your son."

* * * * * * *

Having never heard either from Russel or Stuard—your letter of 26 February not having reached me, nor that to which you allude as having sent some days previously directed to the care of Vanbaggan, Parker & Dixon (the latter not now arrived)—I wrote the following letter to the Princess, copy of which I inclose to you. I made every inquiry concerning her circumstances, disposition, and mode of life. She has, perhaps, some fortune of her own. Her husband has been compelled to make her an allowance (which, I presume, is only for her life). They are separated, but not divorced. She is about thirty-seven years of age, the handsomest woman in Europe of her age, excessively luxurious, consequently expensive in her habits, said to be extremely capricious in her attachments. They are a sort of state prisoners who can move only with the permission of the sovereigns of Europe, and the wife of Joseph was refused permission to inhabit her château in Switzerland last summer. My opinion is that I should go to the Princess myself in the autumn for three months, that Cricket should be left at his present boarding-school, as his education is the only certain fortune which I can calculate on for him, that he should remain ignorant of the expectations which are held out to him and on which I think there is no reliance to be placed, until he has acquired sufficient instruction to enable him to pursue some useful and honorable occupation in life. * * * * *

The desire of the Princess for my residence with her offers many advantages and disadvantages. Rome is a delightful place, she occupies a superb palace, receives the homage of all strangers of distinction; pleasure is the sole pursuit in Italy, her modes of existence are magnificent; although capricious and spoiled by adulation, which in a beautiful woman and a princess is very natural, they say she is good *au fond*. I should prefer Rome to Geneva, a palace to my apartment, strangers of distinction to my present resources, pleasure to work, elegance to economy, my liberty to all these attractions and the interests of my child to every other consideration. I expect her answer to my letter which will decide my departure. I shall remain three months near her; my object is to judge by my own eyes and ears, to engage a continuation of her present friendship for the child, and to convince her of the necessity of letting him pursue his education here for three or four years. * * *

I cannot consistently with my ideas of propriety expose my son to the danger of losing his time in a country where amusement is the sole pursuit. Three years will produce great changes. It is not prudent for him to change his place of residence at the present moment; if he joins them, he will be obliged to share their captivity—at present he is considered as entirely separated from their destinies, which are very fluctuating and completely under the dominion of others. My resolution is uninfluenced by personal feelings, never having felt the least resentment toward any individual of that family, who certainly injured me, but not from motives which could offend me—I was sacrificed to political considerations, not to the gratification of bad feelings, and under the pressure of insupportable disappointment became not unjust. * * Adieu, sir.

Yours affectionately,

E.

25 April, 1820.

DEAR SIR: * * * * * *

I am desirous to profit by every remote chance of wealth for him and at the same time conscious that a good education is the only certain advantage I can command for him. I wish to make him ac-

* Pauline Bonaparte, wife of Prince Borghese, of Rome.

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quainted with the old lady, of whom, by the way, I have heard nothing, and if I take him there it will not be in my power perhaps to bring him here again, as none of that family are allowed to come here, and once received by them he will be considered as one of them. The French Chargé, at Amsterdam, refused me a passport for him to travel through France, which would have been a shorter route to this place: he said his resemblance to the Emperor was so striking that it would expose me to great inconvenience in that country, and that he could not accord him a passport without first stating this fact to the government and obtaining their decision. * * * * * * *

The fact is my task is no easy one; this child has more conversation and better manners, a more graceful presentation, than other children of his age, consequently he excites more attention, and I am constantly tormented with the fear of seeing him spoiled by the compliments paid him in society of which if I compel him to abandon he will lose the ease and habits of politeness so difficult to acquire at a later period. He has grown taller and much better looking; he is thought very handsome, but I do not myself think him by any means a beauty and regret that others tell him so, as it is a kind of praise which never made any one better or happier. I do not think there is any confidence to be placed in expectations from his father's family; they are less wealthy than reported to be. I have seen a person who lived years with the mother, who, she says, is a woman of sense and great fortitude, that her fortune cannot be immense, as, although a great economist, she was obliged to spend great part of her income. * * * * * * *

The King of W. spends everything he can get hold of and will keep up kingly state until his expended means leave him a beggar. He has never taken the slightest notice of his son, and is said to be as extravagant and thoughtless as he was fifteen years ago. He buys houses and then leaves them, and is less popular than any of his family. * *

There is certainly no doubt of the policy of my keeping the child on the best possible terms with them; one can lose nothing by that. I shall write and act as if I firmly believed there was something to expect, although I confess I am not sanguine on the subject, distrusting all good which I do not find perceptible to the touch. * * * *

There is a son of Sir Robert and Lady Wilmot going out with the British Ambassador. I have given him a letter to Robert Gilmor. I know his mother and father, to whom I gave the letter here, not knowing the young man. If you should be giving a family dinner you might invite him; but I do not advise people to take any trouble about strangers, as they are very ungrateful in general, and their acquaintance of no great advantage unless one has daughters to get rid of.

Adieu, sir.

Yours affectionately.

GENEVA, May 8, 1820.

DEAR SIR: * * * *

Lady Morgan arrived here a few days since. She left Rome the first of April; was very intimate with the Princess whilst there, who spoke to her of her desire to see us in Rome, but did not mention any intention of either offering her house or making any provision for Bo. She desired Lady Morgan to write to me to come there, and expressed her interest in us. Lady Morgan describes her extravagance as boundless. She keeps up the state of a queen, and is not at all to be relied on, as she is perfectly capricious, and will spend her whole fortune before a great while, and perhaps much more than her own. Lady M. says I would be mad to take the child there; that his education would be sacrificed; that he would adopt the most absurd ideas of his own greatness, as they all call themselves Majesty and Highness, and expect to return to France as they were formerly; that there is not the least dependence to be placed on her promises, which she makes to get us there, because she hates the Queen of W. and her brother Jerome, who have both behaved very unfeelingly to the family since their dethronement, whom they seem now anxious to cut, and have ceased all correspondence with them. * * * * *

She says the old lady has sense and dignity; that if she had promised she would place greater confidence, but that she said nothing on the subject, and that it is more than probable she will have very little to leave. * * * She told Lady M. that she had heard that I was like her, and asked her if she saw the resemblance. Lady M. is one of the shrewdest women in Europe, and her opinion is perfectly to be relied on. She knows the value of money as well as any one, and when it is worth while to put oneself in the way of getting it. She thinks the Princess would like to have Bo with her to provoke the Queen of W., but she is firmly of opinion that he would be ruined for every purpose of life if taken to her, and that he should be kept where he is, if it is intended that he should pursue a profession as a maintenance, that there is nothing to expect from the Princess or any of them. * * *

Joseph is the only certain fortune; they all have children except the Princess, who has a life income in her husband's estate. * * *

Yours affectionately.

GENEVA, May 22, 1821.

DEAR SIR: I beg you to do me the favor of sending the inclosed to the Count de Survilliers.* It is an answer to his proposal of my inhabiting his château in Switzerland. He gives me the choice of three furnished country-houses, and an order to that effect to his agent here. I cannot however accept either; they are too far from town for me, who have no carriage, and I should be melancholy without society. He has been very friendly, and from what Mrs. Toussard writes me, he appears disposed to acknowledge and be fond of Bo. I have not been in Italy, nor do I propose taking the child, having seen at once that it would have been his ruin. I have had a letter from his father, in which he informs me that his fortune is not sufficient to provide for his present family, who will be taken care of by their mother; that I might have known his character too well to suppose he ever thought of laying by a fortune; and that the little he did save he has been cheated out of by the persons he trusted. I believe he is not as bad-hearted as many people think, and that many of his faults and much of his bad conduct proceed from extravagance and folly, which are indeed the source of all evil, both to their possessors and to those about them. * * *

I am, dear sir, yours affectionately,

E. P.

The Prince and Princess of Würtemburg are here, have invited me to see them, and particularly requested Bo should be presented to them. The Prince is brother to the late King, and uncle to the

* Joseph Bonaparte, ex-King of Spain, who assumed this title after the fall of Napoleon.

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ex-Queen of Westphalia. He expressed his surprise at his resemblance to the Emperor, which is remarked by every one that sees him. * * * Please have the inclosed letter put in an envelope and addressed to the Count, it not being respectful to send a single sheet of paper to a person of his rank; and the postage is too dear to allow me to make this package larger for Amsterdam. * *

GENEVA, September 19, 1821.

DEAR SIR: * * * * * *

I am fully aware of the little reliance to be placed on either promises or expectations from the B—— family. They are prodigal of professions in proportion as they are sparing in actions of generosity. Their habits of expense make it impossible for them to provide for the wants of others, but as they say kind things, it is but fair they should be answered in the same way. We reciprocate by all opportunities kind wishes on their part and grateful expressions of mine—there can be nothing lost by this mutual expenditure of words, because I am too clear sighted to be the dupe of ill-founded hopes. I have not changed in a single instance my plans. The offer of the house was something like reality of kindness. The Count passes in the estimation of the world for being possessed of greater wealth, consistency of character and prudence than the others. The old lady, to do her justice, promises nothing more than she gives. She is said to be avaricious, which, I suppose, means that she does not spend more than her income. Whatever may be her means, she has immediately around her a number of helpless, extravagant relations to consume her fortune whenever she leaves it. * * * *

I am, dear sir, yours truly,

E. P.

GENEVA, October 16, 1821.

DEAR SIR: I have resolved by the advice of many persons to spend this winter at Rome and to take Bo with me. I confess my own opinion is, that this step will avail him nothing, unless it be the conviction that there is nothing to be expected from any one but himself, and that his success in the world must ultimately depend on his own exertions.

* * * * * * *

My desire was to defer this experiment until he was two years older, but as the old lady and the Princess may not live so long, it has been urged to me, that I was allowing an occasion to escape, which might be irrecoverable hereafter. * * *

I can only add, that I am grateful to the kind Providence which withheld from me the care of a larger family, and amidst all the trials and disappointments which have fallen to my share I take comfort to myself that I have only one child. I do believe that it is impossible to give children sufficient ideas of the necessity of economy and industry, when parents are not in absolute want, and that it is only when they are reared in the midst of privation and starvation that they can be made to comprehend the folly of spending time and money on trifles.

I have taken three seats in a carriage which contains six passengers. The terms are fifteen Louis d'or each person hence to Rome, found by the driver for this sum in a seat and two meals per day, bed at night, and fire if wanted. I pay seven Louis d'or only for the maid, who sits on the box with the coachman. We must, however, pay something at the inns to servants, and at least three Louis to the coachman if content with him on our arrival, besides paying for the days we may desire to spend at large towns on the way. This bargain is said to be one of the best that has been made here, but I find it quite dear enough. * * * *

Yours affectionately,

E. P.

Bo has grown very tall, and I am persuaded he is quite as industrious and promising as other children of his age, but the solicitude and care of a parent are much greater than any common success can ever repay. * * * *

ROME, 28 November, 1821.

DEAR SIR: * * * * * *

The Princess B. had heard from Florence that I was on my way to Rome. She wrote me a note, expressing her desire to see me instantly on my arrival, sent it to all the hotels in Rome, where I was not to be found, having taken rooms in a private house, until, an American paying her a morning visit, she discovered my address. I answered her note by asking the hour her Highness would be pleased to receive me. She immediately sent her lady of honor in her carriage to convey me to the Palace, since which I have been there every day.

I have waited on Madame [*Mère*], after her expressed desire that I should. They have all been very kind. The Princess has presented me with an elegant ball-dress, a pink satin cloak, and a bonnet. She has new-dressed Bo even to his flannel jacket, and has promised to allow him two thousand francs, or four hundred dollars annually to dress himself until he marries, when the pension will cease, and she will give him a capital of forty thousand francs, or eight thousand dollars.

She and Madame wish Joseph to marry him to his youngest daughter, now in America, in which event the Princess would leave something to him at her death. She has written this to her brother, and if he likes the match she wishes me to take the child out, and to return to live in Rome myself for company for her. * * * * *

They are all pleased with Bo. I shall be directed by circumstances, which are very mutable in this life. The marriage, I know, was desired by Joseph, who wrote it to the Princess. She answered that she desired one between the son of Lucien and Joseph's daughter, now in America. Since our arrival she is still more anxious that my son should be the person chosen instead of Lucien's son, which some [time] ago she had desired. She has written her preference of my son, but whether Joseph will choose him I know not. Madame, knowing the state of Jerome's finances and the impossibility of his ever doing anything for any one, wishes Joseph to provide for this child by a marriage. I have given my consent and promise that he shall remain with Joseph wherever he may be, but will not incur the expense of a sea-voyage unless Joseph writes me positively his intentions. This I have stated, as well as the impossibility of my giving any money, my income being with great economy barely sufficient for my own maintenance.

Yours truly, dear sir.

Bo feels the propriety of doing what I please on the subject of the marriage, and has no foolish ideas of disposing of himself, in the way young people do in America.

I have taken rooms in Rome, where everything is horridly dear, ten guineas per month. I find there is great scarcity of money in all places and all families, and the great expectations and chatterings of travelers are exactly what I always supposed, nothing but smoke. I am very glad I came here. They have received us extremely well, and at all events I have done my duty, which is all we can do

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in this world, where no one is for his pleasure, and where events baffle all schemes of prudence. No one can command success; wisdom consists in profiting by lucky chances.

If the marriage is offered I mean to accept it, and as things go in the generalities of families, shall esteem myself fortunate in being able to dispose of my son according to my views, instead of his choosing before his judgment is matured, and probably encumbering himself for life with a poor wife and clamorous offspring. Marriage ought never to be entered into for any other purpose than comfort, and there is none without consequence and fortune; without these it is more prudent to live single.

ROME, Dec. 21, 1821.

DEAR SIR: Bo has been well received by his family; his grandmother and his aunt have written to the Count their desire to marry him immediately to his daughter now in America, and have asked me to take him in the spring, if the Count still perseveres in wishing this connexion which I know he did some time ago. I have told the P——— that I have no money to give, and as his uncle is so rich I imagine there will be no question of getting anything with the boy. It cannot be expected that I should rob myself, and as it is their wish to keep up the name through him, they will arrange matters to support him. There is one thing however which must be insisted upon, in the event of her death before his, part of her fortune must be his. I cannot expose him to the inconvenience of contracting expensive habits, losing his education by marrying at this time too, without some certain support, if he should be left a widower. This point must be stipulated, and if my health should not allow me to accompany Bo in the spring, I must request you to act in my place. I shall write you particularly to this effect when we receive the Count's answer to his mother's and sister's letters. I forwarded him two through France from the Princess immediately after my having seen the ladies. * * I am rejoiced at having brought him here, although I feared the experiment might prove a dangerous one. At all events there will be no loss except of a few months from his education. * * I wait the arrival of the Count's letters, but shall not be surprised at a failure of the affair. For this life there is nothing but disappointment. The happiest are those who support misfortune best. * * *

I remain, dear sir, yours affectionately,

E. P.

ROME, 8th January, 1822.

DEAR SIR: I have already written you an account of our arrival and reception here. Bo has been received very affectionately by his relations. His aunt allows him a dollar a day to dress himself. * * The grandmother is said to be rich; we may, however, make allowances for an exaggeration of one-half. She lives in great splendor, and with great economy; her principal expense being the interest of her palace and furniture,—a palace here is worth about thirty thousand dollars the first purchase. She is very kind to Bo. He goes to see her every day. She gave him forty guineas to buy a horse, but as there was no allowance for his keep, I persuaded Bo to hire one by the month. The fact is her own children are always wanting money from her, which perhaps accounts for her relying on my income to maintain her grandson, which appears to be the intention of all his family also. His father, they all say, is ruined, therefore it is vain to expect anything from him. I do indeed regret that there is no one of the whole connexion rich enough to allow me twelve hundred dollars a year for Bo's maintenance. He dines with them, rides with them, goes to their boxes at the theater, and they seem very much pleased with him. He has resumed his family name, which piece of vanity may give me some trouble about his passports. I am glad I brought him because I like to know that nothing has been lost by not coming after it. * * I am now curious to know Joseph's answer to the ladies' written desire of a marriage. * * *

I can only say I have spent my time and money on this boy. I shall give nothing more until my death. They do not expect me to do anything, as I have been at the whole expense of his education. I shall not be at all surprised if Joseph has changed his mind too by this time. * * * * * *

I am, dear sir, yours affectionately,

E——

They expect the K. W. and his wife here on a visit to his mother. I fancy he is coming to get money out of her. The family are all like other families * * * I shall not see the K. W., nor would he like it himself, after the unhandsome way in which he has always conducted himself. I shall hold my tongue, which is all I can possibly do for him.

In order to further the scheme for the marriage of her son to Joseph's daughter, Jerome was dispatched to America that he might be on hand.

ROME, 29–30 January, 1822.

DEAR SIR: Jerome sails in the *White Oak*, to leave Leghorn the 14th or 20th of February. His grandmother, who has been very kind to him, his Uncle Louis and the Cardinal, all advise me to lose no time in sending him to his Uncle Joseph. The Princess, after having been consulted the first person, and having approbated highly the project of embarking him, has since changed her mind now that his passage is engaged and every preparation made for sending him. If Joseph should continue to desire the marriage it will be one that all the family desire, and the only probable way of ever getting anything like pecuniary aid for the boy from any of the family. Madame is most anxious for the match; I do not think it absolutely necessary for me to go out, as I should think you might do everything I could do. The principal and only thing is to see that he will not be left without any provision if she dies before him, or that he will not be entirely dependent on her as long as she lives. They tell me here, Joseph means to give a hundred thousand dollars on the marriage. If he does not secure the whole or any part to her, there is nothing to be said, as the money becomes her husband's. But if he means to tie it up, I wish at least fifty thousand to be settled on my son. There is no knowing how marriages may turn out—women may treat husbands ill, leave them, die before them, but if a good provision be made for the husband, there is nothing lost by risking a marriage. * * *

If Joseph desires to have him in Philadelphia with him, of course it is better to let him stay with him as much as possible. His daughters are the best matches in Europe—in point of both money and connection. They will have at least five hundred thousand dollars from him each and something besides from their mother. They are the nieces of the Queen of Sweden. The family are so anxious for my son's marriage—Madame has refused to acknowledge the marriage of Lucien's daughter with

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We warn this better South of which we have spoken that it must arouse itself and assert itself, if it would save the section of the country which it so enthusiastically loves from irredeemable disgrace. The thing has gone too far already, and unless these people are willing to pass the South into the undisputed possession of the men who despise the law and propose to take its administration into their own violent hands, they must arouse themselves, and become the sworn and devoted vindicators of the law. When a man takes the life of a brother man he must be made to suffer the legal penalty. They cannot but see that the matter is growing worse from year to year. Any man can commit a murder now, if he be in high life, and do it for personal reasons, and bear a white skin, with a great degree of certainty that nobody connected with the law will take any notice of it; and so long as this fact obtains, the murders will go on, and nobody will be safe. A man might as well live in hell as in a community where the law has no force and life has no sacredness. As an American who loves his country, we are ashamed of these outrages upon Christian decency and modern civilization, and they are, indeed, a burning shame upon the nation, and especially that part of the nation which has been in the habit of claiming for itself a very high stand in all those matters that relate to social purity and high breeding.

We assure the South that outside of politics, among the great Christian people of the North who wish them well, and who, in any calamity that may befall them, will always be their sympathetic friends and helpers, there is great grief over what they hear of violence and outrage upon blacks as well as whites. The stories told by the poor creatures now emigrating from the South to Kansas, braving cold and want and almost certain death, to get away from homes where they have no protection from the rapacity and the cruelty of a race whose education gives them an advantage, are sufficiently instructive. Indeed, the emigration itself, with its attending circumstances, is a terrible story. This, however, is but one story. The air is full of them, and we cannot doubt that they are mainly true, because they are so directly accordant with the line of notorious facts which pass unchallenged in every quarter. All these things are sad beyond our power to express, and in the friendliest spirit we call upon that better South which we know exists, to assert itself, and declare that these things, so cruel and disgraceful, shall no longer degrade the American name.

An Aspect of the Labor Question.

THERE is probably no country in which heredity has played so unimportant a part in the national employment as it has in America. No true American child thinks the better of a calling from the fact that his father has followed it. In European countries, especially upon the continent, men inherit the trades and callings of their fathers. Here, they are quite apt to despise them and to leave them. Our farmers' boys and the sons of our blacksmiths and carpenters all try for something higher,—for an employment that may be considered more genteel. This is the result of certain ideas that were early put afloat in the American mind, and have been sedulously cultivated,—in the newspapers, in books prepared for the young, and in the public schools. Every boy has been told more than once—indeed, most boys have had it drilled into them—that the Presidency of the United States is within their reach; that it is a part of their business to raise themselves and better themselves; especially, to raise themselves above the condition to which they were born. Somehow or other, in the nurture of these ideas there have been developed certain opinions, with relation to the different callings of life, as regards gentility, respectability, and desirableness for social reasons. The drift of the American mind has been away from all those employments which involve hard manual labor. The farm is not popular with the American young man. The idea of learning a useful trade is not a popular one with the typical American lad, or even with his parents. If he get a liberal education, he must become a professional man. If he get a tolerable education, he must become a semi-professional,—a dentist perhaps, or the follower of some genteel employment of that sort. He drifts away from his farm into some of the centers of trade and manufactures; he becomes a clerk in a store, or a teacher of a school, or a practicer of some art that relieves him from the drudgery of the farm and has an air of greater respectability.

The young man's sisters are affected by the same ideas. Housework, to them, is low work, menial work. It is not respectable. They go into factories, they become what are denominated "sales-ladies." Even the poor people who have hard work to keep body and soul together are affected by these same notions. We know of families where the daughters are not taught to sew, where they are instructed in none of the more useful arts, and where they aspire to raise themselves to professions of various sorts, to anything but manual work. The consequence is that in these days of business depression, when labor is hard to procure, and those who have money are obliged to cut off some part of their luxuries, these people are stranded in gentility and their genteel notions, and are the most helpless part of our population. They can do nothing useful, and are absolutely cut off from all sources of revenue. Some of the most pitiful cases we have met during the past five years have been cases of this character. One lady tells us: "My girls are as good as anybody's girls!"—a statement which we deny, because they are not able to make their own dresses or cook their own food. And the fact that her girls are as good as anybody's girls is regarded as a matter of pride, when they are as helpless as babes, and when they are actually ashamed to undertake any useful work whatever, unless that work happen to square with their notions of gentility.

We feel that this is all a mistake. Heaven forbid that we should suppress any man's or any woman's aspirations after excellence or after improvement

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of personal position. We understand all this, and sympathize with it all. But it is not possible that the whole American people can rise out of ordinary, useful labor into high position. It is not possible that every lad who goes to a district school can become President of the United States. These useful employments on the farm and in the shop of the mechanic lie at the basis of all our national prosperity. This work must be done, and somebody must do it,—and those who are best adapted to it must do it. No greater wrong can be done to a lad than to lift him from the employment to which he is best adapted into something which seems to him to be higher. In these days, the foreigner is the man, as a rule, who does the work. In traveling over the country, if one loses a shoe from a horse, the chances are many that the blacksmith he will find at the wayside will be an Irishman. The old Yankee blacksmith has "gone out," as we say, and we are to-day dependent upon the person we import from Europe for the work that is necessary to carry on the farm, for the work that is necessary to carry on our manufactures, both in a large and in a small way, for the work of the kitchen, and for all the service of the household.

It is very hard for a man who has been bred an American to conceive of such a thing as over-education for what are known as the common people. Yet there is something in the education of our common people, or something in the ideas which have been imbibed in the course of their education, which seems to unfit them for their work, which makes them discontented, which disturbs them, and makes it well-nigh impossible for them to accept the conditions of the lot into which they are born, and the employments which have been followed by their parents. It has become, indeed, a very serious matter, and deserves the profound attention of our educators and political economists. If by any study or any chance we could learn the cause of these great changes and obviate it, it would be a boon to the American people. As it is to-day, the avenues to what are called genteel employments are choked with the crowds pushing into them from our public-schools. Young men with good muscles and broad backs are standing behind shopmen's counters, who ought to be engaged in some more manly pursuits, who would have a better outlook before them and would have a better life and more self-respect, if they were doing a man's work behind a plow or behind a plane. There are women in large numbers striving for genteel employments, who would be a thousand times better in body and mind, if they were engaged in household work. There are men and women even in these hard times, when they hardly know where their next meal is coming from, and have not the slightest idea how they are to procure their next new garment, who are still very difficult to please in the matter of work, and who will crowd their daughters into stores and shops, rather than apprentice them to dress-makers where they may learn a useful trade and earn increased wages. In the meantime, the more sensible foreigner is picking up industriously and carefully all the threads dropped in those industries which were once purely American, and the Americans pure and simple are becoming ruinously and absurdly genteel.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Suggestions to Ocean Travelers.

THE traveler who intends to cross the ocean for the first time usually has some perplexity in selecting a line of steamers, and when he has decided upon the line the perplexity recurs in picking a desirable vessel out of its fleet. There are steamers and steamers,—some uncomfortable ones in good lines, and some comfortable ones in bad lines, and each line has two or three superior in size and speed to others of its fleet. The fastest attract the fullest complement of passengers during the summer season, and applications for berths in them should be made at least five or six weeks before the intended sailing. But, unless time is more precious than it is likely to be with the tourist, or unless sea-sickness is felt to be inevitable, and the briefest possible voyage is the greatest desideratum, the writer would advise the selection of an unfashionable vessel, supposing, of course, that its unpopularity is the consequence not of unsafety or antiquity, but as is often the case, of inferior engine power. The steamers of a thousand horse-power which speed from Sandy Hook to Queenstown in eight days are invariably overcrowded in June and July; two dinners are served daily in the saloon for different sets of passengers; the stewards are so overworked that, be they angelically well disposed, they cannot give proper attention to every passenger, and the decks are so thronged that promenading is next to impossible. But the steamers that are two or three days longer, accomplishing an easy two hundred and fifty miles a day, usually afford better state-rooms, and, in most particulars, greater comfort.

The cost of the voyage varies from $60 to $100; but it is not less than $80 in any of the first-class lines. One hundred dollars will secure an outside room for two persons,—that is, one hundred dollars each; and for eighty dollars a passage is given in an outside room containing four persons, or in an inside room containing two. The outside rooms are provided with "ports" or windows which can be opened in smooth weather, and the occupants may dress in the summer mornings with an exhilarating breeze blowing in upon them from the sea; while the inside rooms receive all their light and ventilation from the deck. But a room containing four is so

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exceedingly inconvenient, especially in tempestuous weather, that if the traveler limits his fare to $80 we advise him to take the inside room with one companion, although it is sure to be breezeless in hot weather and dark at all times. Four persons endeavoring to dress in a space about eight feet square, when the vessel is pitching and rolling in the "roaring forties," do not succeed without heroic patience and innumerable mishaps.

The cool, fresh air admitted by the ports usually tempts the occupants of outside rooms to keep them open, and to complain when the stewards close them; but it is never safe to retire without seeing that they are screwed up.

The bath-room of the modern steamer is one of its greatest luxuries, but if there are many passengers, and especially if the passengers include a number of young Englishmen or Canadians, to whom the morning "tub" is the invariable attendant of breakfast, it is necessary to see the bedroom steward as soon as you go on board, and have the hour recorded at which you want to bathe. The water is cold, but it is the veritable brine of mid-ocean, and the chill can be taken off by a can of hot fresh water, which the steward will obtain from the galley.

The most important consideration, however, is the location of the state-room. In old-fashioned vessels all the sleeping accommodations are "aft," that is astern, where, naturally, the pitch of the steamer is most perceptible, and where, in heavy weather, the propeller as it strikes the water, produces a concussion terrible to the nerves and annihilative of repose. But in the steamers of more recent construction, the saloon, ladies' cabin and state-rooms are amidships, and if the traveler is solicitous about his comfort he will see to it that this is the case in the vessel which he selects for his voyage. Even when the rooms are amidships there are discomforts peculiar to that arrangement; but if applications for berths are made in season, and if the plan of the steamer is consulted at the agent's office, a location may be obtained where the pulsations of the powerful engines are inaudible, and where in the heaviest weather the only motion apparent is a gentle heaving. Choose a room some distance aft or forward of the engine, and see that it is not in proximity to the closets. At the same time if the reader is fastidious he should be prepared to pay for a first-class berth; while if he is nervous, sea-sick and irritable, the best ship built will still seem uncomfortable.

Having had a state-room assigned you, put as little as possible into it. Any box or valise that is not absolutely wanted during the voyage should be stowed in the hold, and marked accordingly when it is sent to the wharf. Sensible and economical people do not "dress" at sea. Old clothes may be worn out on the voyage; new ones are sure to be spoiled by the sea air and the paint and grease which are prevalent on the cleanest ships afloat. Be fully prepared for extreme changes of temperature. Leaving New York, and for several days afterward, you may have warm weather, and suddenly a wintry cold may come which will necessitate woolen underwear and over-wraps,—a transposition as familiar in July or August as in April or May. A hanging dressing-case of brown holland backed with oil-cloth, with pockets for sponge, comb and brush, etc., etc., is useful, and may be swung from the wall of your room. A steamer chair is also necessary for a lady or any elderly person, although it is superfluous to a strong young man.

The seats at table are assigned either at the office of the company when the berth is engaged, or by the chief steward on board, and experienced travelers say that a position near the captain or purser is advantageous; these officers usually select personal acquaintances for their nearest neighbors, and others who are not of the elect have no more right to insist upon a particular seat than they have to take possession of a state-room which they have not engaged, however, they are sure to find every attention paid to their reasonable wishes. As a matter of fact one seat is not better than another; the table is loaded, and the stewards are untiring in their courtesies.

Before going on board provide yourself with some loose silver and gold, as American currency is heavily discounted by the pursers. Be at the wharf at least an hour before the time of sailing, and if your departure is to be in the busy season, engage your passage as far ahead as possible.

WM. H. RIDEING.

The Origin and Practice of Polo.

THREE summers ago, some young men in New York formed the Polo Club, and built a sumptuous house at Fordham, with grounds especially laid out for the game. Previous to that time polo had not been played in America; it was introduced *via* England from India, where it had been known since the days of Scheherazade. The grounds of the Polo Club were open to all spectators. Upon a level greensward fourteen athletic young men arranged themselves in sides, mounted on vigorous and hardy-looking Indian ponies. They wore colored shirts, velveteen riding-breeches and the small turbans which have come to be known as polo caps; the color of the caps and shirts indicated to which side the players belonged. The Indian ponies were uneasy, and shook their heads and whisked their tails, and shied this way or that. By and by a man advanced to the center of the field and threw up a ball, and simultaneously both sides charged for it with mallets five or six feet long, the heads of which were like those of ordinary hammers. The contest was fierce and precarious. Approaching each other at full gallop, and spurring their ponies to further exertions, the opposing players met in a knot, from which they endeavored to extricate themselves by sudden wheels or dashes forward. The ponies plunged and reared and kicked. The mallets were raised and whirled at the ball, often missing it, and sometimes striking the head of an unlucky player or the flank of a pony. Now and then a successful stroke was made, and the ball spun toward a goal with the prospect of entering it, but as it reached

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the verge, a well-directed blow sent it flying into the middle of the court again; and so the fortunes of the game fluctuated until the ball was passed into the goal. The victory was not won without some mishaps. Exasperated beyond endurance by the blows of the mallets, the ponies "bucked" and threw their riders. It is evident that the spectators had most of the amusement, and the participants retired sore and wearied.

With experience and practice the members of the club have eliminated much of the roughness that first attended the game, and it is seldom now that a man is unseated, or that he or his pony is struck by the mallets. As an exercise in horsemanship, the game is incomparable. It develops nerve, self-possession and stamina.

The ground is four hundred feet long and two hundred and fifty feet wide; it is inclosed by tall white poles fifty feet from each other, and the ends are marked by two more poles, twenty-five feet apart, each bearing a white flag. The ball must be driven between the flags to secure a victory.

According to the rules of the Westchester Club, the ponies must not exceed fourteen hands in height, and must not show any vice; spurs with rowels are not allowed, except on special occasions; a player may interpose his pony before an antagonist to prevent him from reaching the ball; when the ball falls out of the boundary it must be returned by an impartial person, and before the ball is thrown up by the umpire at the outset of the game, each "side" must be stationed about twelve feet within the goal posts; swinging the mallet is particularly prohibited.

The present summer is likely to extend the public interest in the game; an English team will inaugurate a series of contests with the Westchester Club, and other matches will be played by the clubs at Long Branch, Buffalo, Pomfret and Woodstock, Connecticut, all of which have been established during the past two summers. There is no reason why there should not be a polo club in every large town. Suitable ponies can be purchased for seventy-five dollars apiece, and the other equipment necessary is inexpensive. The gentlemen connected with the Westchester Club are desirous of encouraging the game, and information will be cheerfully given by Mr. Hermann Oelrichs, No. 2 Bowling Green, New York, to whom application should be made by letter. ALEXANDER WAINWRIGHT.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

The Art Season of 1878-9.

THE past winter and the present spring, beyond the usual run of seasons, have been busy with affairs of art. Four main exhibitions have given artists so many capital chances of exposing the results of their labors before the multitude, and of earning whatever advantage may accrue to them from the criticism of the daily and weekly press. Whether the criticism has been favorable or unfavorable, discriminating or foolish, is, after all, a secondary matter. The American public is too thoroughly trained to the habit of looking at more than one side of every question to take praise or blame of an artist without due caution; they may remember strictures or eulogies, but those whose favor is of any importance are sure to suspend their judgment until they can see for themselves whether the criticism be just or unjust. And, fortunately, the critics of the daily press are of such different mind in regard to the merits of artists, that if there be any good in a picture, some writer will be sure to bring it out prominently, even if it strain his own conscience a little.

THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN WATER-COLORS.

FIRST to open, and the exhibition most heartily welcomed by the public and the press, was the Water-Color Exhibition, with its multitude of small pictures at low prices,—just the thing to tempt small investors. But there are more artistic grounds for this society's financial success. Water-colors lend themselves better to the artistic qualities of our painters than oils, and the public understand and like them better. There is a quality among the Americans of the eastern and middle states that is called, for want of a better term, Puritanism, and although this characterization does not really fit the case, it will be sufficiently understood. This Puritanism, then, makes us a little obtuse to, and a good deal afraid of, anything that looks mellow, languid, or luxurious; so that when a painter does exhibit signs of a strong feeling for color, we are apt to fight shy of him. Water-colors are crisp, clear, and, unless in the best hands, crude; but even crudeness is not so terrible to us as richness of color. It is like our fear and contempt for what is called "Frenchiness" of manners, and like that may be termed a provincialism—healthy, it may be, but still a provincialism. The narrower limits and greater simplicity of water-color drawing predispose Americans to excellence in this branch, just as the wider range and greater complexity of oil-painting cause many of those who venture into that field to produce compositions rank or turgid in color.

It would take too much space to name all the artists who made a mark in this exhibition. Among the well-known, Mr. Winslow Homer bore off the palm. No better man could be selected to point the above moral than Mr. Homer, with the exception that his painting in oils is not rank or turgid. But his force lies in quick, light sketches, and his talent for color finds in this medium its very happiest expression. His New England children treated as shepherds and shepherdesses were very real

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in spite of their Arcadian ribbons. Of the new-comers, Messrs. Muhrman and Currier received most attention, the former for pleasant colors distributed in nice contrast and applied in a broad handling, the latter for "impressions" of landscape in which the least possible outline and modeling had been used. Mr. Currier lives in Munich, and is a painter in oils as well as water-colors; he shows one extreme of handling, while painters like Henry Farrer, W. T. Richards, and J. C. Nicoll show the other. Two very clever young painters in the manner of Fortuny created a sensation—Messrs. Brennan and Blum—and mark the increasing attention paid by Western people to art subjects. Like Duveneck, Chase, Beckwith, Muhrman, Twachtman, they come from the West. Among the good water-colorists was Walter Shirlaw; and John La Farge contributed a fine little snowy landscape and several delicate flower-pieces. There were the usual number of clever foreigners represented, and fewer than usual of large elaborations of European cathedrals and market-places.

THE SALMAGUNDI SKETCH CLUB.

THIS exhibition was second to none in importance, for it was practically a new impulse in art. The club has existed heretofore, but comparatively unknown. Instead of holding its exhibition at a smaller gallery down town, where little was to be seen but work by the members of the club, it has taken a new departure and has begun to exhibit at the Kurtz Gallery, where contributions are received from outsiders. For this large and interesting collection the weekly and monthly illustrated press is in great part responsible. The exhibitions of the Academy and various loan exhibitions have also helped, but their facilities were necessarily limited, and the time had come for an independent exhibition. Paintings in black and white of some elaborateness were found at the Salmagundi show, among which those of Mr. J. G. Brown were prominent. In black and white the finer shades of color value are necessarily omitted, and realism has comparatively little play. This is favorable in general to artists deficient in a delicate sense of color, and painters who in colored oils had been committing all sorts of abominations turned up at the black-and-white exhibition with crayons or other pictures in the two extremes of light and dark, which evinced great talent and no mean sense either of movement or of the picturesque. Prominent among the workmen for the magazines were Abbey, Reinhart and Kelly. R. Swain Gifford and C. H. Miller had crayons in their several styles of the subdued picturesque; Maynard, Miss Bartol and Miss Oakey had good work in charcoal. Much attention was also attracted by the contributions of Messrs. Vanderhoof, Burns, Pyle, George Inness, Jr., Kappes, Church, and others. There were etchings by Wyatt Eaton and Farrer, and clever novice work with the pen in a reproduction of a picture of Fortuny's make, by Blum.

Artists have a metaphorical use of the word color, which is often misleading. They will say of a charcoal sketch that it is full of color, when its clever manipulation of chiaroscuro imitates, as far as it can, the actual difference in color seen in the original from which the sketch is made. This twist of meaning seems to have arisen among etchers and engravers of colored paintings, who have tried to simulate not merely outlines and modeling of the painted figures, but the actual colors of the paint. This collection will undoubtedly effect much in systematizing our illustrations of books and magazines; it afforded an opportunity to compare work side by side, and gave new encouragement to a branch of art destined to attain great dimensions in this country.

THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.

THE movement that established this society was a healthy sign. It acts as a corrective on the stagnation of the Academy of Design, and furnishes an outlet for energies which that body, as a whole, is not in sympathy with and would neglect. Fault was found with the exhibitors in the Kurtz Gallery because they had been a good deal talked about, and yet showed, after all, few pictures of popular importance, few large compositions which could rivet the attention of the multitude. To make such a demand is to mistake the aim of the society; the fact is, however, that for the number accepted there was a large proportion of "important" canvases. If the society have any meaning, it is to afford a chance for the exhibition of paintings irrespective of size or popular "importance." That sort of thing has been tried for many years at the Academy, and its walls are always open to a picture that will draw a crowd. The Society of American Artists is supposed to appeal to artists, amateurs, and connoisseurs rather than to the wider public. Already it has filled to a good measure the demand for such a nucleus. There were only a few elaborate compositions at the recent Exhibition, and these were directed more to the select few than the undiscriminating many. The large canvas by Mr. J. Alden Weir, for instance, was a distinct failure, judged as a picture for popular exhibition, but it revealed a cleverness and a rather ill-digested power that spoke better for the artist's future than his more finished productions elsewhere. The scene is in a park, and seven persons are either sitting or passing, so that the canvas is full. Taken separately, almost every figure is a fine piece of work. Mr. Wyatt Eaton's woman with a mirror gave rise to conflicting criticism. On the whole, it marked a greater advance than appeared in the work of any other artist present. Color, pose and conception were singularly harmonious, mellow, and thoughtful. A picture by Mr. Thomas Eakins exhibited a celebrated Philadelphia surgeon lecturing to a class of medical students over the exposed thigh of a patient. It was noticeable that the horribleness taught nothing, reached no aim; and that especially disgusting, and by no means likely to the facts, was the presence of the mother of the sufferer, wringing her hands and apparently screaming with horror. It is painted in a dry but highly technical manner, which, in one sense, may be said to have agreed with the subject. Mr. George Fuller, of

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Boston, an Associate-elect of the Academy, had a very original landscape with trees and a girl in the foreground, the time being sunset. Mr. Fuller has a fine sense of the mystery of light and shade, and a special talent for the management of low tones of gray, olive, and green. The most imaginative picture was a little canvas by Mr. John La Farge, representing a Venus Anadyomené with a Cupid in the air on either side of her, one offering her ornaments, the other a veil. She is stepping out of the shallow sea-water on firm sand, and has a heavy tread, as if still dripping with water. It is a beautiful picture in its subtle meanings and delicate, masterly manipulation. Mr. La Farge's cactus flower was also warmly admired for its deep, rich color. The landscapes of Mr. Homer D. Martin, another Academician, found great favor for their richness and depth of poetic sentiment.

Most people did not know what to think of Mr. Albert Ryder's mysterious pictures of horsemen following hounds through shadowy landscapes, of herdsmen going home through the twilight, of a woman in a wood with children. They have been much praised and much laughed at. Mr. Ryder is evidently fully aware of his aim and of his own powers. If, in his passion for color, he neglects outline and drawing, it is not that he admires drawing less, but color more. His work is fascinating in the stricter meaning of the word, for it grows on the observer more and more, the oftener he sees it. He has great variety too, although he is always individual. Mr. Twachtman's landscapes were admired, and his Venetian marines received the highest compliment; some were bought by artists for their own studies. He has a good taste and excellent technique, delighting to render the sheeny look of water that is troubled only by small waves, and rendering it broadly and well. The merits of Mr. W. M. Chase's painting were recognized at once on his appearance here, and although he made no striking hit at this Exhibition, he showed even more than usual range, contributing a large landscape of some merit. The "Goose-Girl" of Mr. Walter Shirlaw marks his best technique and shows his good feeling for picturesqueness in color and composition. Mr. Duveneck did not add laurels to his fame, but neither did he lose any. This artist is now settled in Munich, where he has opened a school of art,—a bold proceeding for a young American painter! Mention should also be made of two pictures from young artists studying abroad, Messrs. Abbott Thayer and Sargent. The former had a misty landscape with cows standing in shallow water. He has wonderfully preserved the difficult perspective of a misty atmosphere. The cow in the foreground is a fine, highly finished portrait of a handsome beast, bearing all the cow characteristics of heaviness in weight, restfulness and slow thoughtfulness. Good work was seen in Mr. Sargent's free and easy Capriote girl. Pictures worthy of more notice than can here be made were also contributed by Messrs. Swain Gifford, Lowe, Armstrong, Vinton, Volk, Mrs. Darrat, Miss Cassatt, Miss Oakey, and a number of others.

The collection of busts and bass-reliefs at the Kurtz Gallery was interesting but meager. Mr. Olin Warner offered the most important piece, in a marble statuette, representing "Twilight." The womanly figure was beautifully modeled. The most pronounced expression is a shrinking movement, which appears to finer perceptions in the legs and bust, but is most evident in the position of arms and head. The arms are drawn about the face and pull the long veil or drapery so that the face is in shadow. This little imaginative figure shows new beauties at every point. The bass-reliefs of Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens were admired for their excellent taste, their decorative qualities; those of Mr. Warner were sterner. Mr. O'Donovan had a medallion portrait of Bayard Taylor, and Theodore Bauer a plaster sketch of a "Drunken Silenus."

One word is not misspent on a feature introduced by this young society—the free exhibition on Sunday afternoons. Would that the managers of our art collections and libraries understood as well as these young men what is truly charitable and what is really religious! As it is, the floating Sunday population is driven either into beer-shops, or back into their unattractive homes.

THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

THE exhibition in the Academy can hardly be said to have had a distinctive character of its own; it comprised the elements of all the three preceding exhibitions. There were water-colors, crayons, pen-and-ink sketches and oils, terra cotta, clay, marble and bronze statuettes. The great bulk was composed of oil-paintings. There was Mr. Dewey with two little impressionist pictures, and Messrs. Duveneck and Julian Weir with more or less impressionistic likenesses. A new painter, Mr. R. A. Blakelock, was found in two unpromising positions with pictures that reminded one strongly of Mr. Albert Ryder's canvases in the Kurtz Gallery: one a view on a trout-stream in Vermont; the other a bandit scene, treated in a finely mysterious way, where a captive woman has been bound to a tree and the captors are in council about a fire.

No single piece excited the admiration aroused by the Venus Anadyomené of Mr. John La Farge at the rival exhibition, for none possessed its combined imaginativeness and technique, nor was there any study of the nude so thoughtful and effective as the Venus of Mr. Wyatt Eaton. Still the galleries, taken as a whole, left a good impression on one who would ponder well over the relative merits of this and of preceding shows in the same place. Advance there was, but so evenly distributed over the work of two or three hundred artists that only persons who have been watching affairs in art sharply for several years would be likely to see it. While it is true that the canvases were larger, on an average, than those of last year, yet the general work was better. More attention is being devoted to technique, and the impulse of the young malcontents who founded the Art Students' League and

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the Society of American Artists has been most healthy. We seldom see, nowadays, the panoramic leviathans that used to block the walls of the Academy. Where a painter of ten years ago would have insisted on including fifty miles of country in his view, he is now content to execute more carefully a few rods of landscape.

Some of the old painters have shown signs of yielding to the movement of the times, notably Messrs. McEntee, Wyant and the two Smillies. Others have felt the impulse and gained all they could from it, such as Messrs. Miller, Minor and Swain Gifford. The former two seem to be painting from no conviction, but readily assimilate almost any style they choose. Mr. Swain Gifford has been getting into a rut, but retrieved himself with a noble landscape called "Salter's Beach." Mr. George Inness has never done better work than this year. His "Hazy Morning" was delicate and broad, deep in its aërial distance and fine in composition. As a cloud study, his "Near Perugia" was a veritable triumph; the masses of cloud had that effect of weight and yet of being supported in the air which storm-clouds really assume. The "Clouds" of Jervis McEntee are good in their way, but cannot stand comparison with these. Mr. McEntee's picture, however, is fine in sentiment. Mr. Homer D. Martin had two landscapes of great beauty and interest, a smaller view of river and trees with a sunset, and a larger scene from the borders of Lake Ontario. The composition of the latter was original, and the endeavor to get the effects of sand-dunes, brown sand-vegetation, and the melting lines of blue-green lake and sky, very interesting to study. Portraits and landscapes were fully represented, and although a hasty glance over the collection might lead one to think that *genre* painting was neglected, in truth there was a good deal of it, though generally of small size. Mr. Julian Scott exhibited a patriotic picture with "In the Corn-field at Antietam," and Mr. Winslow Homer exhibited a singular and very pleasing study of the upland cotton plant, with negresses picking cotton. The sky of this picture has been criticised for its color and thinness, but people were pretty much at one as to its merits. Mr. George Fuller's "Romany Girl" may, or may not, be typical of the gypsy; but the spirit of the painting is gypsy-like. Face and background harmonize in the best manner—unconsciously; and the face is wild enough and shrewd enough to suit the name, while the surroundings are not without a good share of the mysterious. The latter is Mr. Fuller's favorite vice, or favorite virtue, according to the way of looking at it. His more elaborate *genre* picture, "And She Was a Witch," is quite a little drama in itself. In the dimness of a woody neighborhood to a house the colonial sheriff is dragging an old woman off to court; before her tramps the Puritan minister, and from far off another woman expostulates with a gesture. A young girl is flying into the house, with terror depicted in face and movement.

"What," it may be asked, "is the apparent upshot of the recent movements in art matters, of which these four very fully attended, not to say crowded, exhibitions are the latest visible outcome? What are the artists doing, and whither is American art tending?" We answer that, in our judgment, the tendency among the artists is toward more thorough, and therefore more thoughtful, work. It is true that the greater attention to technique has hurt the "picture" quality of the exhibitions. There were fewer great canvases that would cause people to gape who know or care nothing for art, and only come, like children, to be amused by "pictures." It may also be true that the greater stress laid upon technical methods has taken artists away from imaginative compositions. But this cannot be otherwise than healthy, although for the time being the exhibitions may lose in interest. It is to be hoped that it comes from a real conviction among our artists that they were slipshod in their drawing, crude in their coloring and unobservant of the real truths—both the inner and the outer truths—of nature, and not from timidity before the steady stream of criticism that has been launched upon them for the last five or ten years. The fact is, the arts will no longer be used simply for the amusement of the public. Painting will not be confined to pleasing through ideals of beauty; it wishes also to report things exactly as they are; to thrill, to startle, to rouse anger; even to instruct, so long as it is not in a pedantic way. But in modern days the foundation must consist of a good technique, for it is in the spirit of the epoch to exact truth and fine workmanship in particulars before allowing the artist to generalize into larger work.

Dr. Coues's "Birds of the Colorado Valley."*

WHEN Dr. Elliott Coues says "I have taken pains," we have a right to expect something to come of it; nor in reading the last work of this well-known author and naturalist are we disappointed in anything affecting its value. It is to be regarded as the most important addition to American ornithology since Baird, Brewer and Ridgway's "History." The eastern half of the United States long ago found its bird-biographers, and certain limited districts have received great attention. Various writers have contributed to our knowledge of the distribution in Mississippi Valley, the plains and the eastern foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains. Dr. Coues himself, in his "Birds of the North-west," gave us a hand-book for the Missouri region. Henshaw and Ridgway have treated the interior basin, and Dr. Cooper the Pacific coast, while Sennett and Merrill have informed us of the birds of Western Texas. The only region, then, awaiting description was the arid south-western corner of the Union.

The rather indefinite limits which the present author

* Birds of the Colorado Valley. A Repository of Scientific and Popular Information concerning North American Ornithology. By Dr. Elliott Coues. Part First—Passeres to Laniidæ. Bibliographical Appendix, seventy illustrations (woodcuts). 8vo. pp. XVI. 807. Washington: Government Printing Office, 1878. "Miscellaneous Publications, No. 11" of the United States Geological Survey of the Territories; F. V. Hayden, U. S. Geologist-in-charge.

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assigns to himself are large—the Colorado Valley being held to include at least the great triangle having the Staked Plain as its eastern corner, and Great Salt Lake for its northern angle, while the southwestern corner touches the Pacific in Southern California. As this area contains all sorts of physical geography and climate, he is able to include in his list nearly every species known to our avifauna, at least of land birds and fresh-water fowl; and what he cannot strain his conscience enough to allow himself to call a Colorado Valley bird, he at any rate can name in a foot-note. We are thus furnished with a complete hand-book of North American ornithology up to date, and under each name its full synonomy and technical description, by which it may be identified. To this matter of synonomy particular attention has been paid, and it is astonishing how Dr. Coues has been able to hunt down to its last refuge not only every detail of information upon nomenclature and classification, but the whys and wherefores of each, until he has produced a parallel to the profound theological treatises of some of the old school-men, and has conferred a debt upon all students to come, besides erecting a lasting monument to his erudition.

A year or two ago, in the columns of a New York journal, it was jocosely suggested to Dr. Coues that he stop "collecting" in the West, and find out for us how the birds there acted, and sung, and looked after their families. "I stuck a pin through that sentence," said our author, afterward. And so it seems; for the dead birds are pretty much all in the fine print, and here in the larger text the living presence flits before us, entrancing the eye by its grace, and captivating the ear with its tuneful voice. No one but a man of Dr. Coues's wide experience in field observation, no one without his quick eye, ready memory and impressible heart could catch so faithfully the spirit of the bird-life which throngs our western mountains and valleys. Even where (as not generally) he has seen fit to write at length of well-known species,—like his favorites, the swallows,—a new charm attaches to the familiar bird.

Dr. Coues shows a remarkable faculty in suddenly turning from close diagnosis of technical characters or the involved history of an obscure name, to racy and poetic description of the birds' haunts and habits. But the critic will note in many of the descriptions evidences of too great haste and a somewhat heedless disregard of good "style."

The present part carries the work to the end of the family of shrikes, at which rate four or five volumes more will be needed to complete the whole, which, when finished, will be a thorough manual of our ornithology.. An appendix contains about 1,500 titles of bibliography, part of a General Bibliography of Ornithology which Dr. Coues has in preparation. It is prepared with the utmost thoroughness and care, and will prove an invaluable guide to students. The indexes to the volume are very full, and the typography, like most work from the government's printing office, is excellent, though it is a pity that paper of two strikingly different tints should have been used.

Busch's "Bismarck in the Franco-German War."*

ANY minute account of the doings and sayings of Bismarck during that surprising year when France was unseated from the political sovereignty of Europe to make place for Germany would be instructive and amusing, but the personal characteristics of Dr. Moritz Busch add a special zest to this account. He is one of those useful persons whom a great man often attracts,—a dependent so absorbed in admiration of his chief that the smallest and silliest trifles, when done by the superior, assume the proportions of things really noteworthy. That Bismarck recognized this quality at once appears from Busch's proud recital of how the great chancellor called him by such pet names as *Büschlein* and *Büschchen*, apparently unable to understand that along with a certain amount of kindly feeling the elephantine sportiveness of these diminutives of Bismarck expressed a fair share of contempt.

Busch, although a Saxon by birth, surpasses Prussians in his abject reverence for power and rank. He notes every slightest word of his chief, and many of the answers made at table by guests of various ranks and conditions. The remarks were noted within half an hour of the time they were made and the report has every sign of accuracy and authenticity. It would be surprising if so much violent, coarse and bigoted talk should be untrue to fact, especially as the recorder of it is an adorer of Bismarck, and as it agrees perfectly with other reports of the man of "blood and iron." Bismarck incarnates the hatred of the French which has floated about Germany for the last two centuries, more among the common people than among those of rank and intelligence; he hates them with the ferocity of a wolf. The first volume is full of rancor. The second, which covers the anxious days before Paris, when the military men hesitated to bombard the city, contains constant notices of his bloodthirsty spirit:

"About eleven a telegram came in from Verdy about the sortie this morning. It was directed against La Haye, and about 500 red-breeches were taken prisoners. The chief complained bitterly that they would go on taking prisoners, instead of shooting them down at once.

"'We had more than enough prisoners,' he said, 'already, and the Parisians were relieved of so many "consumers," whom we shall have to feed, and for whom we had no room.'"

The transparent Busch has no thought of concealing these villainous traits of his idol; doubtless he thinks himself too small a creature to sit in judgment on such a demi-god. He also shows his own rancor. Where it touches the French, it is merely a pale reflection of Bismarck's; where it relates to others, it shows itself in a grotesquely weak manner. One of Bismarck's *aides*, an old bureaucrat named Abeken, is the person against whom little Busch shoots his small venomous shafts. Abeken, being dead, cannot defend himself, so Busch has it all his own way. There is another Busch in Germany who writes almost the only really humorous books

* Bismarck in the Franco-German War, 1870-1871. Authorized translation from the German of Dr. Moritz Busch. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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the new empire produces, but even he is hardly so grotesque in his intentional caricatures as his namesake in his unconscious folly. When the agreements were signed which settled the business of German unity and the elevation of the king to be emperor, Busch at once implored Bismarck for the pen with which the agreement was signed. "In God's name," said Bismarck, "take all three, if you like."

A notable fact in Bismarck's character is his superstitiousness. Atheists and positivists are charged with singular aberrations in the way of superstition, but Bismarck is always claiming for himself extreme godliness and a vivid belief in religion. He will begin nothing on Friday. One day he says everything has gone wrong, the king has detained him, important telegrams to Germany have not been sent, and public opinion has not been duly molded and manufactured,—all because it is Friday! In November, at Versailles, over a second bottle of champagne, he talks about his death and mentions the exact age at which it will happen. "I know it," he said, when somebody remonstrated; "it is a mystic number."

In the main, the translation of these memoirs has been done reasonably well. But now and then there is a slip as, for instance, where some one asked Bismarck how he managed to make old Metternich like him so much. Bismarck answers: "Well, I will tell you. I listened peaceably to all his stories, only pushing the clock several times till it rang again. That pleases these talkative old men." Here clock is doubtless translated from *glocke* and should be rendered "bell."

Cornwell's "The Land of Dreams, and Other Poems."*

MR. CORNWELL will hold a permanent, though not a prominent, place among the poets of America, we think, but it will not be for the poems upon which he has bestowed most labor, and which he probably values more highly than his careless, off-hand effusions. His most ambitious poem, "The Land of Dreams," is by no means his best, for, not to insist upon its being too long, it is far too elaborate. The subject, as he has conceived it, demanded what he could not give it—imaginative treatment. What can be made of it Bryant has shown in *his* "Land of Dreams," which is less than one-third the length of Mr. Cornwell's poem, and is radiant throughout with imagination. Mr. Cornwell indulges in so many items and epithets that all the force of his description is lost. The same objection holds against the poem entitled "Autumn," which consists of eighteen elegiac stanzas of clever but diffused glimpses of scenery. Mr. Cornwell has considerable sympathy with nature, and when he paints it for itself alone, he abounds with happy touches. He has an eye for minute picturesqueness, and his genius (for he has genius) is at home among the little people of nature,—bees, grasshoppers, and the like. Within that circle (which, to be sure, is a limited one) no American poet walks so well as he. We have compared him, to his disadvantage, with Mr. Bryant in his "Land of Dreams," but we can compare him with the dead master, to great advantage, in such poems as "The Crow," and "To a Grasshopper," which are immeasurably superior to all other American poems of the kind. The poem last named is worthy to rank with the famous sonnets which Hunt and Keats wrote in friendly rivalry in honor of the grasshopper and the cricket. There is a vein of joyous humor in it which reminds us of the young Hunt who wrote so charmingly about his four-year-old boy, "Ah, little ranting Johnny." He is *en rapport* with the insect life which he depicts so merrily, and which the greatest poets have not disdained to study lovingly. We think that he might add to his reputation by a series of poems such as those we have named, and if he could only invent a good fairy story, that he might easily surpass the author of "The Culprit Fay." His best companions are not his books, in spite of the pretty poem in which he asserts the contrary, but the little companions that cross his paths in the fields and woods, and whose laureate he is.

* The Land of Dreams, and Other Poems. By Henry Sylvester Cornwell. New London: Charles Allyn.

Rudolph Lindau's Stories.*

RUDOLPH LINDAU is a cosmopolite. He has lived in China, the United States, and England, as well as Germany, his home. One of his brothers is Paul Lindau, who writes the cleverest light *feuilleton* literature of the present day in Germany; another lives in New York, and is secretary of the Geographical Society. The brothers come of Lutheran parson stock and form another instance of the tendency toward letters on the part of sons of clergymen. The four short stories with which Rudolph Lindau makes his bow before an American audience prove at once his right to the title of cosmopolite. "Gordon Baldwin" is laid in Paris, among Americans and English, and also has relations with China. "The Philosopher's Pendulum" has to do with the United States and Germany. "Liquidated" is placed almost entirely on Chinese ground, but France and America are introduced. "The Seer" is confined to France, but the chief actor is a Russian. All the four stories are vivid and well conceived,—possessed of firm outlines and filled in with a good sense of color, even where the work is not first-rate.

"Gordon Baldwin" shows a careful study of Europeanized Americans, not exactly profound, it is true, but striking in its grasp of their common features. Forbes is a young American of wealth, who grows old slowly in the round of gayeties of the American colony in Paris. He knows that a woman friend of his loves him, but puts off marrying until she accepts some one else; then he begins to regret. Lindau has caught well the kind of mental and moral torpor of a club-man of that species. His woman is good,

* Gordon Baldwin. The Philosopher's Pendulum. Liquidated. The Seer. By Rudolph Lindau. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1878. New Handy Volume Series.

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too, although not very realistic. She is refined, but also shadowy. Gordon Baldwin, the friend of Forbes, who marries her at last, is well drawn. All are intrinsically uninteresting people to meet, yet Lindau makes us care what becomes of them.

"Liquidated" does not show an equal fidelity to nature, but it is still much above the average of short stories. At the end of it we get from China to Paris, where the woman, a young American, with whom two Englishmen, partners in a firm at Shanghai, are in love, sees the one whom she really loved in the theater. She has waited in vain for him, and has married a rich New Yorker. The Englishmen lost her because each was maneuvering to let the other have her, the discovery of their common love having come to them at different times,—they being such fast friends that no sacrifice is too great. One dies in China, but the other is so heart-broken over the death, which he attributes to worry and disappointment in love, that he never seeks out the woman who was the innocent cause of the tragedy.

"The Philosopher's Pendulum" takes its name from the cynical view of life of a certain German teacher in America which he illustrates by a diagram. When the pendulum swings high on one side, that of happiness, it must swing back just as far on the other, that of misery. The only hope is to reach the center, that of absolute "dead" quiet, where the pendulum "dies."

"The Seer" is a study of second sight in the person of Boris Stacovitch, and relates a number of tragic incidents. It is clever, but certainly inferior to the others. Altogether, Mr. Lindau shows great promise.

Egan's "Songs and Sonnets."*

IF a poet's earliest offering may be said to peep out like the first pure crocus of the spring, this little pamphlet might well suggest the comparison. Possibly the modesty and isolation of its lyrics make them only the more attractive. Here is scarcely enough verse for criticism, or to betoken the poet's future, yet quite enough to show that Mr. Egan is a poet. More than this,—he has notes that are clear and simple, melodious, and more distinct than much of the studied warbling which young singers nowadays affect. His songs and sonnets have a natural, idyllic quality, which takes us back a generation, and shows that his instinct is to follow Keats and nature rather than Swinburne and the new romantic word-builders. Three of the sonnets, "Theocritus," "Maurice de Guérin," and "Of Flowers," will be remembered by readers of this magazine. The last named is exquisite, and all are fresh and poetic. Two versions from the father of idyllic song are neatly done, but are somewhat too modern and periphrastic. A few quaintnesses of diction are a blemish in the author's style, but these are less frequent than usual in a poet's initial venture.

* Songs and Sonnets. By Maurice F. Egan. Printed, but not published.

The Concord Summer School of Philosophy.

IT has become common of late years to use some part of the long college vacation during summer for brief schools in which some science or combination of sciences, or languages, could be earnestly pursued by college students or professors, school teachers, and persons of leisure who wish to make the most of a little time. The first conspicuous instance of this was perhaps Agassiz's Summer School of Penikese—now abandoned; but there have been many examples since.

A new variety of this sort of school is announced for the summer of 1879, at Concord, Massachusetts, —a "Summer School of Philosophy and Literature," at the head of which is Mr. A. Bronson Alcott, and which is to meet in his Orchard House every secular day for five weeks, from July 15th to August 20th. The instruction is to be given "by conference and conversation, in literature and the higher philosophy," and the instructors are five regular professors and as many special lecturers. The professors each give ten lectures, or rather, hold ten conversations, preceded by a lecture or not, as they may choose. Their names and subjects are: Mr. Alcott on "Christian Theism"; Professor W. T. Harris, of St. Louis, on "Speculative Philosophy"; Dr. H. K. Jones, of Jacksonville, Ill., on "Platonic Philosophy"; Mr. David A. Wasson, of Boston, on "Political Philosophy"; and Mrs. E. D. Cheney, of Boston, on "The History and Moral of Art." Each lecture or conversation is to have a morning or an afternoon assigned to it, commencing at 9 A. M. or 3 P. M., and continuing until the subject is exhausted, or the class must break up. The five professors have the five days from Monday to Saturday in each week, each taking one day or two half days; the five special lecturers take the five Saturdays, each giving two lectures on the same or on successive Saturdays. The announced lecturers for Saturday are F. B. Sanborn, of Concord, on "Philanthropy and Social Science"; T. W. Higginson, of Cambridge, on "Modern Literature"; Thomas Davidson, of Boston, on "Greek Life and Literature"; and George A. Howison, of Boston, on "Philosophy from Descartes to Hegel." It is understood that Mr. Emerson, though not pledged to do so, may read a lecture or two, and probably Professor Pierce, of Cambridge, will do the same. The number of pupils in this school is practically limited to fifty; that being as many as can be conveniently received in Mr. Alcott's house; and all the students are required to register themselves early in June. The fees for all the classes will be fifteen dollars; for a single class of ten conversations, three dollars. Students of any age, and of either sex, are received, and it is not required that they pass any preliminary examination, nor that they shall reside in Concord during the term, the hours being so arranged that, if they choose, they may live in Boston, Cambridge, or any town within thirty miles of Concord. The pupils already registered are from all parts of the country, many of them of mature age, and accom-

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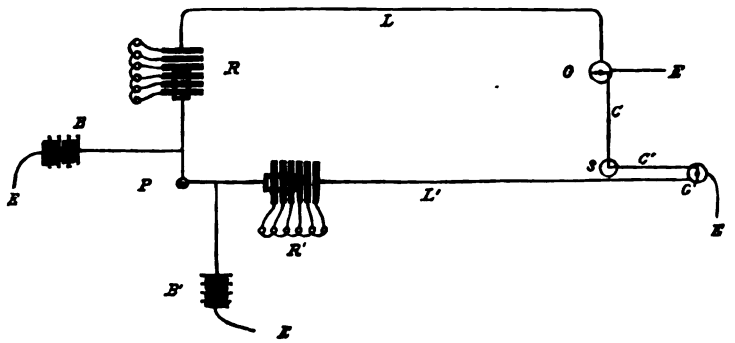
plished in various studies and professions. In fine weather, the classes will meet in the orchard or the grove, near Mr. Alcott's house, which is pictured in SCRIBNER for February, and which stands on the Lexington Road, next to Hawthorne's "Wayside." Possibly this experiment, which Mr. Alcott has long intended to try, may result in a permanent school during a portion of the year for the prosecution of those studies that have so long given Concord a name in the world.

THE WORLD'S WORK.



The Writing Telegraph.

COPYING and autographic telegraphs have already been made the subject of experiment, but in all the apparatus already tried the mechanism is too complicated to be of much practical value in ordinary telegraphy. A more recent invention, called the writing telegraph, reproduces at the distant end of a telegraph line marks, letters and words by means at once simple and ingenious. The mechanical principle upon which the new writing telegraph is founded is the familiar law of resultant motion when two opposing forces are combined. The electrical part of the invention consists of suitable apparatus for transferring over wires these two forces and recomposing them into a resultant motion that shall exactly resemble the original motion. To make this clear it must be observed that the action of a pen or pencil in writing is twofold. There is the up-and-down stroke and the lateral movement of the pen along the paper, the curved letters being the resultant of these two opposing motions. In the writing telegraph we have an upright pen fixed in one position, but with the point free to move in two directions, up and down and from side to side.

The above figure is an ideal sketch of the apparatus. The writing pen, P, is held in the hand and is used in forming the letters on a strip of paper that moves under it. To P is fastened at right angles two arms or rods, bearing at the ends metallic plates. At R and R' are sets of metal plates standing on edge and isolated from each other by layers of paper soaked in paraffine, each plate being connected by wire with a resistance coil. The flat plates at the ends of the rods rest on the edges of these upright plates and are free to slide to and fro covering a greater or less number of them as they move. At B and B' are batteries with lines to earth and at L and L' are the line wires. It will be seen that as the pen is moved in writing, the rods pull the plates to and fro, and as these plates slide they short-circuit the current in the resistance apparatus, cutting out a greater or less number of the coils and thus continually altering the electrical resistance in the line wires. The up-and-down strokes of the pen alter the resistance in the line, L, and the lateral strokes change the resistance in the line, L', and as the movement of the pen in forming a curve is the resultant of two motions, each motion is given to the line in its exact proportion; in other words, the resultant mechanical motion is expressed in electrical resistances of more or less value. At the receiving end of the double line are two galvanometers, G and G', the line, L, being connected to G, and the line, L', to G', and from each to earth. The needle of each galvanometer is balanced, and from the point of each needle is taken a delicate cord, marked c and c'. At S is a self-inking style, or pen, suspended by a thread and free to move in any direction. The cords, c and c' are fastened to the style, S, and opposite to each are delicate springs not shown in the figure. These springs exactly balance the strain on the cords from the needles as long as the resistance in the lines is constant and the needles remain at rest. The operation of the apparatus may now be easily understood. The movement of the pen changes the electrical resistance in each of the lines, the up-and-down stroke affecting one line, the lateral strokes the other. The needles of the galvanometers swing to and fro under these changes in

SAMPLE OF WRITING BY TELEGRAPH.

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electrical resistance and pull the style in opposite directions. If, now, the pen describes a curve that is the resultant of two motions, the resistance in each line is changed in corresponding degree, precisely as if the curved motion had been split into its two right-angled motions and translated into electrical resistances of equal or unequal value. The needles pull the style in two directions at the same time, and as it cannot follow both motions, it takes a path between them that is the result of the two forces and reproduces the original curve made by the pen. The strip of paper under the style moves by clock-work, ink flows from the style and traces the curves and marks made by the pen; in fact, reproduces the message written by the pen at the other end of the line. The details of this remarkable invention have been worked out in a simple and tolerably successful manner.

We present a sample of the writing as received on two wires at a distance of forty miles. The writing is sufficiently clear for all practical purposes, and though the apparatus works rather slowly, it may yet reach a valuable practical position in telegraphy. At its present stage it has demonstrated that hand-writing can be transmitted with precision over long distances, and the further development of the invention may be awaited with considerable interest. The invention is English in origin and was first used between London and Brighton.

Tubular Piles.

IN sinking tubular piles in deep water and in putting down driven wells it has been the custom to drive the pile or pipe by striking on the top of the tubes. This answers very well for short tubes, but in sinking deep wells and long piles it has been found better to deliver the blows of the weight or hammer at the bottom of the pile. A long cylindrical weight designed to strike on the flat head of the steel point, or toe, of the pile is suspended inside the tube and let fall on the point, the tube itself acting as a guide for the weight. It is claimed that by this method long piles are driven with facility and precision, all danger of bending the pipe or driving it out of perpendicular being avoided. This method of driving tubes in the ground has suggested a very useful form of iron base for lamp, signal, tent and telegraph poles. An iron tube with steel point and heavy flange at the top is driven into the ground by means of the cylindrical weight till the flange is level with the surface. The telegraph, lamp, or other post of iron, has a similar flange designed to fit the flange on the tube, and the two may be screwed together. For wooden posts a cast-iron socket may be provided and screwed to the flanged tube. Such an iron tube driven in the ground would be useful for a variety of purposes when a firm and permanent base is wanted.

New Preservative Agent.

DURING some experiments in separating sugar from molasses a double salt of borate of potassium and sodium was found that proved to have valuable antiseptic properties. This salt is now manufactured on a commercial scale, and costs about ten cents a kilogram. It is obtained by dissolving in water equal quantities of chloride of potassium, nitrate of sodium and boric acid, filtering and evaporating to dryness. The salt is said to be quite deliquescent and must be kept in tight bottles. It is quick in action, retains its qualities for a long time and has no injurious effect on the taste, smell, or healthfulness of the substances to which it is applied. It has already found a use in making sausages, in preserving meats, in tanning and in butter-making. A small quantity of the salt added to milk will preserve it in good condition for a week. It is also used in preserving beers and wines and is being made the subject of experiment in several other directions.

Memoranda.

CARBON desulphide has been tried with success in extinguishing fires in chimneys and other confined places. A few kilograms burned on the hearth of a chimney that is on fire has been found sufficient to extinguish the fire without injury to the house or furniture. The combustion of the carbon desulphide produces great volumes of carbonic and sulphurous acid gases which rise in the chimney and smother the fire. From experiment it has been found that out of 319 burning chimneys, 251 were extinguished in this manner without other assistance and without even disarranging the furniture of the rooms where the fires occurred.

A new form of thermo-regulator employs the varying tension of a saturated vapor under the influence of changing temperature as a means of controlling the flow of gas in a gas-stove and thus maintaining a fixed temperature. A small vessel containing methylic ether and connected with a mercury manometer is attached to a gas-stove intended to be kept at a fixed temperature, the movements of the manometer controlling the flow of gas. So sensitive is the apparatus that a stove has been maintained within one-tenth of a degree of a given temperature, this precision being obtained by the small mass of the vapor and the rapidity with which its tension changes under slight variations of the temperature.

The patent law restrictions laid on the use of the common process of nickel-plating have led to experiments in other directions to secure the same end, and a new process is announced by Professor Stratbo that is said to be both simple and effective. To a solution of from five to ten per cent. of chloride of zinc, sufficient nickel sulphide is added to give it a decided green color, when the solution may be raised to a boiling point in a porcelain vessel. The articles to be plated, thoroughly cleaned from oxide and grease, are suspended in the boiling solution for from thirty to sixty minutes, or till well covered. They may then be taken out, washed in water in which a little chalk is suspended, dried and polished. By employing a cobalt salt in place of the nickel, a plating of cobalt may be obtained. This process is not patented.

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BRIC-À-BRAC.

Beside the Brook.

BY GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

"I go a-fishing!" and he sped
With rod and line, where by-paths led
'Neath latticed boughs, beside the brook
Where fish were lured with cunning hook.

"I'll read in solitude awhile!"
With favorite book, and morning smile,
Through winding ways, she sought the nook
She loved the best, beside the brook.

Later, I passed; the line and book
Were queerly twined, beside the brook;
While, in the grove, the angler's prize
Was reading love-songs in his eyes.

Two Prima-donnas.

HEARING that the two prima-donnas, Mesdemoiselles May and June, were in town; the one packing up her wardrobe, getting ready for her intended professional tour round the world; the other just arrived for her promised series of performances in New York and its vicinity; our musical reporter, ever alert, and with a keen eye for any affair combining business and pleasure, called, the other morning, first upon one lady and then upon the other, and sending up his card, requested the pleasure of an interview. This was most graciously granted, and he has sent us the following notes made on his return, which we hope our readers will not think it a breach of confidence on our part to print.

Mlle. May was in her parlor, engaged in looking over her dresses, and planning how to pack them without mussing them. The room, though somewhat in disorder, looked so airily elegant in its impromptu decoration that the reporter wished, to himself, some of his friends could see it who were putting themselves to much trouble and expense in house-furnishing with less decorative effect than here seemed the result of accident. On the walls were the portraits of a few old English and early French poets, twisted about with wreaths of wild flowers, violets and daffodils, columbines and anemones, while, set about the room in glasses, were posies of hyacinths, tulips and narcissus, trophies of the prima-donna's first appearance in the season, showered upon her by the young collegians and the school-girls. Here and there, flung over the backs of chairs and sofas, were the dresses in which she had played some of her most popular parts. Here was a scarf like a rainbow, over a clouded silk, in hue the pigeon's breast; here was a robe of showery gauze, with a soft footing of grass and wild-flowers for a border. But, the prettiest dress was pearl and rose, like a cirrus sky at dawning, with rucheings of the west wind, and a flight of blue-birds over the left shoulder.

Mlle. May, so our reporter thought, had her countenance troubled as he entered the room. But reporters are so used to meeting troubled looks, he hardly gave it a second thought. He said to himself, with a creature so young, and rich, and happy, as this, trouble could only be an affair of a crumpled rose-leaf in her bed. Still, he gallantly expressed a hope that she was quite well—an unlucky turn, for as she essayed the conventional fib in reply, a tear that was lingering, loth to leave, in her forget-me-not eyes, slipped the thickset hedge of her dark lashes, rolled from her cheek, and joined the other dew-drops on the bouquet of roses in her bosom. There could be no denying, after this, that something had gone wrong with her, and pushing away, just tasted, her breakfast of shad with the early roes, and fresh eggs and Philadelphia butter, she frankly told the reporter what the matter was.

"All the world," she said, "and the newspapers, are complaining of the coldness of my manners, and declaring that my voice nowadays is always accompanied by a light catarrh. They admit that I have warmed up a little in these latter days, but not enough, they think, to counterbalance the chill I gave on my first appearance. One critic, who will be satisfied with nothing short of perfection, declares that, all the season through, I have never once reached strawberries *in alt.*, though he admits that my *crescendo* in asparagus and green peas was fairly fair. In short, every one has his fling at me, and I half wish I had never come at all. The truth is," she ran on, "the coldness you complain of isn't my fault, 'tis yours. It comes from lack of sympathy. In old times, when Chaucer there, and Ben, and Spenser, were alive, I was always welcome, and they sang such sweet things about me 'twas like a divine infection, and everybody, young and old, gentle and simple, loved to do me honor. 'And fairer than the May with flowers new,' sang my best beloved poet, Chaucer; he set the note, and all the world sang after him. But, now," she sighed, "all this is sadly altered, and in this prosaic country of yours, I am become the synonym for mere utility. My birthday, with its flower-wreathed pole and dance of girls and boys; its hunt in wood and meadow for flowers; the glad cries when the first bloodroot blossoms were found like a belated snow-drift by the stone wall; or when the tinkle of the brooks led to where the spotted leaves and tawny bells of the dog-tooth violet made its borders gay, or the anemone shook with fear at the slightest whisper of the wind—this day is now a day for 'moving,' as you call it; of all days in the year the one chosen for making yourselves miserable! You laugh at May-day flowers, and insist that all your children fetch home from their May-day rambles in the cold, is, croup instead of crocuses, mumps for anemones, and an occasional dog-tooth in their violet legs. The truth is, you don't love me any longer, any of you—you needn't jump so, Mr. Reporter, I didn't mean to be personal!—if you did, you'd find sweet Will was right, and that love does lend a precious seeing to the eye.

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You'd find my dresses as pretty as ever, my voice as tuneful as when I lulled my Chaucer to sleep with it among my daisies, and you wouldn't think my beauty all gone, either."

Here her voice went off in a sigh, a dash of tears clouded her blue eye to a tender gray, her cheek turned pale as when the aspen shows the under side of its leaves, and snatching up a bewitching Virot bonnet that suggested a straw bee-hive, with lots of thyme, and with honeysuckle ribbons, and throwing round her shoulders a scarf embroidered with arbutus blossoms by her own class in Decorative Art, she gave our dazzled reporter a courtesy like the dip of a swallow, "and fled, in light, away."

June came forward to meet our reporter with her hands full of roses, just sent in, she said, by her friend the south-west wind. The new prima-donna is a buxom beauty, with hair of a color seldom seen, —something between chestnut and black, like the leaves of the copper-beech. With this go eyes of melting gray, soft as moonlight, when she is serious, and with lambent flashes of heat-lightning, when things go wrong. This morning she seemed in the best of humors. The piano was open ('twas a spring Chickering) and our young friend naturally expressed a desire to hear the lady sing. "Certainly," she said, in her velvet voice. "What would you like? There are lots of new songs. There's the 'Oriole's Barcarole'; here's a pretty *suite* by Jenny Wren; the 'Cat-bird *Valse à deux-temps*' is very clever, and so is the 'Robin-red-breast *Galop*.' But, what suits me best is this 'Owl's *Nocturne*'! What a thing it is to listen to, on a moonlight arm-in-arm!"

As she sat, and ran her fingers over the keys, our heart-shaken reporter wished he might stop there forever. For the room was like a bower of roses, with wandering scent of fresh-cut grass, and sweet syringa; and that ripe, rich voice went lilting along in careless ease; now like a leaping brook, now like a welling river, now trembling with love-whispers in pleached bowers shut from espials, or laughing with children tumbled in play upon the lawn, or cooing with the baby on its mother's breast. Certainly, if all he reports be true, great pleasure is in store for us from June's singing, for life and the delight of living, and all the sweetness of the summer, are in her voice, and her open-air concerts are sure to have an immense popularity.

C. C.

Uncle Mellick dines with his Master.

Ol' marster is a cur'us man, as sho as yo' is born!
I's wukkin in de crib one day a-shellin' o' some corn,
An' he was standin' at de do';—I "knowed it"? no, sah, not!
Or, fo' de king! dese jaws uv mine, I'd sh'ly kept 'em shot.
But to Bru. Simon, shellin' too, what should I do but say:
"I's starvin' sence I lars has eat—a week ago today."
Den marster cussed and hollered: "Here's a shame an' a dusgrace!
I, so long a planter,—a starved nigger on my place!
Come, Mellick, drap dat corn an' walk straight to de house wid me;
A starvin' nigger on my place's a thing shall nebber be."

"Hi! *me* eat 'long de white folks, sah?" "Yes, Mellick, take a seat."
Den to missis: "Dis starved nigger I's done fotch to make 'im eat,"—
An' he drawed a big revolvah an' he drapped it by he plate,—
"Gub 'im soup! an' 'twixt de swallers, don' lemme see yo' wait."
Dat soup was fine, I tell yo', an' I hide it mighty soon;—
One eye sot on de pistol an' de turrer on de spoon.
"Fish for Mellick, in a hurry, he's a-starvin', don't yo' see?"
(Dem mizable house-niggers tucked dar heads an' larfed at me.)
An' I went for dat red-snapper like de big fish for de small;—
Glarnced at de navy-shooter onct, den swallered bones an' all.

"Gub 'im tucky, ham an' aigs, rice, taters, spinach, sparrergrars,
Bread, hom'ny, mutton, chicken, beef, corn, turnips, apple-sars,
Peas, cabbage, aig-plant, artichoke"—(Dat pistol still in view,
An' de white folks dey all larfin', an' dem silly niggers, too)—
"Termaters, carrots, pahsnips, beets"—("When *is* he gwine git done?")—
"Squash, punkin, beans an' kercumbers,—eat, Mellick, don't leabe none;
For dis here day's done brung to me a shame an' a dusgrace;—
I, so long a planter,—a starved nigger on my place!"

Dem things ef I'd be'n by myself, I'd soon put out o' sight;
But de com'cal sitiwation dar, it spile my appetite:
I had to wrastle wid dem wittles hard enough dat day!
Till "Now champagne for Mellick!" I heard ole marster say.
When dat nigger shoot de bottle by my hade—I's sho'ly skeered;
Dat stuff it look so b'ilin' hot, to drink it I wuz feared;
But arter I'd done swallered down a glars, I feel so fine,
I 'gin de sitiwation not so very much to min';—
An' den a little restin' spell I sorter tried to take,
But, Lor'! ole marster hollered: "Gub 'im pud-din', pie an' cake!"—
—Wid he han' upon de pistol an' de debbel in he eye!—
"An', Mellick, down wid all!—onless yo' is prepar'd to die."

I hurried home dem goodies like I hudn't eat dat day;
Tell marster see I couldn't pack anoder crumb away;
An' den he say: "Now, Mellick, to de crib, git up an' go!
An' de naix time yo' is starvin' come to me an' lemme know."
But, Lor', in dat ar bizniss I kin nebber show my face;—
An' dar's nebber been anoder starvin' nigger on de place!

J. R. EGGLESTON.

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THE AMERICAN ON THE STAGE.

MR. JOHN E. OWENS AS "SOLON SHINGLE."

IF we cast a rapid glance over the stage of the United States, seeking to see what class of drama succeeds best and lasts longest, it is soon evident that a piece in which the most prominent feature is the exhibition of an American type has the greatest chance of gaining popular approval. It may be the American of fact, as our Southern friend, *Colonel Mulberry Sellers*, or his Eastern relative, *Judge Bardwell Slote*, or it may be the American of legend, as the immortal *Rip Van Winkle* of our own Hudson, or the stalwart *Davy Crockett* of the West,—for although Crockett was once an actual entity he is now no more than the immaterial excuse for an infinity of legend. Plays without this central and locally characteristic personage,—plays of French or English or German, or even now and then of American authorship, may seem for a time to be the fashion;

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but they rarely wear as well as the cheaper and less artistic homespun. That the most of these American products are crude and unrefined, merely the raw material out of which a skillful artificer might make a symmetrical masterpiece, admits of no dispute. An apt epigram is afloat—ascribed to Mr. Boucicault—to the effect that "all that the Americans seem to recognize as dramatic here is the caricature of character, and that is what the successful plays are—caricature of eccentric character set in a weak dramatic framework." This, like most epigrams, is a smart setting of a half truth. Americans recognize the character through the caricature, accepting the latter only for lack of the former. The want is want of art on the part of the authors, not want of appreciation on the part of audiences. When a strongly marked character is put before them, they will be only the more glad to receive it, if it is artistically developed and presented, and if the action in which it takes part is skillfully ordered. But in general, it is true, the work is not skillfully or artistically done. In general, American comedy, reaching after comic truth, succeeds only in grasping realistic farce. At one time, we have the simplicity and directness of "Davy Crockett;" at another, the vulgar and vapid inanity of "Our Boarding-House," which

> ——"filled the stage with all the crowd
> Of fools pursuing and of fools pursued.
> Whose ins and outs no ray of sense discloses,
> Whose deepest plot is how to break folks' noses."

But a striving to be a mirror of manners, to reflect human nature as affected by its American environment, has at all times been visible on the stage of our nation, ever since it was a nation. "On the 16th of April, 1786, was performed," says William Dunlap, in his invaluable history of our early theater, "the first American play which had ever been got up on a regular stage, by a regular company of comedians." It was "The Contrast," a comedy in five acts, written by Royal Tyler, afterward Chief-Justice of Vermont. In this first of American plays is to to be found the first of stage Yankees. "The comedy," says Dunlap, "is extremely deficient in plot, dialogue, or incident, but has some marking in the characters, and in that of *Jonathan*, played by Wignell, a degree of humor and knowledge of what is termed Yankee dialect, which, in the hands of a favorite performer, was relished by an audience gratified by the appearance of home manufacture,—a feeling which was soon exchanged for a most discouraging contempt for every literary home-made effort." This American distaste for American work, which forced Dunlap to pass off as English his own translations from the German, lasted nearly fifty years, and it was not until well into the second quarter of this century that the American began to make a stand on his own stage. For a score of years or more after 1800, plays taken from Scott's novels were more frequent and apparently more popular than plays taken from those of Cooper; but as soon as the century got out of its teens the American novelist caught up with his British predecessor, and became as great a favorite as he with play-makers and play-goers.

Few of those who have by heart Woodworth's little lyric, "The Old Oaken Bucket," know that its author was a dramatist, and that it was in his pastoral opera, "The Forest Rose, or American Farmers," produced in October, 1825, at the Chatham Theatre, that the Yankee made his definite re-appearance on the stage. And in "The Forest Rose," as in "The Contrast," he was a *Jonathan*, acted at first by a Mr. Simpson, but soon appropriated by "Yankee" Hill, with whom it was always a favorite part. A few months after, James H. Hackett, having been unfortunate in business, adopted the stage as a profession; and, influenced partly perhaps by the recent production of "The Forest Rose," and partly by the great success he had achieved in the telling of a Yankee story, he determined to devote himself in a measure to the acting of Yankee parts, which served also as an excellent foil to his broken-French characters, and gave him occasion for showing that versatility of which every actor seeks to give proof. Success attended his efforts, and Hackett* was for many years one of the most prominent figures on our stage. Nor was his acting confined to this country; he was one of the first of American actors to go to England, seeking success in the land which had hitherto provided America with most of its actors and actresses, and which was rather surprised at receiving anything in return.

* A son of Hackett is now Recorder of the city of New York, a relationship which gives point to the note at the bottom of the printed programme issued during the Christmas holidays, a few years ago, by the inmates of our state-prison. "Happy New-Year, 1875. Grand entertainment at the Sing Sing Prison, to commence at 8 A. M. * * * * N. B. Tickets of admission may be had at the Court of General Sessions. John K. Hackett, Manager. No extra charge for reserved seats."

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Hackett's first success as an actor of Yankee parts was in 1828, in his own alteration of the farce by George Colman the younger, "Who Wants a Guinea?" into "Jonathan in England," in which the original British *Solomon Gundy* is changed into an American *Solomon Swap*,—a rather high-handed conversion, which greatly excited Colman's ire when, as examiner of plays, he was called upon to license for performance in London this perversion of his own handiwork. Five or six years later, Hackett repeated the attempt, playing *Paul Pry* in Yankee dialect!—surely one of the most curious experiments in the history of the drama. He did not, however, confine himself to these alterations, but sought diligently for wholly original American parts; and, after two or three ventures, he made a great success, in 1831, as *Colonel Nimrod Wildfire*, in a comedy called "The Lion of the West," written for him by one of the foremost figures in our literature then, although now well-nigh forgotten—James K. Paulding. The part suited him so well that when in England afterward he had a sequel to it written by Bayle Bernard, called "The Kentuckians," in which he, of course, appeared as *Colonel Nimrod*.

The "Forest Rose" and Hackett's *Solomon Swap* revealed the theatrical possibilities of the Yankee character, and when Hackett went to England, in 1833, other actors were prompt to seize the occasion. The only one who was capable of stepping into his shoes was George Handel Hill, best remembered now as "Yankee" Hill. He not only played *Jonathan*, but appropriated *Solomon Swap*, making Hackett almost as indignant as Hackett had made Colman. Hill had been on the stage for years before Woodworth's play turned his attention to Yankee parts; and, while he lacked Hackett's culture and advantages, he probably acted the broad Down-Easter with less effort, and therefore more effect. Mr. Ireland, a careful critic, preferred Hill to Hackett in Yankee parts, and even intimates that it was Hill's success which led Hackett to rely less on this one dialect, and to develop his broken German in "Rip Van Winkle," and his broken French in "M. Mallet." In imitation and emulation of Hackett, Hill went to London in 1836, acting Yankee parts at Drury Lane and the Haymarket; the English now began to have some slight notion of American peculiarities, thanks to the elder Mathews's "Trip to America." Hill even performed twice in Paris; but I have not been able to find any contemporary French criticism of his acting. Just what effect *Hiram Dodge*, the Yankee peddler, would have produced upon M. Jules Janin, it would be curious to know. If the French did not take to this part any better than they took to *Asa Trenchard* in 1867, I doubt whether the performance was very lively. But it was of an American audience that Hill used to tell one of his most amusing stories. He once "showed"—to use a professional phrase—in a town in the western part of New York, where no theatrical performance had ever been given. He found the audience assembled with the women seated on one side of the hall, the men on the other, exactly as they were used to sit in church; and throughout the play the most solemn silence was observed. They were attentive, but they gave no evidence of approval or displeasure; there was no applause, no laughter; there was not even a smile;

MR. JAMES H. HACKETT AS "NIMROD WILDFIRE," IN "THE LION OF THE WEST." (FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING FROM LIFE BY A. ANDREWS. COPIED BY PERMISSION OF H. B. BOLT.)

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MR. F. S. CHANFRAU AS "MOSE." (BY PERMISSION, AFTER LITHOGRAPH DRAWN BY JAMES BROWN.)

all was solemn stillness. Hill did his utmost to break the ice; he did everything a clever comedian could do, but in vain. He flung himself against their rigidity; it was no use. The audience was evidently on its best behavior, and the curtain came down at last amid a silence oppressive and almost melancholy. After the play, Hill, worn out by his extra exertion and mortified at his want of success, was passing through a public room of his hotel, when he was stopped by a tall country-man with the remark:

"Say, mister, I was in to the play to-night."

"Were you?" said Hill. "You must have been greatly entertained."

"Well, I was! I tell you what it is now, my mouth is all sore a-straining to keep my face straight. And if it hadn't been for the women, I'd 'a' laughed right out in meetin'."

Following in the footsteps of Hackett and Hill, and playing parts which differed but little from theirs in kind, came Dan Marble. Taking advantage of the Sam Patch excitement, he appeared as *Sam Patch* in a little drama of that name, in which we find the first of those "sensation headers," or frightening leaps, with which later play-goers have been made acquainted in the "Colleen Bawn" and the "Romance of a Poor Young Man." "Sam Patch" was first acted in 1836 and its success started Marble as a "star." Ten years later he appeared as *Sam Patch in France*. His biographer gives the names of a score or more of plays in which he acted a Yankee, most of them having been written expressly for him. Two of the best of these were the "Vermont Wool-dealer," and "Yankee Land," both by Cornelius A. Logan, a Western comedian, a brother of the senator and the father of Miss Eliza Logan. Another of Marble's plays was "Family Ties," a comedy to which was awarded a prize of $500 offered by the actor for the best play suited for his own acting; it was written by T. M. Field, a well-

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known comic writer of those days under the name of "Straws," and now remembered as the father of Miss Kate Field. Marble, although then popular, was an actor fond of very coarse and broad effects of a kind which would now meet with no acceptance.

We have now come nearly to the middle of the century and have seen the gradual growth of that strange creature, the stage-Yankee, as unnatural surely as the stage-Cockney or the stage-Frenchman. In nearly all of these plays of Hackett's, and Hill's, and Marble's, and of Silsbee's, who in turn came to the front as an actor of Yankee parts—in nearly all of them is to be detected a strong odor of wooden nutmegs and shoepeg oats, in nearly all of them is to be heard much bragging and tall talk, and much sharp practice is to be seen. There was none of the quiet humor of the "Biglow Papers," or of "Oldtown Folks." The stage-Yankee was coarse, exaggerated and extravagant; the real Yankee, if he ever had been like the attempt at reflecting him, had long ceased to bear any recognizable resemblance to the caricature of succeeding actors. And as the Yankee on the stage had met with appreciation merely because he was in some measure at least a presentation of the truth, so as soon as he had crystallized into that impossible being, the stage-Yankee, so soon did he begin to pass out of the public approval. And for the first ten years of the second half of the century, our theaters saw but little of him, saw him indeed in a state of decay,—and he has not since shown many signs of vigor.

It is related that when Thackeray was last in New York he expressed a great desire to see and converse with the "Bowery boy," indigenous to this city and now extinct, but then flourishing freely in the favorable atmosphere of the Volunteer Fire Department. One day, in Union Square, a specimen of this class was pointed out to the inquisitive novelist.

"Can I speak to him?" asked he. "And what shall I say?"

"Oh, anything," was the answer of a friend standing by. "Ask him your way. He is affable enough."

And the tall Englishman walked up to the rather short, red-shirted American and, after some hesitation, said:

"I want to go to the Bowery."

Looking up at the speaker, the Bowery boy amiably answered:

"Well, you can go, sonny, ef you don't stay long!"

It was this type of character—this ignorant and vulgar fellow, this rough-hewn, good-hearted fire-laddy—that made the next stage-success in this city. It was discovered that the public was interested in seeing a photographic transfer from street-life. Like many another great discovery, this was the result of accident. In 1848 there was a little

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theater in Broadway, near Howard street, called the Olympic, managed by Mitchell and modeled in part at least on the London Olympic of Madame Vestris, and famed for its farces and burlesques. It was here that the little ballet interlude, "The Maiden and the Savage," taken from "Nicholas Nickleby," was performed to crowded houses, with Mitchell as *Crummles;* and here, February 15th, 1848, for the benefit of the prompter Baker, was brought out a hasty sketch called "A Glance at New York," into which the New York fireman had been introduced. The actor cast for *Mose* was a young New Yorker named Chanfrau. He imitated his prototype to the life; he had the dress, the look, the tone, the manner of the real *Mose*. So skillfully was it done, that Mitchell, the manager, seeing him in the green-room before the piece began, took him for a real fireman who had intruded himself behind the scenes and asked him what he wanted there. The play was wretched, but the reality of Mr. Chanfrau's personation took effect immediately; the piece was at once re-arranged: the part of *Mose* was amplified; a partner for him was introduced—his "gal" *Lize*, charmingly acted by Miss Mary Taylor; and then *Mose* was the success of the season, running seventy nights—a very long run in a city of but little more than four hundred thousand inhabitants. Other theaters were anxious to share the popularity of the player, and for a long time Mr. Chanfrau acted the part twice nightly, once at the Olympic and again at the Chatham. For a few days he even played it three times a night, the third performance being given in Newark. "A Glance at New York" is in print and any one can see what a coarse and vulgar piece of work it is. The dozen other plays in which *Mose* appeared in the next few years are of the same character: merely rough outline sketches in which one figure was firmly filled in—this rounded completeness of the central character being wholly due to the photographic skill of the actor. Among these crude compositions were "Mose in California," which ran twelve weeks; "Mose in China," and "Mose in a Muss." As time passed on, the interest of the public in the part slackened and the character itself began to pass out of existence—for, in these days of paid fire departments and self-propelling steam-engines, *Mose* would find his occupation gone and would sigh in vain for a congenial sphere. But before the fireman finally faded from sight in New York, Mr. De Bar took him over to London—where of course he found himself without a friend or even an acquaintance; and Mr. John E. Owens carried him to Philadelphia, where he was called *Jakey*, and where his stay was pleasant and profitable.

It is very rare that an actor who has made so marked a hit in any one part is ever able afterward to repeat the feat, but Mr. Chanfrau has done it. During the twenty years following the first appearance of *Mose*, Mr. Chanfrau played all manner of parts from *Richelieu* to the negro *Wool* in a dramatization of Mrs. Southworth's "Hidden Hand"; among these many parts was that of my Lord Dundreary's brother *Sam*, which he acted for over a hundred nights in New York; and then about eight years ago the actor set before us another picture from American life—a picture as original and as firm in its outlines as *Mose* and far less vulgar. In *Kit* the Arkansas traveler, Mr. Chanfrau presents the South-westerner, the man of the Missouri and the Mississippi. The play, the frame-work into which the character is set, is not remarkable; the villain, for instance, is impossibly villainous and the comic persons are impossibly comic, but in *Kit* himself we have a vivid and vigorous presentation of a simple and manly nature; and Mr. Chanfrau has seized the elements of the character and utilized them with real mimetic skill—in look, in language, in intonation he is the wronged Arkansan, seeking the wife and child stolen from him and devoting himself to the destruction of the man who has robbed him of them. The part of *Kit* is one of strong individuality emphasized by the bold art of the actor; the weak point of the play is that this personality is not shown to us dramatically, it is only exhibited theatrically—that is to say, there is scarcely a single real "situation" in "Kit," there is no inward strife in *Kit's* breast, there is no ebb and flow of emotion. He is set before us pictorially, not revealed to us dramatically; this of course is not the actor's fault, but the play-maker's.

But "Kit" has one great merit, if, as seems probable, the fact that Mr. Spencer had set the Arkansas traveler on the stage suggested to Mr. Murdoch the possibility of putting Davy Crockett into a play. Now, Mr. Murdoch's "Davy Crockett" is a play to be thankful for. Its hero is as little like the real Davy Crockett (a pretty hard customer, I take it) as Robertson's *David Garrick* is like the real David Garrick; in neither play have the situations or the central characters any claim to biographic value. But

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the name was popular, and Mr. Murdoch made use of it to provide a background, and to suggest an atmosphere for a character as direct and as manly as *Kit*. *Davy Crockett* is as acceptable to the audience as *Kit*, and he has the advantage over the Arkansas traveler in that the progress of the story gives him occasion to reveal himself in repeated acts of simple heroism. One of these instances of bravery was the "sensation" of the piece. "Sensation," it must be remembered, is only reprehensible when it is obtruded for its own sake; and this "sensation" was perfectly legitimate, since, however thrilling it was in itself, it was developed naturally out of the course of the action, which in turn it helped along; moreover, it did not in any way affect the really pastoral flavor of the play. The story of the piece is in essence identical with that of "Young Lochinvar,"—a resemblance by no means concealed on the part of the playwright, but brought at once into view by the skillful use of the ballad to stir the soul of the young hunter, and to awaken him to a consciousness of his love and to the possibility, perhaps, of its success. The heroine and the man whom her father intends her to marry are forced to take shelter in *Davy Crockett's* cabin. Here, to give her warmth, he burns the bar of the door, while she reads him Scott's ballad. Of a sudden, the moaning of wolves is heard. The door, now lacking its bar, is open to any. Quick as thought *Davy Crockett* thrusts his arm through the staples, in lieu of the bar, and stands to his post until daylight drives away the wolves. This scene—the hero holding the door while the wolves are howling around the lonely cabin and thrusting their heads into the frequent crevices—this is the "sensation" of the play. Like the ballad which serves as the back-bone of the piece, the situation is a reminiscence of Scott, and had already been borrowed from the Waverley novels to do duty in a drama by the elder Dumas, a writer of enormous originality and productive capacity, who, however, was never above "lifting" a trifle like this when it happened to hit his fancy.

The author of "Davy Crockett," Mr. Frank Hitchcock, had taken the pen-name of Murdoch, borrowing it from his maternal uncle, Mr. James E. Murdoch, the Shaksperian reader and actor. He had written other plays, one of which, called "Bohemia," was brought out at the Arch Street Theatre, in Philadelphia, and was so hardly handled by the critics that the author lost faith and hope and died at the early age of thirty.

"'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
Should let itself be snuffed out by an article."

Writing to Mr. Frank Mayo, he spoke of the criticisms on his play and said, "Ah, well, they have struck home"; and in two

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days he was dead from brain fever. He did not even live to see Mr. Mayo bring out "Davy Crockett" in 1872 at the Rochester Theatre, which the actor was then managing; and it is perhaps as well that he did not,—for the play failed dismally when first acted. But the actor had more healthy obstinacy; he believed firmly in the piece, and he soon found the public beginning to appreciate it. The play was fortunate in falling into the hands of an actor who not only had faith in it, but whose experience and appearance fitted him fully for the part of the hero. Mr. Mayo's robust and ample style suits the stalwart character of the strong-armed and quick-witted frontiersman, while his sympathetic feeling for ideal beauty has led him to round out the part by many a delicate touch and finishing stroke, added one by one during nearly two thousand performances of the play throughout the Union.

The Davy Crockett of real life, the Davy Crockett before whose rifle the 'coon promised to come down, was something of a politician, taking the stump at times, and even getting himself elected to Congress. And a personage who came into existence almost at the same time as the mimic Crockett was like the real Crockett, in that he was a South-western politician. *Colonel Mulberry Sellers* had taken part in the recent unpleasantness; he was on the defeated side, but magnanimously resolving to let by-gones be by-gones, he soon determined "to go in for the OLD FLAG!—and an appropriation." *Colonel Sellers* is a gentleman of magnificent vistas. He sees vast avenues of wealth opened to him on all sides by his ever alert invention, and, in the meantime, is as poor as a church mouse. But no poverty can dull the edge of his quick-set intellect. If his steamboat scheme fails, he takes up a corn speculation; he sees "millions in it;" and if that flags he can fall back on hogs—and feed the corn to them. He has an unbounded faith in himself, a faith which most of his associates needs must share, despite his frequent mishaps and miscalculations. Now there was in this character something which exactly fell in with the times, and it was small wonder as soon as the novel of Messrs. Clemens and Warner was issued, that an enterprising play-maker sought to set the sanguine *Sellers* at once upon the stage. This first adaptation had the good luck to be bought by the one actor who, by temperament and training, was capable of doing it justice. In the hands of Mr. John T. Raymond, the careless, reckless, airy brag and boundless anticipations of the character were rounded into a harmonious whole, and the character itself was shown to be simple and strong behind all its eccentricities. And there was something in it that all Americans, in those days when the gilding was first washed from the age most of us had taken for solid gold,—there was something in it we all could recognize; in fact, there was scarce one of us who had not *Colonel Sellers* or some blood-relative of his for a friend; there was scarce one of us who had not put money in schemes hardly more fantastic than the visionary Kentuckian's Oriental Eye-water. Indeed, this general recognition of the truth of the character was pushed so far as to point out not one, but many originals, from whom the portrait had been drawn. Mr. Raymond has told me that he rarely acts the character for a week, in any part of the country, without having at least one inhabitant of the place say to him con-

MR. W. J. FLORENCE AS "HON. BARDWELL SLOTE," IN "THE MIGHTY DOLLAR."

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MR. JOHN T. RAYMOND AS "COLONEL SELLERS" IN "THE GILDED AGE." (FROM THE STATUETTE BY MR. J. S. HARTLEY.)

fidentially: "I suppose you know I am the original *Sellers?* Didn't Mark ever tell you? Well, he copied me straight through. Why, all my friends knew me first time they saw you!"

Now, in the face of this, most people would perhaps be surprised to be told that the character thus universally recognizable here in America in this gilded age of ours was no less well known in the golden age of England, under the successor of Elizabeth. But such is the fact. There is extant a comedy by one Ben Jonson, first acted at the Blackfriars Theatre in 1616. It is called "The Divell is an Ass," and it contains a character, *Meercraft*, who is seemingly a direct ancestor of our friend *Colonel Sellers*. His very first speech is:

* * * Sir, money is
Fit to run out on errands; let her go.
Via, pecunia! When she's run and gone,
And fled, and dead; then will I fetch her again,
With *aqua vitæ*, out of an old hogshead!
While there are lees of wine, or dregs of beer,
I'll never want her! Coin her out of cobwebs,
Sir, and make grass grow out of marrow bones,
Dust, but I'll have her! Raise wool upon egg-shells,
To make her come * * * * *
* * * I would but see the creature
Of flesh and blood, the man, the prince indeed,
That could employ so many millions
As I would help him to.

["The Divell is an Ass," Act ii. scene 1.

So much for his general declaration: in his particular projects he also foreshadows the Kentucky colonel. He takes a prospectus from his attendant—

What hast thou there?
O! '*Making wine of raisins*': this is in hand now.
Eugene. Is not that strange, sir, to make wine of raisins?
Meercraft. Yes, and as true a wine as the wines of France,
Or Spain or Italy: look of what grape
My raisin is, that wine I'll render perfect,
As of the Muscatel grape, I'll render Muscatel;
Of the Canary, his; the claret, his;
So of all kinds: and bate you of the prices
Of wine throughout the kingdom half in half.
Eug. But now, sir, if you raise the other commodity,
Raisins?
Meercraft. Why, then I'll make it out of blackberries
And it shall do the same. 'Tis but more art,
And the charge less.

[Act ii., scene 1.

And in a later act another money-making scheme is suggested which runs easily in team with *Colonel Mulberry Sellers's* Infallible Oriental Eye-Water.

Lady T. Do you hear?
Have you a business about tooth-picks?
Meercraft. Yes, madam:
Did I ne'er tell it you? I meant to have offer'd it
Your ladyship, on the perfecting the patent.
Lady T. How is it?
Meercraft. For serving the whole state with tooth-picks;
Somewhat an intricate business to discourse: but
I show how much the subject is abused,
First, in that one commodity; then what diseases
And putrefactions in the gums are bred,
By those are made of adulterate and false wood;
My plot for reformation of these, follows:
To have all tooth-picks brought into an office,
There seal'd, and such as counterfeit them mulcted.
And last, for vending them, to have a book
Printed, to teach their use, which every child
Shall have throughout the kingdom, that can read,
And learn to pick his teeth by: which beginning
Early to practise, with some other rules,
Of never sleeping with the mouth open, chewing
Some grains of mastick. will preserve the breath
Pure and so free from taint———

[Act iv., scene 1.

Unfortunately, this all seems insincere and hollow, for *Meercraft* is a conscious knave who but devises these schemes the better to befool gullible mankind; while our *Colonel Sellers* is as honest as may be and as sincere, and deceives himself quite as much as he deceives his neighbor. Still the comparison is curious.

Unfortunately, too, "The Divell is an Ass"

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is a much better play than "The Gilded Age," which has nearly every fault a play can have and still stand the glare of the foot-lights. After Mr. Raymond had bought the first stage-adaptation of the story, he found it was unauthorized, and that Mr. Clemens had expressly reserved the right to dramatize his novel, so that actor and author made a new compact, and the play in which Mr. Raymond now acts is the work of Mark Twain himself. It is difficult to speak of it seriously; its construction is infantine; its introduction of a steamboat explosion is puerile; its incidents, where they are not forced and improbable, are trivial and trite; it has no dramatic development of either action or character; even *Colonel Sellers* himself has no vital connection with the story and is exhibited to us merely in speech instead of being shown in action. It is only in the trial scene that the actor has a chance to do much else than talk; and in connection with this it is to be noted that the only scene in "Ah Sin," by Messrs. Bret Harte and Mark Twain (and the second play of each of them), which had any value or merit whatever was the spirited and characteristic trial before Judge Lynch in the last act, a scene worthy of the hand that wrote the classic "Buck Fanshaw's Funeral," or of the other and gentler hand which set down for us the fate of the "Outcasts of Poker Flat."

Author after author has attempted a picture of the manners and morals of society at the capital of the nation. In Mr. Benedict's "My Daughter Elinor," in Mr. Harte's "Story of a Mine," in Mr. De Forest's "Honest John Vane" and again in his "Playing the Mischief," we get either a slight glimpse or a full view of the lobby and of the man "inside politics"; even *Colonel Sellers* must needs come to Washington to see in person after that appropriation. When the stage made its next snatch for another typical American it grasped a full-fledged member of the lower house, engaged in feathering his own nest. *Judge Bardwell Slote* is M. C. for the Cohosh district. He appears in a play called "The Mighty Dollar," by Mr. B. E. Woolf. He is a good-natured, well-meaning, half-educated politician, with little knowledge and no principles. He is a fair specimen of those who take the stump before election, only to roll logs after it. The part is played by Mr. W. J. Florence with a richness of humorous caricature which almost redeems the inherent vulgarity of the character. The performance is pitched in a burlesque key, and in quiet burlesque informed with drollery Mr. Florence is admirable. He acts the character with great zest, and in marvelous "make-up." The smirking, grasping, greedy, shrewd and yet simple politician has been endowed by the author of the play with certain superficial characteristics of which the actor makes the most. Chief among these is a habit of preluding a phrase with the initials of its words, and as the orthography of *Judge Slote* is not impeccable, the result is often absurdly comic. This peculiarity is only veneered on; it is not of necessity a part of the conception of *Slote*, who in all essentials would remain the same without this trick. And here we have a fault frequently found in American writing for the stage: a bundle of characteristics is too often substituted for character, in spite of the fact that characteristics are at best but the finger-posts to character.

"The Mighty Dollar," which first put in an appearance in New York in September, 1875, was originally designated as "an American comedy," a designation very soon changed to "a humorous satire." In truth, the piece was neither comedy nor satire. In as far as it was good—that is to say, in the parts played by Mr. Florence and by Mrs. Florence, who, as *Mrs. General Gilflory*, represented a sort of American *Mrs. Malaprop*, who had been born here and had spent much of her time in the demoralizing circles of the American colony in Paris,—in these parts it was a not unskillful blending of farce and burlesque. All the rest of it was most dreary stuff akin to the so-called "society-plays" with which we are often afflicted, and inferior to them in that it lacked motive and cohesion. In spite of these obvious defects, "The Mighty Dollar" was carried for over a hundred nights at the Park Theatre, where "The Gilded Age" had previously achieved a hundred performances. Both plays have been acted at other theaters in this city again and again, meeting with acceptance in spite of faults visible to the youngest of play-goers, and owing their success solely to the fact that the principal figure in each was represented with remarkable skill, and contained elements of character readily recognizable by all.

I have purposely omitted until now all mention of two characters of American growth as widely known as any hitherto here described—*Solon Shingle* and *Rip Van Winkle*. I place the two parts together

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because, although they are at present identified with two different actors whose performances of them have been widely appreciated, they have received the shape they now retain at the hands of one man—the late Charles Burke, who died in 1854, at the early age of thirty-two. A most promising career was thus untimely ended. Charles Burke was the half-brother of Mr. Joseph Jefferson, who often played with him in minor parts, and who cherishes his memory in the greatest respect. Mr. Jefferson has even been known to say that if "my brother Charley had only lived, the world would never have heard of me,"—an assertion which may well be doubted by any one who can appreciate the truth and delicacy of Mr. Jefferson's own endeavors as an actor. About the middle of this century, when Mr. Chanfrau, just after his success as *Mose*, was managing the National Theatre, Charles Burke was his stage-manager,—"and he was the best stage-manager I ever knew, except Mitchell," said Mr. Chanfrau, when telling the writer the circumstances of Burke's first appearance as *Solon Shingle*. One day, in looking over a lot of MS. plays, Mr. Chanfrau found the "People's Lawyer," a two-act comedy by Dr. J. S. Jones, of Boston, a prolific playwright thirty or forty years ago. Knowing that it contained a Yankee part, played originally by an old actor named Spear, now in the Forrest Home, and performed afterward by Hill, Mr. Chanfrau drew it to the attention of Burke, who had often before played Yankee parts with success. A few weeks later the piece was produced with Burke as *Solon Shingle*. Spear and Hill, whom Burke had never seen in the part, had played it as a sort of young and Yankee *Paul Pry*. Burke, bringing to all his work a precious faculty of seeing and thinking for himself, appeared as an old and simple-minded Massachusetts farmer, intent on "his bar'l o' apple-sass." Burke's success in the part brought the play again into notice, and in 1854 the part of *Solon Shingle* was acted at the Baltimore Museum by Mr. John E. Owens, whose ownership of the character has never since been disputed. Ten years later, on August 31st, 1864, at the old Broadway Theatre, just below Broome street, Mr. Owens' performance of *Solon Shingle* met with the immediate and marked popular approval of the metropolis, and the little old-fashioned play was one of the greatest successes of the season. Mr. Owens has more than once played it again in this city, and his acting of *Solon Shingle* is always seen with pleasure. He gives us a direct and simple picture of a homely New England farmer, loquacious, inquisitive, shrewd in a measure, full of his own importance,—a picture which recalls Mr. Winslow Homer's studies of farm-life,—a picture not sufficiently ideal to call out the finest qualities of the actor, but real and distinct to an extraordinary degree.

In "Rip Van Winkle," Burke's share was less. The first dramatic version of Washington Irving's legend was produced at the Park Theatre in this city, April 22, 1830, by Hackett. Afterward, when Hackett appeared in London, this adaptation was revised by Bayle Bernard. Hackett's performance of *Rip* is greatly praised by no less an authority than Sol. Smith, who considered him without a rival in the part. "I should despair," he writes, "of finding a man or woman in an audience of five hundred who could hear Hackett's utterance of five words in the second act, 'But she was mine vrow,' without experiencing some moisture in the eyes." Burke, about the middle of the century, prepared his own version of the play, which is extant in print. Like Hackett's, it is in two acts, and—like Hackett's again in all probability—it leans unduly toward broad fun. Burke's version did not differ greatly from Hackett's, and one or the other of them was acted about all over the country by any performer who took a fancy to the character. Mr. Chanfrau, for instance, played the part repeatedly for several years. There was thus accumulated by this exercising of many minds trained in theatrical perception, a fund of "business," of bits of dialogue and bits of by-play, all tending toward the elaboration of the character and its greater effect before the foot-lights. But all was vague and varying, and greatly needed condensation and reduction to coherence.

At this time, in 1865, there arrived in England from Australia a young American actor, Mr. Joseph Jefferson, the third bearer of this honored name on the American stage, and the original performer, it may be noted, of two well-known Yankee parts, *Salem Scudder* in "The Octoroon," and *Asa Trenchard* in "The American Cousin," both of which in his hands became possible beings, not the impossible caricatures we generally see them. To gain the opportunity of acting in London a new play was needed. Mr. Jefferson had played in "Rip Van Winkle" with his half-brother, and had since acted the character himself in America

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and Australia with great success, and was thus possessed of all the traditions of the part, besides much "business" invented by himself. This mass of material he took to Mr. Dion Boucicault. The dramatist soon extracted from the actor's notes and notions the very clever play as we now have it, for the first time appearing in three acts, owing to the development of the scene with Hudson's men. This scene existed in the old versions, but now takes a whole act to itself, and an act in which not a word is spoken save by *Rip* himself, excepting only the ghostly toast carried by the elfish spirits to "Rip! Rip! Rip!" In September, 1865, the transformed play was produced at the London Adelphi Theatre, and Mr. Jefferson's success was instantaneous and prolonged. A year later, Mr. Jefferson appeared as *Rip* at the Olympic Theatre in New York, and at the end of this engagement, he played the part throughout the country with unceasing approval.

Mr. Jefferson is an actor of exquisite art.

As a comedian, he would hold his own beside the finest comic artists of France—M. Regnier, M. Got, M. Coquelin. The portrait he presents of *Rip Van Winkle* is a singularly felicitous example of the possible union of great breadth and freedom of effect with the utmost delicacy and refinement. Mr. Jefferson's *Rip Van Winkle* has an ideal

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elevation, while at the same time, it is thoroughly human. It is saturated with kindly and wholesome humor, and the spirit of gentleness pervades it. Although *Rip* himself is an idle good-for-nothing and ne'er-do-well, we accept Mr. Jefferson's presentation of him as a personification of the beautiful and the good.

These are the principal types of American character which the dramatic art has sought to set on our stage. If comedy be a mirror in which the age is reflected and in which we are to see ourselves, then these plays show the age to be a very queer age and exhibit us as a very peculiar people. If, as De Quincey says, "the acknowledged duty of comedy" is "to fathom the coynesses of human nature and to arrest the fleeting phenomena of human demeanor," then the American comedy we have been here considering has been most remiss in its duty, for it has neither fathomed coynesses, nor arrested phenomena; rarely has it even hinted that human nature had any coyness, and its only suggestion of phenomena was in the sense in which the word was used by Mr. Crummles, the father of the infant. The most that can be said for it is that it has seized and concentrated certain of the floating characteristics of the many atoms of American life, presenting them before us with the rigor and the vigor of a photograph,—sometimes the pose has been chosen with more taste, sometimes the photograph has been more skillfully manipulated than at others; at best, the result is mechanical and lacks the freedom of art. We have had hitherto in comedy outline types, as it were, the equivalent of the conventional characters of the early Italian *commedie dell' arte*. *Mose* is from New York, and *Asa Trenchard* is from Vermont, and *Judge Bardwell Slote* is from the Cohosh district, just as *Pantaloon* was from Venice and *Punchinello* from Naples. With the change of time we are ready and fit for something more and something finer.

The first requisite of the stage is strongly defined characters, well contrasted; human nature is the fund on which the dramatist may draw at will. De Quincey, in the essay from which a quotation has already been made, declares that "Comedy, as the reflex of the current of social life, will shift in correspondence to the shifting movements of civilization. Inevitably, as human intercourse in cities grows more refined, comedy will grow more subtle; it will build itself on distinctions of character less grossly defined, and on features of manners more delicate and impalpable." It is to be hoped that in due course of time some one will supply the demand which has thus arisen for a dramatist capable of putting an American on the stage as true to life as *Colonel Sellers* and far more subtle than *Judge Slote*,—one in fact whom we shall all be as willing to acknowledge as we are Winthrop's *John Brent*, Mr. Harte's *John Oakhurst* or Mr. James's *Christopher Newman*.

MR. JOSEPH JEFFERSON AS "RIP VAN WINKLE."

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FRIEND BARTON'S "CONCERN."

"I THOUGHT YOU WERE THERE, DOROTHY."

It had been "borne in" upon him, more or less, during the long winter; it had not relaxed its hold when the frosts unlocked and the streams were set free from their long winter's silence among the hills. He grew restless and abstracted under "the turnings of the Lord's hand upon him," and his speech unconsciously shaped itself into the Biblical cadences which came to him in his moments of spiritual exercise.

The bedrabbled snows of March shrank away before the keen, quickening sunbeams; the hills emerged, brown and sodden, like the chrysalis of the new year. The streams woke in a tumult, and all day and night their voices called from the hills back of the mill. The waste-weir was a foaming torrent, and spread itself in muddy shallows across the meadow beyond the old garden where the robins and blue-birds were house-hunting. Friend Barton's trouble stirred with the life-blood of the year, and pressed upon him sorely; but as yet he gave it no words. He plodded about among his lean kine, tempering the winds of March to his untimely lambs, and reconciling unnatural ewes to their maternal duties.

Friend Barton had never heard of the doctrine of the survival of the fittest; though it was the spring of 1812, and England and America were investigating the subject on the seas, while the nations of Europe were practically illustrating it. The "hospital tent," as the boys called an old corn-basket, covered with carpet, which stood beside the kitchen chimney, was seldom without an occupant,—a brood of chilled chickens, a weakly lamb, or a wee pig (with too much blue in its pinkness), which had been left behind by its stouter brethren in the race for existence. The old mill hummed away through the day, and often late in the evening if time pressed, upon the grists which added a thin, intermittent stream of tribute to the family income. Whenever work was "slack," Friend Barton was sawing or chopping in the wood-shed adjoining the kitchen; every moment he could seize or make he was there, stooping over the rapidly growing pile.

"Seems to me, father, thee's in a great hurry with the wood this spring. I don't know when we've had such a pile ahead."

"'Twont burn up any faster for being chopped," Friend Barton said; and then his wife Rachel knew that if he had a reason for being "forehanded" with the wood, he was not ready to give it.

One rainy April afternoon, when the smoky gray distances began to take a tinge of green, and through the drip and rustle of the rain the call of the robins sounded, Friend Barton sat in the door of the barn, oiling the road-harness. The old chaise had been wheeled out and greased, and its cushions beaten and dusted.

An ox-team with a load of grain creaked up the hill and stopped at the mill door. The driver, seeing Friend Barton's broad-brimmed drab felt hat against the dark interior of the barn, came down the short lane leading from the mill past the house and farm-buildings.

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"Fixin' up for travelin', Uncle Tommy?"

Vain compliments were unacceptable to Thomas Barton, and he was generally known and addressed as "Uncle Tommy" by the world's people of a younger generation.

"It is not in man that walketh to direct his own steps, neighbor Gordon. I am getting myself in readiness to obey the Lord, whichever way He calls me."

Farmer Gordon cast a shrewd eye over the premises. They wore that patient, sad, exhumed look which old farm-buildings are apt to have in early spring. The roofs were black with rain, and brightened with patches of green moss. Farmer Gordon instinctively calculated how many "bunches o' shingle" would be required to rescue them from the decline into which they had fallen, in spite of the hectic green spots.

"Wal, the Lord calls most of us to stay at home and look after things, such weather as this. Good plantin' weather; good weather for breakin' ground; fust-rate weather for millin'! This is a reg'lar miller's rain, Uncle Tommy. You ought to be takin' advantage of it. I've got a grist back here; wish ye could manage to let me have it when I come back from store."

The grist was ground and delivered before Friend Barton went in to his supper that night. Dorothy Barton had been mixing bread, and was wiping her white arms and hands on the roller towel by the kitchen door, as her father stamped and scraped his feet on the stones outside.

"I do believe I forgot to toll neighbor Gordon's rye," he said, as he gave a final rub on the broom Dorothy handed out to him. "It's wonderful how careless I get!"

"Well, father, I don't suppose thee'd ever forget, and toll a grist twice!"

"I believe I've been mostly preserved from mistakes of that kind," said Friend Barton gently. "It may have been the Lord who stayed my hand from gathering profit unto myself while his lambs go unfed."

Dorothy put her hands on her father's shoulders. She was almost as tall as he, and could look into his patient, troubled eyes.

"Father, I know what thee is thinking of; but do think *long*. It will be a hard year; the boys *ought* to go to school; and mother is so feeble."

Friend Barton's "concern" kept him awake long that night. His wife watched by his side, giving no sign, lest her wakeful presence should disturb his silent wrestlings. The tall, cherry-wood clock in the entry measured the hours as they passed with its slow, dispassionate tick.

At two o'clock Rachel Barton was awakened from her first sleep of weariness by her husband's voice whispering heavily in the darkness.

"My way is hedged up! I see no way to go forward. Lord, strengthen my patience, that I murmur not, after all I have seen of Thy goodness. I find daily bread is very desirable; want and necessity are painful to nature; but shall I follow Thee for the sake of the loaves, or will it do to forsake Thee in times of emptiness and abasement?"

There was silence again, and restless tossings and sighings continued the struggle.

"Thomas," the wife's voice spoke tremulously in the darkness, "my dear husband, I know where thy thoughts are tending. If the Spirit is with thee, do not deny it for our sakes, I pray thee. The Lord did not give thee thy wife and children to hang as a millstone round thy neck. I am thy helpmeet, to strengthen thee in his service. I am thankful that I have my health this spring better than usual, and Dorothy is a wonderful help. Her spirit was sent to sustain me in thy long absences. Go, dear, and serve our master, who has called thee in these bitter strivings! Dorothy and I will keep things together as well as we can. The way will open—never fear!" She put out her hand and touched his face in the darkness; there were tears on the furrowed cheeks. "Try to sleep, dear, and let thy spirit have rest. There is but one answer to this call."

With the first drowsy twitterings of the birds, when the crescent-shaped openings in the board shutters began to define themselves clearly in the shadowy room, they arose and went about their morning tasks in silence. Friend Barton's step was a little heavier than usual, and the hollows round his wife's pale brown eyes were a little deeper. As he sat on the splint-bottomed chair by the kitchen fire-place, drawing on his boots, she laid her hands on his shoulders, and her cheek on the worn spot on the top of his head.

"Thee will lay this concern before meeting to-morrow, father?"

"I had it on my mind to do so,—if my light be not quenched before then."

Friend Barton's light was not quenched. Words came to him without seeking, in which to "open the concern which had ripened in his mind," of a religious visit to the meeting constituting the yearly meetings of Philadelphia and Baltimore. A "min-

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ute" was given him encouraging him in the name of, and with the full concurrence of, the monthly meetings of Nine Partners, and Stony Valley, to go wherever the Truth might lead him.

While Friend Barton was thus freshly anointed, and "abundantly encouraged," his wife, Rachel, was talking with Dorothy in the low upper chamber, known as the "wheel-room."

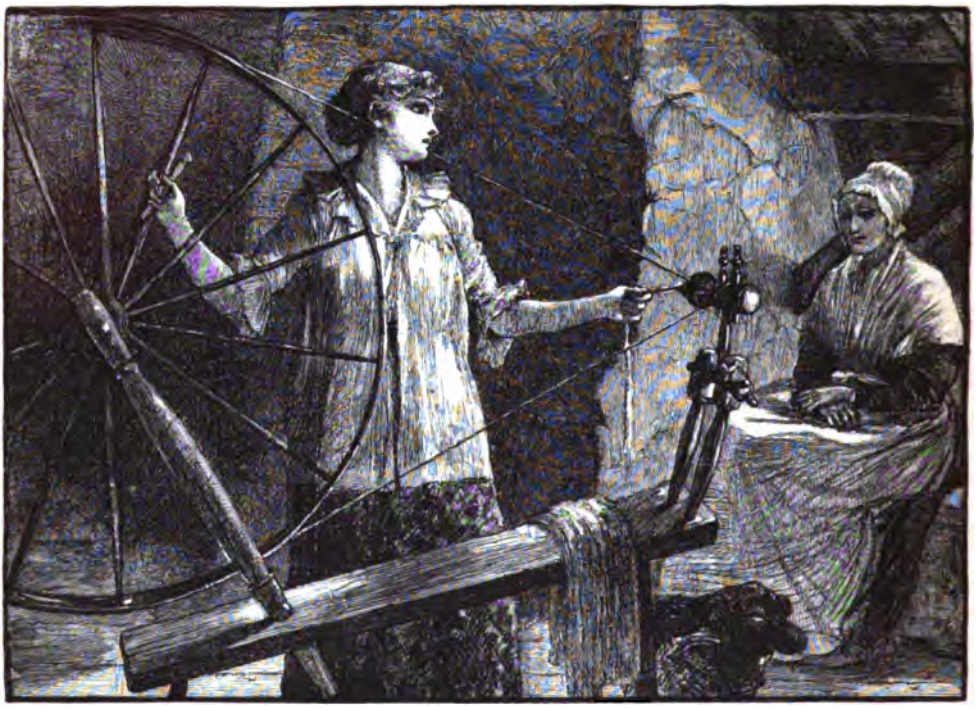
Dorothy was spinning wool on the big wheel, dressed in her light calico short gown, and brown quilted petticoat; her arms were bare, and her hair was gathered away from her flushed cheeks, and knotted behind her ears. The roof sloped down on one side, and the light came from a long low window under the eaves. There was another window (shaped like a half moon high up in the peak), but it sent down only one long beam of sunlight, which glimmered across the dust, and fell upon Dorothy's white neck.

The wheel was humming a quick measure, and Dorothy trod lightly back and forth, the wheel-pin in one hand, the other upraised holding the tense, lengthening thread, which the spindle devoured again.

"Dorothy, thee looks warm:—can't thee sit down a moment, while I talk to thee?"

"Is it anything important, mother? I want to get my twenty knots before dinner." She paused as she joined a long tress of wool at the spindle. "Is it anything about father?"

"Yes, it's about father, and all of us."



"IS IT ANYTHING ABOUT FATHER?"

"I know," said Dorothy, stretching herself back with a sigh. "He's going away again!"

"Yes, dear. He feels that he is called. It is a time of trouble and contention everywhere,—'the harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few.'"

"There are not so *many* 'laborers' *here*, mother, though to be sure, the harvest——"

"Dorothy, my daughter! don't let a spirit of levity creep into thy speech. Thy father has striven and wrestled with his urgings. I've seen it working on him all winter; he feels now it is the Lord's will."

"I don't see how he can be so sure," said Dorothy, swaying gloomily to and fro against the wheel. "I don't care for myself,—I'm not afraid of work,—but *thee's* not able to do what thee does *now*, mother. If I have outside things to look after, how can I help thee as I should? The boys are about as much dependence as a flock of barn swallows!"

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"Don't fret about me, dear; the way will open. Thy father has thought and planned for us; have patience while I tell thee. Thee knows Walter Evesham's pond is small and his mill is doing a thriving business?"

"Yes, I know it!" Dorothy exclaimed. "He has his own share, and ours too—most of it!"

"Wait, dear, wait! Thy father has rented him the ponds to use when his own gives out. He is to have the control of the water, and it will give us a little income, even though the old mill does stand idle."

"He may as well take the mill, too. If father is away all summer it will be useless ever to start it again. Thee'll see, mother, how it will end if Walter Evesham has the custom and the water all summer. I think it's miserable for a young man to be so keen about money."

"Dorothy, seems to me thee's hasty in thy judgments. I never heard that said of Walter Evesham. His father left him with capital to improve his mill. It does better work than ours; we can't complain of that. Thy father was never one to study much after ways of making money. He felt he had no right to more than an honest livelihood. I don't say that Walter Evesham's in the wrong. We know that Joseph took advantage of his opportunities, though I can't say that I ever felt much unity with some of his transactions. What would thee have, my dear? Thee's discouraged with thy father for choosing the thorny way, which we tread with him; but thee seems no better satisfied with one who considers the flesh and its wants!"

"I don't *know*, mother, *what* I want for myself. It doesn't matter, but for thee I would have rest from all these cruel worries thee has borne so long."

She buried her face in her mother's lap and put her strong young arms about the frail, toil-bent form.

"There, there, dear. Try to rule thy spirit, Dorothy. Thee's too much worked up about this. They are not worries to me. I am thankful we have nothing to decide, one way or the other—only to do our best with what is given us. Thee's not thyself, dear. Go down-stairs and fetch in the clothes, and don't hurry; stay out till thee gets more composed."

Dorothy did not succeed in bringing herself into unity with her father's call, but she came to a fuller realization of his struggle. When he bade them good-bye, his face showed what it had cost him, but Rachel was calm and cheerful. The pain of parting is keenest to those who go, but it stays longer with those who are left behind.

"Dorothy, take good care of thy mother!" Friend Barton said, taking his daughter's face between his hands and gravely kissing her brow between the low-parted ripples of her hair.

"Yes, father," she said, looking into his eyes. "Thee knows I'm thy eldest son."

They watched the old chaise swing round the corner of the lane, then the pollard willows shut it from sight.

"Come, mother," said Dorothy, hurrying her in at the gate. "I'm going to make a great pot of mush, and have it hot for supper, and fried for breakfast, and warmed up with molasses for dinner, and there'll be some cold with milk for supper, and we sha'n't have any cooking to do at all."

They went round to the kitchen door. Rachel stopped in the wood-shed, and the tears rushed to her eyes.

"Dear father! How he has worked over that wood, early and late, to spare us!"

We will not revive Dorothy's struggles with the farm-work and with the boys. They were an isolated family at the mill-house; their peculiar faith isolated them still more, and they were twelve miles from meeting, and the settlement of Friends at Stony Valley. Dorothy's pride kept her silent about her needs, lest they might bring reproach upon her father among the neighbors, who would not be likely to feel the urgency of his spiritual summons.

The summer heats came on apace and the nights grew shorter. It seemed to Dorothy that she had hardly stretched out her tired young body and forgotten her cares in the low, attic bedroom, before the east was streaked with light and the birds were singing in the apple-trees, whose falling blossoms drifted in at the window.

One day in early June, Friend Barton's flock of sheep—consisting of nine experienced ewes, six yearlings and a sprinkling of close-curled lambs whose legs had not yet come into mature relations with their bodies—were gathered in a little railed inclosure, beside the stream which flowed into the "mill-head." It was supplied by the waste from the pond, and when the gate was shut, rambled easily over the gray slate pebbles, with here and there a fall, just forcible enough to serve as a douche-bath for a well-grown sheep. The victims were pant-

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ing in their heavy fleeces, and their hoarse, plaintive tremolo mingled with the ripple of the water and the sound of young voices in a frolic. Dorothy had divided her forces for the washing to the best advantage. The two elder boys stood in the stream to receive the sheep, which she, with the help of little Jimmy, caught and dragged to the bank.

The boys were at work now upon an elderly ewe, while Dorothy stood on the brink of the stream, braced against an ash sapling, dragging at the fleece of a beautiful but reluctant yearling. Her bare feet were incased in a pair of moccasins which laced around the ankle; her petticoats were kilted, and her broad hat bound down with a ribbon; one sleeve was rolled up, the other had been sacrificed in a scuffle in the sheep-pen. The new candidate for immersion stood bleating and trembling, with her fore feet planted against the slippery bank, pushing back with all her strength, while Jimmy propelled from the rear.

"Boys!" Dorothy's clear voice called across the stream. "*Do* hurry! She's been in long enough, now! Keep her head up, can't you, and squeeze the wool *hard!* You're not *half* washing! Oh, Reuby! thee'll drown her! Keep her *head* up!"

Another unlucky douse and another half-smothered bleat,—Dorothy released the yearling and plunged to the rescue. "Go after that lamb, Reuby!" she cried, with exasperation in her voice. Reuby followed the yearling, which had disappeared over the orchard slope, upsetting an obstacle in its path, which happened to be Jimmy. He was now wailing on the bank, while Dorothy, with the ewe's nose tucked comfortably in the bend of her arm, was parting and squeezing the fleece, with the water swirling round her. Her stout arms ached, and her ears were stunned with the incessant bleatings; she counted with dismay the sheep still waiting in the pen. "Oh, Jimmy! *do* stop crying, or else go to the house!"

"He'd better go after Reuby," said Sheppard Barton, who was now Dorothy's sole dependence.

"Oh yes; do, Jimmy, that's a good boy. Tell him to let the yearling go, and come back quick."

The water had run low that morning in Evesham's pond. He shut down the mill, and strode up the hills, across lots, to raise the gate of the lower Barton Pond, which had been heading up for his use. He passed the corn-field where, a month before, he had seen pretty Dorothy Barton dropping corn with her brothers. It made him ache to think of Dorothy, with her feeble mother, the boys, as wild as preacher's sons proverbially are, and the old farm running down on her hands; the fences all needed mending, and there went Reuben Barton, now, careering over the fields in chase of a stray yearling. His mother's house was big, and lonely, and empty; and he flushed as he thought of the "one ewe-lamb" he coveted, out of Friend Barton's rugged pastures. As he raised the gate, and leaned to watch the water swirl and gurgle through the "trunk," sucking the long weeds with it, and thickening with its tumult the clear current of the stream, the sound of voices and bleating of sheep came up from below. He had not the farming instincts in his blood;—the distant bleating, the hot June sunshine and cloudless sky, did not suggest to him sheep-washing;—but now came a boy's voice, shouting, and a cry of distress, and he remembered, with a thrill, that Friend Barton used the stream for that peaceful purpose. He shut down the gate and tore along through the ferns and tangled grass till he came to the sheep-pen, where the bank was muddy and trampled. The prisoners were bleating drearily and looking with longing eyes across to the other side, where those who had suffered were now straying and cropping the short turf, through the lights and shadows of the orchard.

There was no other sign of life, except a broad hat with a brown ribbon, buffeted about in an eddy, among the stones. The stream dipped now below the hill and the current, still racing fast with the impetus he had given it, shot away amongst the hazel thickets which crowded close to the brink. He was obliged to make a detour by the orchard, and come out at the "mill-head" below;—a black, deep pool, with an ugly ripple setting across it to the "head-gate." He saw something white clinging there and ran round the brink. It was the sodden fleece of the old ewe which had been drifted against the "head-gate," and held there to her death. Evesham, with a sickening contraction of the heart threw off his jacket for a plunge, when Dorothy's voice called rather faintly from the willows on the opposite bank.

"Don't jump! I'm here," she said. Evesham searched the willows, and found her seated in the sun just beyond, half buried in a bed of ferns.

"I wouldn't have called thee," she said,

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shyly, as he sank, pale and panting, beside her, "but thee looked—I thought thee was going to jump into the mill-head!"

"I thought *you* were there, Dorothy!"

"I was there quite long enough. Shep pulled me out; I was too tired to help myself much." Dorothy held her palm pressed against her temple, and the blood trickled from beneath, streaking her pale, wet cheek.

"He's gone to the house to get me a cloak. I don't want mother to see me—not yet," she said.

"I'm afraid you ought not to wait, Dorothy. Let me take you to the house, wont you? I'm afraid you'll get a deadly chill."

Dorothy did not look in the least like death. She was blushing now, because Evesham would think it so strange of her to stay, and yet she could not rise in her wet clothes, which clung to her like the calyx to a bud.

"Let me see that cut, Dorothy, *please!*"

"Oh, it's nothing. I don't *wish* thee to look at it!"

"But I will! Do you want to make me your murderer—sitting there in your wet clothes, with a cut on your head?"

He drew away her hand, and the wound, indeed, was no great affair, but he bound it up deftly with strips of his handkerchief. Dorothy's wet curls touched his fingers and clung to them, and her eyelashes drooped lower and lower.

"I think it was *very* stupid of thee. Didn't thee hear us from the dam? I'm sure we made noise enough."

"Yes, I heard you when it was too late. I heard the sheep before, but how could I imagine that *you*, Dorothy, and three boys, as big as cockerels, were sheep-washing? It's the most preposterous thing I ever heard of!"

"Well, I can't help being a woman, and the sheep had to be washed. I think there ought to be more men in the world when half of them are preaching and fighting."

"If you'd only let the men who are left help you a little, Dorothy!"

"I don't want any help. I only *don't* want to be washed into the mill-head."

They both laughed, and Evesham began again entreating her to let him take her to the house.

"Hasn't thee a coat or something I could put around me until Shep comes?" said Dorothy. "He must be here soon."

"Yes, I've got a jacket here somewhere."

He sped away to find it, and faithless Dorothy, as the willows closed between them, sprang to her feet and fled like a startled Naiad to the house.

When Evesham, pushing through the willows, saw nothing but the bed of wet, crushed ferns and the trail through the long grass where Dorothy's feet had fled, he smiled grimly to himself, remembering that "ewe-lambs" are not always as meek as they look.

That evening Rachel had received a letter from Friend Barton, and was preparing to read it aloud to the children. They were in the kitchen, where the boys had been helping Dorothy, in a desultory manner, to shell corn for the chickens; but now all was silence, while Rachel wiped her glasses and turned the large sheet of paper, squared with many foldings, to the candle.

She read the date, "London Grove, 5th month, 22nd.—Most affectionately beloved." "He means us all," said Rachel, turning to the children with a tender smile. "It's spelled with a small b."

"He means thee!" said Dorothy, laughing. "Thee's not such a very big beloved."

There was a moment's silence. "I don't know that the opening of the letter is of general interest," Rachel mused, with her eyes traveling slowly down the page. "He says: 'In regard to my health, lest thee should concern thyself, I am thankful to say I have never enjoyed better since years have made me acquainted with my infirmities of body, and I earnestly hope that my dear wife and children are enjoying the same blessing.

"'I trust the boys are not deficient in obedience and helpfulness. At Sheppard's age I had already begun to take the duties of a man upon my shoulders.'"

Sheppard giggled uncomfortably, and Dorothy laughed outright.

"Oh! if father only *knew* how good the boys are! Mother, thee must write and tell him about their 'helpfulness and obedience'! Thee can tell him their appetites keep up pretty well; they manage to take their meals regularly, and they are *always* out of bed by eight o'clock, to help me hang up the milking-stool!"

"Just wait till thee gets in the mill-head again, Dorothy Barton! Thee needn't come to *me* to help thee out!"

"Go on, mother! Don't let the boys interrupt thee!"

"Well," said Rachel, rousing herself, "where was I? Oh, 'when I was Sheppard's age'! Well, next come some allusions to the places where he has visited, and

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his spiritual exercises there. I don't know that the boys are quite old enough to enter into this yet. Thee'd better read it thyself, Dorothy. I'm keeping all father's letters for the boys to read, when they are old enough to appreciate them."

"Well, I think thee might read us about where he's been preachin'! We can understand a great deal more than thee thinks we can!" said Shep, in an injured voice. "Reuby, he can preach some himself! Thee ought to hear him, mother. It's almost as good as meetin'!"

"I *wondered* how Reuby spent his time!" said Dorothy, and the mother hastened to interpose.

"Well! here's a passage that may be interesting: 'On sixth day attended the youths' meeting here,—a pretty favored time on the whole. Joseph' [that's Joseph Carpenter; he mentions him aways back] 'had good service in lively testimony, while I was calm and easy, without a word to say. At a meeting at Plumstead, we suffered long, but at length we felt relieved. The unfaithful were admonished, the youth invited, and the heavy-hearted encouraged. It was a heavenly time!' Heretofore he seems to have been closed up with silence a good deal; but now the way opens continually for him to free himself. He's been 'much favored,' he says, 'of late.' Reuby, what's thee doing to thy brothers?" (Shep and Reuby, who had been persecuting Jimmy by pouring handfuls of corn down the neck of his jacket until he had taken refuge behind Dorothy's chair, were now recriminating with corn-cobs on each other's faces.) "Dorothy, can't thee keep those boys quiet?"

"Did thee ever know them to be quiet?" said Dorothy, helping Jimmy to relieve himself of his corn.

"Well now, listen!" Rachel continued placidly, "'Second day, 27th' (of fifth month, he means, the letter's been a *long time* coming), 'attended their mid-week meeting at London Grove, where my tongue as it were clave to the roof of my mouth, while Hannah Husbands was much favored, and enabled to lift up her voice like the song of an angel'"——

"Who's Hannah Husbands?" cried Dorothy.

"Thee don't know her, dear. She was second cousin to thy father's step-mother; the families were not congenial, I believe; but she has a great gift for the ministry."

"I should think she'd better be at home with her children,—if she has any. Fancy *thee*, mother, going about to strange meetings, and lifting up thy voice."

"Hush! hush! Dorothy! Thy tongue's running away with thee. Consider the example thee's setting the boys."

"Thee'd better write to father about Dorothy, mother! Perhaps Hannah Husbands would like to know what she thinks about her preachin'!"

"Well now, be quiet, all of you. Here's something about Dorothy: 'I know that my dear daughter Dorothy is faithful and loving, albeit somewhat quick of speech, and restive under obligation. I would have thee remind her that an unwillingness to accept help from others argues a want of Christian Meekness. Entreat her, from me, not to conceal her needs from our neighbors, if so be she find her work oppressive. We know them to be of kindly intention, though not of our way of thinking in all particulars. Let her receive help from them, not as individuals, but as instruments of the Lord's protection, which it were impiety and ingratitude to deny.'"

"There!" cried Shep. "That means thee's to let Luke Jordan finish the sheep-washing. Thee'd better have done it in the first place. We wouldn't have the old ewe to pick if thee had!"

Dorothy was dimpling at the idea of Luke Jordan in the character of an instrument of Heavenly protection. She had not regarded him in that light, it must be confessed, and had rejected him with scorn.

"He may, if he wants too," she said; "but you boys shall drive them over. I'll have nothing to do with it."

"And shear them too, Dorothy? He asked to shear them long ago."

"Well, *let* him shear them, and keep the wool too."

"I wouldn't say that, Dorothy!" said Rachel Barton. "We need the wool, and it seems as if over-payment might not be quite honest either."

"Oh! mother, mother! What a mother thee is!" cried Dorothy laughing, and rumpling her cap-strings in a tumultuous embrace.

"She's a great deal too good for *thee*, Dorothy Barton."

"She's too good for all of us! How did thee ever come to have such a graceless set of children, mother?"

"I'm very well satisfied," said Rachel. "But now do be quiet, and let's finish the letter. We must get to bed sometime to-night!"

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The wild clematis was in blossom now—the fences were white with it, and the rusty cedars were crowned with virgin wreaths, but the weeds were thick in the garden and in the potato patch. Dorothy, stretching her cramped back, looked longingly up the shadowy vista of the farm-lane, which had nothing to do but ramble off into the remotest green fields, where the daisies' faces were as white and clear as in early June.

One hot August night she came home late from the store. The stars were thick in the sky; the katy-dids made the night oppressive with their rasping questionings, and a hoarse revel of frogs kept the ponds from falling asleep in the shadow of the hills.

"Is thee very tired to-night, Dorothy?" her mother asked, as she took her seat on the low step of the porch. "Would thee mind turning old John out thyself?"

"No, mother, I'm not tired. But why—oh, *I* know!" cried Dorothy, with a quick laugh. "The dance—at Slocum's barn. I *thought* those boys were uncommonly helpful."

"Yes, dear, it's but natural they should want to see it. Hark! we can hear the music from here."

They listened and the breeze brought across the fields the sound of fiddles and the rhythmic tramp of feet, softened by the distance. Dorothy's young pulses leaped.

"Mother, is it any harm for them just to *see* it? They have so little fun except what they get out of teasing and shirking."

"My dear, thy father would never countenance such a scene of frivolity, or permit one of his children to look upon it."

Through our eyes and ears the world takes possession of our hearts.

"Then I'm to spare the boys this temptation, mother? Thee will trust *me* to pass the barn?"

"I would trust my boys, if they were thy age, Dorothy. But their resolution is tender, like their years."

It might be questioned whether the frame of mind in which the boys went to bed that night, under their mother's eye,—for Rachel could be firm in a case of conscience,—was more improving than the frivolity of Slocum's barn.

"Mother," called Dorothy, looking in at the kitchen window, where Rachel was stooping over the embers in the fire-place, to light a bed-room candle, "I want to speak to thee."

Rachel came to the window, screening the candle with her hand.

"Will thee trust *me* to look at the dancing a little while? It is so very near."

"Why, Dorothy, does thee *want* to?"

"Yes, mother, I believe I do. I've never seen a dance in my life. It cannot ruin me to look just once."

Rachel stood puzzled.

"Thee's old enough to judge for thyself, Dorothy. But, my child, do not tamper with thy inclinations through heedless curiosity. Thee knows thee's more impulsive than I could wish—for thy own peace."

"I'll be very careful, mother. If I feel in the *least* wicked I will not look."

She kissed her mother's hand, which rested on the window-sill. Rachel did not like the kiss, or Dorothy's brilliant eyes and flushed cheeks, as the candle revealed them like a fair picture painted on the darkness. She hesitated, and Dorothy sped away up the lane with old John lagging at his halter.

Was it the music growing nearer that quickened her breathing, or only the closeness of the night, shut in between the wild grape-vine curtains, swung from one dark cedar column to another? She caught the sweet-brier breath as she hurried by, and now, a loop in the leafy curtain revealed the pond lying black in a hollow of the hills, with a whole heaven of stars reflected in it. Old John stumbled along over the stones, cropping the grass as he went. Dorothy tugged at his halter and urged him on to the head of the lane where two farm-gates stood at right angles. One of them was open and a number of horses were tethered in a row along the fence within. They whinneyed a cheerful greeting to John as Dorothy slipped his halter and shut him into the field adjoining. Now should she walk into temptation with her eyes and ears open? The gate stood wide, with only one field of perfumed meadow-grass between her and the lights and music of Slocum's barn! The sound of revelry by night could hardly have taken a more innocent form than this rustic dancing of neighbors after a "raisin' bee," but had it been the rout of Comus and his crew, and Dorothy the Lady Una, trembling near, her heart could hardly have throbbed more thickly as she crossed the dewy meadow. A young maple stood within ten rods of the barn and here she crouched in shadow.

The great doors stood wide open and lanterns were hung from the beams lighting the space between the mows, where a dance was set, with youths and maidens in

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two long rows. The fiddlers sat on barrel-heads near the door; a lantern hanging just behind projected their shadows across the square of light on the trodden space in front where they executed a grotesque pantomime, keeping time to the music with spectral wavings and noddings. The dancers were Dorothy's young neighbors, whom she had known and yet not known all her life, but they had the strangeness of familiar faces seen suddenly in some fantastic dream.

Surely that was Nancy Slocum, in the bright pink gown, heading the line of girls, and that was Luke Jordan's sunburnt profile leaning from his place to pluck a straw from the mow behind him. They were marching, now, and the measured tramp of feet, keeping solid time to the fiddles, set a strange tumult vibrating in Dorothy's blood; and now it stopped with a thrill as she recognized that Evesham was there marching with the young men, and that his peer was not among them. The perception of his difference came to her with a vivid shock. He was coming forward now, with his light, firm step; formidable in evening dress, and with a smile of subtle triumph in his eyes, to meet Nancy Slocum, in the bright pink gown; Dorothy felt she hated pink, of all the colors her faith had abjured. She could see, in spite of the obnoxious gown, that Nancy was very pretty. He was taking her first by the right hand, then by the left, and turning her gayly about;—and now they were meeting again, for the fourth or fifth time, in the center of the barn, with all eyes upon them, and the music lingered while Nancy, holding out her pink petticoats, coyly revolved around him. Then began a mysterious turning, and clasping of hands, and weaving of Nancy's pink frock and Evesham's dark blue coat and white breeches in and out of the line of figures, until they met at the door, and, taking each other by both hands, swept with a joyous measure to the head of the barn. Dorothy gave a little choking sigh.

What a senseless whirl it was! But she was thrilling with a new and strange excitement, too near the edge of pain to be long endured as a pleasure. If this were the influence of dancing, she did not wonder so much at her father's scruples,—and yet it held her like a spell.

All hands were lifted now, making an arch, through which Evesham, holding Nancy by the hands, raced stooping and laughing. As they emerged at the door, he threw up his head to shake a brown lock back. He looked flushed, and boyishly gay, and his hazel eye searched the darkness with that subtle ray of triumph in it which had made Dorothy afraid. She drew back behind the tree and pressed her hot cheek to the cool, rough bark. She longed for the stillness of the starlit meadow, and the dim lane, with its faint perfumes and whispering leaves.

But now suddenly the music stopped, and the dance broke up in a tumult of voices. Dorothy stole backward in the shadow of the tree-trunk, till it joined the darkness of the meadow, and then fled,—stumbling along with blinded eyes, and the music still vibrating in her ears. There came a quick rush of footsteps behind her, swishing through the long grass. She did not look back, but quickened her pace, struggling to reach the gate. Evesham was there before her. He had swung the gate to and was leaning with his back against it, laughing and panting.

"I've caught you, Dorothy, you little deceiver! You'll not get rid of me to-night with any of your tricks. I'm going to take you home to your mother, and tell her you were peeping at the dancing."

"Mother knows I am here," said Dorothy. "I asked her!" Her knees were trembling, and her heart almost choked her with its throbbing.

"I'm so glad you don't dance, Dorothy. This is much nicer than the barn; and the katy-dids are better fiddlers than old Darby and his son. I'll open the gate if you will put your hand in mine, so I can be sure of you—you little runaway!"

"I will stay here all night, first!" said Dorothy, in a low quivering voice.

"As you choose. I shall be happy as long as you are here."

Dead silence, while the katy-dids seemed to keep time to their heart-beats; the fiddles began tuning for another reel, and the horses tethered near stretched out their necks with low inquiring whinneys.

"Dorothy," said Evesham, softly, leaning toward her and trying to see her face in the darkness, "are you angry with me? Don't you think you deserve a little punishment for the trick you played me at the mill-head?"

"It was thy fault for wetting me!" Dorothy was too excited and angry to cry, but she was as miserable as she had ever been in her life before. "I didn't *want* thee to stay. People who force themselves where they are not wanted must take what they get!"

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"What did you say, Dorothy?"

"I say I didn't want thee then. I do not want thee now! Thee may go back to thy fiddling and dancing! I'd rather have one of those dumb brutes for company to-night than thee, Walter Evesham!"

"Very well! The reel has begun," said Evesham. "Fanny Jordan is waiting to dance it with me, or if she isn't she ought to be! Shall I open the gate for you?"

She passed out in silence, and the gate swung to with a heavy jar. She made good speed down the lane, and then waited outside the fence till her breath came more quietly.

"Is that thee, Dorothy?" Rachel's voice called from the porch. She came out to meet her, and they went along the walk together. "How damp thy forehead is, child! is the night so warm?" They sat down on the low steps, and Dorothy slid her arm under her mother's and laid her soft palm against the one less soft by twenty years of toil for others. "Thee's not been long, dear; was it as much as thee expected?"

"Mother, it was dreadful! I never wish to hear a fiddle again as long as I live!"

Rachel opened the way for Dorothy to speak further; she was not without some mild stirrings of curiosity on the subject herself; but Dorothy had no more to say.

They went into the house soon after, and as they separated for the night, Dorothy clung to her mother with a little nervous laugh.

"Mother, what is that text about Ephraim?"

"Ephraim is joined to idols?" Rachel suggested.

"Yes! Ephraim is joined to his idols!" said Dorothy, lifting her head. "Let him go!"

"Let him *alone*," corrected Rachel.

"Let him *alone!*" Dorothy repeated. "That is better yet."

"What's thee thinking of, dear?"

"Oh, I'm thinking about the dance in the barn."

"I'm glad thee looks at it in that light," said Rachel.

Dorothy knelt by her bed in the low chamber under the eaves, crying to herself that she was not the child of her mother any more.

She felt she had lost something, which, in truth, had never been hers. It was only the unconscious poise of her unawakened girlhood which had been stirred. She had mistaken it for that abiding peace which is not lost or won in a day.

Dorothy could not stifle the spring thrills in her blood any more than she could crush its color out of her cheek or brush the ripples out of her bright hair, but she longed for the cool grays and the still waters. She prayed that the "grave and beautiful damsel called Discretion" might take her by the hand and lead her to that "upper chamber, whose name is Peace." She lay awake, listening to the music from the barn, and waiting through breathless silences for it to begin again. She wondered if Fanny Jordan had grown any prettier since she had seen her as a half-grown girl; and then she despised herself for the thought. The katydids seemed to beat their wings upon her brain, and all the noises of the night, far and near, came to her strained senses, as if her silent chamber were a whispering gallery. The clock struck twelve, and in the silence that followed she missed the music; but voices, talking and laughing, were coming down the lane. There was the clink of a horse's hoof on the stones; now it was lost on the turf; and now they were all trooping noisily past the house. She buried her head in her pillow, and tried to bury with it the consciousness that she was wondering if Evesham were there, laughing with the rest.

Yes, Evesham was there. He walked with farmer Jordan, behind the young men and girls, and discussed with him, somewhat absently, the war news and the prices of grain.

As they passed the dark old house, spread- its wide roofs, like a hen gathering her chickens under her wing, he became suddenly silent. A white curtain flapped in and out of an upper window. It was the window of the boys' room; but Evesham's instincts failed him there.

"Queer kinks them old Friend preachers git into their heads sometimes!" said farmer Jordan, as they passed the empty mill. "Now what do you s'pose took Uncle Tommy Barton off right on top of plantin', leavin' his wife 'n' critters 'n' child'en to look after themselves? Mighty good preachin' it ought to be, to make up for such practicin'. Wonderful set ag'in the war, Uncle Tommy is! He's a-preachin' up peace now. But Lord! all the preachin' sence Moses wont keep men from fightin' when their blood's up and there's ter'tory in it!"

"It makes saints of the women," said Evesham shortly.

"Wal, yes! Saints in heaven before their

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time, some of 'em. There's Dorothy, now. *She'll* hoe her row with any saint *in* the kingdom or out of it. I never see a hulsomer lookin' gal. My Luke, he run the furrers in her corn-patch last May. Said it made him sick to see a gal like that a-staggerin' after a plow. She wouldn't more'n *half let* him! She's a proud little piece. They're all proud, Quakers is. I never could see no 'poorness of spirit,' come to git at 'em! And they're wonderful clannish, too. My Luke, he'd a notion he'd like to run the hull concern—Dorothy 'n' all; but I told him he might 's well p'int off. Them Quaker gals don't never marry out o' meetin'. Besides, the farm's too poor!"

"Good-night, Mr. Jordan!" said Evesham suddenly. "I'm off across lots!" He leaped the fence, crashed through the alder hedge-row, and disappeared in the dusky meadow.

Evesham was by no means satisfied with his experiments in planetary distances. Somewhere, he felt sure, either in his orbit or hers, there must be a point where Dorothy would be less insensible to the attraction of atoms in the mass. Thus far, she had reversed the laws of the spheres, and the greater had followed the less. When she had first begun to hold a permanent place in his thoughts, he had invested her with something of that atmosphere of peace and cool passivity which hedges in the women of her faith. It had been like a thin, clear glass, revealing her loveliness, but cutting off the magnetic currents. A young man is not long satisfied with the mystery his thoughts have woven around the woman who is their object. Evesham had grown impatient; he had broken the spell of her sweet remoteness. He had touched her, and found her human,—deliciously, distractingly human, but with a streak of obduracy which history has attributed to the Quakers under persecution. In vain he haunted the mill-dam, and bribed the boys with traps and pop-guns, and lingered at the well-curb to ask Dorothy for water, which did not reach his thirst. She was there in the flesh, with her arms aloft, balancing the well-sweep, while he stooped with his lips at the bucket; but in spirit she was unapproachable. He felt, with disgust at his own persistence, that she even grudged him the water! He grew savage and restless, and fretted over the subtle changes which he counted in Dorothy, as the summer waned. She was thinner and paler,—perhaps with the heats of harvest, which had not, indeed, been burdensome from its abundance. Her eyes were darker and shyer, and her voice more languid. Was she wearing down, with all this work and care? A fierce disgust possessed him, that this sweet life should be cast into the breach between faith and works.

He did not see that Rachel Barton had changed, too,—with a change that meant more, at her age, than Dorothy's flushings and palings. He did not miss the mother's bent form from the garden, or the bench by the kitchen door, where she had been used to wash the milk-things.

Dorothy washed the milk-things now, and the mother spent her days in the sunny east room, between her bed and the easy-chair, where she sat and mused for hours over the five letters she had received from her husband in as many months. The boys had, in a measure, justified their father's faith in them, since Rachel's illness, and Dorothy was released from much of her out-door work; but the silence of the kitchen, when she was there alone with her ironing and dish-washing, was a heavier burden than she had yet known.

Nature sometimes strikes in upon the hopeless monotony of life in remote farm-houses, with one of her phenomenal moods. They come like besoms of destruction; but they scatter the web of stifling routine; they fling into the stiffening pool the stone which jars the atoms into crystal.

The storms which had ambushed in the lurid August skies, and circled ominously round the horizon during the first weeks of September, broke at last in an equinoctial which was long remembered in the mill-house. It took its place in the family calendar of momentous dates with the hard winter of 1800; with the late frost, which coated the incipient apples with ice, and froze the new potatoes in the ground; and with the year the typhus got into the valley.

The rain had been falling a night and a day. It had been welcomed with thanksgiving; but it had worn out its welcome some hours since, and now the early darkness was coming on without a lull in the storm. Dorothy and the two biggest boys had made the rounds of the farm-buildings, seeing all safe for the second night. The barns and mill stood on high ground, while the house occupied the sheltered hollow between. Little streams from the hills were washing in turbid currents across the lower levels; the waste-weir roared as in early spring; the garden was inundated, and the

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meadow a shallow pond. The sheep had been driven into the upper barn floor; the chickens were in the corn-bin; and old John and the cows had been transferred from the stable, which stood low, to the weighing-floor of the mill. A gloomy echoing and gurgling sounded from the dark wheel-chamber, where the water was rushing under the wheel, and jarring it with its tumult. At eight o'clock the wood-shed was flooded, and water began to creep under the kitchen door. Dorothy and the boys carried armfuls of wood, and stacked them in the passage to the sitting-room, two steps higher up. At nine o'clock the boys were sent, protesting, to bed; and Dorothy, looking out of their window, as she fumbled about in the dark for a pair of Shep's trowsers which needed mending, saw a lantern flickering up the road. It was Evesham, on his way to the mill-dams. The light glimmered on his oil-skin coat as he climbed the stile behind the well-curb.

"He raised the flood-gates at noon," Dorothy said to herself. "I wonder if he is anxious about the dams." She resolved to watch for his return, but she was busy settling her mother for the night, when she heard his footsteps on the porch. The roar of water from the hills startled Dorothy as she opened the door;—it had increased in violence within an hour. A gust of wind and rain followed Evesham into the entry.

"Come in," she said, running lightly across the sitting-room to close the door of her mother's room.

He stood opposite her on the hearth-rug and looked into her eyes across the estrangement of the summer. It was not Dorothy of the mill-head, or of Slocum's meadow, or the cold maid of the well: it was a very anxious, lovely little girl, in a crumbling old house, with a foot of water in the cellar, and a sick mother in the next room. She had forgotten about Ephraim and his idols; she picked up Shep's trowsers from the rug, where she had dropped them, and looking intently at her thimble finger, told him she was very glad he had come.

"Did you think I wouldn't come?" said he. "I'm going to take you home with me, Dorothy,—you and your mother and the boys. It's not fit for you to be here alone!"

"Do you know of any danger?"

"I *know* of none, but water's a thing you can't depend on. It's an ugly rain; older men than your father remember nothing like it."

"I shall be glad to have mother go, and Jimmy;—the house is very damp. It's an awful night for her to be out, though!"

"She *must* go!" said Evesham. "You must all go. I'll be back in half an hour"——

"*I* shall not go," Dorothy said; "the boys and I must stay and look after the stock."

"What's that?" Evesham was listening to a trickling of water outside the door.

"Oh! it's from the kitchen! The door's blown open, I guess!"

Dorothy looked out into the passage; a strong wind was blowing in from the kitchen, where the water covered the floor and washed against the chimney.

"This is a nice state of things! What's all this wood here for?"

"The wood-shed's under water, you know."

"You must get yourself ready, Dorothy! I'll come for your mother first in the chaise."

"I cannot go," she said; "I don't believe there is any danger. This old house has stood for eighty years; it's not likely this is the first big rain in all that time." Dorothy's spirits had risen. "Besides, I have a family of orphans to take care of! See here," she said, stooping over a basket in the shadow of the chimney. It was the "hospital tent," and as she uncovered it, a brood of belated chickens stretched out their thin necks with plaintive peeps.

Dorothy covered them with her hands, and they nestled with cozy twitterings into silence.

"You're a kind of special providence, aren't you, Dorothy? But I've no sympathy with chickens who *will* be born just in time for the equinoctial."

"*I* didn't want them," said Dorothy, anxious to defend her management. "The old hen stole her nest, and she left them the day before the rain. She's making herself comfortable now in the corn-bin."

"She ought to be made an example of;—that's the way of the world, however;—retribution don't fall always on the right shoulders. I must go now. We'll take your mother and Jimmy first, and then, if you *wont* come, you shall let me stay with you. The mill is safe enough, anyhow."

Evesham returned with the chaise and a man who he insisted should drive away old John and the cows, so Dorothy should have less care. The mother was packed into the chaise with a vast collection of wraps, which almost obliterated Jimmy. As they started, Dorothy ran out in the rain with her mother's

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spectacles and the five letters, which always lay in a box on the table by her bed. Evesham took her gently by the arms and lifted her back across the puddles to the stoop.

As the chaise drove off, she went back to the sitting-room and crouched on the rug, her wet hair shining in the firelight. She took out her chickens one by one and held them under her chin, with tender words and finger-touches. If September chickens have hearts as susceptible as their bodies, Dorothy's orphans must have been imperiled by her caresses.

"Look here, Dorothy! Where's my trowsers?" cried Shep, opening the door at the foot of the stairs.

Reuby was behind him, fully arrayed in the aforesaid articles, and carrying the bedroom candle.

"Here they are—with a needle in them," said Dorothy. "What are you getting up in the middle of the night for?"

"Well, I guess it's time somebody's up. Who's that man driving off our cows?"

"Goosey! It's Walter Evesham's man. He came for mother and all of us, and he's taken old John and the cows to save us so much foddering."

"Aint we going too?"

"I don't see why we should, just because there happens to be a little water in the kitchen. I've often seen it come in there before."

"Well, thee never saw anything like *this* before—nor anybody else, either," said Shep.

"I don't care," said Reuby; "I wish there'd come a reg'lar flood. We could climb up in the mill-loft and go sailin' down over Jordan's meadows. Wouldn't Luke Jordan open that big mouth of his to see us heave in sight about cock-crow—three sheets in the wind, and the old tackle a-swingin'!"

"Do hush!" said Dorothy. "We may have to try it yet."

"There's an awful roarin' from our window," said Shep. "Thee can't half hear it down here. Come out on the stoop. The old ponds have got their dander up this time."

They opened the door and listened, standing together on the low step. There was, indeed, a hoarse murmur from the hills which grew louder as they listened.

"Now she's comin'! There goes the stable-door! There was only one hinge left, anyway," said Reuby. "Mighty! Look at that wave!"

It crashed through the gate, swept across the garden and broke at their feet, sending a thin sheet of water over the floor and stoop.

"Now it's gone into the entry. Why didn't thee shut the door, Shep?"

"Well, I think we'd better clear out, anyhow. Let's go over to the mill. Say, Dorothy, sha'n't we?"

"Wait. There comes another wave!"

The second onset was not so violent, but they hastened to gather together a few blankets, and the boys filled their pockets, with a delightful sense of unusualness and peril, almost equal to a shipwreck or an attack by Indians. Dorothy took her unlucky chickens under her cloak and they made a rush, all together, across the road and up the slope to the mill.

"Why didn't we think to bring a lantern?" said Dorothy, as they huddled together on the platform of the scale. "Will *thee* go back after one, Shep?"

"If Reuby'll go, too."

"Well, *my* legs are wet enough now! What's the use of a lantern? Mighty Moses! What's that?"

"The old mill's got under weigh!" cried Shep. "*She's* going to tune up for Kingdom Come!"

A furious head of water was rushing along the race. The great wheel creaked and swung over, and with a shudder the old mill awoke from its long sleep. The cogs clenched their teeth, the shafting shook and rattled, the stones whirled merrily round.

"Now she goes it!" cried Shep, as the humming increased to a tremor, and the tremor to a wild, unsteady din, till the timbers shook and the bolts and windows rattled. "I just wish *father* could hear them old stones hum."

"Oh, this is awful!" said Dorothy. She was shivering, and sick with terror at this unseemly midnight revelry of her grandfather's old mill. It was as if it had awakened in a fit of delirium, and given itself up to a wild travesty of its years of peaceful work.

Shep was creeping about in the darkness.

"Look here! We've got to stop this clatter somehow. The stones are hot now. The whole thing'll burn up like tinder if we can't chock her wheels."

"Shep! Does thee *mean* it!"

"Thee'll see if I don't. Thee wont need any lantern either."

"Can't we break away the race?"

"Oh, there's a way to stop it. There's the tip-trough, but it's down-stairs, and we can't reach the pole."

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"I'll go," said Dorothy.

"It's outside, thee knows. Thee'll get awful *wet*, Dorothy."

"Well, I'd just as soon be drowned as burned up. Come with me to the head of the stairs."

They felt their way hand in hand in the darkness, and Dorothy went down alone. She had forgotten about the "tip-trough" but she understood its significance. In a few moments a cascade shot out over the wheel, sending the water far into the garden.

"Right over my chrysanthemum bed!" sighed Dorothy.

The wheel swung slower and slower, the mocking tumult subsided, and the old mill sank into sleep again.

There was nothing now to drown the roaring of the floods and the steady drive of the storm.

"There's a lantern," Shep called from the door. He had opened the upper half, and was shielding himself behind it. "I guess it's Evesham coming back for us? He's a pretty good sort of a fellow, after all; don't thee think so, Dorothy? He owes us something for drowning us out at the sheep-washing."

"What *does all* this mean?" said Dorothy, as Evesham swung himself over the half-door, and his lantern showed them in their various phases of wetness.

"There's a big leak in the lower dam! I've been afraid of it all along; there's something wrong in the principle of the thing."

Dorothy felt as if he had called her grandfather a fraud, and her father a delusion and a snare. She had grown up in the belief that the mill-dams were part of Nature's original plan, in laying the foundations of the hills;—but it was no time to be resentful, and the facts were against her.

"Dorothy," said Evesham, as he tucked the buffalo about her, "this is the second time I've tried to save you from drowning, but you never will wait! *I'm* all ready to be a hero, but *you* wont be a heroine."

"I'm too practical for a heroine," said Dorothy. "There! I've forgotten my chickens."

"I'm glad of it! Those chickens were a mistake. They oughtn't to be perpetuated."

Youth and happiness can stand a great deal of cold water; but it was not to be expected that Rachel Barton should be especially benefited by her night journey through the floods. Evesham waited in the hall when he heard the door of her room open next morning. Dorothy came slowly down the stairs; he knew by her lingering step and the softly closed door that she was not happy.

"Mother is very sick," she answered his inquiry. "It is like the turn of inflammation and rheumatism she had once before. It will be very slow,—and oh! it is such suffering! Why *do* the best women in the world have to suffer so?"

"Will you let me talk things over with you after breakfast, Dorothy?"

"Oh yes!" she said; "there is so much to do and think about. I *wish* father *would* come home!"

The tears came into Dorothy's eyes as she looked at him. Rest—such as she had never known, or felt the need of till now—and strength immeasurable, since it would multiply her own by an unknown quantity, stood within reach of her hand, but she might not put it out! And Evesham was dizzy with the struggle between longing and resolution.

He had braced his nerves for a long and hungry waiting, but fate had yielded suddenly;—the floods had brought her to him,—his flotsam and jetsam, more precious than all the guarded treasures of the earth. She had come, with all her girlish, unconscious beguilements, and all her womanly cares, and anxieties too. He must strive against her sweetness, while he helped her to bear her burdens.

"Now about the boys, Dorothy," he said two hours later, as they stood together by the fire in the low, oak-finished room at the foot of the stairs, which was his office and book-room. The door was ajar, so Dorothy might hear her mother's bell. "Don't you think they had better be sent to school somewhere?"

"Yes," said Dorothy, "they *ought* to go to school—but—well, I may as well tell thee the truth! There's very little to do it with. We've had a poor summer. I suppose I've managed badly, and mother has been sick a good while."

"You've forgotten about the pond-rent, Dorothy."

"No," she said, with a quick flush; "I hadn't forgotten it; but I couldn't *ask* thee for it!"

"I spoke to your father about monthly payments; but he said better leave it to accumulate for emergencies. Shouldn't you call this an 'emergency,' Dorothy?"

"But does thee think we ought to ask rent for a pond that has all leaked away?"

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"Oh, there's pond enough left, and I've used it a dozen times over this summer! I would be ashamed to tell you, Dorothy, how my horn has been exalted in your father's absence. However, retribution has overtaken me at last; I'm responsible, you know, for all the damage last night. It was in the agreement that I should keep up the dams."

"Oh!" said Dorothy; "is thee sure?"

Evesham laughed.

"If your father were like any other man, Dorothy, he'd make me 'sure,' when he gets home! I will defend myself to this extent: I've patched and propped them all summer, after every rain, and tried to provide for the fall storms; but there's a flaw in the original plan ——"

"Thee said that once before," said Dorothy. "I wish thee wouldn't say it again!"

"Why not?"

"Because I love those old mill-dams! I've trotted over them ever since I could walk alone!"

"You shall trot over them still! We will make them as strong as the everlasting hills. They shall outlast our time, Dorothy."

"Well, about the rent," said Dorothy. "I'm afraid it will not take us through the winter, unless there is something I can do. Mother couldn't possibly be moved now, and if she could, it will be months before the house is fit to live in. But we cannot stay here in comfort, unless thy mother will let me make up in some way. Mother will not need me all the time, and I know thy mother hires women to spin."

"She'll let you do all you like, if it will make you any happier. But you don't know how much money is coming to you. Come, let us look over the figures."

He lowered the lid of the black mahogany secretary, placed a chair for Dorothy, and opened a great ledger before her, bending down, with one hand on the back of the chair, the other turning the leaves of the ledger. Considering the index, and the position of the letter B in the alphabet, he was a long time finding his place. Dorothy looked out of the window, over the tops of the yellowing woods, to the gray and turbid river below. Where the hemlocks darkened the channel of the glen, she heard the angry floods rushing down. The formless rain mists hung low, and hid the opposite shore.

"See!" said Evesham, with his finger wandering rather vaguely down the page. "Your father went away on the third of May. The first month's rent came due on the third of June. That was the day I opened the gate and let the water down on you, Dorothy. I'm responsible for everything, you see,—even for the old ewe that was drowned!"

His words came in a dream as he bent over her, resting his unsteady hand heavily on the ledger.

Dorothy laid her cheek on the date she could not see, and burst into tears.

"Don't—please don't!" he said, straightening himself, and locking his hands behind him. "I am human, Dorothy!"

The weeks of Rachel's sickness that followed were perhaps the best discipline Evesham's life had ever known. He held the perfect flower of his bliss, unclosing in his hand; yet he might barely permit himself to breathe its fragrance! His mother had been a strong and prosperous woman; there was little he could ever do for her. It was well for him to feel the weight of helpless infirmity in his arms, as he lifted Dorothy's mother from side to side of her bed, while Dorothy's hands smoothed the coverings. It was well for him to see the patient endurance of suffering, such as his youth and strength defied. It was bliss to wait on Dorothy, and follow her with little watchful homages, received with a shy wonder which was delicious to him,—for Dorothy's nineteen years had been too full of service to others to leave much room for dreams of a kingdom of her own. Her silent presence in her mother's sick-room awed him. Her gentle, decisive voice and ways, her composure and unshaken endurance through nights of watching and days of anxious confinement and toil, gave him a new reverence for the mysteries of her unfathomable womanhood.

The time of Friend Barton's return drew near. It must be confessed that Dorothy welcomed it with a little dread, and Evesham did not welcome it at all. On the contrary, the thought of it roused all his latent obstinacy and aggressiveness. The first day or two after the momentous arrival wore a good deal upon every member of the family, except Margaret Evesham, who was provided with a philosophy of her own, which amounted almost to a gentle obtuseness, and made her a comfortable non-conductor, preventing more electric souls from shocking each other.

On the morning of the fourth day, Dorothy came out of her mother's room with a tray of empty dishes in her hands. She saw Evesham at the stair-head and hovered

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about in the shadowy part of the hall till he should go down.

"Dorothy," he said, "I'm waiting for you." He took the tray from her and rested it on the bannisters. "Your father and I have talked over all the business. He's got the impression I'm one of the most generous fellows in the world. I intend to let him rest in that delusion for the present. Now may I speak to him about something else, Dorothy? Have I not waited long enough for my heart's desire?"

"Take care!" said Dorothy, softly,—"thee'll upset the tea-cups!"

"Confound the tea-cups!" He stooped to place the irrelevant tray on the floor, but now Dorothy was half-way down the staircase. He caught her on the landing, and taking both her hands, drew her down on the step beside him.

"Dorothy, this is the second time you've taken advantage of my unsuspicious nature! This time you shall be punished! You needn't try to hide your face, you little traitor! There's no repentance in you!"

"If I'm to be punished there's no need of repentance."

"Dorothy, do you know, I've never heard you speak my name, except once, when you were angry with me."

"When was that?"

"The night I caught you at the gate. You said, 'I would rather have one of those dumb brutes for company than thee, Walter Evesham.' You said it in the fiercest little voice! Even the 'thee' sounded as if you hated me."

"I did," said Dorothy promptly. "I had reason to."

"Do you hate me now, Dorothy?"

"Not so much as I did then."

"What an implacable little Quaker you are!"

"A tyrant is *always* hated," said Dorothy, trying to release her hands.

"If you will look in my eyes, Dorothy, and call me by my name, just once,—I'll let 'thee' go."

"Walter Eversham!" said Dorothy, with great firmness and decision.

"No! that wont do! You must look at me,—and say it softly,—in a little sentence, Dorothy!"

"Will thee please let me go, Walter?"

Walter Evesham was a man of his word, but as Dorothy sped away, he looked as if he wished he were not.

The next evening, Friend Barton sat by his wife's easy-chair, drawn into the circle of firelight, with his elbows on his knees, and his head between his hands.

The worn spot on the top of his head had widened considerably during the summer, but Rachel looked stronger and brighter than she had for many a day. There was even a little flush on her cheek, but that might have come from the excitement of a long talk with her husband.

"I'm sorry thee takes it so hard, Thomas; I was afraid thee would. But the way didn't seem to open for me to do much. I can see now, that Dorothy's inclinations have been turning this way for some time, though it's not likely she would own it, poor child; and Walter Evesham's not one who is easily gainsayed. If *thee* could only feel differently about it, I can't say but it would make me very happy to see Dorothy's heart satisfied. Can't thee bring thyself into unity with it, father? He's a nice young man. They're nice folks. Thee can't complain of the *blood.* Margaret Evesham tells me a cousin of hers married one of the Lawrences, so we are kind of kin, after all."

"I don't complain of the blood; they're well enough placed as far as the world is concerned! But their ways are not our ways, Rachel! Their faith is not our faith!"

"Well! I can't see such a very great difference, come to live among them! 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' To comfort the widow and the fatherless, and keep ourselves unspotted from the world!—thee's always preached that, father! I really can't see any more worldliness here than among many households with us,—and I'm sure if we haven't been the widow and the fatherless this summer, we've been next to it!"

Friend Barton raised his head a little, and rested his forehead on his clasped hands.

"Rachel," he said, "look at that!" He pointed upward to an ancient sword with belt and trappings, which gleamed on the paneled chimney-piece—crossed by an old queen's arm. Evesham had given up his large sunny room to Dorothy's mother, but he had not removed all his lares and penates.

"Yes, dear; that's his grandfather's sword —Colonel Evesham, who was killed at Saratoga!"

"Why does he hang up that thing of abomination for a light and a guide to his footsteps, if his way be not far from ours?"

"Why, father! Colonel Evesham was a good man!—I dare say he fought for the same reason that thee preaches—because he felt it his duty!"

"I find no fault with *him*, Rachel.

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Doubtless he followed his light, as thee says; but he followed it in better ways too. He cleared land and built a homestead and a meeting-house. Why don't his grandson hang up his old broad-ax and plowshare, and worship *them*, if he must have idols, instead of that symbol of strife and bloodshed. Does thee want our Dorothy's children to grow up under the shadow of that sword?"

There was a stern light of prophecy in the old man's eyes.

"May be Walter Evesham would take it down," said Rachel, leaning back wearily and closing her eyes. "I never was much of a hand to argue, even if I had the strength for it; but it would hurt me a good deal—I must say it—if thee denies Dorothy in this matter, Thomas. It's a very serious thing to have old folks try to turn young hearts the way they think they ought to go. I remember now,—I was thinking about it last night, and it all came back as fresh! I don't know that I ever told thee about that young friend who visited me before I heard thee preach at Stony Valley? Well! *father*, *he* was wonderful pleased with him, but I didn't feel any drawing that way. He urged me a good deal, more than was pleasant for either of us. He wasn't at all reconciled to thee, Thomas, if thee remember."

"I remember," said Thomas Barton, "it was an anxious time."

"Well, dear, if father *had* insisted, and sent thee away, I can't say but life would have been a very different thing to me."

"I thank thee for saying it, Rachel." Friend Barton's head drooped between his hands.

"Thee's suffered much through me; thee's had a hard life, but thee's been well beloved."

The flames leaped and flickered in the chimney, they touched the wrinkled hands, whose only beauty was in their deeds; they crossed the room and lit the pillows where, for three generations, young heads had dreamed, and gray heads had watched and suffered; then they mounted to the chimney and struck a gleam from the sword.

"Well, father," said Rachel, "what answer is thee going to give Walter Evesham?"

"I shall say no more, my dear. Let the young folks have their way. There's strife and contention enough in the world without my stirring up more. And it may be I'm resisting the Master's will; I left her in His care: this may be His way of dealing with her."

Walter Evesham did not take down his grandfather's sword. Fifty years later another went up beside it,—the sword of a young Evesham who never left the field of Shiloh; and beneath them both hangs the portrait of the Quaker grandmother, Dorothy Evesham, at the age of sixty-nine.

The golden ripples, silver now, are hidden under a "round-eared cap," the quick flush has faded in her cheek, and fold upon fold of snowy gauze, and creamy silk, are crossed over the bosom that thrilled to the fiddles of Slocum's barn. She has found the cool grays, and the still waters; but on Dorothy's children rests the "Shadow of the Sword"!

EVENING.

Lost with far murmurs on the hill,
The heifer's amorous voice is still;
Nor flock may feed the meadow more,
And closèd is the cotter's door.

Cumbrous beneath benignant trees
The honest ox is at his ease;
While, overhead, the knowing fowl
Avoids the visit of the owl.

All birds keep closer to the nest,
Their song with light went down the West;
Slow night advances as a flower,
Hour imperceptible to hour.

Music has mated with the rill,
And, like a merry maiden, still
She, happy, happy, follows after,
Leaving behind her echoed laughter.

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THE WATER-CURE.

A TALE: IN THE MANNER OF PRIOR.

"—portentaque Thessala rides?"
HOR.
"—Thessalian portents do you flout?"

CARDENIO's fortunes ne'er miscarried
Until the day Cardenio married.
What then? the Nymph no doubt was young?
She was: but yet—she had a tongue!
Most women have, you seem to say.
I grant it—in a different way.

'Twas not that organ half-divine,
With which, Dear Friend, your spouse or mine,
What time we seek our blameless pillows,
Rebukes our easy peccadilloes:
'Twas not so tuneful, so composing;
'Twas louder and less often dozing;
At Ombre, Basset, Loo, Quadrille,
You heard it resonant and shrill;
You heard it rising, rising yet
Beyond Selinda's parroquet;
You heard it rival and outdo
The chair-men and the link-boy, too;
In short, wherever lungs perform,
Like Marlborough, it rode the storm.

So uncontrolled it came to be,
Cardenio feared his *chère amie*
(Like Echo by Cephissus shore)
Would turn to voice and nothing more.
That ('tis conceded) must be cured
Which can't by patience be endured.
Cardenio, though he loved the maid,
Grew daily more and more afraid;
And since advice could not prevail
(Reproof but seemed to fan the gale),
A prudent man, he cast about
To find some fitting nostrum out.
What need to say that useful drug
Had not in any mine been dug?
What need to say no skillful leech
Could check that plethora of speech?
Suffice it, that one lucky day
Cardenio tried—another way.

A Hermit (there were hermits then;
The most accessible of men!)
Near Vauxhall's sacred shade resided;
In him, at last, our friend confided.
(Simples, for show, he used to sell;
But cast Nativities as well.)
Consulted, he looked wondrous wise;
Then undertook the enterprise.

What that might be, the Muse must spare;
To tell the truth, she was not there.
She scorns to patch what she ignores
With similes and metaphors;
And, in a word, to change the scene,
Permits ten days to intervene.

Behold our pair then (quite by chance!)
In Vauxhall's gardens of romance.
The lamps and grottoes all reviewed;
The windings of the Maze pursued;
The fire-works witnessed;—what more pat
Than seek the Hermit after that?
Who then more fain her fate to see
Than this, the new Leuconoë,
On fire to taste the lore forbidden
In "Babylonian numbers" hidden?*
Forthwith they took the darksome road
To Albumazar his abode.

Arriving, they beheld the sage
Intent on hieroglyphic page,
In high Armenian cap arrayed
And girt with engines of his trade
(As Skeletons, and Spheres, and Cubes;
As Amulets and Optic Tubes);
With dusky depths behind revealing
Strange shapes that dangled from the ceiling;
While more to palsy the beholder
A Black Cat sat upon his shoulder.

The Hermit eyed the Lady o'er
As one whose face he'd seen before
And then, with agitated looks,
He fell to fumbling at his books.
Cardenio knew his spouse was frightened,
Her grasp upon his arm had tightened;
Judge then her horror and her dread
When Vox Stellarum shook his head;
Then darkly spake in phrase forlorn
Of Taurus and of Capricorn;
Of stars averse, and stars ascendant,
And stars entirely independent;
In fact, it seemed that all the Heavens
Were set at sixes and at sevens,
Portending, in her case, some fate
Too fearful to prognosticate.

* "—nec Babylonios
Tentaris numeros."—HOR. i., XI.

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Meanwhile the Dame was well-nigh dead.
"But is there naught," Cardenio said,
"No sign or token, Sage, to show
From whence, or what, this dismal woe?"

The Sage, with circle and with plane,
Betook him to his charts again.
"It vaguely seems to threaten Speech:
No more (he said) the signs can teach."

But still Cardenio tried once more:
"Is there no potion in your store,
No charm by Chaldee mage concerted
By which this doom can be averted?"

The Sage, with motion doubly mystic,
Resumed his juggling cabalistic.
The aspects here again were various;
But seemed to indicate Aquarius.
Thereat portentously he frowned;
Then frowned again, then smiled;—'twas found!
But 'twas too simple to be tried.
"What is it, then?" at once they cried.
"Whene'er by chance you feel incited
To speak at length, or uninvited;
Whene'er you feel your tones grow shrill
(At times, we know, the softest will!),
This word oracular, my daughter,
Bids you to fill your mouth with water:
Further, to hold it firm and fast,
Until the danger be o'erpast."

The Dame, by this in part relieved
(The prospect of escape perceived!),
Rebelled a little at the diet.
Cardenio said discreetly, "Try it!
Try it, my Own! You have no choice.
What if you lose your charming voice!"
She tried, it seems. And since, they say,
She talks in quite a different way.

AN INDIAN VILLAGE ON THE AMAZONS.

THE late afternoon sun shines full in our faces as we toil up the long slope that lies between the canoe-port and the village of Ereré,—a landscape singularly home-like in many of its features: ridgy meadows, with cattle browsing here and there on the young grass; richer green marking the tree-lined water-courses; outlined against the sky, a rugged mountain mass, such as one may see almost anywhere in western Massachusetts; and to the north, range after range of forest-clad hills. But before us the thatched houses of the village peep out from among orange-groves and palm-trees; and down the narrow path comes a troop of black-eyed Indian girls, with their baskets of Sunday finery balanced on their heads; they are going to Monte Alegre to attend some church festival.

Ereré is an Indian village, lying to the north of the Amazons, some forty miles below the mouth of the Tapajos. The place has been inhabited from time immemorial; probably long before Orrelana made his adventurous voyage down the river, or Caldeira founded Pará. And as the village is removed from the main lines of travel, it happens that the twenty-five or thirty families who remain here have preserved, almost unchanged, many of the aboriginal customs, and those introduced by the early Jesuit missionaries. It is, in fact, a typical village of the semi-civilized Amazonian Indians.*

The olive-skinned lassies are crossing the brook now, splashing the water a little in fun, and greeting us with a smiling "*Adeos, Senhor*," as they pass on. Their bare feet come down firmly but softly, never minding the little round stones that cover the path; they wear clean calico skirts and modest sacks, and their uncovered purple-black hair is caught up with horn combs, or streams down their backs. *Au reste*, one or two of the faces are pretty enough, but the most are plain. An artist might object that the women were too short and heavy for beauty; but over all drawbacks of form and feature, you cannot help admiring the splendid motion of a body untrammeled by laced stays and high-heeled shoes; shoulders are thrown back, and heads are erect under their burdens; and they would march just as well if the loads were five times as heavy. These healthy limbs and supple

*I have studied these people during several years of almost constant intercourse with them, living for weeks in their villages or making long explorations with no other companions; so it will not, perhaps, be very surprising if my estimate of their character differs from that of certain steamboat travelers.

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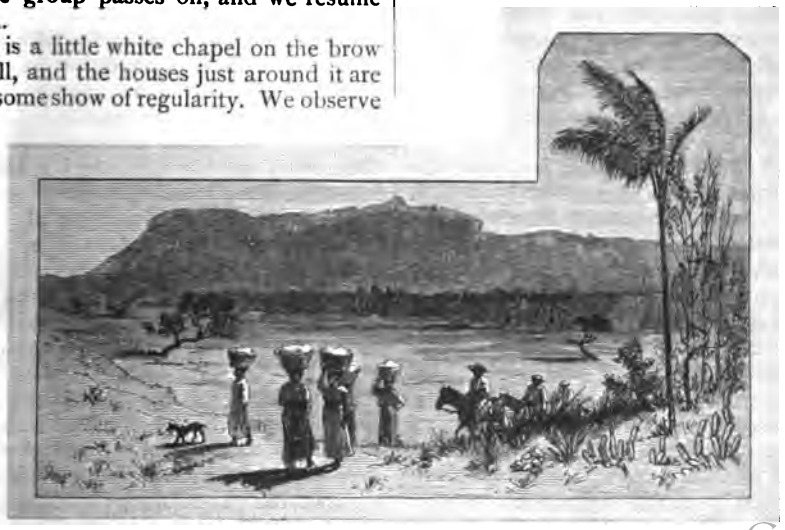
THE SAIRÉ.

bodies will bear up for hours unwearied, with the weight of a sack of flour balanced over them; aye, and the girls will dance half the night afterward!

Three or four older people in the troop are wrinkled, but not decrepit; bright-eyed, and firm-footed, greeting us very gravely and politely, and holding their place in the crowd of younger ones with a kind of patriarchal dignity. They make one or two good-natured inquiries, such as naturally arise from the apparition of a party of strange Americans on their quiet roads. Then the group passes on, and we resume our walk.

There is a little white chapel on the brow of the hill, and the houses just around it are set with some show of regularity. We observe an attempt at a square also, but it is a side-hill affair, and all grown over with weeds. After this weak little effort toward civilization, the houses relapse into barbarism, and go straying away in picturesque confusion, hiding under the orange-groves and great bushy mango-trees as if they shunned observation. Our own quarters—the best the place affords—are in an *adobe* house near the chapel; in other words, if you please, a mud house, but with wooden doors and window shutters, and a good palm-thatch roof; no



THE APPROACH TO ERERÉ.

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floor except the native earth, but that is dry and hard, and with clean mats to spread under our hammocks we shall do very well. Our baggage is lying at the canoe-landing, two miles away; half the women and girls in the village go trooping after it, willing enough to do a favor for the *Americanos*, and earn a few honest coppers in the doing; by sunset they are back again, bringing our valises and provision-cans on their heads; then, with everything under shelter, we eat our dinner of salt beef and mandioca meal with the seasoning of a hearty appetite.

At long intervals Ereré has been visited by European and American travelers. Professor Agassiz spent a day here; Wallace, Coutinho and Hartt have made the name a classic one in the literature of science. But that a lady—and an American lady at that—should bravely tramp over the weary miles of sandy *campo* from Monte Alegre, was an unheard-of thing. Even the incurious Indians are aroused, and the whole population of the village comes crowding around our doors and windows. The older girls and women enter unasked, not from any lack of politeness, but because here every door is open to any one that cares to enter, and the good people only wish to give a friendly greeting to the *branca*. Little naked boys and girls hide themselves behind their mothers' skirts, or peep in at the windows to catch a glimpse of this wonderful curiosity. At length, finding their attentions to the lady more pressing than pleasant, I order the crowd out. They go away quietly and politely, conversing with each other in subdued tones, and we retire to our hammocks and mosquito-nets. The night-wind blows in freshly through the open doors and windows, but, save a hungry dog, no intruder disturbs our rest. Among all this honest people, you will hardly find one who would so far forget the rules of hospitality as to pilfer from a stranger.

On the Amazons people rise with the sun. A bath in the river, or in the nearest spring, sets the skin in an honest, healthy glow and sharpens up the mind to appreciate the splendor of an unclouded morning. The Indians bathe always once, and often twice, a day. Even the toddling little boys and girls spatter themselves with water from a calabash. The spring at Ereré is down in a shady hollow,—a cool, verdant retreat, with noble palms and tall forest-trees and broad-leaved vines; such a combination as one sees only in these favored spots. Within a circle of fifty yards around the spring there are no less than nine species of palms, including the noble *bacaba* and the graceful *urucury*, princes in their princely tribe, and bamboos and giant arrow-leaved *aningas*, and orchids on the branches. Bathing here is a romance,—the air is full of wind-whisperings among the leaflets and soft perfumes from the palm blossoms; emerald-tinted humming-birds—"kiss-flowers," the Brazilians say—balance themselves before the pendent blossoms; and fairy brown butterflies, just visible, flit along the ground. Indian women, coming down the path with earthen water-jars balanced on their heads, wait quietly in the forest until the *brancos* have finished their bath. Then they pass us with a "*Bons dias, senhores*," and stoop to fill their jars in the little inclosed space that is reserved for drinking-water. Half a dozen naked brown boys and girls follow, each with a round calabash-jug. They hold out their open palms for a blessing, and kiss their fingers in acknowledgment of our patriarchal "*Deos te abençoe!*" As we walk away they watch us with quick, curious eyes, but say never a word.

And now we shall learn how it is possible for men and women to live almost separated from the civilized world; how a single family can provide themselves, not only with food, but with house, furniture, utensils, —everything, in fact, but clothing and a few coarse articles of iron and steel.

Wherever we go, we will meet with nothing but kindness and unostentatious politeness. For instance, walking across the weedy plot in front of our windows, we can call on old João Baptista, the best hunter and the best fisherman in the village. João rises to meet us, offering his hand (everybody shakes hands here, even more than in the States), and inviting us to a seat on the rough wooden bench by the door. He is a little, wiry, wrinkled fellow, his face rather pleasant, though badly pitted with small-pox; the high cheek-bones and broad, but not flattened, nose are typical of the race; the mouth is a good one; the lips not too thick; the eyes bright and pleasant; the hair coarse, straight, and black as a raven's wing, albeit the man has passed his three-score years. Perhaps the Amazonian Indians may be best described by comparing them to Chinese. Indeed, the resemblance is so strong that the stray Chinamen who are sometimes seen in the river towns are commonly taken for Indians. The Amazonian race is characterized by a richer color,—not the sallow hue

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of the Chinese Tartars, nor yet the coppery tint of the North American type, but a clear olive-brown, a kind of intensified *brunet*. João Baptista is dressed in coarse canvas trowsers and short jacket or shirt; the cloth is stained dull red with *muruchy*. It is soiled, for this is his work-day dress; but you may be sure that it covers a clean body. The old man is busily shaping a paddle, using his clumsy knife very cleverly on the hard *itauba* wood. He converses quietly, answering our questions, and asking a few in return; but he is not talkative.

The women of the house remain at a distance, unless they are spoken to; the code of social life here does not permit them to intrude their presence on male visitors. If the lady of the party is with us, they sit by her side, curiously examining her clothing, and asking simple questions about her country,—the far-away, wonderful land which, like Rome and Paradise and Heaven, exists to them only in name. The little ones, after the universal child-greeting of extending their palms for a blessing, stand watching us silently.

Examine the structure of the house. Roughly hewn logs of *itauba* and *páo d'arco* for the uprights; set in the ground, they will last for fifty years. Beams and rafters are of other hardly less durable timbers; the joints are secured with pegs or with strips of bark. Roof and sides are covered with excellent palm-leaf thatch, tied on in regular layers, like shingles. As for floor, there is Mother Earth, with a few mats laid down under the hammocks. There are no windows, and the door-ways are closed with palm-leaf mats. So you see that the whole house is formed of materials which every Indian can gather in the forest, with no other tools than his heavy wood-knife and clumsy, straight-handled ax. Some houses have the sides built up with lumps of clay gathered from the lowland creeks; walls of this material, supported by a frame-work of poles and sticks, are durable, but very unsightly. In the larger places they cover the *adobe* with plaster, and whitewash the outside very neatly.

The dwelling does not boast much furniture. Beside the reed mats and cotton hammocks, there are only two or three benches (the boards for which have been hewn out of solid logs), and some green wooden trunks, with preposterous keys. These latter contain the *festa* dresses; the coarser work-day garments hang on lines behind the hammocks. The trunks are rather articles of luxury than of necessity; in other houses we will see great *balaio* baskets taking their place; but every well-to-do Indian considers it incumbent on him to have a trunk, if he can get it for money or credit.

THE SPRING.

The last items of furniture are two low stools, which attract our attention by their singularity. One is made of the dry, hard skin of an alligator's breast, curved inward so that the scaled surface forms the seat and the incurled edges the feet; the other is the shell of a large terrapin, common in the neighboring woods. Under the roof there is a *geral*, or staging of poles, for mandioca baskets, dried fish, and various pots and kettles. The most of these, however, are in the little shed-like kitchen back of the house. Every Indian dwelling, no matter how poor, has its kitchen separated from the main structure. The primitive fire-place is formed of three large stones; for bellows, there is a little mat-fan, or, very likely, the puffing lungs of the brown cook. Among the articles of cuisine, we may observe an iron kettle, or a tin coffee-pot; but these are by no means necessities; most of the older women can manufacture their own cooking ware of coarse clay.

João's wife is willing enough to show us how the earthen kettles and jugs are made;

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indeed, she was preparing for her potter's work when we came in; the dried balls of clay have been soaked in water overnight, and are now ready to be kneaded. A quantity of ash from the bark of the *caripé* tree is beaten in a huge wooden mortar, and added to the clay in an earthen pan. The woman carefully kneads the two ingredients together, picking out any small lumps and sticks that she finds, until she has a mass of good stiff clay, dark in color, and very cohesive. Now she sits down on a mat with material and tools before her. These latter are: 1, spoon-shaped pieces of calabash; 2, the sharp operculum of a large river-snail *(Ampullaria)*; 3, a corn-cob; 4, a round pebble; 5, the long canine tooth of a jaguar; 6, several red fungi, leathery species, full of little pores on the under side, which serves like sand-paper for smoothing. Besides these, there is a calabash of water, and a square of board, her primitive potter's wheel. A lump of clay is carefully kneaded with the hands and pressed out flat on the board, the edges being rounded off with the fingers and the shell scraper. By turning the board before her she obtains nearly a true circle of clay; this is the bottom of the pot. Next, she forms long ropes of clay by rolling it on a board, very much as an apothecary rolls his cake for pills. The ropes are laid one over another, from the edge of the circle already formed, so as to build up the sides; each layer must be carefully pressed with the fingers upon the one below it, and at intervals the sides are shaped with the calabash spoons, scraped with the shells, and smoothed with the corn-cob rasp and the fungus sand-paper previously wetted. When the lower part of the pot is made, it must be set in the sun to harden, so that it will support the upper layers. Finally, the edge is turned over and finished outside with a thin roll marked with the jaguar's tooth, as a New England housewife marks the edge of her pie-crust with a key. If we come again to-morrow, we can see how the baking is done over a hot fire of *jutahy* bark; the pot is then polished with the pebble and varnished while still hot with *jutahy-seca* resin.

THATCH-PALM.

Besides the earthen pots and jars, other kitchen utensils are furnished by calabashes; either whole shells, the contents of which are taken out through a small hole in the top, thus forming a close jug; or the fruit cut in two to make bowls and cups, which are often covered with a brilliant black lacquer of *cumaté*, and painted in pretty patterns. There are turtle-shell pans, and gourd bottles, and wooden spoons; baskets, small and large; clay lamps for burning fish-oil, and so forth. João's wife has a few coarse plates and bowls, with knives, forks and spoons, which she has purchased in Monte Alegre; very often the plates are replaced by native earthenware, and the bowls by calabashes, and it is no unusual experience for a traveler to be reduced to the Indian eating-implements—the fingers.

The standard article of food among all the poorer classes of tropical America is the *manioc* or *mandioca* plant; wheaten bread is not more necessary to an American, or pota-

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AN INDIAN HOUSE.

toes to an Irish peasant, or sago to a Malayan. Every Indian has his little plantation, and the women are occupied much of the time in preparing *farinha*.* At Ereré, the ground is too stony for cultivation; the poor folk plant their *roças* two or three miles away in the woods, and to visit them we find it better to start early in the morning, while the air is yet cool, and the dew silvers every leaf. The trail leads through a low forest, almost entirely composed of palms; there is a thick undergrowth of the stemless *curuá* from which the Indians obtain their roofing-thatch; taller *urucurys* arch over the pathway; and occasionally, in wet places, there is a slender *assai*, or a giant fan-leaved *miriti*, or a pretty little *marajá-i* with the stem no bigger than one's finger. There are vistas of indescribable beauty under the roof of swaying, nodding, trembling leaflets, where the sunlight is shivered into a thousand fragments, and each fragment is in constant restless motion; where the pretty brown birds play hide-and-seek in the foliage, and brilliant gnats and dragon-flies chase the flitting patches of light. But by and by we leave the forest and come out to a mandioca field.

Indian farming is of the rudest character.

* This must not be confounded with our farina, which, I believe, is a preparation from corn.

BRIC-À-BRIC IN BRAZIL.

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THE GRATER.

The plantation is simply an irregular clearing in the woods, with half-burned logs scattered all over the surface, so that it is difficult for us to make our way across; more than one of the party comes to grief over a hidden vine or branch. The ground has not been turned at all; as for plows, the Amazonian farmers never heard of them until they were introduced by Americans a few years ago. The mandioca cuttings are simply placed, several together, in holes dug in the unprepared ground, and they get hardly any care. As a matter of course, the top-crust, baking in the sun and drained by the strong-growing plants, is soon exhausted; every four or five years the old clearings are abandoned and new ones are made, involving fresh destruction of the forest and great outlay of labor.

The mandioca that we see now is full grown; a half-woody, straggling shrub, five or six feet high, with knotted branches and thinly set bluish-green palmate leaves,—a singular rather than a handsome foliage; yet the plantation is not without a beauty of its own, heightened, perhaps, by the smoky-bluish tint, and the chaotic confusion of plants, logs and intruding bushes.

The roots from which farinha is extracted are like a dahlia-root in shape, but much larger. When first taken from the ground they are full of a poisonous juice, and, of course, unfit for food. The process of manufacture, then, must secure two ends: first, the extraction of this juice, and second, the separation of the nutritive principles in a form that can be preserved.

Down in a hollow of the field there are some pools of stagnant water; the unsavory odor which proceeds from one of these is caused by a mass of fermenting mandioca roots, which have lain here probably two days. This part of the process is not a pleasant one, and the girl who comes down to fill her knapsack-basket from the reeking mass in the pool excites a great deal of groundless commiseration; she only laughs to see our wry faces, and walks up the pathway with her sixty pounds of fermented roots as blithely as she would with a basket of fragrant oranges. We follow, at a distance, to the little open shed where farinha is prepared. Half a dozen women and boys are cleaning the mandioca as it is brought in; the tough outer skin is easily separated from the softened inner mass, and the roots are piled in a great wooden trough, the half of a hollowed *itauba* log; here they are grated on a board covered with sheet copper full of nail-holes. Francisca in her *festa* dress may be pretty; but as she stoops over the grater with a root in each hand, she affords a too-powerful reminder of that detestable northern machine—the scrubbing-board. Her bare arms and black dress are spattered with the whey-like juice; her rebellious hair is just falling away from the confining comb; her brown face, glowing with perspiration, gives the lie to our ideas of Indian laziness. Meanwhile, Miss Lizia is rubbing the grated mass through a basket-work sieve, to remove the larger fragments of woody fiber; then the mandioca is ready for the

CLEANING MANDIOCA.

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next stage—straining in the *tipiti*. This is a long, narrow bag, or rather pipe, woven from strips of palm-fiber; the strips run diagonally around the bag, so that the capacity can be increased by simply forcing the ends together. When the elastic sides bulge out in this shortened condition it is filled. Now if it is hung up and drawn out forcibly, the mass within will be compressed, and the juice will run out through the interstices; in the same manner a farmer's wife strains whey from a cloth bag. To increase the pressure, a lever is passed through a loop in the lower end of the *tipiti;* a heavy stone may be attached to the lever, but our brown operator finds it more convenient to sit on the end of the pole; the juice streams out and flows into a pan arranged below.* A small portion of the poison still remains, but it is very volatile, and will be removed by the roasting process. The *furno* on which this is done is a thick earthen pan, six feet in diameter, supported by a circle of *adobe* wall, with an opening on one side, so as to form a fire-place. Francisca has already kindled a fire of brushwood under the furno. The lumpy mandioca from the *tipiti* is broken up on the pan, and roasted with constant stirring; gradually the vile odor of the volatile juice disappears, leaving a fragrance like that of roasting corn; as the farinha dries it is spooned out into pots and baskets. The warm grains taste like the parched sweet corn that we used to prepare in the country. But the farinha will soon lose this brisk flavor, and become insipid; one's teeth, too, rebel against the hard grains. It does not appear, however, that the old farinha is positively unwholesome, and it is eaten by the poorer classes throughout Brazil; often it is stored in baskets for a year.

There are many other preparations of mandioca; as, for instance, *farinha seca*, obtained from the unfermented root, and the fine white *carimá*, farinha and tapioca together. And, as in other countries, corn, potatoes, sago, etc., have been made to yield alcoholic drinks, so these Indians make from the mandioca a beer-like liquor, which they often use in immense quantities. From this *terubá* a very strong and crazing rum *(cauin)* is sometimes obtained by distillation; but, fortunately for the race, this is not often seen.

We wait in the shed only long enough to see the farinha packed away in baskets lined with broad tough leaves. Within a few minutes the Indians weave these open *paneiro* baskets, using for material strips of the tough coating which covers the leaf-stalks of *miriti* and *caraná* palms. Our farinha-makers will not let us leave without a present; so each of us carries away a great stalk of sugar-cane (the Indians plant a little in their *roças)*, and half a dozen *bijú* cakes—another mandioca preparation.

These Ereré women are examples of industry. From our window we can hear, in the neighboring house, a monotonous rat-tat-tat, as of some one beating on a muffled drum; sometimes it comes from three or four houses at once; we hear it at all hours of the day. As we are welcome everywhere, we can follow the sound that comes through one of the low door-ways. Seated on a mat, pretty Maroca is occupied in beating a pile of cotton into long fleeces as light as thistle-blows. She looks up with a smile, but does not stop her work. The cotton is laid across a large cushion; and the drumming noise that we heard was the tap of her *caraná* beating-wands on this cushion. She handles the airy mass deftly with her wands, forming it,

THE SEINE.

* The starch which settles from this juice is the tapioca of commerce. The juice, boiled or fermented in the sun to extract the poison, and seasoned with red peppers, forms an excellent sauce for fish, the so-called *tucupi*.

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as it is beaten, into a many-folded pile by her side. When the pile is large enough, it must be passed again across the cushion, and so on until it has been beaten five times; then it is ready to be spun into cord. The aboriginal, and commoner, method of cord-making is with a spindle; the fleecy cotton is first slightly twisted with the fingers, and then spun by rolling the spindle between the hands. But at Ereré has been introduced a simple spinning-wheel, a noisy little affair, the clatter of which may often be heard as the old women sit by their open doors making hammock thread. Homespun clothing is no longer in vogue; even the Indians find it cheaper to purchase American and French cloths of the traders. However, Josepha will show us how the cotton is woven into coarse, serviceable hammocks. She has dyed some of the threads pale blue and yellow; these are the woof, which, with the warp of white, will form a simple check pattern. She is seated now, tailor-fashion, before the simple loom—or rather frame, for it is nothing more; every thread of the woof must be passed through the warp by hand,—a task which might appear formidable even to our makers of fancy-work at home. But Josepha sits all day with her pretty, modest eyes fixed on her work, and her hands—brown, but not unshapely—cleverly tucking the thread-bobbins through the warp. At the end of a month she will have a hammock as serviceable as any she could buy in the shops, and but for the miserable short-staple cotton cultivated here, the product would be much more valuable.

FILLING THE TIPITI.

STRAINING THE MANDIOCA.

Josepha is a good wife and a good mother. It is true that she knows nothing of theology, but she is devout in her way and holds the saints in reverence. It is true that her single iron kettle is scrubbed only on the inside, and there is a sitting hen in the corner of her parlor bedroom, and the tame pig is allowed to run about the house at its own sweet will; but the bright-looking children are as clean as water will make them and their clothes are well patched. The earthen floor is carefully swept, and the space around the house is kept free from weeds and bushes. Probably she is not legally bound to her partner, for marriage among the younger Indians is not common, partly because it is considered unnecessary, principally, I think, owing to the expense, ten or fifteen dollars being a heavy burden to these improvident people. But Josepha's man is a steady, hard-working fellow, and very fond of her and the chil-

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dren, so it is not likely that they will ever be separated. The wonder is that these half-civilized people have come so near the high ideal of marriage. Their code of morality is certainly superior to that which holds among other classes on the Amazons. It is true that the younger women are inclined to be flighty, and you may see them with children which "have no father," so they say; but later in life they grow steady and are very faithful to their legal or *de facto* husbands.

Child-life here is an exceedingly curious study; the little quiet creatures are so different from our romping American boys and girls. They get few caresses and give none; mother-love is mechanical; there is nothing of that overflow of tenderness, that constant watchful care, that sheds such

ROASTING FARINHA.

a halo around our homes. The babies vegetate in their steady brown fashion, seldom crying or laughing, but lying all day in their hammock cradles and watching everything around them with keen eyes. As soon as the little boys and girls can toddle about they are left pretty much to their own resources, tumbling up the back stairs of life on a diet of mandioca meal and fish. The parents seldom punish their children, for they are very docile; when they do, the little ones pucker up their mouths and look sullen, but do not cry. Pleasure is expressed by a smile,—among the little girls very often by a broad grin, with abundant show of teeth,—but an articulate laugh is a rarity.

It is interesting to watch how the mental traits of the race appear even in the young babies. If a plaything is given them, they examine it gravely for a little while, and then let it drop. Observe how different this is from a white baby's actions. A bright little six-months-old at home has four distinct methods of investigation: first, by looking; second, by touching; then by putting the object in its mouth; and finally by banging it against the floor. The brown *menino* just looks; he does not investigate at all. As the children grow older, the same trait is apparent in almost every case. An Indian is content to see or hear a thing, without troubling himself about the whys and wherefores; even such incomprehensible pursuits as fossil-collecting, or butterfly-catching, or sketching, provoke hardly any curiosity. The people look on quietly, sometimes asking a question or two, but soon dismissing the subject from their minds as something they are incapable of understanding. With all the crowding to see the lady of our party, hardly a person asked why she came. So, too, the babies are unambitious; they do not cry after pretty colors, or stretch out their hands to a candle. And the men have no apparent desire to better their lot. They go on just as their fathers did; submit to the impositions of the whites, a little sullenly, but without a thought of rebellion, unless there is a white or a half-breed to lead them. The children do not care much for playthings; we rarely see one with a rag doll; the little boys delight in bows and

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INDIAN WOMAN BEATING COTTON.

arrows, but they take them as a part of their training. Sometimes the people have dances, in imitation of the *festa* sports; and we hear them humming the waltzes and quadrilles which their quick ears have caught from the musicians. As an Indian will paddle steadily all day, while his wife at home hardly ceases her monotonous cotton-beating, so the little ones have an inexhaustible gift of patience. Where a white child would fret and cry, the brown one sits all day, perfectly still, but watching everything around him. To see a little Indian boy in a canoe, you would say that nothing of him was alive but his eyes.

WEAVING PANEIRO BASKETS.

Most of the boys get a little schooling, after the prevalent fashion here: *i. e.*, about an equal amount of dry text-book * and smarting ferule. However, they are bright students, and soon learn to read and write the easy Portuguese language. Sometimes the children are taken into white families, where they do very well at first; but as they grow older they become impatient of restraint, and dream moodily of their native wilds. So it generally happens that the boys embark in a trading or fishing canoe, and the girls elope with some admirer to parts unknown. The Brazilians complain loudly of this ingratitude. "After having had all the care and trouble of bringing up the children," they say, "we are deserted just when their services become valuable." It must be confessed that there is much reason for this complaint; but I think that the unfaithfulness of their wards is to be attributed less to any positive badness of character, than to the childishness which remembers only the present, and forgets a past kindness.

* No wonder that the Amazonian boys have so poor an idea of geography—in all their school-books there is not a single map.

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This childishness is shown, also, in the ease with which the Indians bear the loss of friends and relatives. I remember a striking instance. I had been living for some time in an Indian house; it was of the better class, and occupied by a steady-going young man and his family. One of the women had a sickly baby, not more than three months old. The tiny thing required much care, and the night there was an Indian ball near by, and I saw this mother, so lately bereaved, taking part, all smiles, in the merriment. I confess I was shocked at first; but then her grief in the morning was unfeigned, and there can be no doubt that she would have stayed away from the dance for a living child, though she did not for the dead one. It was simply the half-savage, childish nature,—to grieve only at the moment of a loss, and then forget all about it.

MAKING HAMMOCK-THREAD.

mother paid more attention to it than a healthier child would have received. She never left it long; if at work in the field she would come to the house every hour or two, to take it from its girl-cousin, though the latter, for an eight-year-old, was an excellent nurse. One morning the baby sickened, and lay moaning weakly for a few hours, until it died. There were no religious rites, except that, as the custom is, the child had been baptized just before its death. The mother laid the little child on a mat, and folded the thin fingers together, with a white flower or two on the body; it was all she could do, for they were too poor to afford a funeral. But she sat looking at it, with the tears—which she vainly tried to conceal—rolling down her brown cheeks and falling on the little upturned face. Presently she turned away, and the men took the body out and buried it in the deep forest. That

The Indians may be unfaithful to their white masters, but in their own circles they always retain a reverential love for their parents, and as they grow older take them under their care. At Ereré we often notice the beautiful respect which age inspires. Many a touching picture one sees: a gray-haired patriarch, sitting before his door in the crimson sunset, and gravely giving his hand to be kissed by sons and daughters who come to honor him; village children stretching out their palms for blessings from a passing old man; young Indians bringing offerings of fish and fruit to decrepit old women, who have been left destitute, and are obliged to subsist thus on the willing charity of their neighbors.

Of moonlit evenings the old people sit before their doors until near midnight, while

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the younger ones stroll around from house to house, gossiping with their neighbors, and carrying on sly flirtations under the orange-trees. Our own house is quite a center of attraction; the women come three or four together, to pay their respects to the *branca* and bring her presents of fruit, sugar-cane, a little fresh meat, and so on; they are well satisfied when they get a few soda-crackers in exchange.

HAMMOCK-WEAVING.

One evening C—— and I are seated before the door watching a partial eclipse of the moon which is taking place; suddenly a drum-like noise comes from some distant house; immediately a gun is fired, and from another place a rocket goes whizzing over the trees. This is a relic of the aboriginal superstitions. The old Tupis supposed that the life of the moon was like that of a man; beginning very thin and small, he eats and grows until he is full and round; then comes his period of decrepitude, he is weak and thin:

> "His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
> For his shrunk shank,"

until he dies and gives place to another moon. But our friend João Baptista says the moon has not had enough to eat to-day, some demon has stolen his farinha, and he goes half starved. "It was the belief of the ancients," says João; "people nowadays know better." But nevertheless they are firing guns, and beating on wooden mortars, to frighten away the evil spirit. It may be for some other purpose; they are not sure; they only know that their fathers succeeded in getting rid of the eclipse by making a noise; there is the plain fact that the moon became full again soon after the beating began, and it would be folly to neglect an observance so efficacious.

I think that the Indians keep up their religious observances very much in the same spirit. They have no definite theology; their religion is rather a vague and undefined awe of a higher power, which they all acknowledge but do not seek to understand. It is true that they are nominally members of the Catholic church; but they show very little interest in the ceremonies; their own Christianity is confined to a few simple observances and they do not even clearly understand the import of these. Each year there is a grand festival in honor of the patron saint. For two or three weeks before, the little chapel is lighted up every evening, and the people gather to a kind of singing prayer-meeting; the women kneeling devoutly on the earthen floor while three men, before the little shrine, lead them in their simple chants. All the villagers know these hymns by heart; they have very sweet and clear, though untrained, voices; certainly we have heard worse singing in a country church at home. And what if the women are dressed in calico, and the men standing around the

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door are coatless and barefooted; the little crowd has the true spirit of devotion, though there is not one, perhaps, who could tell you whether they are worshiping the wooden saint in the shrine or a spiritual saint in the sky. The men kneel with the women to repeat the Lord's Prayer; then all go up to kiss the saint's girdle and leave their contributions —a few coppers to purchase sugar and rum for the *festa*. After that they adjourn to a neighboring house and spend an hour or two in dancing.

The grand festival begins on Saturday evening. During the day parties have been coming in from all directions, bringing their *roupa de ver a Deus*—"clothes to see God in"—on their heads. Every house is crowded with guests, and many swing their hammocks to the trees; the old women busy themselves in preparing sweetmeats and mandioca beer; and the men build an arbor of boughs before the chapel. Everybody attends the final prayer-meeting, and devoutly salutes the saint; then the dancing begins in several houses at once and is continued with very little intermission until Tuesday or Wednesday, as the refreshments last. Many of the young people get only five or six hours of sleep during this time. The dancers are orderly, and for the most part sober; the old people sit around and watch them, and grow talkative, and enjoy themselves quietly; and white clerks from town move about with a pleasing sense of their own glory. On Sunday morning there is an interlude, during which the grand breakfast is served. An ox has been killed for the occasion, and the guests eat as much as they please, with their fingers for forks. Ceremonious toasts are proposed in bad Portuguese and drunk in bad wine; everybody says "*Viva!*" in acknowledgment of everybody's sentiments, and there is a solemn aping of all that is ridiculous in the grand dinners of the *brancos*. With this the Indians feel that they have done their duty, and return to their sports with fresh unction. They dance rustic waltzes and quadrilles, not ungracefully, to the music of a violin and a little wire-stringed guitar. Then there is the favorite *lundú*, a kind of slow fandango, involving much snapping of fingers and shuffling of feet. The *saracura* dance is led off by a special musician, a merry old fellow, who marches about the room playing a tiny reed flute with the right hand and beating a drum with the left. One after another the couples fall in behind him, tripping along with their arms about each other very lovingly, and keeping time to his music with a little jingling song, which, in English, would be something like this:

"I swung in my drowsy hammock
And wooed the forest boughs;
But they answered low, 'There's pain and woe
In the lover's foolish vows.'

"Little fish in the deep, dark pool,
Fickle sand of the sea,
How can I ever love you alone,
Since you will not alone love me?

"What if I drift away, away,
Alone on the ocean swell;
What if I die with no one nigh
Of the friends who love me well?

"Yet I have the sun for my lover true,
The moon for my lady bright,
The sun to walk with alone all day,
The moon in the silent night."

AN INDIAN MOTHER.

Sometimes the dance is varied with figures, forming a circle, advancing to the center, retreating to the ring again, and so on. It is simple, but very pretty.

On Sunday evening, the old women take

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their turn with the *sairé*, a ceremony invented or adapted by the early Jesuit missionaries. The women pass from house to house, two of them in front carrying an arched frame, surmounted by a cross and prettily trimmed. A ribbon attached to the cross is held by a third woman, who always walks behind. Invited in, the performers seat themselves on a mat, and are served with rum and sweetmeats, in respectful silence. Presently they rise and begin a monotonous chant, keeping time to the slow beating of a drum. Now they take three steps forward and three back, the two in front waving the frame before their faces, and the one behind following their movements and holding the ribbon above her head. The ceremony goes on in this way for half an hour, with pauses at intervals. The old women hold themselves with a sedateness befitting their important office, gathering a touch of weirdness from the flaring oil lamps and the dark faces around. The song—a hymn in praise of the Virgin—is in the Indian language *(lingua-geral)*, which is hardly understood now except by the old people. These women have their heads crammed full of the aboriginal superstitions. They will tell hobgoblin stories by the hour, sitting in the fire-light and hugging their knees with shriveled arms until you think of witches, and half believe their myths.

TITITIRA CAVE.

Sometimes, in our wanderings about the Serra and the plains, our guide points out the haunts of these spirits. We climb to the *Titítira* cave, and frighten out the bats, and imagine big snakes in the crevices around; but the *Titítira* does not come to scare us with horrid noises and strike us with invisible hands. In the forest we hear of the *curupira*, a bald-headed dwarf with feet turned backward, so that those who see his tracks and try to avoid him will only run to their own destruction; he entices hunters away by imitating the call of a *mutum* or a partridge; then, when they have lost themselves in the thick woods, he kills them and tears out their hearts and livers, and makes an unctuous meal.

But we must leave Ereré in the mellow sunshine. Farewell, honest, simple-hearted people! Farewell, nodding palms and shady orange-groves and woodland paths! The sunshine lies yet over the distant houses and tiny white chapel, but we carry away a little of it in happy memories of this quiet spot.

THE SPHINX.

[WRITTEN FOR THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT ABBOTT ACADEMY, ANDOVER.]

Oh, glad girls' faces, hushed and fair! how shall I sing for ye?
For the grave picture of a Sphinx is all that I can see.

Vain is the driving of the sand, and vain the desert's art;
The years strive with her, but she holds the lion in her heart.

Baffled or fostered, patient still, the perfect purpose clings;
Flying or folded, strong as stone, she wears the eagle's wings.

Eastward she looks; against the sky the eternal morning lies;
Silent or pleading, veiled or free, she lifts the woman's eyes.

Oh, grave girls' faces, listening, kind! glad will I sing for ye,
While the proud figure of the Sphinx is all that I can see.

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"HAWORTH'S." *

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Surly Tim, and Other Stories," Etc.

CHAPTER XLI.

"IT HAS ALL BEEN A LIE."

IN a week's time Saint Méran had become a distinct element in the social atmosphere of Broxton and vicinity. He fell into his place at Rachel Ffrench's side with the naturalness of a man who felt he had some slight claim upon his position. He was her father's guest; they had seen a great deal of each other abroad. Any woman might have felt his well-bred homage a delicate compliment. He was received as an agreeable addition to society; he attended her upon all occasions. From the window of his work-room Murdoch saw him drive by with her in her carriage, saw him drop into the bank for a friendly chat with Ffrench, who regarded him with a mixture of nervousness and admiration.

Haworth, having gone away again, had not heard of him. Of late the Works had seen little of its master. He made journeys hither and thither, and on his return from such journeys invariably kept the place in hot water. He drove the work on and tyrannized over the hands from foremen to puddlers. At such times there was mysterious and covert rebellion and some sharp guessing as to what was going on, but it generally ended in this. Upon the whole the men were used to being bullied, and some of them worked the better for it.

Murdoch went about his work as usual, though there was not a decent man on the place who did not gradually awaken to the fact that some singular change was at work upon him. He concentrated all his mental powers upon what he had to do during work hours, and so held himself in check, but he spent all his leisure in a kind of apathy, sitting in his cell at his work-table in his old posture, his forehead supported by his hands, his fingers locked in his tumbled hair. Sometimes he was seized with fits of nervous trembling which left him weak. When he left home in the morning he did not return until night and he ate no midday meal.

"MURDOCH WENT ABOUT HIS WORK AS USUAL."

As yet he was only drifting here and

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there; he had arrived at no conclusions; he did not believe in his own reasoning; the first blow had simply stunned him. A man who had been less reserved and who had begun upon a fair foundation of common knowledge would have understood; he understood nothing but his passion, his past rapture, and that a mysterious shock had fallen upon him.

He lived in this way for more than a week, and then he roused himself to make a struggle. One bright, sunny day, after sitting dumbly for half an hour or so, he staggered to his feet and took up his hat.

"I'll—try—again," he said, mechanically. "I'll try again. I don't know what it means. It may have been my fault. I don't think it was—but it may have been. Perhaps I expected too much." And he went out.

After he had been absent some minutes, Ffrench came in from the bank. He had been having a hard morning of it. The few apparently unimportant indiscretions in the way of private speculation of which he had been guilty were beginning to present themselves in divers unpleasant forms, and to assume an air of importance he had not believed possible. His best ventures had failed him and things which he was extremely anxious to keep from Haworth's ears were assuming a shape which would render it difficult to manage them privately. He was badgered and baited on all sides, and naturally began to see his own folly.

"SHE WENT TO THE TABLE AT HIS SIDE."

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His greatest fear was not so much that he should lose the money he had risked as that Haworth should discover his luckless weakness and confront and crush him with it. As he stood in fear of his daughter, so he stood in fear of Haworth; but his dread of Haworth was, perhaps, the stronger feeling of the two. His very refinement added to it. Having gained the object of his ambition, he had found it not exactly what he had pictured it. Haworth had not spared him, the very hands had derided his enthusiastic and strenuous efforts; he had secretly felt that his position was ridiculous, and provocative of satire among the unscientific herd. When he had done anything which should have brought him success and helped him to assert himself, it had somehow always failed, and now ——

He sat down in the managerial chair before Haworth's great table, strewn with papers and bills. He had shut the door behind him and was glad to be alone.

"I am extremely unfortunate," he faltered aloud. "I don't know how to account for it." And he glanced about him helplessly. Before the words had fairly left his lips his privacy was broken in upon. The door was flung open and Murdoch came in. He had evidently walked fast, for he was breathing heavily, and he had plainly expected to find the room empty. He looked at Ffrench, sat down and wiped his lips.

"I want you," he began, with labored articulation, "I want you—to tell me—what—I have done."

Ffrench could only stare at him.

"I went to the house," he said, "and asked for her." (He did not say for whom, nor was it necessary that he should. Ffrench understood him perfectly). "I swear I saw her standing at the window as I went up the path. She had a purple dress on—and a white flower in her hair—and Saint Méran was at her side. Before, the man at the door never waited for me to speak; this time he stood and looked at me. I said, 'I want to see Miss Ffrench'; he answered, 'She is not at home.' 'Not at home,'"—breaking into a rough laugh,—"'not at home' to *me!*"

He clinched his fist and dashed it against the chair.

"What does it mean?" he cried out. "What does it *mean?*"

Ffrench quaked.

"I—I don't know," he answered, and his own face gave him the lie.

Murdoch caught his words up and flung them back at him.

"You don't know!" he cried. "Then I will tell you. It means that she has been playing me false from first to last."

Ffrench felt his position becoming weaker and weaker. Here was a state of affairs he had never seen before; here was a madness which concealed nothing, which defied all, which flung all social presuppositions to the winds. He ought to have been able to palter and equivocate, to profess well-bred surprise and some delicate indignation, to be dignified and subtle; but he was not. He could only sit and wonder what would come next, and feel uncomfortable and alarmed. The thing which came next he had not expected any more than he had expected the rest of the outbreak.

Suddenly a sullen calmness settled upon the young fellow—a calm which spoke of some fierce determination.

"I don't know why I should have broken out like this before you," he said. "Seeing you here when I expected to fight it out alone, surprised me into it. But there is one thing I am going to do. I'll hear the truth from her own lips. When you go home I will go with you. They wont turn me back then, and I'll see her face to face."

"I——" began French, and then added, completely overwhelmed, "Very—perhaps it would be—be best."

"Best!" echoed Murdoch, with another laugh. "No, it wont be best; it will be worst; but I'll do it for all that."

And he dropped his head upon the arms he had folded on the chair's back, and so sat in a forlorn, comfortless posture, not speaking, not stirring, as if he did not know that there was any presence in the room but his own.

And he kept his word. As Ffrench was going out into the street at dusk he felt a touch on his shoulder, and turning, found Murdoch close behind him.

"I'm ready," he said, "if you are."

When they reached the house, the man who opened the door stared at them blankly, which so irritated Ffrench that he found an excuse for administering a sharp rebuke to him about some trifle.

"They are always making some stupid blunder," he said to Murdoch as they passed upstairs to the drawing-room.

But Murdoch did not hear.

It was one of the occasions on which Rachel Ffrench reached her highest point

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of beauty. Her black velvet dress was almost severe in its simplicity, and her one ornament was the jeweled star in her high *coiffure*. M. Saint Méran held his place at her side. He received Murdoch with *empressement* and exhibited much tact and good feeling. But Murdoch would have none of him. He had neither tact nor experience.

His time did not come until the evening was nearly over, and it would never have come if he had not at last forced her to confront him by making his way to her side with a daring which was so novel in him that it would have mastered another woman.

Near her he trembled a little, but he said what he had come to say.

"To-day," he said, "when I called—your servant told me you were not at home."

She paused a moment before answering, but when she did answer he trembled no more.

"That was unfortunate," she said.

"It was not true—I saw you at the window."

She looked him quietly in the face, answering him in two words.

"Did you?"

He turned on his heel and walked away. His brain whirled; he did not know how he got out of the room. He was scarcely conscious of existence until he found himself out-of-doors. He got beyond the gate and into the road and to the end of the road, but there he stopped and turned back. He went back until he found he was opposite the house again, looking up at the lighted window, he did not know why. A sharp rain was falling, but he did not feel it. He stood staring at the window, mechanically plucking at the leaves on the hedge near him. He scarcely knew whether it was a curse or a sob which fell from his lips and awakened him at last.

"Am I going mad?" he said. "Do men go mad through such things? God forbid—if there is a God! It has all been a lie—a lie—a lie!!"

CHAPTER XLII.

"ANOTHER MAN!"

In two days Haworth returned. He came from the station one morning, not having been home. He did not go to the Works, but to the bank and straight into Ffrench's private room.

The look this unhappy gentleman gave him when he saw him was a queer mixture of anxiety, furtive query, and amiably frank welcome,—the frank welcome a very faint element indeed, though it was brought to light by a violent effort. Haworth shut the door and locked it, and then turned upon him, his face black with rage.

"Say summat!" he ground out through his teeth. "Say summat as'll keep me from smashing every bone in your body!"

Ffrench gave him one hopeless glance and wilted into a drooping, weakly protesting, humiliated figure.

"Don't—don't be so severe, Haworth," he said. "I—I——"

"Blast you!" burst in Haworth, pitilessly. "You've ruined me!"

He spoke under his breath. No one in the room beyond could hear a word, but it was a thousand times more terrible than if he had roared at the top of his voice, as was his custom when things went amiss.

"You've ruined me!" he repeated. "*You!* A chap that's played gentleman manufacturer; a chap I've laughed at; a chap I took in to serve my own ends—ruined me, by——"

"Oh, no, no!" the culprit cried out. "My dear fellow, no! No, no!"

Haworth strode up to him and struck his fist against the table.

"Have I ever told you a word of what was going on?" he demanded.

"No! No!"

"Have I ever let you be aught but what I swore you should be at th' first—a fellow to play second fiddle and do what he was told?"

Ffrench turned pale. A less hard nature would have felt more sympathy for him.

"No," he answered, "you have not," and his chin dropped on his breast.

Haworth shook his fist in his face. He was in a frenzy of rage and despair.

"It's been going from bad to worse for six months," he said; "but you were not up to seeing it stare you in the face. Strikes are the things for trade to thrive on! One place after another gone down and Jem Haworth's stood up. Jem Haworth's outdone 'em all. I've not slept for three month, my lad. I've fought it like a tiger! I've not left a stone unturned. I've held my mouth shut and my eyes open,—aye, and held my breath, too. I've swore every time I saw daylight that I'd hold it out to the end and show 'em all what Haworth was made of, and how he stood when th' nobs went down at the first drive. I'd sooner

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have hell than what's bound to come now! And it's you that's done it. You've lost me twenty thousand pound—twenty thousand, when ten's worth more to me than a hundred was a twelvemonth since!"

Ffrench quailed like a woman.

"Are—are you going to murder me?" he said. "You look as if you were."

Haworth turned on his heel.

"You're not worth it," he answered, "or I'd do it, by the Lord Harry."

Then he came back to him.

"I've paid enow for what I've never had, by George," he said, with bitter grimness.

"For what you have ——" Ffrench began.

Haworth stopped him by flinging himself down in a chair near him—so near that their faces were brought within uncomfortably close range of each other. There was no avoiding his eye.

"You know what," he sneered. "None better."

"I ——" Ffrench faltered.

"Blast you!" said Haworth. "You played her like bait to a fish—in your gentleman's fashion."

Ffrench felt a little sick. It was not unnatural that he should. A man of refined instincts likes less than any other man to be confronted brutally with the fact that he has, however delicately, tampered with a coarseness.

Haworth went on.

"You knew how to do it, and you did it—gentleman way. You knew me and you knew I was hard hit and you knew I'd make a big throw. That was between us two, though we never said a word. I'd never give up a thing in my life before and I was mad for her. She knew how to hold me off and gave me plenty to think of. What else had you, my lad? 'Haworth's' didn't want a gentleman; 'Haworth's' didn't want brass, and you'd none to give if it did. It wasn't *you* who was took in partner; it was what Jem Haworth was aiming at—and has missed, by ——"

He got up, and, pushing his chair back, made a stride toward the door. Ffrench was sure he was going away without another word, but he suddenly stopped and turned back.

"I'd sooner take hell than what's comin'," he repeated in a hoarse whisper. "And it's you that's brought it on me; but if I'd got what I aimed at, it might have come and welcome."

Then he went out.

He went across to the Works, and, going into his room, he found Murdoch standing at one of the windows gazing out at something in the street. He was haggard and gaunt and had a vacant look. It occurred to Haworth that some sudden physical ailment had attacked him. He went up to his side.

"What have you found, lad?" he demanded.

The next instant his own eyes discovered what it was. An open carriage was just drawing up before the bank. Rachel Ffrench sat in it and Saint Méran was with her.

He looked at them a second or so and then looked at Murdoch—at his wretched face and his hollow eyes. An unsavory exclamation burst from him.

"What!" he cried out after it. "There's another man, is there? Is it *that?*"

"Yes," was Murdoch's monotonous reply. "There's another man."

CHAPTER XLIII.

"EVEN."

THE same evening M. Saint Méran had the pleasure of meeting a person of whom he had heard much, and in whom he was greatly interested. This person was the master of "Haworth's," who came in after dinner.

If he had found Murdoch a little trying and wearisome, M. Saint Méran found Haworth astounding. He was not at all prepared for him. When he walked into the room as if it were his own, gave a bare half-nod to Ffrench, and carried himself aggressively to Miss Ffrench's side, Saint Méran was transfixed with astonishment. He had heard faint rumors of something like this before, but had never dreamed of seeing it. He retreated within himself and occupied himself with a study of the manners and characteristics of the successful manufacturers of Great Britain.

"He is very large," he said, with soft sarcasm, to Miss Ffrench. "Very large indeed."

"That," replied Miss Ffrench, "is probably the result of the iron trade."

The truth was that he seemed to fill the room. The time had passed when he was ill at ease in the house. Now he was cool to defiance. Ffrench had never found him so embarrassing as he was upon this particular evening. He spoke very little, sitting in his chair silent, with a gloomy and brooding look. When he directed his attention upon any one, it was upon Rachel. The

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prolonged gaze which he occasionally fixed upon her was one of evil scrutiny, which stirred her usually cool blood not a little. She never failed, however, to meet it with composure. At last she did a daring thing. Under cover of a conversation between her father and Saint Méran, she went to the table at his side and began to turn over the books upon it.

"I think," she said, in an undertone, "that you have something to say to me."

"Aye," he answered, "I have that, and the time 'll come when I shall say it, too."

"You think I am afraid to hear it," she continued. "Follow me into the next room and see."

Then she addressed her father, speaking aloud.

"Your plans for the new bank are in the next room, I believe," she said. "I wish to show them to Mr. Haworth."

"Y—yes," he admitted, somewhat reluctantly. "They are on my table."

She passed through the folding doors and Haworth followed her. She stopped at one of the windows and waited for him to speak, and it was during this moment in which she waited that he saw in her face what he had not seen before—a faint pallor and a change which was not so much a real change as the foreshadowing of one to come. He saw it now because it chanced that the light struck full upon her.

"Now," she said, "say your say. But let me tell you that I shall listen not because I feel a shadow of interest in it, but because I *know* you thought I shrank from hearing it."

He pushed open the French window and strode on to the terrace.

"Step out here," he said.

She went out.

"This," he said, glancing about him, "this is th' place you stood on th' night you showed yourself to the strikers."

She made no answer.

"It's as good a place as any," he went on. "I'm going to have it out with you," he said, with bitter significance.

Then, for the first time, it struck her that she had overstepped the mark and done a dangerous thing, but she would have borne a great deal sooner than turn back, and so she remained.

"I've stood it a long time," he said, "and now I'm going to reckon up. There's a good bit of reckoning up to be done betwixt you and me, for all you've held me at arm's length."

"I am glad," she put in, "that you acknowledge that I did hold you at arm's length and that you were not blind to it."

"Oh," he answered, "I wasn't blind to it, no more than you were blind to the other; and from first to last it's been my comfort to remember that you weren't blind to the other—that you knew it as well as I did. I've held to that."

He came close to her.

"When I give up what I'd worked twenty year to get, what did I give it up for? For *you*. When I took Ffrench in partner, what did I run the risk for? For *you*. What was to pay me? *You*."

His close presence in the shadow was so intolerable to her that she could have cried out, but she did not.

"You made a poor bargain," she remarked.

"Aye, a poor bargain; but you were one in it. You bore it in your mind, and you've bore it there from then till now, and I've got a hold on you through it that's worth summat to me, if I never came nigh nor touched you. You knew it, and you let it be. No other chap can pay more for you than Jem Haworth's paid. I've got that to think of."

She made a gesture with her hand.

"I—I—hush!" she cried. "I will not hear it!"

"Stop it, if you can. Call 'em if you want, and let 'em hear—th' new chap and all. You shall hear, if all Broxton comes. I've paid twenty-five year of work and sweat and grime; I've paid 'Haworth's'—for I'm a ruined chap as I stand here; and but for *you* I'd have got through."

There was a shock in these last words; if they were true the blow would fall on her too.

"What," she faltered,—"what do you mean?"

"Th' strikes begun it," he answered, laconically, "and," with a jerk of his thumb toward the room in which her father sat, "he finished it. He tried some of his gentleman pranks in a quiet way, and he lost money on 'em. He's lost it again and again, and tried to cover it with fresh shifts, and it's 'Haworth's' that must pay for 'em. It'll come sooner or later, and you may make up your mind to it."

"What were you doing?" she demanded, sharply. "You might have known——"

"Aye," he returned, "what was I doing? I used to be a sharp chap enow. I've not been as sharp i' th' last twelvemonth,

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and he was up to it. He thought it was his own brass, likely—he'd give summat for it as belonged to him."

He came nearer to the light and eyed her over.

"You've had your day," he said. "You've made a worse chap of me than I need have been. You—you lost me a friend; I hadn't counted that in. You've done worse by him than you've done by me. He was th' finer mak' of th' two, and it'll go harder with him. When I came in, he was hanging about the road-side, looking up at the house. He didn't see me, but I saw him. He'll be there many a night, I dare say. I'd be ready to swear he's there now."

"Whom do you mean?"

"I mean—Murdoch!"

The very sound of his own voice seemed to fire him with rage. She saw a look in his eye which caused her to shrink back. But she was too late. He caught her by the arm and dragged her toward him.

A second later when he released her, she staggered to one of the rustic seats and sank crouching into it, hiding her face in the folds of her dress. She had not cried out, however, or uttered a sound, and he had known she would not.

He stood looking down at her.

"A gentleman wouldn't have done it," he said, hoarsely. "I'm not a gentleman. You've held me off and trampled me under foot. That'll leave us a bit even."

And he turned on his heel and walked away into the darkness.

CHAPTER XLIV.

"WHY DO YOU CRY FOR ME?"

WHEN he said that he had seen Murdoch standing in the road before the house, he had spoken the truth. It was also true that even as they stood upon the terrace he was there still.

He was there every night. Where he slept or when, or if at all, his mother and Christian did not know; they only knew that he never spent a night at home. They barely saw him from day to day. When he came home in the morning and evening, it was to sit at the table, rarely speaking, scarcely tasting food, only drinking greedily the cup of strong coffee Christian always had in readiness for him. The girl was very good to him in these days. She watched him in terror of his unnatural mood. He hardly seemed to see them when they were in the room with him; his eyes were hollow and burning bright; he grew thin and narrow-chested and stooped; his hands were unsteady when he lifted anything.

When she was alone, Christian said to herself again and again:

"He will die. There is no help for it. He will die—or worse."

One morning she came down to find him lying on the sofa with closed eyes and such a deathly face that she almost cried out aloud. But she restrained herself and went into the kitchen as if to perform her usual tasks. Not long afterward she returned carrying a little tray with a cup of hot coffee upon it.

"Will you drink this for me?" she said to him.

He opened his eyes a little impatiently, but he sat up and drank it.

"It's very good," he said, as he fell back again into his old position, "but you mustn't put yourself to trouble for me."

Afterward the coffee was always ready for him when he came in and he got into the habit of drinking it mechanically.

The books he had been accustomed to pore over at every leisure moment lay unopened. He neither touched nor looked at them.

The two women tried to live their lives as if nothing were happening. They studiously avoided questioning or appearing to observe him.

"We must not let him think that we talk of him," Christian said.

She showed a wonderful gentleness and tact. Until long afterward, Mrs. Murdoch scarcely knew what support and comfort she had in her. Her past life had planted in her a readiness to despair.

"He is like his father," she said once. "He was like him as a child. He is very trusting and faithful, but when his belief is gone it is all over. He has given up as his father did before he died. He will not try to live."

He did not try to live, but he did not think of death. He was too full of other morbid thoughts. He could not follow any idea far. A thousand of them came and went and in the end were as nothing.

"Why," he kept saying to himself weakly and wearily,—"*why* was it? What had I done? It was a strange thing to choose me out of so many. I was hardly worth it. To have chosen another man would have served her better."

He did not know how the days passed at

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the Works. The men began to gaze at him askance and mutter when he went by.

"Th' feyther went daft," they said. "Is this chap goin' th' same way?"

It was only the look of his face which made them say so. He got through his work one way or another. But the days were his dread. The nights, strange and dreadful enough, were better than the broad daylight, with the scores of hands about him and the clangor of hammers and whir of machinery. He fell into the habit of going to the engine-room and standing staring at the engine, fascinated by it. Once he drew nearer and nearer with such a look in his eye that Floxham began to regard him stealthily. He went closer, pace by pace, and at last made a step which brought a shout from Floxham, who sprang upon him and tore him away.

"What art at, tha foo'?" he yelled. "Does tha want to go whoam on a shutter?"

Wakening, with a long breath, he said:

"I forgot that was it. I was thinking of another thing."

The time came at length when he had altered so that when he went out his mother and Christian often sat up together half the night trembling with a fear neither of them would have put into words. As they sat trying to talk, each would glance at the other stealthily, and when their eyes met, each would start as if with some guilty thought.

On one of the worst and most dreadful of nights, Christian suddenly rose from her seat, crossed the hearth and threw herself upon her knees before her companion.

"I am going out," she said. "Don't—don't try to keep me."

"It is midnight," said Mrs. Murdoch, "and—you don't know where to go."

"Yes," the girl returned, "I do. For God's sake, let me go! I cannot bear it."

The woman gave her a long look, and then said a strange and cruel thing.

"You had better stay where you are. It is not *you* he wants."

"No," she said bitterly, "it is not I he wants; but I can find him and make sure—that—he will come back. And then you will go to sleep." She left her in spite of her efforts to detain her. She was utterly fearless, and went into the night as if there was no such thing as peril on earth.

She did know where to go and went there. Murdoch was standing opposite the house in which Rachel Ffrench slept. She went to him and put her hand on his arm.

"What are you doing here?" she said, in a low voice. He turned and gave her a cold, vacant look. He did not seem at all surprised at finding her dark, beautiful young face at his very shoulder.

"I don't know. Can you tell me?"

"We have been waiting for you," she said. "We cannot rest when you are away."

"Do you want me to go home and go to bed decently and sleep?" he said. "Do you suppose I would not, if I could? I always start from here and come back here. I say to myself, 'It will take me an hour to reach the place where I can see her window.' It is something to hold one's mind in check with. This rambling—and—and forgetting what one has meant to think about is a terrible thing."

"Come home with me," she said. "We will not talk. You can lie on the sofa and we will go away. I want your mother to sleep."

Something in her presence began to influence him to a saner mood.

"What are you doing here?" he asked. "It is midnight."

"I am not afraid. I could not bear to stay in the house. We sit there ——"

An idea seemed to strike him suddenly. He stopped her and asked deliberately:

"Did you come because you thought I might do myself harm?"

She would not answer, and after waiting a second or so he went on slowly:

"I have thought I might myself—sometimes, but never for long. You have no need to fear. I am always stopped by the thought that—perhaps—it is not worth it after all. When things look clearer, I shall get over it. Yes—I think I shall get over it—though now there seems to be no end. But—some day—it will come—and I shall get over it. Don't be afraid that I shall do myself harm. If I am not killed—before the end comes—I shall not kill myself. I shall know it was not worth it after all."

The tears had been running down her cheeks as she stood, but she bit her lip and forced herself to breathe evenly, so that he might not find her out. But just then, as he moved, a great drop fell upon the back of his hand. He stopped and began to tremble.

"Good heavens!" he cried. "You are crying. Why do you cry for me?"

"Because I cannot help it," she said in a half-whisper. "I do not cry often. I never cried for any one before."

"I'll take you home," he said, moving slowly along at her side. "Don't cry."

(To be continued.)

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TWO COUPLES: A WHITE AND A YELLOW.

I. THE WHITE COUPLE.

EARLY one Sunday morning the mulatto carriage-driver of Colonel McPherson Berrien called to see me. I was pastor of a church in a southern city at the time, and the colonel was one of its leading members. It was easy to see at a glance what it was my visitor wanted. The fact that it was Sunday might account for the broadcloth he wore and the linen, the watch-chain, not of the purest gold, across his white vest, and the gloves, the polished boots, the exuberant handkerchief, even for the Sabbatical silk umbrella, the day and not the weather being the occasion therefor; not even the sacredness of the day could explain, however, the air of special importance which clothed Milton (for that was his name) beyond all these. Like all mulatto house servants of rich folk in those days, he resembled nothing so much as a Frenchman masquerading in yellow, but there was now an added gravity, as of an embassador.

"I took de extreme liberty," he said, with a bow, and a bearing thereafter which would have satisfied George the Fourth, "to call, sah, and to beg to presume upon your time. De circumstances is dese. I was requested to ascertain, sah, if it would combine wid your convenience to be at your residence dis afternoon at three o'clock?" and, while I was considering his request, he repeated the question in terms made still more magniloquent by his evident anxiety.

"I will be at home," I remarked, after Milton had received his reply, and, with a profusion of bows, had departed. "Yes, I will be at home. Poor things! I suppose the rumors we have heard must be true. I will *not* do it, but it does seem such a pity!"

Sure enough, at the time appointed, Milton drove up to our gate, magnificent upon his master's carriage, and two young people got out. Harry and Felicia, as we had feared! Now, the parents of these young persons were, on both sides, opposed to their marriage; as I well knew, violently opposed, and for excellent reasons. Harry's parents, Colonel Berrien and his wife, were absent on a visit to a distant city, never dreaming of a disaster so terrible, in their estimation, as was this. The youthful pair came up the walk elaborately dressed, so bright and happy, more than all, so entirely unconscious that, having escaped their parents, any obstacle remained in their path to perfect happiness, that it did seem a hard thing to do that which had to be done; but, to me, there was no alternative.

We made it as easy for them as we could. A lady of my household took Felicia into one room to remonstrate with her, while Harry followed me into my study. He was a handsome fellow, who had suddenly shot up during the last year or two into a tall, pale, gentlemanly youth. Like the sons, in general, of rich fathers, pretty much the world over (at least of parents who had failed in duty toward their children as his had), there was a certain fluidity in poor Harry, a genteel languor, a general limpness, an unaffected absence, as of the bone and muscle, of a single purpose in life beyond enjoying himself as much as he could, and with whatever happened to come along. As I laid my hand upon his shoulder and looked into his honest, helpless eyes, I felt that he was like so much very white, but very soft clay, which needed only the pressure of poverty to have been hardened into the noblest and most enduring marble. But, alas for his pliable nature! He had his marriage-license ready in his hand. I would not look at it. He was not eighteen, as I well knew, and he had got the document by swearing that he was twenty-one.

I need not reveal the special reasons I urged upon Harry why he should, at least, wait until his father got home. They were reasons so excellent that he consented to do so. He gave me the license, at last, quite willingly. I should have torn it up on the spot, but he was such a gentlemanly fellow that I gave it back to him, telling him that I trusted to his honor. Felicia, however, *was* of age, and had grown up in other circumstances altogether, and all the effort being made at the same time in the other room was worse than wasted upon her. It may be hard at times to persuade a lady to marry, but that is a trifle to the labor of inducing her at other times *not* to marry. Breaking through all persuasions, as well as doors, the lady hurried into my study, seized upon the poor boy, marched him without an adieu out of the house, down the walk, into the carriage, and, so, they drove off to

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a Rev. Mr. Brown, who did marry them with hardly a question.

Of course, the whole affair was the sensation of the day, and comments, pro and con, were many and loud. A week after, as I passed by the business place of the father of the bride, he called me in and thanked me heartily for my course, and hastened to add:

"Harry Berrien tells me that he paid Mr. Brown one hundred dollars for marrying him. There, sir," he continued, opening his pocket-book and putting the bills in my hand, "if you will do me the favor to accept this, you can call it pew-rent, or whatever you please; there is two hundred dollars for *not* marrying them."

One is constrained, however, to compress appearances here into the limits of sober truth. The money was Confederate (for it was during the war that all this took place), and by no means at par. It was better than nothing in days when no pastor in the state had other salary than those the ravens brought to him sitting beside the brook Cherith, and when I condoled laughingly with Mr. Brown next time I met him, upon his inferior gains, he gazed at me in astonishment.

"I suppose," he said at last, "that the young man's previous practice of lying to the county clerk had made falsehood come easy to him. And so it is true, as you tell me, that you refused to marry him? He told me—or was it the lady who said so?—that you were anxious to marry him, but that you were in such agonies of toothache that they could not even see you. It seemed very strange to me at the time. As to a fee—the young scamp! he never gave me one cent."

When I remonstrated with the county clerk he said:

"If I had not given him the document he would have driven into the next county and got one there!"

"But I learn that Colonel Berrien intends to sue you," I said; for the colonel, after thanking me for my course, had told me his intentions in a burst of wrath at the clerk.

"Sue, does he?" that popular official said with a laugh, as he offered me a cigar and lighted one for himself. "Sue? I'm very willing. The fine for issuing a license to a minor is five hundred dollars. Very good. The day Colonel Berrien sues me I will begin suit against his son for perjury. That, you know, is the state-prison. Tell the colonel to sue ahead!"

During a life-time one regrets, I suppose, at the rate of one No to a thousand Yeses. Certainly I never was sorry for having said no on this occasion. The match was a most miserable one. So miserable that I will merely add that, when, a few months after, the poor young fellow lay dead in his coffin, there was a general feeling in the community that "it was," as the county clerk himself told me, "about the most sensible thing that ever happened to him, poor boy!"

But I have told all this chiefly by way of preface. It is not so much of Harry Berrien as of a very different bridegroom concerning whom I wish to speak; for Harry was as a white but unsubstantial atom of a past era in comparison. What has been told is part of what remains to be narrated; and yet a sea rolls between the era of Harry Berrien and the next, and it is a sea of blood.

II. THE YELLOW COUPLE.

THEY have a phrase at the South which needs no interpretation—that such and such a thing is done "for grandeur." Now, if there was a person who exemplified as well as delighted in "grandeur" it was Milton, the mulatto carriage-driver of whom mention has been made. He was a splendid specimen of a "bright" mulatto, and in every sense, for the brightness was not limited to his color. When the war began he was about twenty, for it was not often that anybody could speak certainly as to the age of a negro; the owning of a gold watch would have been as great a wonder, almost, to a slave as the possession of a birthday,—a day, that is, to be certainly known and observed as such. He would have brought on the auction-block at that time considerably over a thousand dollars. One would not have thought of him then as other than "a likely boy,"—certainly I did not. He always opened the front door and bowed to me when I called at his master's house, but, beyond saying, "Morning, boy," I really gave little more attention to him than I had done to the tiger-lilies in *their* station and shades of yellow along the walk as I came up from the front gate. There came a day when we saw the familiar black faces around us in a different light and scrutinized them more closely.

As is well known, the silence of the slaves in the South during the war, their absolute passiveness and attitude of waiting the

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event without moving hand or foot or tongue, was one of the most curious features of that historic time. So well was this known that no watch whatever was exercised over them on the part of their owners. Certainly none was in those parts of the South where the Federal army never penetrated. One could not but be greatly amazed during those long years at the profound quietude of the blacks. Through all the excitement, the marshaling of troops, the days of public fast or thanksgiving, the ringing of bells for victory, and the ever-deepening despondency of the whites toward the close, over defeat, their apparently unconscious silence was remarkable. The end came at last. A strip of printed paper pasted on the door of our post-office announced the will of the Federal Government that all slaves should be free, the armies, representatives of that will, not having as yet got within many hundred miles of us,—the first Yankee of them all not arriving for many weeks afterward. By a unanimous, although wholly unconcerted, movement, the same result followed at almost the same hour on every plantation and farm, as well as in every household, the state over. Each owner assembled his slaves, told them they were free, but gave them as an instant alternative, to go at once or, if they remained, to stay on the same terms of steady work for their food and clothing and owner's care as from the creation of the world, for so it seemed to them and to all.

A few staid. Generally it was the old and those who were cumbered with young children. In some instances the life-long bonds of mutual respect, as well as love, were strong enough to hold master and servant together as of old. The vast majority scattered at the first opportunity like birds out of a cage. They could not believe, otherwise, that so wild a dream as freedom had become actual fact, and perhaps it was nature.

Milton was one of these. At twelve o'clock his owner had told him and the rest of "the people" that they were free; at two o'clock the same day Milton was in town, five miles away, done with his master and his master's plantation forever, fifty cents in his pocket, and not having waited to eat any dinner. The man had come into sudden possession of the fortune of himself, was henceforth "lord of himself," leaving the future to decide whether or not it was to be a "heritage of woe." The only clear idea Milton had on this day of days was Seely! Now Seely was by no means as good-looking as Milton, but she more than made up for it by being more sensible. She was cook for a Mr. Madison who lived in the edge of the town, and she stayed with her master and mistress, at least for the present. One day, very soon after the close of the war, Milton called upon me; matters were so far changed that I now looked at him for what might be stated as being the first time. With regular features, magnificent black eyes, a complexion of precisely that combination of crimson and gold which you find in a ripe pomegranate, with mustache and hair as black as black can be, my visitor was a sort of tropical product better worth studying than I had ever before thought. There was a subtle modulation,—not more in the motions of his body than in the tones of his voice,—which is usually regarded as the last and highest perfection of culture. When he had called upon me before, on behalf of his young master, he was merely the most intelligent and expensive part of his owner's equipage. Now, all the rest of the carriage and horses, so to speak, was gone. He had again come upon business of ceremony, but it was on his own behalf; the flourish was there, but there was depth to it now, for he came to be married himself, and I understood it all when he came in.

It was "for grandeur;" although I had lived in the South all my life I had, somehow, never before been called upon to marry a colored couple. But it was not merely because I was a white minister that Milton now called upon me; I had profoundly impressed him that Sunday by refusing to marry his young master. That young master was dead and gone with the very name itself; gone with God knows how much that was good and noble in the epoch departed. It was very little Milton knew about the period upon which he had now entered. At that moment all he wanted to do was to begin his new career by marrying Seely, and by getting married as grandly as possible. I had not seen him since he had become free; and it is not often that one has so historical an opportunity. Nobody has as yet found, even among fossils, the individual in whom the ape became a man; but in Milton, standing hat in hand and bowing before me, was comprised the whole process of the evolution of the slave into the freeman.

"Good-morning, boy," I began; for, in the old days, if a negro lived to be as old

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as Methuselah, he was addressed in that way to the end.

"I thank you, sah," he replied, hesitating a little, and yet becoming somewhat stiff amid his bowings, "thank you, sah, but I am not a *boy* any more, I am a *man*." I looked at him with a fresh interest and said, somewhat coldly,

"Well, what can I do for you?"

"I am come, sah," he said, "hope you is not offended, sah, to get you to marry me,—to marry me to Miss Seely Madison."

"To Miss —— who?" I demanded.

"Miss—Seely—Madison, sah. She dat was de cook ob de Madison family," he replied.

"Then your name is ——?" I began.

"Mr. Milton McPherson Berrien, yes, sah," he said. "We hab to hab some more name dan we had before. She took her massa's name; I took mine. Fust families, as you know, sah. Dat is de reason we want you to marry us. You may be sure I will pay you, sah, wedding fee, sah," he added with a bow and a wave of his hand.

"Then I will not do it, Milton," I said. "You will need every cent you can get, boy," I added with a sorrowful look at him; "do you know ——"

But I did not go on. Why should I cloud the wedding glory? Besides, his eye had lost its light and his cheek its color as I spoke; evidently he *did* know, in part at least. We have all of us read about Undine, a creature, and a joyous one, of the elements. Beautiful Undine had no soul, was merely a water-nymph, going back at death into the air like the foam of the sea. It was the coming of a soul to her at her marriage with her lover, which brought care and suffering, as well as immortality. So with the ex-slave, the coming of freedom had brought to him weight as well as wings. There was no longer a master to relieve him of all care as to home and clothing, as to food and physic, and Milton was plainly a wiser and a sadder man already.

They were married at Mr. Madison's house. Mrs. Madison had lost by the freeing of Seely one thousand dollars, and nearly that sum in every one of their house servants, to say nothing of the people on their plantation; but she entered, none the less, into the spirit of the occasion. Woman *is* an angel! There was Mr. Madison, for instance, so broken-hearted by his ruin that he had suddenly become very old. Not so his wife; she had as suddenly become ten years younger; had put forth wings hidden otherwise until death; was bearing up herself, her children, her husband, her entire circle of ruined associates, upon the strong pinions of her love and faith. Her husband's voice had sunk into a wail; hers had risen into song instead. I never knew what a beautiful and happy woman Mrs. Madison was until that night of the wedding.

"The only extravagance Seely was guilty of," she told me, before the ceremony began, "was this. We had promised all our people pay, you see, after they were freed. Well, Seely put them up to it and they all saved, the house servants I mean, every cent of their first month's wages. At the end of the month they laid it all out in the materials, and Seely cooked and iced dozens of cakes of every sort, and they deliberately sat down and gave a night to eating them up. They ate enough to kill them! But you know nothing they eat ever hurts *them* at all. Since then, all their money goes, at least that of all the rest of our negroes (and that is the way with them all over the South, I suppose), for bright calicoes, brass jewelry, candy, and all sorts of canned fruit, oysters and the like. Poor things! But I am so glad you consented to marry them. Try and not laugh; here they come!"

It could have been wished that there had been fewer bride's-maids, seeing, especially, that there were for me, at least, too many groomsmen. When the bridal party came into the large parlor, the very multitude thereof tangled matters so that it was with difficulty I kept from marrying the wrong couple. Had there been less jewelry, shorter trains, greater parsimony in the article of veils, more economy as to grandeur in general, it might have been better. Sure, I am, that the marriage of Victoria and Prince Albert could not have seemed quite so momentous to the parties on that occasion; but the individuals in this instance were not born to the purple, and the weight was too heavy; a funeral would have been lively in comparison. As I knew that nothing would please them so much, the ceremony was made very long, and never did a clergyman have greater excuse than I did then for admonishing a wedding pair minutely and at length. But they were married at last, thoroughly married! and the crowd fell back into a hopeless tangle again as they left the room. The wedding supper came more natural to them—that is, so long as they were waiting upon the white people seated at table, which they did eagerly and well, bridegroom, bride and all. Immediately after, they arranged

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a wedding feast for themselves in the kitchen, and, with Mrs. Madison's cordial assistance, it had been made as sumptuous as possible. But, alas, the moment they sat down to it a solemn silence fell upon them. In former days they would have been the happiest of people, their talk and laughter as heart-felt and free as the chattering of squirrels, or the song of birds. Not so now. They hardly dared to smile, much less laugh. It was all too new to them, the grandeur was too great!

It was in vain that good, bright-faced Mrs. Madison remonstrated with Seely afterward. Seely loved her mistress dearly and was sensible enough, but her husband had other ideas, and immediately after the wedding, they went to housekeeping. A wretched little leaky shanty it was in which they began, with nothing but the clothes they had on, and almost no furniture at all. If they could have been contented to remain as servants under Mr. Madison's roof they would have had their board and lodging free, and could, in time, have saved enough to begin an independent life comfortably. But, no,—at least Milton said so,—they could not *feel* free unless they were off by themselves, even if it had to be in their tumble-down hovel. It was foolish, but it was nature, and you and I, perhaps, might have done the same.

Ten years afterward, and what a change! The bridegroom had become the Hon. Milton McPherson Berrien. They lived in a handsome house which he had bought and paid for. There were a piano and pictures, horse and buggy, bills coming in for groceries and ice-cream, and the like. Under all her superabundant millinery, Mrs. Seely Berrien was very much the same sensible soul as before, but by no means as much happier as one would have thought. Very rarely was her husband at home those days. He was in the legislature, on the stump, in the newspaper offices, along the streets, reining in his fine horse beside the cotton fields to have, contemptuous of the helpless overseer, a political talk with the freedmen at work therein. Had you known him before the war, you would have been astonished at the alteration in the man! It was a something beyond the transformation of the meanest of grubs into the most brilliant of butterflies. You had no idea hitherto that the range of transformation in a human being was so great; it gave one a new conception of the possibilities which death may bring to us all. The "yellow boy," willingly ignorant when a slave of everything in the universe, without a thought beyond his horses, his master, his Sunday clothes, and, at the very highest, his Seely, was now—what? You could not meet a man on Wall street who would have been readier to talk to you about greenbacks as distinguished from gold, or fuller of confidence as to the best ways of making money. There was no Yankee in New England more willing to engage with you in argument upon any subject whatever, the Hon. Milton thoroughly understanding religious themes as well as all others, but generally escaping as soon as he could to politics, as to a topic of more practical interest. As a Christian minister, there was, in his own opinion, nothing more to be desired in him as to head, heart or daily life, but his highest genius was in political affairs. You speedily saw why he regarded himself as so perfectly informed, how it was he was so finally assured in reference to everything. It was by reason of a belief in himself as blind as that of a baby, and yet as colossal and bronze-like as that of a Bismarck.

The Hon. Milton McPherson Berrien had become an orator also. He was more than ready to speak upon every subject, anywhere and everywhere. At a camp-meeting of his own people, or at a political assembly, in a prayer-meeting, or upon the floor of the legislature, for him to get up—which he always did—was the sensation of the hour. The negroes listened to him with pride, the whites with contemptuous amazement at the copiousness of his words, and the coolness of his assertions. If, two minutes after the fervors of the orator's eloquence had ceased to blaze, any man from Vermont had tried him as to a trade in horses or in town-lots, he would have found him as sharp at a bargain as the sharpest in any market.

Alas for poor Milton! he was changed by his eating of the tree of knowledge in more ways than intellectually. A Democratic editor himself told me that he had bought the man in reference to one railroad subsidy pending in the legislature, of which, so far as his own color was concerned, the ex-slave was a leading member, in a very literal sense of the word. A Republican lawyer, equally to my own knowledge, had purchased him as regarded another and still more lucrative matter in the same august body. Worse still, persons having rival claims before the legislature found out afterward that although each had "secured" the influence of this distinguished statesman at a high figure, the Hon. Milton had, in the

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end, betrayed them both in behalf of a third and higher bidder. "Mighty uncertain" were politics in those days! Before the war, his master had paid, say, fifteen hundred dollars for his carriage-driver, but it was, at last, only the body of the man that he obtained. These days it was the soul instead of the former slave which buyers purchased. In the old days, Milton had no agency in the matter at all; to-day he was his own auctioneer, loud and eager, and it may be because it was his soul that he was selling, but he certainly asked, and got, tremendous prices. It is true that legislative white sheep, as well as black, were bought and sold in his region exactly as traders and butchers do sheep by the flock, but it was worse than that. Deep down in their souls those poor freedmen wanted, I do know, to do what was right. They all looked up to the Hon. Milton with pride and perfect trust, and his money was made by getting up "corners" in his own people and speculating in their pitiful ignorance. To which party the Hon. Milton finds it for his present interest to belong I do not know. The fact is, just now he exists in a condition of suspended infallibility. While awaiting events he possesses a serenity in lying,—lying upon the stump, in the papers, before Congressional committees, —which is indescribable.

I do not blame the man for being yellow, any more than I do for being so very oily and supple, if it were not that he reminded you so much of a tiger, there is such a ferocity in him as to the making of money. There were rumors that he led midnight parties, first on one of the political sides and then on the other, for the purpose of frightening voters of his own color—dark and devilish parties which left more than one man dead and mutilated in the cypress swamp; but the whitest lady in the land could not deny the charge with greater apparent horror than he does, and who knows? It is a general impression that the Hon. Milton is at bottom the greatest of cowards, but who can tell what desperate bravery he might not show in some tropical gust of passion? Your feeling, however, is that he is less apt to be swept away himself than to be himself the gust which, for his own ends, sweeps others before him.

I knew a Southern Congressman who came within one vote of being elected speaker of the House before the Civil War. During that conflict, he was a Union man, a general in the Federal army and the provisional governor of a Southern state.

"Sit down, sir, sit down," he said to me in his office one day after the war was over. "Sit down; I want to tell you one thing. You know that when the war began, I was an unbeliever, an atheist? Of course, everybody knew it. Now, sir, what I want to say is that, since then, I have seen things so ordered, contrary to, otherwise than, immeasurably unlike, and superior to, the passions or plans of any man or set of men, that, sir," and his voice became low, and to my amazement his eyes filled with tears,—"I now do know that there is a God who governs the world He has made!" In this belief lies the strong consolation of a good many of us, South and North. The chemistry of events in the South—the diplomacy, I would prefer to call it, of Providence there—is as wonderful as is the crystallization of the salts, or the generations and motions of the planetary system. Possibly we could not have had the constitutional amendments if the ballot had not been put into the astonished hands of the former slaves. That seems to us now to have been, in some senses, a most disastrous necessity and remedy. And yet look calmly at it. If the power of voting had been withheld from them provisionally, they would have been a fermenting, possibly an insurgent, mass until they obtained it. They have had it, and awful is the mess they have made of it, as we all acknowledge, not so much by reason of their ignorance as of the rascality of unprincipled adventurers. *Now* they seem, as a body at least, to have settled down to hard work, contented to struggle up individually as the rest of us have to do. Matters have changed astoundingly of late. Where the Hon. Milton once was, so to speak, everybody, he is now nobody. When he was a slave he was a zero, now he seems to have become a zero again. Worse—he is a zero which tried desperately to do something great and ruinously failed. However, no one dreamed sixteen years ago, let us remember, that the slave would become the senator, and who dare prophesy as to what the *man* may come to be sixteen years hence? Let us not be too certain. In tropical lands where there has been one earthquake there may be another. The Hon. Milton seems to have become a sort of ex-phenomenon, but he is too new to science to be accurately classified and finally catalogued even yet.

I sometimes wonder, as I look at him, if he was not really better off that Sunday, centuries ago, it seems to be, when he came for me to marry his young master. He perplexes me, for there is no guessing from any

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data in the past what he may not be in the future. There are aspects of evolution in the man which would astonish and, possibly, terrify Darwin himself. While these lines are written the blacks are contemplating an exodus to the north-west. The Hon. Milton is greatly perplexed, and is saying to himself: "Shall I be the Moses to lead them out of Egypt, or the Pharaoh to make them stay where they are?" At times one could wish that he would head a colony of his people, say to Liberia, for he can hardly get to be even a cabinet officer here, and he might be president, possibly emperor, elsewhere.

But you would like his wife. She reminds me, in her relations with her husband, of a child whose brilliant toy balloon has broken the thread by which it was held and is careering before the winds. Long ago she has given up trying to understand, to say nothing of holding, him, and is merely watching him, fearing for him even more than she wonders at him.

The great American question of to-day is not as to greenbacks or gold, as to centralization or state rights. Stand forth, Hon. Milton McPherson Berrien! *You* are the problem of the day! Your rival on the Pacific coast is nothing as a Question in comparison to you! I do not believe that any of us know how to hold and manage you much more than does your good, black, sensible Seely. May God solve and save you! He alone can.

MADAME BONAPARTE'S LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

CONCLUDING PAPER.

At the conclusion of the first paper of these letters from Madame Bonaparte to her father, William Patterson, Esq. (published in the last number of this magazine), we saw that everything was arranged for the departure of Jerome for America, previous to which event he had been in Rome in all nearly three months. He did not, however, see his father, who was absent from the city all that time. On the 25th of February, 1822, he embarked at Leghorn for the United States, reaching New York on the 14th of April. Madame Bonaparte's object in allowing her son, not yet seventeen, to make this winter voyage, was that he might carry out her darling project of marrying him to his cousin Charlotte, the daughter of Joseph Bonaparte. So we find that two days after his arrival in America, he visited his uncle at Point Breeze near Bordentown, New Jersey, where the ex-King of Spain had taken up his residence after the battle of Waterloo. In all the letters written at this period, Madame Bonaparte shows how ardently her heart was fixed upon marrying her son to Joseph's daughter, and how persistently she urged her father to secure strong settlements in favor of Jerome.

A few weeks after Jerome sailed, his father arrived in Rome, as we ascertain from a letter of Madame Bonaparte's, dated Rome, March 8th, 1822:

> Your father arrived yesterday,—wrote to your aunt, who replied she would not see him because he would begin *de lui parler des choses désagréables*—he went however and found her in bed; she pretended we came to Rome uninvited by her, that she received us from compassion; he contradicted this, etc. I have not seen your father and most probably I shall not, for he does not wish it for many reasons. He and Madame have been at the Princess's; Napoleon* was there last night. They seemed to have all made up for the moment. * * * For heaven's sake spend as little money as possible, and recollect the smallness of my income and the many privations it subjects me to. I foresee nothing but poverty and solitude. I shall go to America if you think there is the least necessity for it. * * * I am very uneasy about you, and almost blame myself for not going with you to take care of you, and shall never forgive myself if you meet any accident by being alone.

In a letter addressed to her father, dated Paris, July 7th, 1822, Madame Bonaparte said she was willing to return to America, provided her presence there would aid her matrimonial plans for her son. But, having received letters which informed her that the proposed marriage with Joseph's daughter was not likely to come off, she writes:

> There is nothing can or ever will surprise me in that family. The only way is to act and feel exactly as if they said and promised nothing. * * * There is one advantage from the connexion, which is, that he is placed by it in the first circles of Europe, that his acquaintance has been sought by persons of the highest rank, and that, with very little money, he

* Son of Louis Bonaparte, who died in 1837.

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can always live with them. This I consider a great point, and although I sincerely deplore any circumstance or combination of events which oppose his being rich, I console myself under the present disappointment by the comforting conviction that his name and rank are beyond the influence of any one's caprice. * * If by chance the uncle goes back to his former dispositions, you know that not the most amiable verbal promises must induce him to put himself in dependence, that parchment deeds examined by a skillful lawyer are the best and only guarantee for happiness, and certainly the only assurances I shall ever rely on for him.

The boy must neither seek nor avoid being with his relations. If they invite him, let him go to them; if they do not, he is not called upon to run after them. * * * His conduct should appear natural, respectful, and as affectionate as nephews generally are to uncles, independently, however, of all obsequiousness or meanness. He is in every respect upon an equality with them, and I think there would have been entire reciprocity of advantages in forming a connexion. Although he has not money, he has other advantages. He has name, rank, good natural capacity, good appearance, and if he does not suit them, there are perhaps many other families that he will suit. Another capital point is, that he is not a woman, it being much easier to marry sons than daughters, I mean to advantage; for as to the marriages in America, they are simple acts of youthful folly and inexperience, and, although they may be liable to fewer inconveniences in a commercial or republican society than they would be in Europe, are still absurd and improper in many respects. * * I have no confidence in the banks, insurance companies, road stocks, or, in short, in any stock in Baltimore. The people of business there all live above their means, all speculate to support the extravagant wants of their families, and from folly are driven to dishonesty. Their want of moral feeling and scandalous effrontery when detected in the commission of crimes which conduct to the pillory in other countries have entirely destroyed the reputation of the place, and made me take a resolution to sell out the little property I unwarily confided to Baltimore companies. I shall wait, however, until people forget the explosion that took place three years ago; human credulity is so great that confidence may perhaps revive and purchasers be found for what I think very precarious property. I can never again consider any stock but government at all secure, but my want of reliance on all other kinds is no reason why others should not be firm believers, and their faith may serve me effectually by giving me a tolerable price for my property when I decide upon the time to sell it. * * * I wish Bo's education to be particularly attended to; on that no money to be spared. Every other kind of saving is a gain, and no one can be more disposed to save in everything than I am; but a good education is never too highly paid for. Money spent in that way brings a good interest to every one. Adieu, my dear sir. * * * * *

Madame Bonaparte soon returned to Geneva, from which point were written the next five letters. Bo meanwhile had entered Harvard College.

GENEVA, October 15th, 1822.

MY DEAR SIR:

I have no letters from Bo since the date 29th June. There is a report that his grandmother is dead, which may be true, but I have no letters from any of the family. I write you this in haste and beg you to make him acquainted instantly with the report. I hope it is not true. She appeared to me an estimable person in every respect and showed great fondness for this poor child. I lament his having left her so soon, as from the sense and penetration which distinguished her, I am convinced she would have taken great interest in him had he been more with her. She appeared to be exempt from the shuffling and double-dealing common to people on the continent of Europe, which troublesome qualities are as useless to their possessors as wearisome to those on whom they are exercised. * * * *

Adieu. Yours affectionately.

GENEVA, 11th December, 1822.

DEAR SIR: * * * * * *

I am most happy to learn that Bo is applying himself assiduously to his studies, and that his absence from me has not abated his diligence or ambition. * * * * * * *

Without partiality, I may say that there is not in the world a boy who combines greater intelligence with more remarkable personal beauty. In his situation a good appearance is important, because, although every one cannot appreciate mental superiority, the most stupid and ignorant are sensible to a handsome exterior, and for one conspicuously placed as he is, it is fortunate that he is not misshapen nor disgraced by vulgar common features. * * * *

I hear Mrs. R. P. is coming out; she will be the best sailor in the world. Her sisters are not yet married, which, considering their persevering endeavors and invincible courage rather surprises me. * * * * * * *

I remain, very affectionately yours,

E. P.

GENEVA, 24th December, 1822.

DEAR SIR: * * I have been here since the middle of August, and I find my health much improved by my residence in this place, which indeed suits me better in every respect than Paris. * * *

There are balls or parties every evening, and I have not spent one during five months at home. My intimate friend is a lady of your age, who never passes a day in her own house unless she gives a ball, or a card party, which she does every Friday. * * * I shall never regret having taken him [Bo] to Italy, because, although people cannot command success, they ought to secure to themselves their own approbation, and the conviction of having done all that depends on their own exertions. Bo is neither deficient in capacity nor the knowledge of the demands of his situation in life. I think myself fortunate that he was not born a fool, which two-thirds of the children brought into the world are; had he been one, it would have embarrassed me exceedingly to know what to do with him. It is only permitted to women to be idiots, or men whose fortunes have been accumulated by their wiser ancestors, and which they may enjoy without trouble. * * * I think Bo clever enough to conduct himself better than most children of his age, but the unhappy propensity of his father's to throw away money makes me perhaps more fearful on this subject than I need be. He is entirely ruined by his and his wife's absurd prodigality, added to their confidence in rogues. Poor man! his faults always proceeded from want of judgment, more than badness of heart; but when the first is wanting, nothing improper can excite surprise. * * * * * * * * *

Very affectionately yours,

E. P.

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GENEVA, 5th February, 1823.

MY DEAR SIR: * * * * * There is, I hope, no danger of his [Bo] forming an imprudent matrimonial connexion; if he cannot marry suitably, and in America he could not (with one exception, and that I fear is out of the question), he can live single. Marriage offers no such comforts as to induce rational beings to give up their independence without some return of advantage. I am at times not happy on the subject of his falling in love, recollecting the extreme folly and great simplicity of the people he sees, who, without giving a single thought to prudence or the future, marry some poor young woman from the caprice of the moment, and consign themselves to her insipid society and the torment of bringing up a family of children. It may be patriotic to sacrifice one's time in this way, but it is not charitable to one's self, and charity well understood begins at home. I hope you, my dear sir, will inculcate to him privately the nonsense and absurdity of such marriages, which are unknown beyond the new world. In Europe no one marries unless they have the certain means of supporting their children, and in Geneva no one has more than two or three because they say they would be too expensive. Nothing can equal the people here for calculation. * * * *

GENEVA, February 15, 1823.

I write to Bo and you to-day to inform you both of all I have learned respecting Madame. She is now quite well. The report of her death originated from her having been despaired of in September. She then made a will by which she left her whole fortune to the son of the Emperor by Marie Louise, excepting only fifty thousand dollars to each of her own sons, and twenty-five thousand dollars to each of Lucien's sons. As her son Jerome is ruined and in debt, and has an expensive wife and her two children to provide for, she being entirely without property herself, fifty thousand dollars are of little use to them. I suppose the Emperor wrote to her in his last moments to provide for his son, which he was unable to do himself, having left his whole property to the people who emigrated to St. Helena with him. She owed every thing to him; therefore justice demanded that she should leave the greater part of her savings to his son; but justice might have induced her to leave something to Bo, and her not having done it does no honor to her reputation. Her fondness of him and her attentions must naturally have led the child to suppose she would not have acted in this way; therefore it was with great reluctance that I wrote him these particulars, but duty required that I should not allow him to encourage hopes which might lead to improvidence or habits of prodigality on his part. * * * *

PARIS, May 6, 1823.

DEAR SIR: * * * * * I have been pretty regularly paid twelve hundred dollars per annum for the last two years for Bo's expenses, but as he [Jerome] is ruined I have little expectation of this sum being continued, and I spend not a farthing more than I should do if he had not promised it. It is only so much out of the fire; whilst it is paid I shall take it thankfully, but no one can suppose I should be such a fool as to spend upon an uncertainty. * * * *

He [Bo] was very much attended to by all ranks in Europe, and admired by every one. Some ladies in Rome ran after him so much that I feared his being spoiled, although he seemed quite unconscious of it, supposing probably that women old enough to be his grandmothers could not be foolish enough to fall in love with him. It is certain that his beauty attracted great attention; a German princess told me that she had followed him once in Geneva, at a ball, from room to room to look at him, and that he was the handsomest creature she ever saw. He certainly is the handsomest boy I ever saw of his age, and in all respects the finest creature possible.

* * * * * * *

The marriage with M——'s son* does not surprise me, as the uncle is notorious for want of stability in his plans, and there is no Frenchman whose word is less brittle than pye-crust. The people on the continent of Europe have not the most remote idea of truth or principle in any way, and no one can live long with them and remain ignorant of their being utterly destitute of anything like moral feeling. * * I was the first traveler who found out what the Genevans really paid, and it required some address to get at this useful information. They show me great respect for my adroitness, and seem to consider me now worthy of being dealt fairly with in prices. No Jew has ever been able to get a living in Geneva. The French proverb is: "It takes four Jews to make a Genevan." They are the cleverest people in Europe and the most roguish, not excepting the Italians.

PARIS, May 22, 1823.

* * * * * * *

I hear Mme. M.'s son is gone to Philadelphia, and have little doubt he will marry his cousin. I wish them joy of the union, but until they have been at church it is impossible to be quite certain that the family politics may not change. I rather think the grandmother's wishes were not much consulted on this occasion, having some reason to believe that she remembers how little her family stand indebted to the folly of the young gentleman's father, which contributed greatly to the misfortunes of the E—— [Emperor], her son.

I remain, dear sir, affectionately yours.

GENEVA, November 9, 1823.

DEAR SIR: * * * * * I learn from you with great satisfaction that Bo is now profiting by the advice I have never ceased giving him since he came into the world, which was to distinguish himself. It would have been a sad mistake if he had fancied an ordinary education or common attainments would have sufficed for him. He is too conspicuously placed to permit himself to rest contented with the exertions made by other people, and however agreeable it may be to bear a great name, it is less easy to bear it with propriety than one which attracts less notice. * * *

The land of romance is now only to be found on the other side of the Atlantic. People on this side know the exact value of everything and turn existence to its best account. Love in a cottage is even out of fashion in novels. I should consider an amiable, prolific daughter-in-law a very poor compensation for all the trouble and anxiety I have had with that boy, and most sincerely hope the *amiable, scheming* (for even in America the women know their own interest and look as sharply after good matches as they do here) young ladies will select some other unsuspecting dupe to make wives of them.

*The projected marriage of Charlotte with the son of Madame Murat, widow of Joachim, King of Naples, is here referred to.

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In the spring of 1824, Madame Bonaparte returned to America, where she remained until early in the summer of 1825, when she again sailed for Europe. She spent the autumn of 1825 in Havre, and was present at the reception given to Lafayette upon his return from America in October of that year. In her next letter, Madame Bonaparte announces the marriage of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Robert Patterson, to the Marquis of Wellesley. The lady was the granddaughter of Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

HAVRE, November 2, 1825.

DEAR SIR: I write by this packet to announce to you the marriage of Mrs. Robert Patterson. Mrs. Brown received a letter from Betsy Caton the day on which it was to take place.

She has made the greatest match that any woman ever made, and I suppose now that people will see that Mrs. Caton was right in starving herself to keep her daughters in Europe. The Marquis of Wellesley is Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He is sixty-five. He married an Italian singer, by whom he had a family of children. She is dead. He has no fortune; on the contrary, he is over head and ears in debt. His salary is thirty thousand pounds per annum as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He will be there eighteen months longer, and if the King does not give him another place he is entitled as a *poor* nobleman to at least a thousand pounds a year. He is the brother of the Duke of Wellington.

The Catons, I suppose, will be enchanted at the match, and with reason, too, for it gives them a rank in Europe, and with Mr. Carroll's money to keep it up they may be considered the most fortunate in the United States of America. His being without fortune is of little consequence when his rank is considered. There is not a woman in Europe who would not prefer a man of rank without money to the richest man in the world who has no title. To be sure, it would not have done for a poor woman to marry a poor nobleman; but of course old Mr. Carroll will strain every nerve to maintain his granddaughters now that they have, beyond all probability, connected themselves so highly. Mary's fortune is reported in Europe to be eight hundred thousand dollars cash. It has been mentioned in all the papers at that sum. Mrs. Caton deserves the unexpected good fortune which has now occurred to her family by the sacrifices she has made to support them abroad. I can only say that if Jerome were a girl and had made such a match, I am convinced that I should have died with joy. * * * * * *

Yours affectionately,
E. PATTERSON.

In the summer of 1826, Jerome joined his mother in Europe with a view of meeting his father, and continuing his acquaintance with the rest of the family. Madame Bonaparte writes:

PARIS, 23 January, 1826.

DEAR SIR: I have been advised by several persons in Europe to have Bo sent out by way of Leghorn to visit his father and the rest of the family; but if it is done, it must be kept a secret from all of his father's relations in America, as there is great jealousy about the old lady's money. The Cardinal* has sold his hotel in Paris for five hundred thousand dollars. The sum is immense, but as his establishment took up a whole square in one of the best streets in Paris it has been considered a fair price. * * * * * *

FLORENCE, 6 October, 1826.

DEAR SIR: We arrived here near three weeks since. * * * Bo's cousin [Charlotte] we found married to her other cousin, who, by all accounts, was forced by her perseverance into the match. The young man, they say, showed no small reluctance to marry this hideous little creature, and I find that her marriage portion, which they promised to be seven hundred thousand francs, has not been paid yet and I think it probable it never will. They are living with his father near Florence, and she is said to be a vixen. * * She kept Bo as a resource if she could not find a richer husband, but I can tell her she would have found me rather too sharp to have let him run his head into the noose in the way her present spouse has done, without either ready money or security for the payment in any way. The individuals of this singular family are always cheating each other, and do not verify the proverb of setting a rogue to catch a rogue. * * *

Bo is now with his father, who has contrived to get out of his aged parent almost her whole fortune. It is said that he has spent almost everything she had since his residence near her, that she has given him even her jewels, and that, although avaricious to all the rest of her family, she refuses him nothing. Her children are all naturally quite furious at the injustice she has shown in giving to the most worthless of the race what ought to have been equally divided between them. * * * *

In the following letter Jerome gives a description of the lazy life led by the Bonaparte family, and their enormous debts.

ROME, January 25, 1827.

MY DEAR GRANDFATHER: I have been here now about six weeks, and have seen nearly all the members of my father's family who are living. * * * * * *

I am excessively tired of the way of living at my father's. We breakfast between twelve and one o'clock, dine between six and seven, and take tea between eleven and twelve at night, so that I seldom get to bed before half-past one o'clock in the morning. My father does not see much company at present, but during the greater part of the twenty-four hours, the whole of his family is assembled together in the parlor, principally for the purpose of killing time. No one about the house does anything, and I find it impossible to read or study; although my time is not entirely lost, because I have an opportunity of examining the antiquities of Rome, and observing the manners and customs of its inhabitants. The expenses of my father are enormous, and so greatly exceed his means that he has not the power, even if he had the inclination, to do anything for me; indeed, I fear I have very little, if anything, to expect from any of my father's family. I spend but very little money—as little as I possibly can; but I feel that I am living in a style to which I am not entitled, and to which, not being able to support it, I do not wish to become accustomed, more especially as it would totally unfit me for living in America.

* Fesch.

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MADAME JEROME BONAPARTE.*

[From the portrait by Gilbert Stuart, painted in 1804, and now in the rooms of the Maryland Historical Society.]

My cousin Charles is expected here every day. He comes from America for the purpose of settling his pecuniary affairs with his father, whose fortune is pretty much like my father's—that is to say, equal perhaps to one-third of his debts. I shall be very glad to see Charles as he will be able to give me some news of America. You have no idea how anxious I am to return home. I was always aware that America was the only country for me, but now I am still more firmly persuaded of it than ever.

* * * * * *

The next letter is from Madame Bonaparte, who writes thus to her father:

FLORENCE, 12 February, 1827.

DEAR SIR: * * * *

I have been presented at court, and go there once a week. The balls given there are magnificent, and the finest suppers I ever saw. The English Ambassador gives a ball every week, which are also very agreeable. I can give you no idea of the gay-

* These portraits were first printed in SCRIBNER for May, 1875, in Mr. Didier's paper "The Baltimore Bonapartes." The timely interest of the letters, and the recent large accession of readers of the magazine have persuaded us that their republication here will be well received. ED. S. M.

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ety of this place. The nobility of Florence give, during the winter, a ball a week, which I attended. No one can go to the balls of the nobles except persons who can be presented at court. There are several English families in Florence who give dinners and balls, and my time has been entirely taken up. I was out every night for three months until two in the morning, until I became so unwell that for the last two weeks I have had a fever, which forced me to stay at home. I am now better, and shall commence my amusements by going to a party this evening. * * * I should prefer a child of mine going to court and dancing every evening in the week in good company to his or her marrying beggars and bringing children into the world to deplore existence. In America there are no resources except marriage, and as there was no one there for me to marry, I very naturally sought to quit a place where I was not pleased. * * * I am one of the few persons in the world who owe their position in society to their own efforts, and, really considering everything, I have some merit in having worked my way to the consideration and respect which are shown me both in America and Europe. I worked against wind and tide. My company is sought everywhere, and I have reason to congratulate myself upon the discretion and prudence which have directed my course through life. * *

I remain, dear sir, affectionately yours.

Madame Bonaparte was destined to be disappointed in all her matrimonial speculations for her son. Two years after his return to America, that is, in 1829, all her high hopes of an ambitious European marriage for Jerome were ended by the sudden announcement that he was engaged and was soon to be married to a young lady of Baltimore. Her letters about this time were filled with violent opposition to the match, and are so personal that only a small portion of them can be published. When the news reached her she wrote to her father:

FLORENCE, 5th September, 1829.

You and the son of Prince Jerome Bonaparte had been told so often by me that I considered a marriage between him and any American woman so much beneath him that I would never, for any consideration, consent to it. I can only repeat that if it takes place I shall declare publicly that I was not consulted, that my consent was not asked, and that my opinion always was and always will be that he ought to live single unless he marries suitably to his connexions in Europe.

In a few days she wrote as follows:

FLORENCE, September 15, 1829.

The residence of Baltimore never was agreeable to me, and after this marriage you must all naturally be convinced that my presence there would be a reproach to all concerned in it, and at the same time very painful to myself. It is natural that I should prefer remaining with strangers, when my own family appear to think so much less of me. Here I pass for a person of sense and proper conduct; there I am looked upon as a ridiculous old fool, fit only to sew and say my prayers. I have certainly been more respected and more admired everywhere than in my own family. I am consulted by strangers upon their private affairs, and my relations think me incapable of judging for myself.

On the 7th of October she writes from Florence:

You announce to me that my son's marriage was expected to take place in the month of October, which, of course, means this month. I had foreseen that it would be precipitated to prevent my interference. * * * I find, too, that he has been fool enough to marry her without even getting hold of her fortune. * * * * *

FLORENCE, 27 October, 1829.

DEAR SIR: When my son left Europe I told him never to marry in America, and I have repeated the same thing in every letter to him since. I certainly never would have married any one there after having married the brother of an emperor. He has no ambition, and it has been impossible for me to give him what nature had denied; therefore an obscure existence may be more suitable to his disposition than the brilliant one which I have been always trying to force on him. I shall in future spend my income, buy wood and candles and eating and try to make myself more comfortable than I have hitherto done. My home has certainly not abounded in what is called the comforts of heat, light, and eating and drinking,—all which things I have got out of the public, as well as books, newspapers, etc. I believe that I have pushed the system of economy as far as any one ever did. I shall in future buy a comfortable dinner, and write my notes on fresh paper, instead of the backs of letters, which I have hitherto done to my friends. * * * *

I have no other idea of comfort in any other mode of life than in courts, and living with people of rank, and going into company every day. I hate retirement and domestic life, and have sacrificed through life everything to my ambition; therefore it could not be expected that I should ever advise my son to marry in Baltimore.

I was unreasonable in expecting my son to be as ambitious as I have been and shall always be. I however hope that as he has married an American, he will not bring her to Europe, because, if he does, she will never be content in America. The American women who have come here have turned out much worse than the European women, and not one of them of any age has ever been satisfied in her own country after having lived here. I shall try to get the twelve hundred dollars per annum continued by the family, and if anything can extort money out of them, it will be the fear of my tongue. * * *

No one likes money more than I do. I am, perhaps, too avaricious; but I would not, even at my age, marry any one in America with twenty thousand dollars a year, and my pretensions are certainly, or ought to be, much lower than his. * * *

I hope to hear nothing about affections being engaged, because that is a poor excuse. We all know that men's or women's affections may be got over, and that only fools marry for anything but connexions or great wealth. Immense wealth is better than rank, but it ought to be great indeed to excuse a young man of rank forming a misalliance, or, indeed, any alliance. * * * *

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Mr. Patterson wrote to his daughter that she ought not to blame Jerome for marrying without her consent, and reminded her of her own conduct in relinquishing her family and country, to which she replied:

FLORENCE, 11th November, 1829.

* * * * * * *

I really wonder that a person of as much sense as yourself can ever affect to blame me for leaving a family who neither admired nor liked me, and, above all, I wonder at you ever having written it to me, because it forces me to tell you that I consider myself as having been always most unjustly and cruelly treated by some persons in my family. The less said about my leaving my country the better,—after my marriage, it was absurd to expect that I could descend from a prince to a trader, and you ought to have sent me to Europe if I had not come. America was no longer a residence for me. * * *

I wanted Bo to make a figure in the world and to live with the great. He has neither ambition nor industry, and the efforts I made to push him on were like rolling a stone up a hill. * * * I toiled for years to convert him into a man of talent, and to inspire him with the elevated sentiments which ought to distinguish the nephew of the greatest genius who ever lived. * * *

I wish him all the happiness consistent with the lot of humanity, and I wish you the repose of conscience which some persons might not feel after having advised the only son of an only daughter, who had been unfortunate through life, to marry against her approbation. * * * * * * *

FLORENCE, 21st December, 1829.

DEAR SIR: I tried to give Jerome the ideas suitable to his rank in life; having failed in that, there remains only to let him choose his own course. A parent cannot make a silk purse of a sow's ear, and you found that you could never make a sow's ear of a silk purse. It was impossible to bend my talents and my ambition to the obscure destiny of a Baltimore housekeeper, and it was absurd to attempt it after I had married the brother of an emperor. I had not the meanness of spirit to descend from such an elevation to the deplorable condition of being the wife of an American. * * * * *

I shall leave my fortune to my son. This is my duty as well as my inclination,—and to his children after him; if he dies without any (I hope that he never will have any), it must revert to my nearest relations. * * * * *

Very affectionately yours.

Immediately after her son's marriage, Madame Bonaparte made her will, leaving her entire property to her son, saying she felt that "no parent had a right to disinherit a child"; that she would have left him everything had he attempted to cut her throat and failed in the attempt.

FLORENCE, 26th April, 1830.

DEAR SIR: * * * * * *

I shall leave this on the 1st of May, and return here in September. My spirits, never good, are now dreadfully broken, but I shall drag on the load of life many years. My income, I shall in future spend. The miserable economy I obliged to practice has b[illegible]reat disadvantag[illegible] * *

The thought of my son's marriage makes me sick for days at a time. I shall never know a day of peace; all his prospects and mine are now ended.

FLORENCE, December 22, 1830.

DEAR SIR: The fifty dollars per month, which I had been enabled by retrenchments on my table, fire, lights and dress to pay my son, were discontinued when he married, because it would be folly to starve myself any longer for a child whose conduct has convinced both the public and myself of the disregard in which he holds me. I willingly made sacrifices for him and would have deprived myself of anything to place him in the position which both his name and birth had marked out for him. * * * * * * *

JEROME NAPOLEON BONAPARTE ("BO"). [FROM A BUST TAKEN IN 1859.]

Placed by my marriage in a rank of life which I have hitherto resisted every temptation to disgrace, I feel it incumbent to appear with decency in those societies where alone I will appear, and my whole income is too small for this purpose. Had my means been more ample not even the contemptuous, unnatural, unjust and disingenuous conduct adopted toward me during the whole process of this marriage could have made me stoop to the mean revenge of suppressing a pecuniary allowance to a child, but I believe that every one who has not made hatred and contempt of me a systematic proceeding must confess that the time has now arrived for me to attend more closely to my interest than my relations have done for me. * * *

After her violent outbreak upon the occasion of her son's marriage, Madame Bonaparte remained silent for some time. Her father reproved her for her long silence and urged her to return home, saying,—"intercourse with our family is, after all, the only chance for happiness in this world" During this time she removed from Florence to Geneva, where she remained until the autumn of 1833, when we find her once more in Paris.

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PARIS, 10 October, 1833.

DEAR SIR: I was obliged to leave Florence on account of my health, which is now perfectly restored. The Princess Galitzin brought me to Geneva, where I lived with her some time. I could not return to Florence, because Prince Jerome went there to live, having no desire ever to meet him.

* * * * * * *

The Duchess d'Abrantes has published twelve volumes of memoirs, where she relates everything relating to the Bonaparte family. She has mentioned me in the highest terms, and has overrated my beauty and conduct. Since the publication she has made my acquaintance. I have refused to give her any anecdotes, either of Prince Jerome or of myself. She has already said enough of ill of him, and more good of my beauty and talents than they deserve. Dear sir, truly yours,

E. PATTERSON.

After a brilliant career in Europe of nearly fifteen years, Madame Bonaparte returned to America in 1834, and established herself in the "little trading town of Baltimore," as she contemptuously called her native city. Instead of creating a *salon*, and making her house the resort of distinguished men and fascinating women, she lived in a boarding-house, seeing little company and spending little money. In this comparative obscurity were passed the last forty-five years of the life of this celebrated woman, whose early ambition had disturbed the imperial dreams of the First Consul,—whose divorce had caused a rupture between Napoleon and Pius VII.,—whose wit and beauty had made her a queen of society.

JEROME BONAPARTE.

[From the portrait by Gilbert Stuart, painted in 1804, and now in the rooms of the Maryland Historical Society.]

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SUMMER ENTOMOLOGY.*

TRAMPS AFTER MOTHS AND BUTTERFLIES.

FIG. 1.—LUNA MOTH.

"WILLOWDALE!" shouted the brakeman. Hurriedly gathering up my belongings, I alighted from the starting train almost into the arms of my old friend and college chum, Dr. Percival, at whose invitation I had come to spend a few days at his country-seat at Willowdale. We had a five-mile drive ahead of us, and consequently abundant time to ask and give all the news. Percival had forgotten none of us, and every item of information that I could give him was valued. As for himself, I gathered that his whole time was devoted to his family, to the management of his estate, and to his favorite study, entomology. On this topic the doctor was a perfect enthusiast, and I inferred from his random confessions that in all weathers he might be found in woods or fields, in pursuit and study of insect life.

It was not long before I was reminded of Percival's hobby; for, before we had driven a third of the distance between the station and his house, he stopped the horse abruptly, and handing me the reins, jumped from the buggy, and, stepping to the fence by the roadside, removed with great tenderness and care a large moth that was resting beneath the rail.

"It's one of the finest specimens I have ever seen," he said, returning and displaying his prize.

"It certainly is a magnificent bug," I replied. "What do you call it?"

"It's not a bug, but a moth," answered Percival testily. "Remember the difference between a lepidopterous insect and a hemip-

* The beautiful illustrations of this article were drawn from freshly collected specimens by the late lamented Sonrel under the supervision of Mr. Charles L. Flint, editor of "Harris on Insects Injurious to Vegetation." The drawings were all carefully examined, criticised and approved by Professor Louis Agassiz. The engravings, which, it is admitted, have never been equaled in natural history work, were all made by Mr. Henry Marsh for the above admirable treatise, which is now published by the Orange Judd Co. of New York.

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terous one. At least, don't display your ignorance to my wife, for she is well informed in these matters."

FIG. 2.—FEMALE OF THE CORN EMPEROR MOTH.

While he was speaking he opened a paneled door in the box under the seat of the buggy, took out a wooden case and, opening it, displayed a number of other insects fastened to the cork bottom of the casket.

"What in the world are you doing, Percival?" I exclaimed, as he removed the stopper from a vial containing a colorless liquid, and poured a few drops on the insect's body.

"Simply etherizing the moth," he replied. "it kills the insect instantly, and thus prevents its spoiling its wings and losing its scales. Isn't it a splendid specimen?"

"It is a beauty; what do you call it?"

"The Luna moth,—*Attacus luna*" [Fig. 1], —he replied, arranging the wings, from which hardly any of the down had been removed. "It is a female, and one of the most perfect specimens I ever captured."

The moth was about five inches wide across the extended wings, and each posterior wing was prolonged over an inch at the hind angle, so as to give the insect the appearance of being what is commonly called swallow-tailed. The color of the wings was of an exquisitely delicate pea-green, and along the front edges of the fore wings, and across the front of the thorax, was a brownish-purple stripe; the legs and outer edges of the wings were also of this color. On each of the wings near the middle, was an eye-like transparent spot which was surrounded by white, red, yellow and black rings. The body of the insect was covered with a soft white down. It was altogether a magnificent creature, and I congratulated Percival on his acquisition.

"How did it happen, Percival, that you discovered that moth hanging by the feet beneath the fence-rail? I should never have noticed it."

"That's because you are not always on the watch for insects, as I am," replied the doctor; "it would have been strange, however, if I had not seen this one, for it was in plain sight, and it is a wonder that some marauding crow or squirrel did not find it during the day."

"I suppose these Luna moths must be quite destructive," I suggested. "Judging by the size, a few of them could make sad havoc."

"No; the injuries done by this, and one or two allied species, are quite inconsiderable; but, as a rule, the lepidoptera, in which order are included all our butterflies and moths, are among the most injurious of insects; that is to say, they are injurious in the caterpillar form; the matured insects are quite harmless. The young of all butterflies and moths are called caterpillars, and some of them, as you well know, such as the apple-tree caterpillar and canker-worm, are terribly destructive. The larva of this Luna moth lives on the walnut and hickory, and it does no great damage."

Mrs. Percival's greeting, as we alighted from the vehicle, was as cordial as had been her husband's. After I had admired the babies, and congratulated Mrs. Percival on the possession of "two such fine specimens," —you see, I was fast adopting the scientific vernacular,— Percival showed me to my room,—a most pleasant apartment, commanding a charming prospect of wood and lake and meadow.

"Our Willowdale air is a specific against dyspepsia," said Mrs. Percival at the tea-table, as she helped me a third time to strawberries, notwithstanding my feeble protest,— "and I advise you to fortify yourself well for to-night's hunt."

"To-night's hunt?" I asked.

"Yes; the doctor has been making some insect lures in the woods especially for your entertainment, and I suspect you will have all the fun you want."

FIG. 3.—MALE OF THE CORN EMPEROR MOTH.

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FIG. 4.—THE LOCUST-TREE CARPENTER MOTH.

I fancied I could detect in the eyes of my hostess something decidedly like merriment. The doctor, seeing that I was still puzzled, explained.

"I remembered your penchant for hunting and fishing," he said, "and I thought that a moth-hunt would be a new and interesting experience for you. So I have prepared some lures for the insects, and when it grows dark, we will see what we can capture."

"What is an insect-lure? I am quite ignorant, I confess," I said.

"It is a bait composed of sugar and ale, or sometimes of molasses and rum," replied Percival; "it is smeared over the trunks of trees in the woods; the insects are attracted by the mixture, and all through the night are constantly coming to feed, as you shall have a good chance to see."

Percival and I devoted the hours before the night came on to recalling old times and college associations.

At length he announced that it was dark enough to commence the hunt. He obtained a large lantern with a powerful reflector behind it,—such as hunters call a jack-lantern,—a gauze net for capturing insects, and a box containing all the necessary paraphernalia for securing our captives. The night was warm, and as there was no moon, the woods, into which we soon passed, were quite dark.

"It is a capital night for our hunt," said Percival, leading the way, "and I hope you will enjoy it."

"I haven't the slightest doubt I shall," I replied, keeping close to him. "I always enjoy anything that seems like hunting, and there is evidently a promise of something exciting ahead of us."

Onward we went for quite a distance, following a cart-road that led through the woods. The lantern cut a swath out of the darkness ahead of us, and the path of intense light by contrast rendered every thing outside of it quite undistinguishable in the utter blackness.

The whip-poor-wills were repeating their plaintive songs, and the tree-toads were answering them in a harsh, wild cry. In a neighboring swamp a host of frogs were uttering their croaks and screams, and occasionally an owl flitted over us, saluting us with his diabolical cry. Numerous night-flying insects, attracted by the vivid light of our lantern, hovered about it. Occasionally, a large moth would dart into the bright space, and at length one came near enough for Percival to capture it by a quick and dexterous sweep of his net. It proved to be a female of the corn emperor moth—*Saturnia Io*, as the doctor called it. [Fig. 2.] It was a beautifully colored moth and measured about three and a half inches across the expanded wings. The fore wings were of a brownish purple, with a brown spot in the middle of each. The hind wings were purplish-brown and at the base somewhat reddish, of which color there was also a curved narrow band near the posterior edge. Within this band was another curved line of black, and in the middle of each was a large round spot of blue surrounded by a black border,

IOLUS.

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and containing a small silver-white dash pointing to the inner angle of the wing. On the fore wings were two wavy lines running

number of purplish-red spots so arranged as to form the lettters A H."

Guided by the strong light of the lantern,

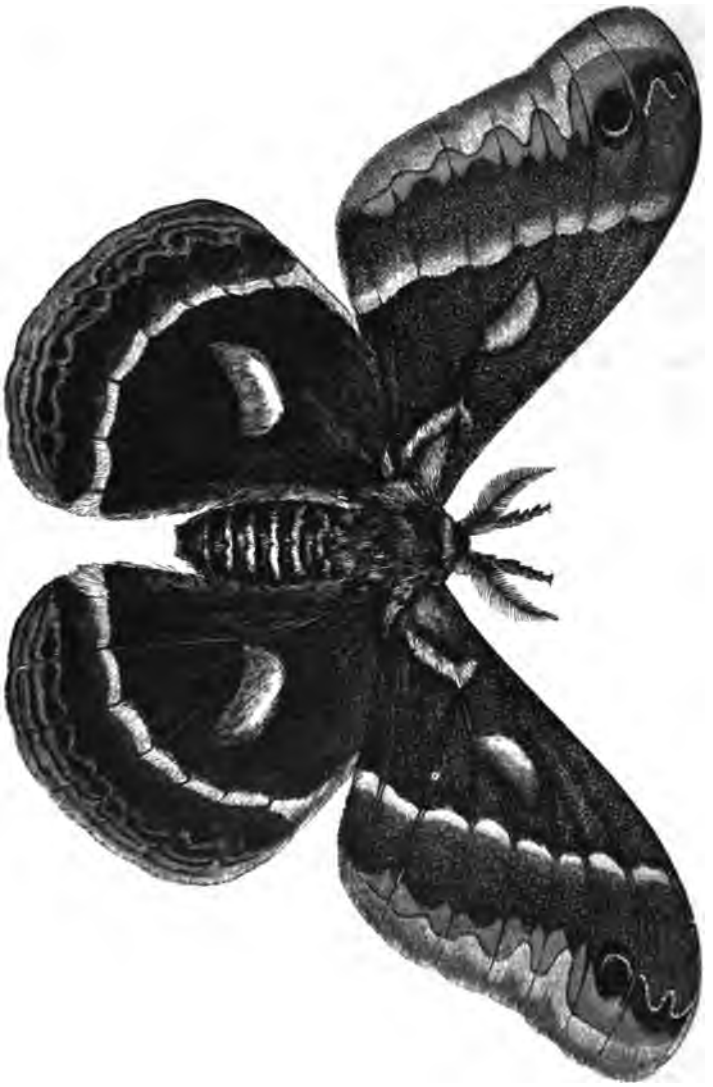

FIG. 6.—CECROPIA MOTH.

across the wing. The thorax and legs were brownish-purple, and the abdomen was of an ocher-yellow.

The doctor secured the moth in his insect case, after treating it to a dose of ether.

"It is not a rare species," he said, "but it is worth saving; the male is a much handsomer insect. [Fig. 3.] The fore wings are of deep yellow, and on each of them are a

we continued our walk. At length we stopped before one of the trees which the doctor had baited; directing the rays of the lantern upon the trunk, he examined the lure. For a short time not a moth was to be seen, although an abundance of other insects were to be *felt*, as I soon found out, the mosquitoes, attracted by the strong light of the lantern, giving us a warm welcome.

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However, as "an undevout astronomer is mad," so is an unenthusiastic entomologist among mosquito stings.

"What's that, Percival?" I exclaimed suddenly, as something that I took to be a humming-bird darted suddenly with whirring wings in and out of the path of light, and around the sweet bait upon the tree. "We've wakened up the humming-birds, I verily believe."

"No, it's not a humming-bird," replied Percival, holding his net in a good position, and then with a quick motion brushing the object of our discussion into the gauzy bag. "It's a moth, one of the locust-tree carpenter moths,—*Xyleutes robiniæ* [Fig. 4],—so called from their habit, while in the caterpillar form, of boring into the trunks of these and other trees."

FIG. 8.—THE SOLDIER MOTH.

As he spoke he held the insect firmly with one hand and poured a few drops of ether on its body; then, opening the folds of the net, he exhibited to view a moth with pointed wings and body; the wings measured about three inches from tip to tip. It was of a grayish color, and the fore wings were irregularly spotted and lined with a darker color. The hind wings were much darker than the others, and near the shoulders were edged with black.

"I did not know before," said I, "that the larvæ of any of the lepidoptera bore in wood."

"Oh yes," replied Percival, "there are

FIG. 7.—THE BLIND-EYED SMERINTHUS.

quite a number that do; some are grubs, and some true caterpillars; they bore long holes in the wood of trees, and in vines and the roots of plants. The larva of the moth that we have just captured is a true caterpillar. It bores through the trunk of the tree in different directions, making a hole in the wood which increases in size with the growth of the caterpillar. These insects are a decided nuisance to timber-growers, as they spoil many valuable trees."

"Yes," I replied, "I should think they might be great bores."

"We occasionally capture an allied species," continued the doctor, "called by Harris the silver-spotted hepiolus—*Hepiolus argenteomaculatus*. [Fig. 5.] It is a beautiful moth; the wings are long, as is also the body; the color is ashen-gray, the fore wings are irregularly marked with spots and bands of darker gray. The hind wings are of about the same color, but are tinged with a yellowish ocher toward the tips. The veins

FIG. 9.—THE HARNESSED MOTH.

FIG. 10.—THE FEMALE OF THE PROMETHEUS MOTH.

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show plainly in both this and the one we just captured. But stand still—don't move! I just caught a glimpse of a large moth in the trees yonder; it is drawing this way."

I stood in eager expectation, for I saw that Percival was all excitement. The immense moth, whose presence had caught the quick eye of my friend, hovered through the foliage of the trees, now appearing quite near, then lost to sight; finally it drew nearer and nearer, and at length hovered

FIG. 11.—THE REGAL WALNUT MOTH.

about the sweet bait on the trunk of the tree. Percival stood still a few moments, and then launched his net and made the moth a prisoner.

A cry of astonishment escaped me as I caught the beauties of the moth, displayed as they were in the vivid light of the lantern.

"What is it?" I asked. "It is certainly one of the most beautiful creatures I ever saw."

"It is the Cecropia moth *(Attacus Cecropia)*" [Fig. 6], answered he, arranging the wings symmetrically; "it is one of the largest I ever saw, and a female."

It was all of six inches across the extended wings, and was a larger insect in every way than the Luna moth. The body on the upper side was of a reddish-brown color, and on the under side was variegated red and white; the legs were brownish red and there were a number of white rings across the abdomen. The wings were grayish dusky-brown, and the hinder margins were clay-colored; near the middle of each wing was a kidney-shaped reddish spot with a white center and a narrow black border. Near the tip of each of the fore wings was an eye-like spot, black within a bluish-white crescent. There was a wavy reddish band across each wing bordered on the inner side with white. On the fore wings next to the body was a curved white band on a dull red ground. The body was covered with a soft dense down.

"Let us now visit another place," he said, turning down a side path; "perhaps we may find something else that will prove interesting."

"Go ahead, old fellow!" I exclaimed, stumbling after him. "This is fascinating sport, and a few more such beauties as you have taken to-night will convert me into an ardent entomologist."

"Good!" replied the doctor mischievously; "'and while the lamp holds out to burn,' etc. I foresee a promising convert in you,—but here we are."

As he spoke, he turned the rays of the lantern upon the lure before him. A great number and variety of insects were to be seen, hovering about the bait and feeding upon it.

Percival busied himself at once, and many were the specimens he secured. Of course, it is quite impossible for me to remember even a tenth part of the varieties he captured. I can only describe some of the more striking ones.

One of the first that he caught was a quite pretty moth, which he called the blind-eyed smerinthus—*Smerinthus excæcata.* [Fig. 7.] It was of a brownish-fawn color generally, with the exception of the posterior wings. These in the middle were of a delicate rose-color, and on each of them was a black spot with a pale blue center. The fore wings, when expanded, would measure about two and a half inches from tip to tip; they were spotted, with waves of a lighter fawn or gray color.

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"Unlike most of the other hawk moths, or sphinges, to which group this smerinthus belongs," said the doctor, "the insect in the adult or moth form probably does not take any food, its tongue being too short for use. You would be surprised to see the tongue of the potato-worm sphinx, when it is uncoiled. I have taken a specimen with a tongue between four and five inches in length, and there is a Madagascar species that has a tongue over nine inches long. These lengthened members are given the insects to explore the deepest flowers, and suck up the nectar upon which they feed. Most of the species fly with great vigor, and they poise over the flowers by the rapid motion of their wings, almost precisely like the humming-bird, and then insert the tongue into the nectaries. The insect coils it up, when it is not using it, like a watch-spring, and it is stowed away very compactly. The caterpillars of the hawk moths do not spin cocoons, as most of the other moths do; but descend into the earth when their transformation is about to occur. The pupa is naked, and in some species has an appendage like the handle of a pitcher. This smerinthus has a slow flight, and moves about only at night."

Another odd-looking insect was the soldier moth—*Callimorpha militaris.* [Fig. 8.] It was a handsome species; the fore wings were white, with borders of brown and a stripe of the same color from the inner edge to the tip. The hind wings were plain white, and the body white, with the head, collar, and thighs buff-yellow. The wings were not spread when the insect was at rest, but were folded together roof-like at the body. When they were expanded, they measured about two inches from tip to tip.

A curious-looking species that Percival took in considerable numbers was what he called the harnessed moth—*Arctia phalerata.* [Fig. 9.] It was of a pale buff color; the fore wings were marked with two longitudinal stripes of black, and on each wing were four triangular spots of the same color; the sides of the body were reddish, as were also the hind wings next to the body. On each of the hind wings were several spots of black, and on the thorax (the front part of the body) were three stripes, and on the back another, of the same color. The under side of the body was also black. The wings measured about one and three-fourths inches from tip to tip.

"I always make it my business to destroy every tiger moth (as the arctians are called) that I can," said the doctor, busying himself with his net; "for although this species and the soldier moth may not be particularly destructive, the caterpillars of most members of this group are very mischievous. The salt marsh caterpillar and fall web caterpillar are the larvæ of insects belonging to this family, and you doubtless know how destructive they are. The salt marsh caterpillar not only devours the grass of salt marshes, but even corn, beans, and garden vegetables."

Another splendid moth that we captured —I say *we*, because I had soon caught my friend's ardor, and rendered no little assistance—was the female of the Prometheus moth—*Attacus Promethea.* [Fig. 10.] It was a beautiful insect, and very much resembled the Cecropia, but was smaller, measuring but about three and three-fourths inches across the expanded wings. The white lines across the wings and the white spots were not so distinct as on the Cecropia. It had many of its characteristics, however; but its colors were generally lighter, and the markings less distinct.

"Well," at length exclaimed Percival, consulting his watch, "I think I have kept you out long enough. It is now twelve o'clock; we'll return to our other lure and see what we can find, and then for home."

FIG. 12.—BELLONA BUTTERFLY.

FIG. 13.—BELLONA BUTTERFLY.

We trudged along the path and into the cart-road, back to the tree where he had made his earlier captures. There were numberless small moths and other insects flying about, but nothing that the doctor cared to secure, and we were just on the point of turning away, when, as I glanced upward, I discovered, flitting in and out among the foliage of the trees, what I took to be another Cecropia moth; but when I pointed it out to Percival, he exclaimed excitedly:

"By Jove, it is a *regalis!* Keep perfectly still! I must have him, for he is one of the rarest of our moths."

The insect fluttered back and forth through

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FIG. 14.—THE CAROLINA SPHINX.

the leaves; but it appreciably drew nearer and nearer, attracted probably by the vivid light of our lantern. At last, when it flew into the open space about us, Percival made a quick swoop with his net, and the game was ours. A few drops of ether quieted its struggles, and, opening the net, the doctor exposed to view the prize of the evening, not a break nor a mar upon wing or body.

"It is the regal walnut moth,—*Ceratocampa regalis*" [Fig. 11],—said Percival, "and a perfect beauty."

The insect measured about six inches across the wings from tip to tip; but the wings being longer and narrower than

FIG. 15.—THE LARVA OF THE CAROLINA SPHINX.

FIG. 16.—PUPA OF THE CAROLINA SPHINX.

those of the Cecropia moth, the insect did not appear as large. The head and the upper side of the abdomen and the legs were orange-red. The thorax was yellow, except the edge of the collar, the shoulder covers and an angular spot on the top, which were orange red. The fore wings were olive-colored, with yellow spots and veins of broad red lines. The posterior wings were orange-red, each one being marked with two large yellow patches anteriorly, and a row of olive-colored spots between the veins behind. The color was superb.

"Come home!" exclaimed Percival, dashing the perspiration from his forehead. "Come home. This is glory enough for one night."

As he spoke he led the way through the long cart-road out into the avenue, and in a short time he was bidding me "good-night" at my chamber door. It is hardly necessary to say that my sleep was profound. Let any one take such a tramp and go through as exciting a "still hunt" as we did and he *must* sleep.

On the following morning, when the breakfast-bell resounded through the house, it seemed to me that I had but just retired, but glancing at the sun I saw that the morning was well advanced.

After breakfast, the doctor and I adjourned to the piazza, and, lighting the inevitable cigar, we spent an hour of solid comfort. Percival, in order that every moment of my visit might be improved, as he expressed it, had made his plans for a raid among the diurnal lepidoptera—the butterflies, etc.; and he lost no time, certainly, for

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when our cigars were finished he made preparations for the start.

As many who read this article may not know the peculiarities of the different groups of the lepidoptera (insects with four wings covered with minute scales), I venture to present their characteristics as given by Dr. Harris in his admirable treatise on "Insects Injurious to Vegetation." The three sections are distinguished as follows:

FIG. 18.—THE AMERICAN LAPPET MOTH.

"The butterflies *(Papiliones)* have thread-like antennæ, which are knobbed at the end. The fore wings in some, and all the wings in the greater number, are elevated perpendicularly and turned back to back when at rest. They have generally two little spurs on the hind legs, and they fly by day only."

An example of this group may be found in the Bellona butterfly,—*Argynnis bellona*, —two illustrations of which are given [Figs. 12, 13], one with wings spread and the other elevated perpendicularly.

"The hawk moths (sphinges) generally have the antennæ thickened in the middle and tapering at each end, and, most often, hooked at the tip. The wings are narrow in proportion to their length, and are confined together by a bristle or bunch of stiff hairs on the shoulder of each hind wing, which is retained by a corresponding hook on the under side of each fore wing. All the wings, when at rest, are more or less inclined like a roof, the upper ones covering the lower wings. There are two pairs of spurs on the hind legs. A few fly by day, but the greater number in the morning and evening twilight."

FIG. 17.—THE RUDDLE TIGER MOTH.

The Carolina sphinx—*Sphinx Carolina* [Figs. 14, 15, 16]—is a good example of this group. The illustrations given are of the perfect moth, the larva, and the pupa; the pitcher-handle-shaped appendage that I have referred to is seen on the pupa as figured.

FIG. 19.—VELLEDA LAPPET MOTH.

"In the moths *(Phalænæ)*, the antennæ are neither knobbed at the end nor thickened in the middle, but taper from the base to the extremity, and are either naked like a

FIG. 20.—THE TURNUS BUTTERFLY.

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bristle, or are feathered on each side. The wings are confined together by bristles and

FIG. 21.—THE DISIPPE BUTTERFLY.

hooks, the first pair covering the hind wings, and are more or less sloping when at rest, and there are two pairs of spurs to the hind legs. These insects fly mostly by night."

FIG. 22.—THE APHRODITE BUTTERFLY.

The Ruddle tiger moth,—*Arctia rubricosa* [Fig. 17],—the American lappet moth,—*Gastropacha Americana* [Fig. 18],—and the Velleda lappet moth,—*G. Velleda* [Fig. 19],—furnish examples of this group, in addition to those I have already described.

Mrs. Percival promised to join us at "the spring" which lay in the woods about four miles from the house, and we took up our line of march through fields and meadows, and pastures, and orchards, for our point of destination, Percival calculating that the slow progress of an entomological hunt would dispose of the five hours before luncheon.

The doctor paid no regard to the rays of the sun; he seemed to feel or know nothing of fatigue, and almost every moment of his time was employed in swinging his net, and in preparing his insects for the collecting boxes. As for myself, I took things more coolly, and looked on. Among the most beautiful of the butterflies that we caught was the Turnus butterfly—*Papilio turnus*. [Fig. 20.]* This was an elegant, graceful creature, about five inches across the wings. Its color was a lemon-yellow, the wings having a broad black margin in which were a row of yellow spots. The front wings had four black bands, and each posterior wing was scolloped and lengthened into a tail near which was an orange-red spot. The body was black above with a yellow stripe, which began at the neck and passed over the shoulders and along the sides of the abdomen. We saw quite a number of these butterflies hovering about pools of water. The caterpillars of this butterfly, Percival said, feed on the leaves of the apple and wild cherry trees, but do no great damage. (The doctor spared none of the more predatory species;

FIG. 24.—MIBERT'S BUTTERFLY.

FIG 23.—THE ATALANTA BUTTERFLY.

* In this illustration, as in a number of the others in this article, the right wing of the insect is apparently detached from the body, and of different markings from the other. It is thus arranged in order to show the markings on the under side of the wing, the left wing showing the upper side.

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for he takes great pride in his farm, and worm-eaten cabbages, turnips, and radishes are unsightly objects.)

We found but a single specimen of the Disippe butterfly—*Nymphalis Disippe*. [Fig. 21.] It was a late-hatched insect, the greater number having appeared considerably earlier. It was about three and one-half inches across the expanded wings. Its color was an ochrous-yellow above and lighter beneath; the wings were bordered with black, and in this border was a row of white spots. The veins of the wings were black, and they showed strongly on the yellow ground color; on each of the fore wings near the tip was a long patch of white, and across the hind wings a narrow black band. The caterpillar of this species is not injurious to any appreciable extent, as it feeds upon the leaves of the poplar and willow.

"I cannot understand, Charlie, how it happens that you know what the caterpillars of the different butterflies and moths feed upon," said I, as I held one of his collecting-boxes for him while he secured and pinned a number of specimens that were in his net.

"Oh, the food and habits of most of the species have been ascertained by rearing the caterpillars," he replied, closing the box and continuing his tramp.

"Rearing them! How in the world do you manage that?" I asked. "I should think it would be no end of labor to raise a lot of different kinds of caterpillars."

FIG. 27.—THE HUMMING-BIRD MOTH.

"It does require considerable attention, but the work is very fascinating, and it is constantly giving the entomologist interesting and valuable facts."

"I should certainly think so," I responded in a few moments when I rejoined the doctor, who had started off hurriedly for a butterfly that was fluttering from flower to flower before him, and which proved to be the Aphrodite butterfly—*Argynnis Aphrodite*. [Fig. 22.] It was about three inches across the wings. The ground color was yellowish-ocher; the wings were marked above with a black line near the hind margins. There was a row of black crescents near this line, and a row of black spots between them and the body; there were also on the upper side of the wing a number of large irregular black spots. On the under side of the fore wings, near the tips, were seven or eight silvery spots, and beneath the hind wings a number of silvery-white spots arranged in irregular rows.

FIG. 26.—OAK OR FOREST CATERPILLAR.

FIG. 25.—THE IMPERIAL MOTH.

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"Whenever I find a caterpillar that is new to me," said Percival, in reply to one of my inquiries, "I confine it in a breeding-cage, which is simply a wire frame upon which is stretched a muslin covering; or, or keep a few twigs with their leaves on them in vials of water until the leaves are all eaten. This is continued until the first transformation. It is quite important that these breeding-cages should be kept clean

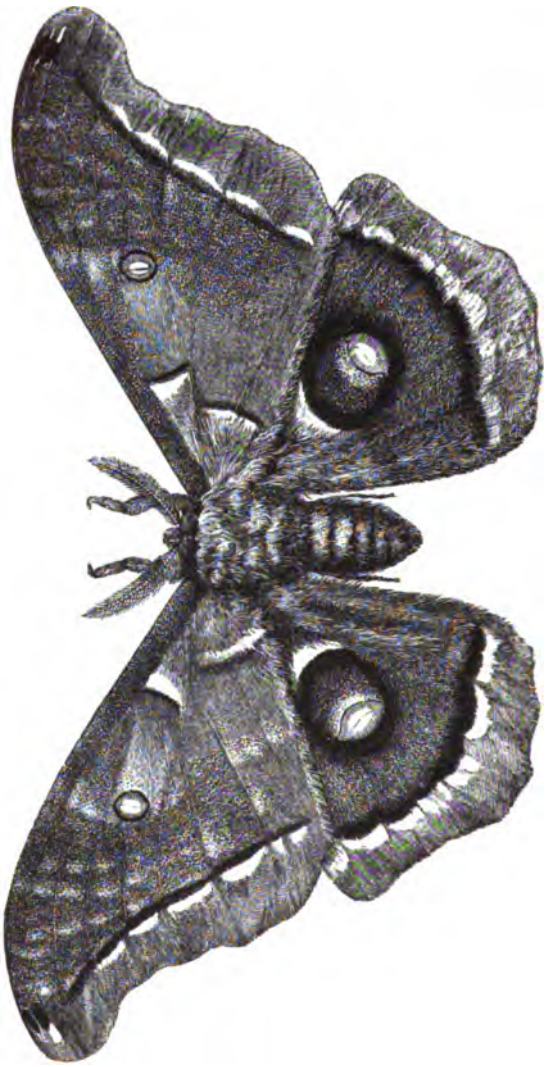

FIG. 28.—THE POLYPHEMUS MOTH.

if I have not enough breeding-cages, I use ordinary glass jars, with muslin tied over the top. In these I feed the caterpillars daily with fresh herbage of the same kind that they are feeding upon when I find them. For instance, if I obtain a new specimen upon the willow, I give it fresh willow leaves to eat every day, and sufficiently moist. To effect this, I cover the bottom of them with damp moss, which I renew every few days."

"What do you mean by the first transformation?" I inquired.

"The change from the caterpillar to the pupa or chrysalis form is called the first transformation, and the transition from the

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pupa to the imago or perfect insect form is the second transformation."

Here the doctor gave chase to a handsome butterfly, which he called the Atalanta butterfly—*Cynthia atalanta.* [Fig. 23.] It measured across the extended wings about three inches; the wings were black on the upper side, with two or three large white spots on the anterior ones near the tips, and a band of orange-red across the middle. The hind wings had a wide band of the same color, in which was a row of small black spots; beneath, the wings were beautifully variegated and marked with indistinct spots and figures.

"The eggs are laid by the adult insects," continued the doctor, "and usually upon or near the favorite food of the species; and shortly after the eggs are laid, the parent dies, its mission having ended.

"It must be very interesting," said I when Percival had finished, "to watch all the changes of these insects. I don't wonder at your ardor in the science. There is one thing I never understood, and that is the manner in which the cocoon is spun by the caterpillar; it must be a very curious operation."

"It is," replied the doctor. "There is a small conical tube in the middle of the lower lip of the caterpillar from which the silk exudes in a sort of sticky fluid which hardens as soon as it is exposed to the air. Some species, such as the silk-worm, make a large quantity of silk, while others but very little."

"How does the moth get out of the cocoon—by gnawing out?" I inquired.

"No, the moth has no biting apparatus, although the caterpillars have strong cutting jaws. The moths and butterflies are provided with tubular tongues through which water and dew and the honey of flowers are sucked up by the insects. When the moths are ready to escape from the cocoon a peculiar acid exudes from their mouths, which acts upon the fibers of the silk, and permits the insect to burst out."

"I should think we might keep some of the more attractive ones as pets," I said after a short pause, during which Percival busied himself with fresh captures.

"That is often done," he replied. "It is a common thing for the house-cricket to be kept in a little cage by country people in the South and West, and in Massachusetts the katy-did is also kept as a pet. In Japan, as I learn from Humbert's 'Japan and the Japanese,' all the houses have cages made of bamboo bark, constructed on elegant models, and containing large butterflies shut up on a bed of flowers; even grasshoppers are there confined in this way, and the natives take great delight in their monotonous stridulations."

During the doctor's account of the caterpillars, he caught two or three specimens of the Milbert's butterfly—*Vanessa Milberti.* [Fig. 24.] It was a neat and graceful insect, measuring about two and one-fourth inches across the expanded wings. The color above was black; near the hind margin of the wings was a broad orange-red band, and on the posterior wings was a row of pale crescent-shaped spots of blue. Near the tip of the fore wing was a small white spot, and about the middle of the wings in front were two spots of the same reddish color as the bands. The wings beneath were brown with a pale band near the edge. The caterpillars of this species live on the nettle.

During one of my halts, as I was reclining on the green turf beneath a splendid oak, while Percival was busy with his net in a neighboring meadow, I discovered one of the most interesting insects that we found during the day. I was gazing upward, lazily watching now a drifting cloud, then a bird that perched in the branches above me, anon idly following the motions of a squirrel that danced and capered on a broad limb that hung down from the trunk nearly to the ground; suddenly my eye caught what I thought was a dead leaf, hanging to the trunk of the tree, but I soon discovered it to be a large moth clinging by its feet to the rough bark. I called to Percival, telling him I had made a discovery, and that he had better hurry or the prize would vanish. He soon joined me, and upon my pointing out the insect, uttered an exclamation of delight, and in a trice the moth was fluttering in his net.

"It is the imperial moth,—*Dryocampa imperialis*,"—he exclaimed, "and a splendid specimen."

The insect was soon quieted, and I gazed with delight upon our prize. [Fig. 25.] The body was yellow, running into purple-yellow on the back. The wings, when expanded, measured about five inches from tip to tip. They were of a yellowish color, with irregular markings and spots of brownish purple; across each wing was also a band, and at each shoulder was a considerable patch of this color.

"What does the caterpillar of this species feed on?" we left the tree.

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"On the leaves of the button-wood," he replied. "It does no great mischief, for the reason that it is not at all abundant. There is an allied species, *Dryocampa senatoria*, however, the caterpillars of which [Fig. 26] often occur in great numbers on the oak, and they do great injury; they swarm together in hundreds, and sometimes completely defoliage the trees. These caterpillars are black, with four narrow yellow stripes along the back, and two on each side. They are naked, and on each ring of the body have six sharp points, or thorns, and on the top of the second ring are two which are long and slender, appearing like horns. But we must hurry; Mrs. Percival must by this time be waiting at the spring," and he hastened forward to a grove across the meadow, which was our point of rendezvous for luncheon.

At length our appetites were satisfied, and, lighting our cigars, the doctor and I displayed our captures to Mrs. Percival, who commented upon them with intelligence and enthusiasm. As the horses were being harnessed, I rambled about among the trees. On entering an open space in the grove, I found a patch of columbines, which, though it was late for them, were in full bloom. I was on the point of collecting some for Mrs. Percival, when suddenly what appeared to be a humming-bird darted among them, and poised with a humming sound above the open flowers. I called to Percival, and said:

"Last night my humming-bird proved to be a moth; but I think there is no doubt that this is a bird, for moths, you say, don't fly in the day-time."

"It is nevertheless a moth," exclaimed the doctor, seizing his net and approaching cautiously.

After dodging about after it a few minutes he succeeded in making it a prisoner.

"It is the humming-bird moth—*Sesia pelasgus*," said Percival, displaying his prize. [Fig. 27.] "It is one of the few moths we have that fly in the broad daylight, even in the brightest and hottest sunshine."

The little fellow was a beauty, and one would hardly imagine it to be a moth. It was nearly two and a half inches across the wings. The color of the thorax above was brownish olive, and the body—except the two first segments, which were light purple—was purplish brown. The wings were transparent in the middle, and were bordered with brown; the breast was creamy white, and the posterior part of the body ended with a bunch of fine hairs, like a flat brush. After we had examined the insect all we wished, the doctor allowed it to escape, and the little creature darted away like a flash.

"Well," I exclaimed, "I confess to not knowing 'a hawk from a hand-saw.' Hereafter, I'll be sure that my humming-bird has feathers before I pronounce on his identity."

During the ride home our conversation naturally ran on entomology, and Percival gave us a long and interesting account of the Chinese silk-worm.

"It is strange," I remarked when he concluded, "that we have no native silk-worms in this country. What a superb cocoon the caterpillar of the Cecropia moth would spin!"

"We have quite a number of silk-spinning species," replied the doctor, "and one or two of them are valuable; the others make a silk that is either too weak or of insufficient quantity, or the caterpillars are too delicate to be reared artificially. All the *Bombycidæ*, of which the Cecropia is a good example, spin silky cocoons; there is but one, however, that is of much value. It is the Polyphemus moth—*Attacus Polyphemus*. [Fig. 28.] It is a large moth, measuring about six inches across the wings. Its color is a dull yellowish ocher shaded somewhat with black. The wings are ornamented with a transparent, eye-like spot; the spots on the fore-wings being surrounded by rings of black and yellow, and those on the hind wings by a large bluish-black spot which extends upward toward the base of the wings. The front of the thorax is traversed by a narrow grayish belt, and across the wings are two parallel bands or belts, the outer one reddish and the inner one black. It is a quite handsome moth, though not so gayly colored as the Cecropia. The caterpillars feed principally on the leaves of the oak, though they eat the leaves of the elm and some few other trees; they are hardy and easy to rear, and their silk is abundant and strong and of excellent quality."

"If that is the case," I said, "why does not some one go into silk culture in this country with this native species. I should think that with such an abundance of food as we have available the business might be made profitable."

"It is perfectly practicable," replied Percival, "but it is not followed to any extent here save as an amusement. Mr. Trouvelot, now of Cambridge, Mass., has given more time and attention to this matter than any one else in this country, and his investiga-

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tions have given us exceedingly interesting and valuable facts. At one time he had at least a million of the worms feeding on bushes which were covered with nets to protect them from the birds; he had, as he expressed it, 'five acres of woodland swarming with caterpillar life.' The moth comes out of the cocoon in early summer, and, after mating, the female lays her eggs on the under side of the leaves. She lays several hundred and they are scattered one or two or three at a time. The worms, when first hatched, are quite small, weighing but one-twentieth of a grain; but they grow very rapidly, according to Trouvelot, eating in the fifty-six days they require to mature about three-fourths of a pound of leaves, each! The silk of the cocoon is easily manipulated, and there is no reason why we may not sometime expect to see native silk culture as a large and prosperous industry in this country.—But we are home again, and we will taboo entomology until to-morrow, or you will become tired of me and my 'bugs.'"

"Not in the least," I replied, as we alighted from the carriage and entered the house. "I am a convert to your science,—an enthusiastic one, I assure you,—and I mean to keep you talking on it until I return to the city."

As many of those who read these pages may desire to collect specimens, I will give a brief description not only of the instruments that Percival took with him, but of all that ordinarily constitute an entomologist's outfit.

The nets usually employed are the sweeping net, the lepidoptera net, and the water net. The sweeping net is made of cotton cloth, which is fastened to a strong brass ring or hoop a foot or more in diameter. This ring is securely affixed to a strong handle four or five feet in length. The lepidoptera net is made of Swiss muslin or silk gauze, attached to a cloth binding that is sewed around a ring or hoop of from twelve to eighteen inches diameter across the opening. This ring is also made of strong, unannealed brass wire. The handle of this net should be five or six feet long, but light enough to be used freely with one hand. The water net is made like the sweeping net, but is constructed of grass-cloth, or other coarse material. The sweeping net is used only for beating bushes and sweeping across the tops of grass and herbage, from which the insects are brushed or shaken into the mouth of the net. The lepidoptera net is too delicate for this rough usage, and is employed only to capture the insects while they are on the wing. The water net is used for water insects and larvæ.

The collection boxes vary in size from those small enough to be carried in the pocket of the collector to those a foot or more in width and length, which are suspended from the collector's shoulder by a strap. Any light box will answer the purpose, provided it is not less than two inches deep in the clear. On the bottom inside is glued a layer of soft sheet cork, or—better still—a layer of the pith of corn-stalks, the pins on which the insects are impaled being quite easily thrust into this material. The butterflies and moths, as soon as they have been killed by the application of a few drops of ether or refined benzine, are impaled on insect pins thrust through the thorax, and the points of the pins are then pushed into the lining of the box, and the specimens are thus kept from jostling about.

When large, heavy species are captured, they are placed temporarily for safety in triangular envelopes, the edges of which are then folded over them.

Beetles and most other insects, as soon as caught, are dropped into small bottles of alcohol, where they are kept until the collector returns home. Delicately colored species of beetles, however, should not be left long in the spirits, but should be placed in the collecting box. Beetles are impaled through the right side of the body, the pin passing through the right elytron, or wing-cover, and coming out between the second and third pair of legs. Most of the other insects, when large enough, are pinned, like the lepidoptera, through the thorax. Those which are too small to be pinned should be gummed neatly upon triangular strips of thin mica, and the pins may be passed through these strips.

The setting-board for lepidoptera, etc., is made by fastening two thin strips of pine, a foot or more in length and two inches in width, upon two uprights, which serve as supports. Between these strips is a space of about a half-inch, to receive the body of the insect, and the pin is thrust through a thin sheet of cork that is glued underneath the pine strips along the open space.

The wings of the insects are then spread out in a natural position upon the upper side of the setting-board, and are kept in place by narrow strips of card-board, through which are thrust pins into the pine to hold them.

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From two to six weeks, according to the size of the insects, are required to dry the specimens thoroughly, so that they will retain the positions into which they are put. The insects are finally placed in the cabinet or exhibition-boxes, which are made in a variety of forms and styles, according to the taste of the collector. If cabinets are used, the drawers should have tight-fitting glass covers; and if boxes are employed, the covers should fit perfectly, so as to exclude the dust and small predacious insects, which devour the cabinet specimens.

The boxes and drawers should be neatly lined with sheet cork, over which should be pasted white paper; and the specimens should be arranged in rows and labeled and numbered as systematically as possible.

It is desirable that all the specimens should be pinned at a uniform height; and the more care taken in the arrangement of a collection, the more attractive it is to those who examine it. Cabinet specimens should be kept from the light as much as possible, otherwise their colors will soon fade.

THOMAS MOORE.

(MAY 28, 1879.)

A LORD of lyric song was born
  A hundred years ago to-day;
Loved of that race that long has worn
  The shamrock for the bay!

He sung of wine, and sung of flowers,
  Of woman's smile, and woman's tear,—
Light songs, that suit our lighter hours,
  But oh, how bright and dear!

Who will may build the epic verse,
  And, Atlas-like, its weight sustain;
Or solemn tragedies rehearse
  In high, heroic strain.

So be it. But when all is done,
  The heart demands for happy days
The lyrics of Anacreon,
  And Sappho's tender lays.

Soft souls with these are satisfied;
  He loved them, but exacted more,—
For his the lash that Horace plied,
  The sword Harmodius wore!

Where art thou, Brian, and thy knights,
  So dreaded by the flying Dane?
And thou, Con, of the Hundred Fights?
  Your spirits are not slain!

Strike for us, as ye did of yore,
  Be with us,—we shall conquer still,
Though Irish kings are crowned no more
  On Tara's holy hill!

Perhaps he was not hero born,
  Like those he sung—Heaven only knows;
He had the rose without the thorn,
  But he deserved the rose!

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For underneath its odorous light
His heart was warm, his soul was strong;
He kept his love of Country bright,
And sung her sweetest song!

Therefore her sons have gathered here
To honor him, as few before,
And blazon on his hundredth year
The fame of Thomas Moore!

AMERICAN MUSEUMS OF ART.

IT is not my purpose in this paper to refer in detail to the numerous museums now in more or less successful operation in this country, some of them, like the Metropolitan Museum in New York, and others, exercising a powerful influence upon the knowledge and taste of the public, many others doing good preliminary work in art education. My desire is chiefly to suggest how many smaller cities and towns may found museums of great practical value and comparatively small cost, each of which shall become a popular educator, the center of a beneficent and widespread interest.

First of all, the builders of museums should provide accommodations to correspond with their quality. It is not a question of a night's entertainment for a passing traveler, for whose delectation we spend vast sums in rearing inflammable palaces, gorgeous with upholstery and overflowing with a riotous luxury, but of the permanent safe-keeping of our immortals. A museum should therefore be constructed, primarily, to insure safety and good exhibition; secondly, to be of itself an exponent and lesson of the fine arts to whose service it is dedicated. The shell or skeleton of the edifice, suited to its predestined contents, can be built at a moderate cost, while its outward garb and architectural decoration may be rightly left for future generations to complete. It is a serious mistake to exhaust the liberality of the first donors on the outside of an incompleted building with but little provided for its interior; for it operates as a wet blanket on the nascent enthusiasm for art to find instead of a museum amply filled as far as it goes with valuable objects, an ambitious, spasmodic architectural effort, open to criticism, and too heavily weighted with debt or cost of completion to give much hope for a long time of being able efficiently to fufill the purposes for which it is intended. Much better it would be to follow the example of the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of New York and secure a complete series of special art-objects, even if exhibited for a time in temporary quarters, than to erect a costly fragment of an edifice doomed to remain for an indefinite period a standing apology for the poverty within.

A museum, however, once started on any scale, invites gifts. Every contribution becomes a challenge for another, so that giving to a popular institution grows contagious. The giver of a valuable object rightly is proud to see his name recorded in companionship with that of its author, sharing in the beneficence of genius, by making it literally the common property of mankind. In the late exhibition of mediæval art held at Lucca, Italy, premiums were awarded to the owners and preservers of valuable works; a novel feature, but not without reason as stimulating their conservative appreciation. Probably there is not a large-minded traveler but is ambitious to carry back to his own country examples of those arts which most distinguish the foreign from his native land and give it special renown. He would be spurred to greater liberality in knowing that there is a museum ready for his acquisitions where at his option they can be deposited in sympathetic companionship with their fellows, each gift assuming greater importance as it becomes a valued link in the chain of a great artistic whole.

A modern museum aims to present an

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entire epitome of the art-phase of human life. Hence every object, even of homeliest use, in which exists complete or partial idealism, either as pure creative or representative art, simple ornamentation or elaborate decoration, finds its proper place in it. The war-clubs, *tapas* and gourds of the Polynesian are no longer rude curiosities, but instructive specimens in their ornamental designs, of the innate tendency of the so-called savage to bestow his first thought and most patient labor on gratifying his eye rather than pampering his body. The passion for art, both in the untutored and the highest cultivated mind, alike dominates the physical appetites, because in one form or other it is the type or symbol of an ideal perfection for which, in some fashion or other, every soul thirsts. Only two things ever get the better of it, and then but momentarily, viz: religious fanaticism, viewing every æsthetic longing as a snare of Satan, and the equally stupid conclusion that whatever does not absolutely minister to physical wants is unnecessary and useless.

A great museum should be organized on a scale that shall provide for the systematic collection and appropriate exhibition of every nation's art, little as well as great, chronologically arranged, and divided into its diverse departments and schools; and yet massed so as to present an effective, æsthetic whole, emphasized by giving masterpieces the places of honor, while the grouping of the collection shall be such as to facilitate study and comparison. This is not an easy task, for it implies the services of a corps of immaculate experts in all branches of art, not easily to be gotten together in the largest capitals of Europe. In time, however, a museum educates its own officials, if they are faithful to their duties. Meanwhile, a general acquaintance with art-history, aided by special technical knowledge, combined with a nice discrimination in arranging objects harmoniously together with a main eye to æsthetic effect and artistic law, is indispensable to preserve such an institution from becoming a wearisome, ill-sorted, incongruous heap of miscellaneous objects, to their common detriment and confusion; while their best care and preservation needs varied professional acquirements, equal to a royal college of physicians and surgeons.

The formidable requirements as to funds and organization of a first-class museum need not at all hinder the establishment of lesser ones suited to the wants and resources of small cities. No country can expect to maintain many of the former, but the latter are within the means of moderate-sized towns, or even villages. They would also form useful auxiliaries to the large museums, by cultivating and spreading artistic feeling to the remotest parts of the country, and thus preparing the community at large for their better support and appreciation. As almost every town now has its town-hall or public library, or is contemplating its erection, there would be no special extra expense in devoting one or more rooms in either building to the reception of gifts of art or such pictorial commissions as may be executed of local interest, illustrating the patriotism and renown of its citizens. In mediæval times, churches, town-halls, and private dwellings, too, were liberally adorned after this fashion. The topics of sculpture and painting, notably the former, were, however, taken more from religious than civil or domestic sources. Art speedily became the universal language of joy and good-will, softening the asperities and enmities of a cruel, self-seeking age, just as, more than a thousand years before, it had performed the like service for the classical peoples. If the great American nature be destined, as it would seem to be by the logic of events, to follow in the same track, it must begin its career by inoculating its citizens with a love of art guided by the fruits and experiences of its predecessors in this path of civilization, and fostered by commissions for the adornment in sculpture and painting of buildings of architectural pretensions and public uses, taking the themes from the purest and noblest sources of their own feelings and convictions. And if we are to arrive at the ultimate goal of a great national art, we must foster it as it comes, in full conviction that it will gradually exalt itself to its highest functions by ascending, step by step, from its lowest. Each town, therefore, can do good service primarily to itself, and, secondarily, to the nation, by beginning a museum of art, even in a small way, free to all, and recording the virtues and deeds of its best citizens in hues and shapes that shall most forcibly and agreeably incite the disposition to emulate them.

The Winn Library of Woburn, Massachusetts, is a practical illustration of a right example in this direction. The ample bequest of Mr. Winn provides for a museum of art, on a modest scale, in connection with the books. Besides a legacy of pictures, from which the trustees can, if desirable, select the best and dispose of the others, a portion of

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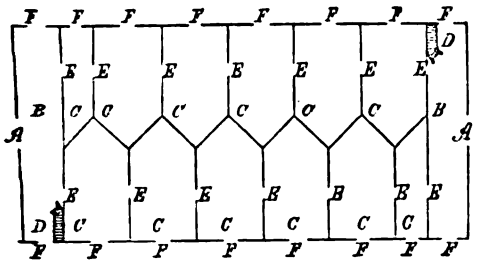
the income from the general fund can be devoted to the acquisition of works of art most likely to be of interest and service to the town.

Economy in building, while rightly adapting the means at disposal to the desired end, becomes an important consideration in all similar enterprises. With this in view, I venture to submit a rude design, which, for a small museum, yields the most wall-space, best light, and completest security on a given area, combined with simplicity of form of edifice and convenient division into necessary rooms for the proper isolation of different qualities and epochs of art. The



PLAN OF DIVISIONS OF THE FIRST STORY OF A MUSEUM BUILDING TO ECONOMIZE WALL-SPACE AND SECURE THE BEST SIDE-LIGHT.

A. Main entrances. B. End galleries. C. Series of rooms for paintings, sculpture and other objects of art. D. Staircases to second story, containing large galleries lighted from above. E. Passages draped with curtains. F. Side windows to be glazed with ground glass.

architect is left to make its proportions harmonious and to expend, internally or externally on decoration, little or much, as circumstances shall warrant. In any case, plain, solid masonry, with fire-proof cement floors, arched or not, are indispensable. Let us suppose a certain town has acquired several hundred paintings of various periods, as many sculptures and casts, and a fair collection of the minor arts, such as bronzes, faience, pottery, glass, tapestries, ancient furniture, etc., and wishes suitably yet cheaply to accumulate them to good advantage for public study and enjoyment. For this purpose, an oblong building, shaped after the accompanying plan, having a basement for necessary offices and studies, with the first story divided into a series of rooms of irregular dimensions, according to the nature of the contents, opening into each other and all having the same shape, would give the greatest possible wall-space for side-lights from spacious windows, with least obscurity from shadows or direct front lights. Paintings and sculpture, as well as the minor objects, could be well arranged in such rooms, for side-lights often suit them as well or better than any other. At one end or both there could be a gallery the entire width of the building, suitable for busts, engravings, photographs, drawings, etc., and communicating with the double series of rooms between those destined for the chief objects. When funds admit of it, a second story, lighted from the top, should be added, divided into a few large halls or left in one, as required, for the hanging of larger pictures in general, or to give more space below to the other contents and uses of the museum. Staircases leading from either end gallery would give easy access to the greater halls, which being lighted from above could be of regular shape. If the irregularity of those below be an objectionable feature as to general symmetry, the compensation would be found in increased wall surface and better light at the extreme ends for the objects there shown.

A building, of this simple, economical, constructive plan could be erected in sections, and as needed indefinitely extended in parallelograms forming hollow squares, or court-yards between them, useful for massive objects, as more room was needed inside for the more fragile works. All wall partitions should be fire-proof, and to economize space, as thin as the requisite strength will admit. As a sufficient protection against fire, these partitions and the doors might be lined with one-eighth inch thick asbestos mill-board. This substance possesses special advantages as a background for pictures and other works of art. Even if soaked with kerosene it will not burn, and it is virtually indestructible in any common flame. Being an atmospheric non-conductor it serves to keep a room warmer in winter and cooler in summer, thus helping equalize the temperature, an important object in a museum. As it is a purely mineral substance, it does not harbor insects or generate noxious odors. Its natural color is a soft, neutral tint, very favorable in itself for art-objects; but it can be colored with warm tints if required. An absorbent and not a reflector of light, as are most wall-papers, it does not fatigue the eye or dazzle it by contrast with the object placed against it. Supplementary to museums on this scale, there might be formed art-clubs to aid in their general management and purpose, with committees to take charge of special departments.

If investments in art do not, like other

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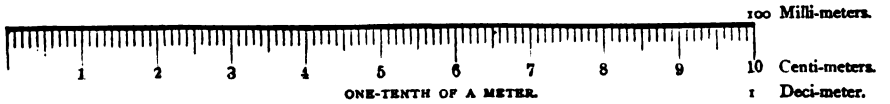
enterprises, directly beget reproductive material capital and increase in corresponding ratio the moneyed wealth of the country, they do so indirectly by their influence on every industry to which beauty lends additional value. Besides this advantage, there is another collateral one of equal consideration: These museums attract myriads of visitors of the best classes, whose necessary disbursements largely enrich the community which founds them, and become a prolific incentive to new business enterprises and industries. Since the opening of the South Kensington Museum, about twenty years since, up to October 20, 1877, it has received 16,698,008 visitors, a large number of whom were non-residents of London. Yet these indirect material benefits, vast as they be, are but secondary. The chief gain comes from the effect on *mind*. Museums stimulate the intellectual capital of a country to active reproduction in numberless ways that affect profoundly the character and welfare of the people.

THE METRIC REFORM.

A REVOLUTION in the humble matter of weighing and measuring, which affects every man, woman, and child in the United States, is now making quiet progress. We are entering upon the transition stage, for we have in partial use two discordant sets of weights and measures. One is the medley inherited from Great Britain and used here from the beginning of our national existence; the other is the metric system, the gift of Continental Europe, predestined, from the time when our Constitution was adopted, ultimately to supplant its rival.

The First Congress passed a vote, 15th January, 1790, calling upon the Secretary of State for a "plan or plans for establishing uniformity in the currency, weights and measures of the United States." In his very able report in reply, dated 4th July, 1790, Thomas Jefferson said: "The experiment made by Congress in the year 1786, by declaring that there should be one money of account and payment through the United States, and that its parts and multiples should be in a decimal ratio, has obtained such general approbation both at home and abroad, that nothing seems wanting but the actual coinage to banish the discordant pounds, shillings, pence, and farthings of the different states, and to establish in their stead the new denominations." He proposed two plans for weights and measures. One was a simple revision of the existing practice: defining our foot with reference to a pendulum rod; establishing a bushel of 1¼ cubic feet, equal to 8 new gallons, for both liquid and dry substances; making the ounce the weight of $\frac{1}{1000}$ of a cubic foot of water, and abolishing the troy ounce and pound and the avoirdupois drachm. The other scheme was a purely decimal system, to be founded on a unit of length equal to $\frac{1}{50}$ of a cylindrical iron rod oscillating in seconds. The cube of this length was to be the "meter" or unit of capacity, and the weight of water it would hold was to be the new ounce, equal to the weight of the silver dollar. Neither of these alternative suggestions produced any practical effects.

A very similar proposition, made at the same time by Talleyrand in the French Constituent Assembly, resulted in the metric system. A decree of 8th May, 1790, sanctioned by Louis XVI., 22d August, requested the king to write to His Britannic Majesty asking the British Parliament to concur with the French Assembly in fixing an invariable standard based upon pendulum experiments, to be conducted by the *savants* of both countries. Great Britain did not join in the movement, but several other nations did take part in the slightly different scheme which was actually adopted. A system of the simplest kind was prepared for the com-



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mon use of the whole world; and to avoid offending local prejudices, it was not connected with any existing metrology. The unit of length is the meter, $\frac{1}{10}$ of which, decimally subdivided, we have just shown.

The unit of weight is the gram, the weight of four cents' worth of our subsidiary silver coinage introduced in 1876. The abridged table on the next page exhibits the character of the system. Annexed to it are the old measures which best correspond with the metric units. Their average variation from exact equivalence is a little over ten per cent.

The alleged merits and defects of the metric system have been warmly discussed. The disputants have ransacked the storehouses of physics, mathematics, history, antiquities, law and social science, in search of ammunition; and have fired a great deal of shot outside of the real battle-field. With regard to the basis of the system, for instance, it has been repeatedly asserted and repeatedly denied that the meter is one ten-millionth part of the earth's quadrant.

On one side is the fact that it was so established by an elaborate meridian survey made expressly for the purpose at the time of the French Revolution. The exciting circumstances under which the task was accomplished arrest the attention. It was conducted by the astronomer, Delambre, who set out under the protection of a royal proclamation; but as the king was soon deposed and beheaded, Delambre became an object of grave suspicion as he traveled about, carrying strange implements and making signals from the hill-tops. He had to explain the principles of geodesy to the natives, and was occasionally arrested when they were not satisfied with his account of himself. Spires were particularly useful landmarks, for many of them had been located by a former survey; but in one region the revolutionists, having an especial grudge against church-towers, had thrown most of them down. When Delambre stretched a white cloth upon a tower to make it more conspicuous for his observations, it was taken for the emblem of a counter-revolution, and he had to put a red stripe on one side of it and a blue stripe on the other, to appease the village patriots. Robespierre and others constituting the Committee of Public Safety compelled him to drop his labors when half finished, alleging that the work ought to be intrusted only to men known for their republican virtues and their hatred of kings. But perseverance finally conquered all difficulties, and the devoted spirit with which the work was pursued, and the high degree of accuracy attained in its results, alike compel the admiration of opponents.

On the other hand, some later investigators have thought that the actual standard meter is shorter than was intended by about as much as the rule lying on a machinist's work-bench is shorter than the same rule when carried in his pocket and expanded by the warmth of his body. It is said that the earth's figure is irregular; that the length of a single quadrant is not certainly known by the measurement of one-seventh part of it in France and Spain; that other quadrants are of different lengths; and that, in selecting the basis of a system, instead of any one of an infinite number of quadrants, it would have been better to choose the earth's axis of rotation, which is unique. One ten-millionth of the earth's semi-axis is a hair-breadth longer than twenty-five inches. This leads the way to speculations that have less substantial foundation. The supposition has been made that the Hebrews had just that measure; that it was used by divine inspiration in the construction of the Great Pyramid (in addition to other Egyptian cubits, which plainly appear to have been in the builders' hands); and that one purpose of that majestic monument is the preservation of a standard of weights and measures, to abandon which is sacrilegious. Here are involved researches into the wonderful lore of a forgotten civilization, which must deeply interest the thoughtful student.

But what has this to do with our daily weighing and measuring? Few men expect to measure through the earth, or from the equator to the pole, or concern themselves about errors that can only be detected by the microscope. Neglecting the foregoing, therefore, and a variety of other entertaining and instructive arguments, the practical reasons for and against using the metric system here and now may be arranged under five heads:

1. *The metric system is decimal.*

FOR. It is therefore superior for computation. A considerable part of the money which it costs to keep the accounts and do the business of the country would be saved by its introduction. It is unnecessary to argue at length as to the enormous advantages of a decimal progression; for they are made familiar by means of coinage to everybody, excepting only the subjects of Queen Victoria, throughout the civilized world.

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ABRIDGED METRIC TABLE.

Corresponding old weights.	Metric Weight.	Volume of water which has metric weight and fills metric capacity measure.	Metric Capacity Measure.	Corresponding old measures.
	Myria- means 10,000			
	Kilo- " 1,000			
	Hekt- " 100			
	Deka- " 10		Metric Length. **METER.**	**YARD.**
	Deci- " 0.1		Deci-meter.	Hand (4 inches).
	Cent- " 0.01		Centi-meter.	Barleycorn.
	Mill- " 0.001		Milli-meter.	1-32 of an inch.
(Gross) Ton.	Ton (metric)	1 Cubic meter.	Kilo-liter.	Tun.
Standard weight of Barrel of flour.	Quintal (metric)	0.1 "	Hekto-liter.	Barrel (31½ wine gallons).
(Net) Quarter.	Myria-gram.	0.01 "	Deka-liter.	Peck.
(Av.) **2 POUNDS.**	**KILO.**	0.001 "	**LITER.**	**QUART** (wine).
(Troy) ¼ Pound.	Hekto-gram.	0.0001 "	Deci-liter.	Gill.

AGAINST. Currency is largely a matter of computation, and is a different affair from weights and measures. The natural division of material things is not decimal, but is by halving and quartering. Even in coinage the 20-cent piece, which is a decimal of a dollar, recently proved to be very unpopular, while the 25-cent piece, which is a quarter of a dollar, is in constant use.

FOR. In weights and measures, as in coins, people can use $\frac{25}{100}$ and avoid $\frac{20}{100}$ if they wish. The United States 20-cent coin was unsatisfactory for the simple reason that it was made so much like a 25-cent piece as to be frequently mistaken for it. There is no complaint of the 2-cent piece, the 2-dollar note, and the double eagle, and no demand for a 25-dollar bill or a 2½-cent coin. The 2½-dollar gold piece circulates readily, but so also does the 3-dollar gold coin.

AGAINST. Decimal subdivision is not peculiar to the metric system. The Chinese, who of course invented everything before it was dreamed of by outside barbarians, have long used a decimal system of coinage, weights and measures. About twenty years ago Sweden adopted a complete decimal system based on her old foot and pound. If that is all we want, our easiest way to get it will be to follow her example. Indeed, for some purposes such a practice has been established. Land surveyors have for some centuries used a "chain" divided into 100 "links," and 10 square chains make an acre. Railroad engineers have preferred a chain of 100 feet, decimally subdivided.

FOR. In proportion to its numbers the engineering profession now is one of the most prominent in urging the adoption of the metric system. Last year the Boston and Providence Railroad set up a row of stone posts two kilometers apart along its whole line. Sweden voted in 1876 to abandon her decimals of a foot and a pound, and adopt the meter, and the change will be accomplished in a few years; for, with decimal subdivision, the metric system combines other merits.

2. *The metric units of length, area, volume and weight have very simple relations to one another.*

FOR. In this respect they contrast very favorably with the confusion among our old units, as will appear from two or three illustrations.

There are 100 square meters in an ar of land; how many square yards are there in a square rod?

There are 10 hektoliters in a cubic meter; how many bushels are there in a cubic yard?

The pressure of the atmosphere is 1.033 kilos on a square centimeter, or 14.7 pounds on a square inch. To express this pressure as a head of water, move the decimal point one place and we have 10.33 meters as the equivalent height of water column by the metric system. How is the number of feet of water computed by the old method?

If a man wants to know from how deep a well he can raise water with a common suc-

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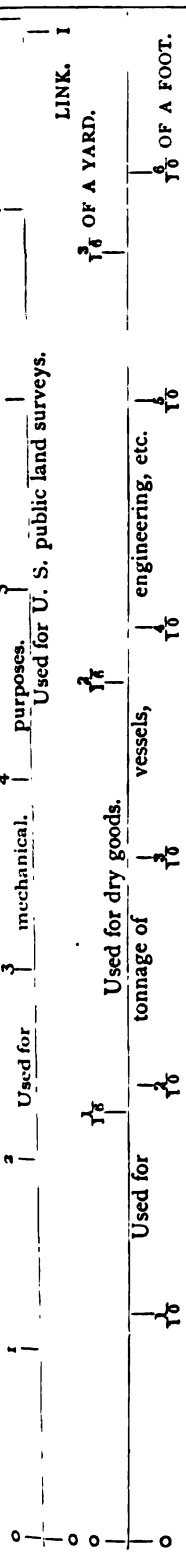

tion pump placed at the top, or if he wishes to reckon the dimensions of a bin to be made for containing a given measure of grain or other commodity, he will appreciate the convenience of these relations.

3. *The metric system has a uniform nomenclature,* simple, significant, and derived from the classical languages of antiquity, the common heritage of all nations.

FOR. Owing to this and the two characteristics previously mentioned, it is very easy to learn, remember and use. On the other hand, any one to whom our old weights and measures are an entire novelty finds it a formidable undertaking to learn all their complicated and irregular tables, with several different tons; with an avoirdupois pound which is heavier than the troy pound, and an avoirdupois ounce which is lighter than the troy ounce; with one measure for dry substances based on a bushel of $2150.\frac{42}{100}$ cubic inches, and one or two others not in harmony with the first for liquids; with a unit of area equal to a square whose side is 208.71 feet; and with sundry incongruous units of length according to the objects to be measured, the most common ones being shown in the margin. Experienced teachers estimate that the substitution of the metric system would make a fabulous saving in the work of schools, and, consequently, in their cost. In a country whose salvation depends on popular education and whose money is liberally paid for it, this argument is very weighty.

AGAINST. These many-syllabled Latin and Greek names constitute a great stumbling-block in the way of introducing the metric system. All history shows that in spite of subversive changes in actual things, old names generally survive to be misapplied to new uses. Our very proverbs bristle with references to familiar weights and measures with short names. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure; the word pound remains the same, whether it means 12 ounces or 16; though ounce is the Latin *uncia*, meaning $\frac{1}{12}$; hence, one inch. A miss is as good as a mile, be it statute mile, nautical, geographical, Roman, English, or what you please; the name is quite satisfactory, if it is a miss.*

FOR. "With what measure ye *mete*, it shall be measured to you again," comes from a well of English undefiled. According to our dictionaries meter is that which measures. The word is perfectly familiar to our tongues, as the meter of verse, a gas-meter, etc.; and it is appropriately applied to a standard of length. That can hardly be said for mile, which is the Latin *mille*, a thousand. As a length it meant a thousand Roman *passus*, or double steps, and now means about two thousand single steps, or English paces. The new system applies the word as a prefix and says that a millimeter is one-thousandth of a meter, just as we already say that a mill is one-thousandth of a dollar. The metric names will probably be abbreviated in ordinary use; millimeter is one of the longest, and compares favorably with the customary hundred-weight avoirdupois; which, by the way, means 112 pounds, while avoirdupois is a noticeably French word. Pound may be English; perhaps that is the reason why we commonly write it lb., meaning the Latin *libra*, a balance. The same word in Greek is *litra*, whence comes *liter*, the new unit of capacity, according to the appropriate nomenclature adopted by United States law a dozen years ago. It is a little larger than the United States liquid quart and a little smaller than the United States dry quart. It is not a quarter of the old beer gallon, nor of the new British imperial gallon. To

* The proverb is supposed to have originally referred to two of Charlemagne's soldiers, equally celebrated for gallantry, named Amis and Amile.

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propose naming it a quart, which it is not, instead of calling it what it is, a liter, would be an insult to the intelligence of the American people.

AGAINST. Nevertheless the effete despotisms of the old world have frequently found it best in introducing the system to label the new units permissively and temporarily with old familiar names. Witness Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Greece and East India.

4. *The metric system is international.*

FOR. Adopted first in France toward the close of the last century, it has been successively introduced by the governments of nearly all the nations in Christendom. Among the people of several of these nations the old standards are already driven out of use, and in the others they are gradually disappearing and are destined soon to be obsolete. Under the Postal Union treaties of 1874 and 1878 the metric system is now used for international postal purposes by the United States, the whole of Europe, and large parts of Asia, Africa, South America and Oceanica. In the vast and increasing intercourse between nations, the advantage of uniformity would be felt in travel and study abroad, in reading foreign literature, and in importing foreign goods. The mere saving in the computations of the custom-house which are due to diversity of standards would furnish a powerful argument on the score of economy. We are now trying to introduce our manufactured goods into foreign markets; if we can make money in that way when our standard sizes and units of measurement are not in harmony with those of the buyers, we could make more money after adopting their system.

AGAINST. The two important exceptions to the list of metric nations are Great Britain, with whom we have about as much to do as with all the rest of the world put together, and Russia, whose measure of length is already commensurable with our foot. We shall lose on the one hand what we gain on the other.

FOR. Fifty years ago Great Britain introduced new capacity measures; they are completely independent of her former standards, which the United States still retains. All our capacity measures, therefore, by which a considerable portion of our commerce is measured, are now entirely at variance with those of the mother country.

The correspondence of Russian measures with ours does not relate to weight nor the usual capacity measures, but only to length and the square and cube of length, and it is inconvenient enough there. Peter the Great, after his experience in British dock-yards, made the Russian sagene equal 7 feet; that makes the verst 3,500 feet, the archine 28 inches, and the verchok 1¾ inches.

Sometime both Russia and England will change to the metric system, and that time can be hastened by prompt action in this country, which will leave them isolated if they postpone further. Just before the outbreak of the recent Turkish war an imperial commission which had been sent to Paris to examine, reported in favor of the introduction of the metric system into Russia. In Great Britain, by an act of Parliament of 1864, metric terms may be used in contracts and are defined to mean given amounts of British imperial measure; according to a heated opponent, the advocates of the adoption of the meter for use in that country are a strong and increasing body. In India, British measures of length are little used, and those of weight and capacity scarcely at all. The Indian Weights and Measures Act, 1870, establishes the metric units for ultimate adoption throughout British India, and leaves it to the discretion of the Governor-General in Council to fix the date for their use in the several districts of the country, and by particular offices or corporations, or by persons engaged in any specified business or trade, without forbidding the use of British imperial weights and measures. It is expected that metric weight and capacity measures will be introduced earlier than the metric unit of length. Some of the Indian state railways, however, have been constructed with a gauge of one meter. A Canadian Act of 1871 empowers the Governor in Council, whenever he shall think it necessary, to provide metric standards for verifying weights and measures in the Dominion. For years Canada has used a decimal coinage like ours. Two ordinances for the introduction of the metric system into the Mauritius and its dependencies (the Amirante Islands, the Seychelles and Rodriguez), after notification by the Governor in Council, bear date of 28th December, 1875.

AGAINST. It will be safer not to calculate upon any reform England may make until after she shall have made it. She has not yet established a decimal coinage, though that is a matter completely in the hands of the government and has been discussed for years. Her people are thus unable to appreciate justly the merits of decimal weights and

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measures; yet their active concurrence will be required for a thorough metrological reform. Within fifty years she kept her exchequer account in Latin with Roman numerals, and a century ago it was kept on notched sticks; in 1834, in burning up those old tallies she set fire to her Houses of Parliament and destroyed her standard yard, pound and gallon. She was a century and a half behind her neighbors in adopting the Gregorian calendar.*

FOR. The delay with the calendar has been largely due to religious prejudice against the Roman pontiff. But even if England were not likely to abandon her mediæval weights and measures, that would not justify us in adhering to them. She continues to use pounds, shillings and pence; and our substitution of dollars and cents has introduced a great deal of friction into all our commerce with the mother country; yet we honor our ancestors for their action, and we ought to follow their example.

5. *The change will cost a great deal of trouble and some money.*

AGAINST. This is the one great argument against the introduction of the metric system, or any other improvement. Our knowledge of weights and measures is not the mere learning of a few tables by rote. It is our familiarity with certain standards in all of our thoughts and transactions which involve quantity. We conceive of the weight and dimensions of our own bodies, our provisions of food, supplies of clothing, materials of building, of the areas of our farms and house lots, the quantities of our commercial and manufactured products, the distances we travel,—in fact, we conceive of nearly everything that enters our minds, in terms of certain units of weight and measure. To oblige every human being in the United States to forget all that he knows now about size and quantity and begin anew, thinking of everything in terms of unfamiliar units, which are at variance with all our written records of the past, also to manufacture every thing in new standard sizes, is a prodigious undertaking. It is an old saying that you may conquer a people, but you cannot conquer their language. It is now proposed to alter the language of quantity, which is a part (though a small part) of the Queen's English. All our measuring implements, every yard-stick, quart pot, and bushel basket, the beams of all our scales, every nest of weights and the very gauges of our machinery are to be laid aside for new ones, which, until we become accustomed to them, will seem awkward. This will require a downright outlay of money which is not to be submitted to for any fanciful or merely sentimental reasons.

FOR. This would be a plausible objection if the thing had never been done; but the same transformation has lately been made in central and southern Europe with such success as ought to win over the most hard-headed "practical" man. It is no merely sentimental gain; it is a substantial benefit. In ways already pointed out it will be well worth all that it will cost. The cost will depend very much on the manner in which the improvement shall be made. The remainder of this paper will consider what is the best method of accomplishing this reform.

Although the coming change is necessarily somewhat abrupt in its character, like many others which occur in the natural world and in human society, it may be made, as most of them are, less sudden in fact than appears to a superficial view, by being carefully prepared for in anticipation and gradually perfected after seeming completion. The duration of the interval of chaos should be made as short as circumstances will allow by general and simultaneous action during a period fixed in advance, and thoughtfully provided for. In Europe the nominal time of the metrological reform has varied considerably in different countries, but has generally been from three to seven years.

Suppose everybody to know upon evidence commanding the utmost confidence, that this change is certainly going to be made on or before some particular date, for instance, December 31st, 1889. The largest part of the scale-beams, pocket-rules, taps, dies, and machine-tools, of which such a bugbear is made, will be worn out before that time; and in making renewals previously any man of forethought can manage to avoid much extra expense. The clothier can buy a new measuring wand one meter long, with a yard marked on the back for temporary use. Having this continually before his eyes he will gradually become accustomed to it, and will learn to think in meters as well as in yards without any great effort. The grocer may get a double scale-beam, such as Fairbanks & Co. have been selling for

* Russia is about adopting it now, it is said, having had enough of reckoning at twelve days variance from the rest of the world.

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many years to their South American customers, with pounds marked on one branch and kilos on the other. By thus bridging over the chasm between old and new, he can change his language almost as easily as his coat. New machine tools can be built upon the metric basis and used on any work which is to last long after 1890, while the old machinery continues in service for several years in the completion or repair of former work, and for every thing of a temporary character, which will not outlive 1890. In this way the change was made about ten years ago at the watch factory at Waltham, Mass. Experienced machinists say that they could do likewise with but little trouble. If everybody must have new tools, the shops that make the tools would appear to be special gainers by the reform. If, however, there should be extraordinary expenditure required of them, their customers would have to repay it in increased prices. Some individuals suffer peculiar hardship from any improvement; the introduction of labor-saving machinery throws handicraftsmen out of employment; by the adoption of new weights and measures to save mental labor, some few persons, of necessity, will be injured (professional agitators, if nobody else); but the progress of civilization is not on that account to be stopped. The proposed interval prior to 1890 would afford time for all necessary state legislation. The general government has already supplied accurate metric standards to the several states; they ought to distribute copies, if they have not yet done so, to their local officers, and to make the usual provisions for verifying the actual weights and measures of trade according to the metric system. Time would be allowed also for the preparation of all the technical and other books required for the new system, the apothecaries' pharmacopœia and tables of data, reference manuals, and literature of whatever kind, adapted to the wants of any profession; some of this work is already done. If every man were looking forward to the change as inevitable, and studying how to make it as light a burden as possible to his own business, various ways would be contrived to introduce the new terms gradually into every department; measurement, standard sizes, price-lists and advertisements would all conform to the new *régime*; and the difficulties, which on a general view appear almost insuperable, would be surmounted in detail by a moderate expenditure of money, patience and sustained effort.

The effort ought to be made during an assigned period of years, not whenever it suits individual whim. The latter method is now being tried in some places; in the United States of Colombia (formerly New Granada), the process, still incomplete, has been going on for thirty years or so with sadly picturesque effect; and if our people do not know enough to use a better method, we shall probably drift or be driven into making the change in just that way, with vastly more annoyance and expense than there is any necessity for. So the Erie Railway, which formerly had a broad gauge, has laid down a third rail and now runs trains of both gauges, and could run a mixed train; eventually the outer rail will be taken up, and the road will be of the usual gauge only; but the change thus made will be at the extra expense of maintaining for a series of years about 660 kilometers of rails.

To produce simultaneous action requires that every one shall be seasonably notified and shall be ready. The work of preparation is already going on bravely in the item of teaching children the new weights and measures in school; but it would go on a great deal more merrily if the tax-payers could know that their children would have to use nothing else in practical life a dozen years hence. The schools can do a great deal directly and indirectly. But alone they can never accomplish the desired change; the country will always contain adults who have forgotten much that they learned in school, and it will ever be hard to drop what the business of life makes familiar, and to take up something strange.

It will be a very simple matter to circulate all necessary information about the metric system, and the time allowed for its introduction. We have, moreover, much immigration and importation of books and merchandise from lands where it is already in use, and this will greatly facilitate its introduction. By contrast, it is interesting to observe the difficulties which were experienced in former days of popular ignorance, when the system was new and untried, and had to meet not merely the usual prejudice against any thing strange, but also the patriotic spirit which regarded it as a badge of subjection; for Napoleon's victories carried it forcibly into the Netherlands, Westphalia, Spain and Italy, which promptly rejected it when relieved of the French yoke, but were glad to adopt it again in later years on its merits.

In some cases a compromise has been

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resorted to, as in Switzerland, where a foot is established equal to 30 centimeters and divided into 10 thumb-breadths, each equal to 3 centimeters; there is also a pound equal to 500 grams, and capacity measures equal to 15 liters and 1½ liters. The result of this is that the Swiss metrology has yet to go through a second metamorphosis in order to come into complete harmony with its neighbors. In France, a similar scheme, though somewhat different in detail, was legalized from 1812 to 1840, and was known as the *système usuel*. In ducal Hesse a still different modification was formerly used, and in Baden there was one like the Swiss. Throughout Germany and Austria for customs purposes the zollpfund, equal to a half kilo, was long in use; and it is now the standard in Denmark. In this connection may be quoted some extracts from the report of a committee of the Federal Parliament in 1868, on the project of a law for the regulation of weights and measures for the North German Confederation:

"* * * If the new [metric] system is to be adopted at all, it must be introduced in its full integrity; any half measure now must necessarily lead in a short time to further changes, and consequently new annoyances to the public. The introduction of the zollpfund in 1856 may be held up as a warning in this respect. The great inconvenience and cost of its introduction will be in every one's recollection; all was willingly borne because it was universally acknowledged to be a real step in advance, the new pound being exactly equivalent to a half kilogram. But if, instead of this half step, the whole step had then been taken of adopting the French kilogram as unit of weight, we should have been saved the present necessity of once more changing our weights.

* * * * * *

"To those who at the time advocated the entire adoption of the kilogram, it was objected that it differed too much from the unit of weight in common use, and that it was desirable to approximate the new pound as closely as possible to the old one. Now the truth lies just the other way. The transition from one weight to another is much easier when the new weight differs so greatly from the old as to preclude the possibility of confounding one with the other. Thus the old pound of 28 loth weight has doubtless often been confounded with the new pound of 30 loth, but certainly never with the kilogram of 60 loth. Nor will a new name be in any way detrimental, but rather advantageous."

The body which in our country should naturally express the popular will in favor of any change of standard, and should determine and make known the period at which the change can be accomplished, is plainly Congress. The Constitution expressly provides that "the Congress shall have power" to "fix the standard of weights and measures." The House of Representatives has had a standing committee on coinage, weights and measures for about fifteen years past. The Act of July, 1866, permitted the use of the metric system. The committee then said in their excellent report accompanying their bill for this purpose:

"The interests of trade among a people so quick as ours to receive and adopt a useful novelty will soon acquaint practical men with its convenience. When this is attained,—a period, it is hoped, not distant,—a further act of Congress can fix the date for its exclusive adoption as a legal system. At an earlier period it may be safely introduced into all public offices, and for government service."

That earlier period is now at hand; for, in the last Congress, the committee, after obtaining the opinions of the officers of the executive departments, presented an elaborate report (7th January, 1879), which closes with an earnest recommendation of the early enactment of a law to establish the metric system in the post-offices and custom-houses July 1st, 1880. It is already in use on the Coast Survey and in the Mint, for foreign postal purposes and by the medical department of the Marine Hospital service, but these uses do not bring it much in contact with the people. Its use in 40,000 post-offices, and in every custom-house, arsenal, dock-yard, fort and military post, in all contracts for government work and every purchase of government supplies, would carry the new system among our whole population more effectively and economically than any other instrumentality.

It ought not to be overlooked, however, that for any government to adopt the new weights and measures entirely in advance of the readiness of its people for the change would produce a lamentable state of confusion; such as may now be seen in several of the republics of Central and South America. Their citizens, who are but imperfectly qualified for the onerous duties of self-government, continue to use in private transactions a variety of old standards, generally of Spanish origin, in spite of legislation expressly prohibiting them, while the official business of the governments is conducted in terms of the metric system. In order to secure decisive action by our Congress, the people must make known their desire for it; and the simplest course is to petition Congress.

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THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

WHEN apple-branches, flushed with bloom,
Load June's warm evenings with perfume,
And balmier grows each perfect day,
And fields are sweet with new-mown hay,
Then, minstrel lone, I hear thy note,
Up from the pasture-thickets float—
Whip-poor-will!

Thine are the hours to love endeared,
And summoned by thy accents weird,
What wild regrets—what tender pain,
Recalls my youthful dreams again,
As floating down the shadowy years,
That old refrain fond memory hears—
Whip-poor-will!

The garish day inspires thee not;
But hid in some deep-shaded grot,
Thou like a sad recluse dost wait
The silver hours inviolate,
When every harsher sound is flown,
And groves and glens are thine alone,
Whip-poor-will!

Then, when the rapt, voluptuous night
Pants in the young moon's tender light,
And woods, and cliffs, and shimmering streams,
Are splendid in her argent beams—
How thrills the lover's heart to hear
Thy loud staccato, liquid-clear,
Whip-poor-will!

Whence comes thy iterated phrase,
That to the wondering ear conveys
Half-human sounds, yet cheats the sense
With vagueness of intelligence,
And, like a wandering voice of air,
Haunts the dim fields, we know not where,
Whip-poor-will?

FLOWERS FOR SONG.

COWSLIPS for "Palm-Leaves"!—'tis a mean return:
Poor weeds for harmonies divine!
But all that made thy music burn
Into my heart so, lady mine!
Lives in these brook-born cowslips—yellow things!
Yet their loved name a green remembrance brings;
And dear as Dante's green-winged angel, she
In my remembrance must forever be,
Who sang my numbers by the silent sea.

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TRINITY PARISH.

REV. MORGAN DIX, D. D., RECTOR OF TRINITY CHURCH.

WHEN the province of New Amsterdam was ceded to the British, in 1674, and Sir Edmund Andros was appointed governor, the Church of England in America, as the Episcopal denomination was then called, held its religious services in a little chapel near the Battery, previously occupied by the Church of Holland. A larger building becoming necessary, Colonel Fletcher, Andros's second successor, was one of its most zealous projectors, despite the opposition of dissenters; and in 1697, the fifth year of the reign of William and Mary, a royal grant was made of a parcel of land "in or near to a street without the north gate of the city, commonly called Broadway." The title given with the grant was "The Parish of Trinity Church," and among the earliest wardens were Morris, Reade, Ludlow, and others, whose names are perpetuated in some of the most populous and familiar thoroughfares. The society was small, select, and *a posteriori*, loyal and orthodox to a very respectable degree. Its letters and messages to the parent church across the sea breathed a spirit of filial devotion and gratitude, and evoked reiterated assurances of support and appreciation, which were substantiated by a further grant, in 1705, of "Queen

INTERIOR OF TRINITY CHURCH.

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Anne's Farm," a tract of land that extended from Vesey street to Christopher street, along the North River. One has only to look at a map to see the enormous value this gift has acquired in the development of the city; perhaps no other real estate of the same extent in the world is worth the same price; but the rents that could be collected from it 174 years ago were not great, and Trinity Parish at that time stood in need of money.

TRINITY CHURCH.

The members were persevering, and those who had not money to give contributed labor to the new building that was required. When completed, this was 148 feet long, and 72 feet broad. The steeple was 175 feet high, and the interior was "ornamented beyond any other place of worship in the city." Nominally, the church was presided over by the Bishop of London, and the first resident rector was the Rev. Mr. Vesey, who qualified himself for the purpose, and for fifty years continued as incumbent. The second rector was the Rev. Henry Barclay, who had been missionary to the Mohock Indians at Albany; and a few years after his induction, the congregation needed additional accommodations, although it is said that the proportion of Episcopalians to dissenters in the colony was as one to fifteen. St. George's Chapel was built at Van Cliff's and Beekman's streets, burned in 1714, and rebuilt the following year. The next addition to the parish was a charity school, offering a gratuitous education in the English and classical branches, complemented, of course, with religious training according to the Episcopal Church; and in 1763, the building of St. Paul's was begun.

As the influence and wealth of the church

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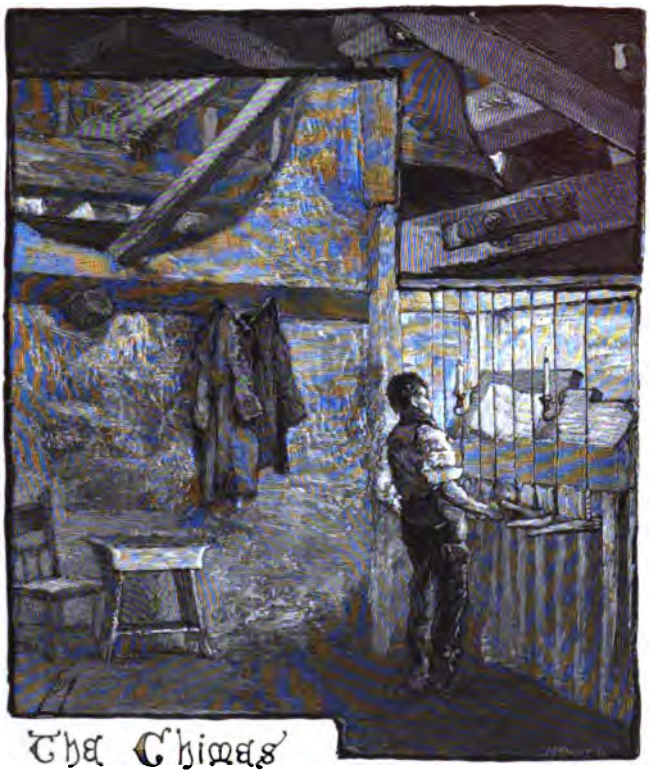

were improving, the Revolution was brewing. The inauguration of Washington took place at the City Hall, and he afterward attended service in St. Paul's Chapel, where he had frequently received communion; but in October, 1776, Mr. Inglis, one of the assistant ministers of Trinity, wrote to the London Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, that all the Episcopal missionaries in New Jersey, New York, and Connecticut had proved themselves to be loyal subjects of the king, and that, although they had been unable to prevent the rebellion, they had checked it to some extent. In the succeeding disorder, the ministers and missionaries limited their teachings to the gospel, without touching upon politics; but their conduct gave great offense. They were everywhere threatened, often reviled, and sometimes treated with brutal violence, as we learn from the Rev. William Berrian, in his "History of the Parish." To officiate publicly without praying for the king and the royal family, was against their oaths and consciences, and one by one they were compelled to close their churches. The most defiant position was taken by Mr. Inglis, who, when Dr. Auchmuty, the rector, had retired from the city, persisted in prayers for the king, although he was loudly cursed and threatened in the streets. One morning while he was officiating, 150 armed men marched into the church with muskets loaded, bayonets pointed, and drums and fifes playing. The women in the congregation screamed and fainted; it was a terrible sight to see the gleaming weapons inclosing the pulpit of old Trinity; but the parson was not to be intimidated. Death was of less account with him than duty, and he did not omit a word of the ritual. The Lord was beseeched to behold with favor "our most gracious sovereign, King George," and the valiant pastor was not molested. The church was afterward closed, however, until the return of the British army, when it was re-opened; but within a few days it was burned down, together with the rector's house and the charity school. Dr. Auchmuty died in 1777, and was succeeded by Mr. Inglis, who, under the new dispensation, was soon banished to England, his estates being confiscated, while the Rev. Dr. Samuel Provoost was put in his place. Provoost

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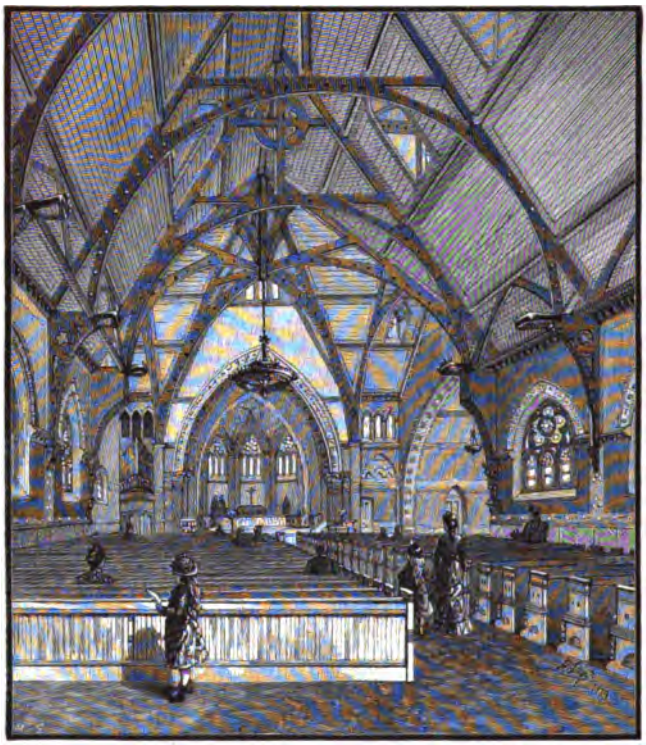
was an American educated in England, and with his incumbency the ritual was revised; the occupant of the throne shared any benefits that might come from the general prayers for all men; and in place of the old collect for the king, a new one made a special present structure—the third on the site—was completed in 1846.

There are few persons, believers or infidels, who do not possess an affectionate interest in "Old Trinity." Its history is in a measure the history of the city; for over two hun-



INTERIOR OF ST. AUGUSTINE'S.

plea for the President of the Republic. The church was rebuilt on the original site in 1778, and pews were reserved for the President, the governor of the state, and members of Congress.

Both Grace Church and St. Mark's were largely assisted by Trinity, although they are not included in its parish; and in 1807 St. John's was completed, on a site which was then wild and marshy, surrounded by bushes and bulrushes, and at some seasons a favorite resort for gunners. The splendid grant of Queen Anne's Farm was held in no niggardly spirit. Besides maintaining its several chapels, St. Paul's, St. George's, and St. John's, and its charity school, the parish fostered many other societies by liberal gifts of land and money, and the ground upon which Washington Market stands is a part of its largess. The church built in 1778 was found to be unsafe in 1839, and the

dred and seventy years its worshipers have included the most honored citizens, many of whom have gone from their seats in the nave to graves in the burial-ground outside. It has survived many changes, many vicissitudes; and in meditative retrospect we see many pictures in the vista of its past. The first building was outside the upper gate of the city, and now the site is near the lower extremity. Under the King and under the Republic it has existed for one purpose, and that is expressed when, above the noise of the traffic that plies around it, the chimes in its high steeple ring out their melodious proclamations. In this vicinity Broadway is crowded to excess. From early morning until late at night busy or careworn business men hasten past the church or pause to talk in its shadow; and the fine Gothic pile of brown sandstone commemorating the generations

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associated with it can hardly fail to awaken a thought of more enduring things than the commerce which impels these eager merchants, brokers and bankers. The door is usually open, and from the feverish traffic of the street one may transfer himself to the calm of the interior, where the light is softened here, or enriched there, by filtration through the stained glass windows. The oaken pews have flowers and scrolls carved upon them, and the groined roof is supported by colonnades of sandstone, which in the mellow atmosphere lose all the obduracy of their material. The altar and reredos are wrought out of white and red marble, which, combined with Caen stone, mosaics and cameos, give the effect of folds over folds of lace.

Dr. Benjamin Moore, Provoost's successor, was succeeded as rector at his death by Dr. John Henry Hobart. Hobart was succeeded by Dr. William Berrian, who was succeeded in 1862 by Dr. Morgan Dix, the present incumbent, and thus in about one hundred and eighty years, the church has had only nine rectors, each holding the office, on an average, for twenty years.

The growth of the parish is not less interesting on account of its extent than on account of the variety of the work which it has included. St. George's was removed "up-town" from Beekman street many years ago and became independent of the parent church; but other additions having been made as the congregations increased or an opening for a new mission appeared, the parish now contains seven churches,—one located as far south as Governor's Island, another as far north as Twenty-fifth street, another as far east as Houston street near Second avenue, and a fourth as far west as Varick street. Trinity Chapel, in Twenty-fifth street near Broadway, was opened in 1855; St. Cornelius's Chapel, on Governor's Island, in 1868; St. Chrysostom's, at Seventh avenue and Thirty-ninth street, in 1869; and St. Augustine's, the second building in East Houston street, on September 2d, 1877. Each of these is a handsome and commodious structure, except St. Cornelius's, which is small, being intended for the garrison only; and in each all the seats are free, excepting Trinity Chapel, in which the pews are rented. St. Paul's, in Broadway at Vesey street, and St. John's, in Varick street, are almost free, the only exceptions being in cases where the ownership of pews has existed for generations and the vestry has no control. But no pews have been sold by the corporation within the memory of living man, and the possession of those held by inheritance is constantly sought by purchase. At all evening services in all the seven churches, at all special services, and on all week-days, the pews are invariably free. Then besides these seven churches, which are wholly maintained by it, the parish contributes largely to the support of eighteen others, and to various missions; the total amount annually disbursed outside the parish being nearly fifty thousand dollars. Trinity Infirmary in Varick street is maintained by the parish for the sick poor, for whom a burial-place also is pro-

REAR OF ST. AUGUSTINE'S CHAPEL.

FRONT OF ST. AUGUSTINE'S.

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vided at Newtown, Long Island; two thousand dollars are annually paid for five beds in St. Luke's Hospital, and there are five scholarships at Trinity College, Hartford, to which the rector nominates, the holders being relieved from all expenses during the course, except such as are personal. Each of the churches has a Sunday and a day school connected with it, and various guilds for the promotion of the religious and secular welfare of the poor.

It may, perhaps, be said, when the enumeration of its good works is complete, that the parish can well afford to be liberal,—that mere consistency compels it to devote a part of its enormous resources to other purposes than its own. But the revenues of the church are grossly exaggerated in the popular imagination. If the parish had held to itself all the land included in Queen Anne's grant, its financial condition at the present time would be touched by the exciting assertion that "the wildest flight of the human mind could not conceive a sum equivalent to the wealth of Trinity Church." These words under quotation marks were uttered by a lay delegate of reputed intelligence at a convention of the diocese, and, absurd as they obviously are, their import accords in a measure with the popular estimate. It is forgotten that for many years—a century, at least—Trinity gave its land to most of the institutions and churches that asked for it, not limiting its beneficence to the city nor to religious purposes, and in the case of St. George's alone contributing over a quarter of million dollars in money and lands. As a matter of fact, very little of the original grant remains in possession of the church, and some sixteen years ago when the corporation had become involved in financial embarrassments through its generosity, a change was necessary in the policy hitherto pursued,—a change which took effect in restricting gifts to the limits of the parish, excepting cases in which poor churches had become dependent on the corporation and could not exist without continued assistance. The entire income from all sources is about five hundred thousand dollars annually, a large part of which sum is expended on the estate; about one-tenth is given to poor churches outside the parish, and not one dollar is hoarded. Over one hundred thousand dollars a year are paid into the city treasury for taxes on ground used for secular purposes, beside a large sum for assessments.

THE ILLUMINATED CROSS, ST. AUGUSTINE'S.

Our space will not allow us to describe in detail all the mission chapels of the parish, and as all have similar methods of work, one will serve as an example of the rest. On the dark and cheerless winter nights, high above the surrounding roofs, a luminous cross may be seen from Second avenue, the Bowery, and many of the lower parts of the city; neither the wind nor the rain affects its beams, and on a stormy night when a muffled-up, half-frozen street-car driver is driving down town against the snow that is driving up town, he, shaking the flakes from his beard, will sometimes say to any one who is on the front platform with him: "It looks nice to-night," meaning that shining projection against the dark and leaden sky. The symbol of the Nazarene is thus set out by St. Augustine's in Houston street, and its invitation is supplemented in the storm and above the noise of the traffic by a bell which was given to Trinity Parish one hundred and seventy-nine years ago by the Lord Bishop of London. The district is exclusively poor and partly criminal. The ears most familiar

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POOR-BOX IN ST. AUGUSTINE'S.

with the bell are those of the laborer and his family confined in the high tenement houses; it mingles with the whirring of many sewing-machines operated by pale girls in dismal garrets, and its tolling pleads for peace amid the brutal strife of drunkards below.

The chapel is between Second avenue and the Bowery. It was opened in November, 1877, and it has so many novel features that it is worth an extended description. The ground upon which it stands is 86 feet wide in front, from 138 to 152 in the rear, and 280 feet in depth. It is surrounded by a brick wall 10 feet high, and the inclosure is covered with grass, intersected by a wide gravel walk. After a few more summer suns have shone, the brick wall will be mantled by wistaria and Virginia creepers, and masses of flowers will appear to variegate the grass, and, although the neighborhood is so unlovely, the scholars of the day-school will have a very pretty play-ground, which in warm weather will also be used for recitations. The chapel is connected with a mission-house, and, as it was necessary to place the former in the rear and the latter in front, the façade indicates the chapel by the inference to be drawn from its ecclesiastical Gothic style, with the tower and spire 207 feet high. To indicate further the chapel in the rear, prominence is given to the gabled entrance in the center by a broad arch-way with ornamental iron gates opening into a spacious passage-way with tesselated pavement and timbered ceiling. The warm tints of this approach characterize all parts of the interior. Paint has been made to proselytize. The reluctant convert who is afraid that religion will not agree with him, who thinks it is an idea correlative with gloom, mildew and frostiness, finds his preconceptions unsettled by a cheeriness of color and a hospitable warmth in every corner of St. Augustine's.

The floor of the passage-way from the street is a superb example of encaustic tiling. The walls are built up with patterns of colored brick of a neutral tint, with bands of terra cotta tiles underneath the brackets which carry the ash beams of the paneled ceiling. A low round arch at the end, with doors containing large plates of clear glass, forms the entrance proper to the chapel, and as a person mounts the front steps of the vestibule leading from the

LETTER ELEVATOR AT ST. AUGUSTINE'S.

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GOING TO CHURCH IN THE OLDEN TIME.

street, he sees through the doors the chancel, with its stained windows and splendid ornamentations, over two hundred feet away. The effect on any one who has been reading up the decorative arts is "charming," and, to one of a grosser sort, like the street-car drivers, to whom Cadmus and Eastlake are equally meaningless names, it is simply "nice," especially if he contrasts it with the shabbiness of the other interiors familiar to him. Then there is a vestibule with glittering brass gas-fixtures, from which we enter the chapel; and the chapel is luxurious. No doubt some of the poor people who visit it for the first time have not been in church before since childhood, and the church they remember was a cold edifice, with bare plaster walls and painful high-backed pews. What a change in this later experience! All the massive roof timbers are visible, and are of a mahogany color, picked out with black. Above the wainscot a wide space of dark red, somewhat low in tone, is carried up about eight feet, having no patterns upon it, and thence a greenish stone color reaches to the ceiling, wide bands of elaborate design separating the two body colors and bringing them both into stronger relief. The color of the choir and sanctuary is a yellowish buff, with stencil patterns in gold and yellow. The decorations are enriched with many touches of gold, the glass glows with lighter color, and the whole management of the effect has been in a higher key here than that of other parts. The wainscoting, pews and chancel furniture are of polished butternut. The carpets, hassocks and cushions are red. The gas-fixtures are of polished brass, lighted by electricity. At vespers, the chapel is filled, and heaven must indeed seem nearer to the many unfortunates in the congregation than it does at any other time.

The chapel is used for all collective exercises of the Sunday-school, and underneath it, the floor being eight feet above the ground, are the class-rooms of the intermediate department, ten in number, each having steam radiators and ventilating flues, controlled by the teacher in charge. An engine-room and cellar are underneath the class-rooms, and we now come to the mission-house, which, as we have explained, fronts on Houston street. On the first floor is a large parish-room, play-rooms attached to the day-school, a private office of the clergy, a public waiting-room, a janitor's office and a lavatory for children. We give a full inventory, as it shows how complete the building is. The lavatory for children, instead of having a number of small basins, has two large ones, with streams of clean water constantly pouring into them; and the children wash in the streams, the basins being simply used to carry off the waste. St. Augustine's Hall monopolizes all the second floor, a space of 79 feet by 56, with a beamed ceiling of ash, 20 feet high, and is used for entertainments, for the infant depart-

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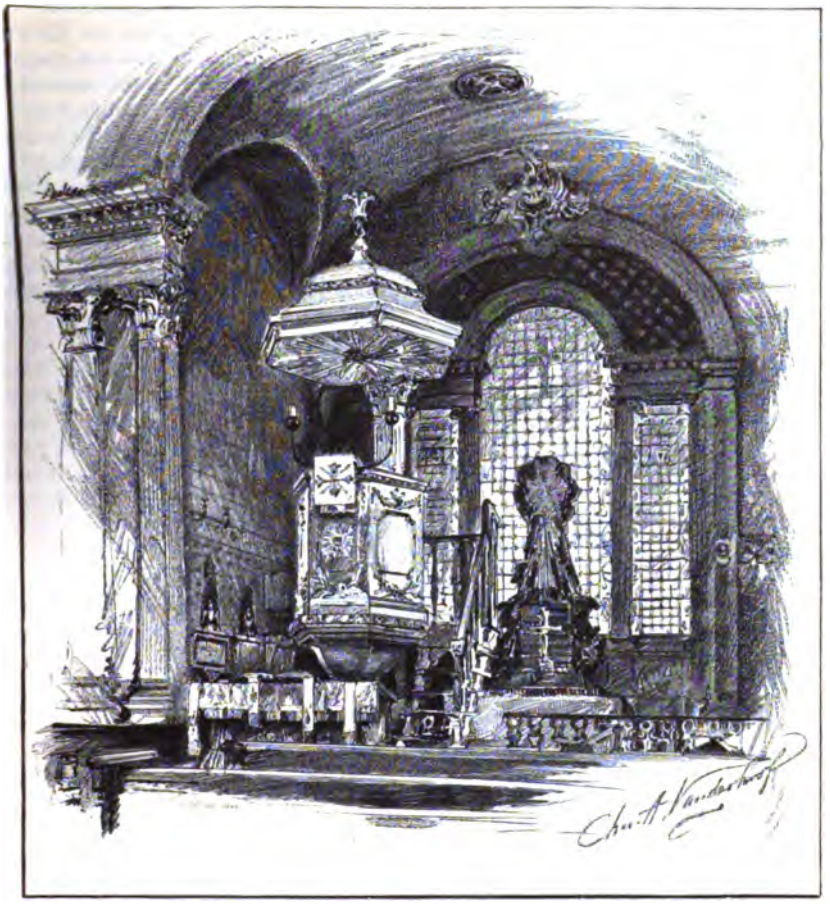

INTERIOR ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL.

ment of the Sunday-school and for the industrial school, in which little girls are taught how to sew. On the next floor are the guild-rooms, the objects of which will be referred to anon, and one of them has a large open fire-place inclosed by a pretty polished butternut mantel set with tiles. Here also are the class-rooms of the grammar department of the day-school. On the fourth floor there are store-rooms for the primary department, with accommodations for 350 scholars and a dwelling for the clergyman in charge. Very pleasant quarters indeed are these for a celibate, with windows looking far over the city, a bath-room, a cozy little library and two bedrooms.

It is evident that the character of the clergyman in charge is more important than the building. A sentimentalist, an emotionalist, or an ascetic would be inappropriate to the field of an east-side mission. Commiseration or sympathy with the classes to be dealt with is not enough to insure success with them; but, on the contrary, they need a man with wide-open eyes and no fastidious reluctance to see them as they are,—a man of energy, insight, and worldly experience, who, affiliating with them and observing all their baseness, has in his nature a vigorous quality of Christianity that sustains him, no matter how unfavorable the outlook is, and preserves his faith despite the seeming impossibility of their regeneration. A sentimentalist would be imposed upon, an emotionalist laughed at, an ascetic defied. The requisite qualities are as rare in combination as they are indispensable, but we believe they exist in Mr. Kimber, who has charge. He is explicit, urgent, earnest, and persevering, and under his ministration the chapel and mission have developed, within five or six years, to their

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present size from a congregation which found ample room over a Bowery store.

The fifth floor contains the janitor's dwelling, comfortably furnished, and this brings us under the roof. The entire building is fitted with electric bells and speaking-tubes; it is wainscoted with ash oiled and varnished, which is also the material of the doors and window-frames, and is guarded against fire by a tank in the tower, holding 4,000 gallons of water, from which pipes lead to every floor.

Having completed our description of the building, let us now revert to some of the methods of work. The mission includes a Sunday-school, a free parish school, a free industrial school, the guild of St. Catharine, —an organization of women which devotes itself to making clothes for the poor; the guild of St. Agnes,—an organization of girls with the same objects as the former; and the guild of St. Nicholas,—an organization for the recreation and improvement of boys.

One evening last December, we attended the guild of St. Agnes, and no home in the land could have shown around its hearthstone a happier picture than these girls composed. Nearly all of them were evidently hard workers, engaged during the day in making clothing, paper boxes, and artificial flowers, or in other light and unremunerative trades. There were many pretty faces among them, and all were neatly dressed. Judging from the laughter and the blithesome chatter among them, one would not have supposed that they had many

ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL, BROADWAY AND VESEY STREET.

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difficulties to contend with, or that their minds felt any weight of care; but a question would have proved that with each a dull routine was repeating itself from day to day; that toil began before the wintry morning was light and ended ten hours later, when the night had come; that their small earnings only procured an attic for lodging and two frugal meals a day; that it was necessary for them to make great haste home and "tidy up" in order to be in time for the session of the guild. No wonder that, despite their weariness, they hasten to the guild, for at its meetings some of them have the only taste of beauty by personal contact that their narrow experiences afford. We open the door and peep in. The room is one of the handsomest and warmest in the building. The carpets are a brilliant red, an abundance of light is emitted from the burnished gas-fixtures, and the tints on the wall, the decorative traceries, the wide butternut mantel-piece with its pictured tiles, the stained wood, the large window with the quintuple disks of colored glass, look very attractive. No restraint is placed upon the wonderful flow of gossip that accompanies the work, and the directress passes from one to another of the girls with a pleasant word for each. Bless the directress's heart! she is as youthful, as chatty, and as merry as any youngster in the room. The classes are seated at long tables, and the light shines down upon their heads. The tables are littered with every variety of fabric,—crimsons, blues, yellows, pinks, browns, grays, greens, cottons, velvets, silks, and ribbons,—and these are being cleverly fashioned into costumes for the Lilliputian nation of dolls, whose sky-blue eyes are placidly staring us out of countenance. What a famous Christmas-tree it will be that holds all these little ladies, and what gladness is being prepared by these tired work-girls for the kindred children of poverty! The session is not only a pretty picture, but it is an affecting one as well. At other seasons than Christmas the labors of the guild are devoted to the making of clothes for the poor of the parish, and a great deal of practical good is done in this way. All the members are communicants of the church, and at the beginning of the year thirty-six coupons are issued to each, one coupon being collected at each session of the guild. Occasional tickets are issued to others than members, of whom there are forty-three, but before a girl is enrolled she has attended the Sunday-school for some time and her character is familiar to the minister.

CHAPEL TRINITY INFIRMARY.

The guild of St. Catharine's has thirteen members, and that of St. Nicholas twelve. Six years ago the chapel had only fourteen communicants; it now has one hundred and seventy-five, with a congregation of eight hundred, and the Sunday-school, which six years ago had only one hundred and fifty scholars, has now one thousand one hundred and seventeen, with fifty-one teachers, the attendance varying from nine hundred and thirty to nine hundred and sixty. The day-school for boys has ninety-seven scholars, the industrial school for little girls, five hundred and fifty-four scholars, and about four hundred persons are baptized in a year.

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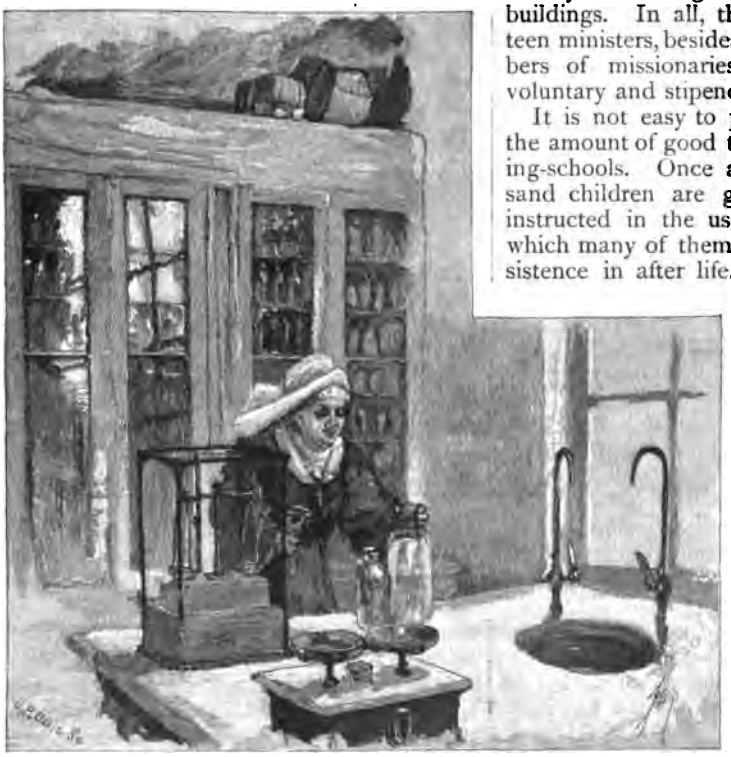
Though we take leave of St. Augustine's without having seen all its work, we have not reserved space in which we can do more than refer to the many other beneficent branches of Trinity Parish. The parent church itself has attached to it a parochial school in which three hundred boys are taught "all that may become a man," without any expense whatever; it also has a free choral school, a sisterhood devoted to the poor; an industrial school like that of St. Augustine's, and it annually expends a thousand dollars on clothing for its poverty-stricken parishioners.

The history of the day-school is interesting. The school was established in 1704 on the ground floor of the steeple, and the masters gave instruction at their own residences when the tower could not conveniently be used. The scholars were required to attend divine service every day, and a monthly examination was held by the rector and church-wardens. Since then some changes have been made; the school-house is a large building in New Church street, and the school is in a high state of efficiency. The course of instruction includes English, Latin, German and French, and the graduates are passed into various universities, the seminaries of the church, the School of Mines, the United States Naval Academy and the Military Academy at West Point.

St. Paul's Chapel, at Vesey street and Broadway, also has a large parochial school; a society which rehabilitates children who could not otherwise attend school; a sustentation fund for relieving the hungry; a sewing-class for girls and young women; a working-men's club, and a home for aged women. In addition to guilds, etc., resembling these, St. John's has a unique charity in the Leake dole of bread, the result of a bequest made some thirty years ago, by which sixty-seven loaves are distributed among the poor every Saturday morning; and among the beneficiaries are elderly maiden ladies in reduced circumstances, street-corner hucksters, laborers, laborers' wives and work-girls. Trinity Chapel has an employment society which provides poor women with work, a missionary relief society, a mother's aid society, a parish school, a home for the aged, an industrial school and various guilds. St. Chrysostom's has a Sunday-school, an industrial school, a parish school for girls, several guilds and a society for making improvements in chapel buildings. In all, the parish employs sixteen ministers, besides, of course, large numbers of missionaries and teachers, both voluntary and stipendiary.



APOTHECARY'S SHOP, TRINITY INFIRMARY.

It is not easy to place an estimate upon the amount of good that is done by the sewing-schools. Once a week over four thousand children are gathered together and instructed in the use of the needle, upon which many of them must depend for subsistence in after life. The classes include children not more than four or five years old, who can scarcely make the simplest stitch, and others as old as fifteen, who are becoming expert seamstresses, capable of embroidering and familiar with the use of various machines. All the materials are provided by the church, and all the garments are given to those who make them. As we enter the hall of St. Au-

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gustine on a Saturday afternoon, a bee-like hum prepares us for a scene of pleasant infantile activity. The seats are formed into hollow squares, and the classes are at work in these inclosures, superintended by when the chapel looks more attractive, in the evening when it is lighted up, or in the afternoon when it is full of a golden haze that seems tangible.

The infirmary is in Varick street, and, as

SISTERS OF ST. MARY ENTERING ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

a gentle, patient teacher. There are about 800 children present, and the session lasts from two o'clock until four. It is a matter of pleasure rather than labor, and while among all the faces there are some which tell of delicacy improperly nurtured and of strength ebbing away before want, the inherent sadness has vanished in the excitement of the exercises. Perhaps in the years to come the needle will be loathed by some of the children who now ply it with a perceptible sense of pride; but hemming, plaiting, basting and stitching are for the present very satisfactory amusements. Most of the scholars are poorly dressed, but all have clean faces and hands and tidy hair. During Advent, when the sewing-school is closed, they march into the chapel for brief services; it would be hard to say we have said, is maintained at an annual cost of nearly seven thousand dollars. The house has twenty-five beds, and is large and comfortable. It is in charge of the Sisters of St. Mary, which fact is sufficient to indicate that its charity is warmed by the soft influences of home. Wherever these good sisters are, the walls are not blank, and "institutionalism" is exorcised. What we mean by "institutionalism" is the peculiar and ascetic spirit which would make a Spartan of a frail invalid, and which by its methods incessantly reminds him that he is eleemosynary, and that hospitals and homes are very different things,—in fact, that a shabby home is much more comfortable than a splendid hospital. These votaries of St. Mary have the art—elusive to definition—of making an empty window, without blinds

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or curtains, look pretty by a shoot of ivy or a graceful, bending fern in a pot, whose original ugliness is ingeniously concealed by a device in colored paper; and, while the wards are furnished in the simplest style, the same taste, or happiness of resource, has been applied with effective results to the

MEMORIAL CHAPEL, TRINITY CHURCH.

transformation of every unsightly little corner. The sisters have a little oratory on the first floor, and next to this is a prepossessing reception-room, with a dining-room in the rear. The convalescent patients and the sisters dine together, and the table was set, at the time of our visit, with linen, glass and cutlery neat to a degree that would have been creditable to an "up-town" club. There is plenty of sunshine and fresh air in all parts of the house, and the windows look out upon the garden which connects the infirmary with St. John's Chapel. In the summer, this garden, a green oasis in the midst of towering brick buildings, is a resort for the patients who are able to move about; and they sit here reading, or chatting, or musing, as they listen to the reverberations of the traffic in the adjoining streets. On the second floor we come to the apothecary's shop, and the apothecary is one of the sisters, whose ability in dispensing the prescriptions suggests a new and suitable employment for women. A hymn is being played on a melodeon to an accompaniment of voices, and the sister who is with us tells us that they are all "fond of music." In the ward from which the strains proceed we find a lady visitor seated at the instrument, and the patients in bed are recalling in treble the words of the tune. The men's ward is on the third floor; nearly every bed is occupied, and another sister is ministering to the wants of the patients. An emaciated boy, suffering from some wasting disease, is seated in a chair on wheels, while a visitor is reading to him from the New Testament, and occasionally catechising him. A young man, whose face shows no signs of disease, is groaning from the terrible pains of sciatica; and an old man is holding the morning paper in one hand, while the other rests in a sling, aching from a severe fracture. The sisters have their house full and hands full. About one hundred and fifty patients come to them in a year, Americans, English, Irish, Germans, Scotch, Swedes, Italians, Spaniards, Dutch and others. Preference is given to Episcopalians, but when there are empty beds, no one is excluded on account of sect.

The extent and variety of the charities connected with Trinity are so great, that if we had omitted our synopsis of the church's history, it would still have been impossible to describe them all even in such detached sketches as we have given of the sewing-schools and the infirmary. Pages might be filled with descriptions of the work in the guilds, the schools, the working-men's societies and the sisterhoods. We have not yet said a word about the Winter Fund, which is a reserve to meet special emergencies of the season, such as coal and rent. It seems an unusual thing, but the parish, in deserving cases, actually pays the house-rent of a few of its people who are out of employment; and one cannot be more than a mile away from some substantial object of its generosity in any part of the city, between the Battery and Twenty-seventh street. Hence, the impossibility of giving the reader an exhaustive account of its scope; but before concluding we may briefly mention the Trinity Chapel Home for Aged Women at 207 West 27th street.

The house is small and unpretending, only distinguished from the others in the same locality by the door-plate. It is a home, and not an "institution," and its twelve inmates have

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little to remind them that they are not in their own domiciles, if, indeed, they could expect as much comfort in independent circumstances as they have in the fostering care of Trinity. Few restraints are imposed upon them. They come and go within certain hours at their will, visiting their sons, daughters, and grandchildren—of whom there are probably a great many,—as often as they please, and whatever they are able to earn by knitting or sewing is retained by them for pocket money. Most of them are the widows of working-men, a few are spinsters, and all are well down the shady side of the hill,—not that they are ailing or miserable in the gloom of life's closing.

The doctor's carriage has not driven up to the door of 207 West 27th street in a year, and this exemption from sickness is recurred to with amusing complacency by all the inmates in their conversations with visitors.

"It amuses me to hear the young ones talking of pains here and pains there,—old almost before they are young," said a dame of seventy-three to us. "I never had a pain since I can remember—no rheumatism, no lumbago, no head-aches. Women are not what they were in my time, sir;" and we perforce take the evidence of her bright eyes and sprightly manners in confirmation of the deterioration of the sex. This old lady was in the kitchen helping to prepare the dinner, which is based on a very liberal dietary; and the others make themselves so useful about the house that only one servant, in addition to the matron, is required. A pantry and closets separate the kitchen from the dining-room, in which the household gathers three times a day, and the floor above is devoted to the uses of the oratory, which is prettily decorated with evergreens for Christmas. Morning and evening prayers are read by the matron, and on Wednesday afternoons, one of the assistant ministers gives a lecture. The chambers are provided with two or three beds, according to their size, and the occupants have ornamented them according to their means or tastes. The furniture is plain and homelike, and the rooms have nothing to indicate that they are not part of a private residence. Some of the occupants were sewing, others knitting or reading, and there was no idleness or listlessness among them. As we were introduced we were met with courtesies and pleasant smiles. No discontent, no discomfort, was visible, and the December sunshine poured in on the old ladies at their work.

TRINITY SCHOOL, NEW CHURCH STREET.

Thus in many ways not formally religious,

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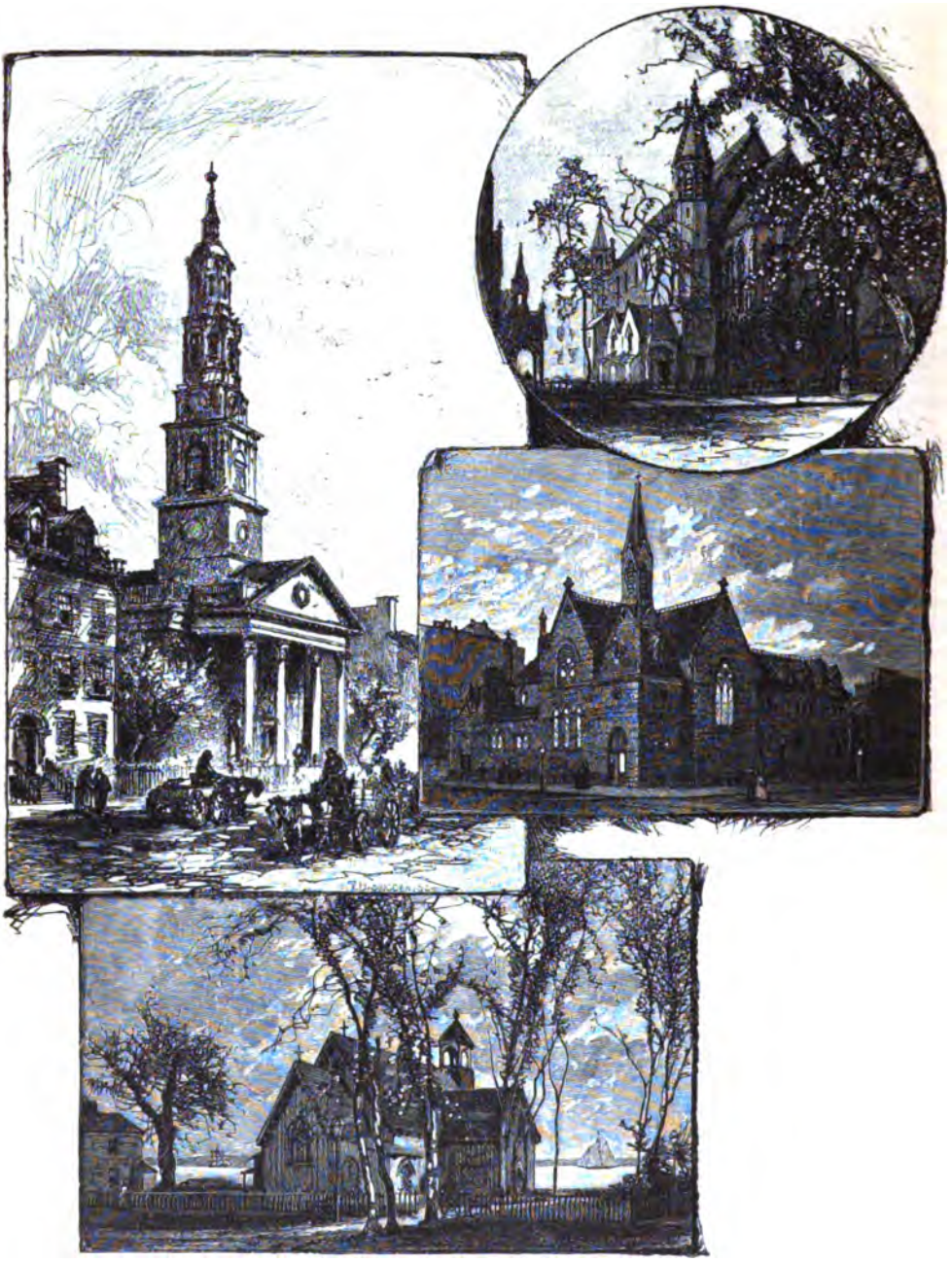

ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL. ST. CORNELIUS'S CHAPEL, GOVERNOR'S ISLAND. TRINITY CHAPEL. ST. CHRYSOSTOM'S CHAPEL.

in the common sense of that word, Trinity becomes a living church, with a far-reaching influence in the elevation and maintenance of the poor, not existing in tradition nor in a sphere of ecclesiastical pomp, but glorifying God through the hearts of men and embodying the principles of the New Testament in a varied usefulness which is felt, though it is not fully appreciated, in all parts of the city.

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THE DELUSIONS OF CLAIRVOYANCE.

PROBABLY nine out of ten of the intelligent people of this country believe more or less firmly that certain persons, in peculiar states of the body or mind, have the power of clairvoyance or clear seeing, or, as it is sometimes called, of second sight. Just what this power is, or rather what is claimed for it, cannot be stated in a word, for the reason that it is vague and uncertain, varying with the person making the claim; but in general it is regarded as a kind of sixth sense not given to all individuals nor to any individual at all times, but developed usually, if not always, in the state of trance. Those who are favored above their fellow-mortals by this special gift of heaven can tell the past and predict the future histories of those with whom they are *en rapport*, and, more specifically, can find lost persons and property, diagnose and cure obscure diseases without seeing the patient, and, in some instances, become the privileged bearers of messages from the world of spirits.

Clairvoyance is the daughter of animal magnetism, which is the one great delusion of our time and especially of our country, and is indeed to the nineteenth century what witchcraft was to the sixteenth or seventeenth. The chief fact of interest connected with this delusion of clairvoyance as well as with its parent, animal magnetism, is that at the present time it prevails more widely among the thoughtful and cultured class than among the ignorant and degraded; among the latter the active belief in this delusion is unconsciously dying out; those who consult clairvoyants ride in carriages, dress in silks, laces and diamonds, attend popular churches, and, what is most remarkable, are highly intelligent in literature, in art and even in science.

In this respect, clairvoyance is repeating the history of witchcraft, which, as Mr. Lecky forcibly points out, was abandoned by the ignorant and the lowly, while yet scholars and gentlemen, jurists and philosophers, and even theologians such as Erasmus and Luther, Matthew Hale and Cotton Mather loved it, cherished it and fought for it.

The position that physicians and men of science have held in regard to these unscientific claims is one of passive but not active rejection; they have been unwilling to declare with certainty that such phenomena may not occur, although not regarding them as in any sense proved, in spite of the testimony in their favor; consequently these claims have not been formally received into science, nor have they been formally expelled from science; rather they have been kept on the anxious seat, in a kind of probation, while all the time the suspicion has been growing and extending that the higher science of the future would cast them out altogether, just as the science of the past and present has already cast out the claims of witchcraft, alchemy, astrology, elixir of life, squaring the circle and perpetual motion. It is but a very few years since a paper was read at a meeting of the New York State Medical Society by one of the prominent members, advocating, in calm and earnest language, all the claims that it is the object of this essay to refute; and yet not a word of protest was offered. The silence that followed the reading of the paper was quite far from consent; but, at the present day, the reading of such a production would be met by facts and arguments of a most convincing character, for the advance of knowledge in the medical profession is away from these and all allied claims.* Medical science has been reconstructed since the committees of the French Academy made their non-expert experiments on the subject of clairvoyance and mesmerism.

Outside of negroes and spiritualists, there are probably not a thousand persons in this country who have even a lingering faith in witchcraft; on the other hand, there are probably not a thousand intelligent persons in the country—not even excepting physicians and all classes of professional, scientific and literary men—who would be willing to state, with absolute positiveness, that clairvoyance and animal magnetism were utter delusions; that there was nothing in them whatever that could not be explained in full detail by known physiological laws and by trickery; and yet, a person who should make such a positive statement would be quite right and would be sustained by the future. No member of the human race, man or woman, child or adult, in trance or out of trance, or in any

* It is evidence of the rapid progress of professional knowledge of these subjects, that at the last meeting of the society the president, Dr. Roosa, in his annual address, took the sound, scientific position in regard to delusions, and it was voted that his address be sent to every physician

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phase of health or disease, ever possessed, even for one moment, the feeblest degree of clairvoyant or second-sight power.

It is known by established and formulated biological law that no human being has, or can have, any quality different in *kind* from those that belong to the race in general. To this law there can be no exception. What the law of gravity is to the claim of the vortices; what the Copernican theory is to the claims of those who believe in the flatness of the earth; what chemistry is to alchemy; what astronomy is to astrology; what mathematics is to the claim of squaring the circle; what the law of conservation of force is to the claim of perpetual motion; what general physiology and pathology are to the claims of witchcraft and spiritism; what the physiology and pathology of the involuntary life are to spiritism,—such is the above biological law to the claims of clairvoyance, prophesy, and mind-reading; disproving them absolutely and beyond the need of investigation,—indeed, to such a degree as to make investigation unscientific, as well as unnecessary. In this way, science, or organized knowledge, by discovering and formulating the unalterable laws of nature, in the various departments of human endeavor, is able to predict with unfailing precision not only what will happen, but what cannot happen. Science thus becomes the real and only clairvoyant; only through the eyes of science is it given to man to read the future.

The amount of human testimony in favor of the claim of clairvoyance is, it must be allowed, enormous and imposing, almost equal to that in favor of the claims of witchcraft, astrology, and the elixir of life; but in science average human testimony is of no value. A good example of the worth—or, rather, of the worthlessness—of popular beliefs in scientific matters, is the superstition, almost universal in this country, even among the very best classes, that it is the custom of surgeons to take out the eye and replace it in the socket. Oculists tell me that their patients sometimes declare that they have seen this operation performed, and they will not be convinced to the contrary by the statement of experts that it is as easy to cut off the head and replace it, as to detach the eye from its vascular and nervous connection and put it back in its socket. A medical friend tells me that he was once earnestly urged to take out a patient's liver and scrape it; and, when he demurred against attempting such an impossible operation, he was informed that it could be done, that she had seen it done, or, at least, knew of its being done in the case of one of her friends; and, as usual in such cases, she persisted in her belief. Superstition is always skeptical. Those who consult clairvoyants are in logic not believers, unbelievers, since they doubt the teachings of science, distrust the necessary conclusions of the trained intellect, reject or ignore inevitable truth, refuse obedience to the empire of law, and take up arms against Nature itself.

To the eye of the physiologist, who is familiar with the science of delusions, all the claims built upon alleged clairvoyance are not even mysterious; they are as transparent as glass, and as frail. Science sees right through them, and it has but to touch them and they shiver to atoms.

The practical success of clairvoyants, public and private, is the result of these three factors: 1. guess-work reduced to a science and an art, 2. coincidences, and 3. trickery.

Guessing is at once a science and an art,—a science, because it may be regulated by certain principles. The familiar "guessing game" illustrates what can be done by guessing scientifically carried out; with the privilege to the guesser of but twenty chances, he may yet, beginning with the kingdom to which the article belongs, reach the most minute object before his list is exhausted. Success in this game, as all who have played it know, depends much on practice. Clairvoyants devote their lives to the practice of this game, for they play it with every victim they meet.

The subject of coincidences is one that has excited far less attention among the students of history or of human nature than it deserves; little, indeed, has been written upon it. Among those who have given the subject any thought, the most erroneous impression prevails that it can be brought under the laws of pure mathematics. In the life of every active human being are frequent, almost daily occurring, coincidences, which those who give any attention to them may, if they choose, make the basis of most absurd delusions. Usually we give no more attention to these occurrences than an exclamation of surprise, and then forget all about them. We are talking of a person whom, perhaps, we rarely meet, and have not seen for a long time; suddenly he appears. A thought—out of the ordinary course, it may be—enters our mind; we express it, when behold! the same thought has just been passing through the mind of our friend. We meet with a certain experience, and then

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we remember, or fancy we remember, that the same experience has happened to us in a dream. Of all these daily and hourly happening coincidences, clairvoyants skillfully avail themselves, and in that direction they are aided by the ignorance and eagerness of their victims.

The trickery of clairvoyants consists mainly in the art of making their victims unconsciously reveal, by word or look, facts of personal history, and then, at the proper time, in re-imparting the information to them. In this way they gain the credit, even among persons of keen intellect, of being endowed with divine powers.

In drawing out the facts of personal or family history, clairvoyants do not always ask direct questions, but rather make statements with an implied interrogation, to which the victim, oftentimes entirely unconsciously, responds by word or look or gesture, or perhaps by all three; and, at a later stage of the interview, these secret facts are artfully given back to the victim, who has no recollection of having previously imparted them, and will not believe that he has done so, but prefers to believe that he is in the presence of Divinity.

It is not only possible but easy for a practical adept to draw out in this way minute and elaborate details of secret family history. A few years ago, while connected with one of the public institutions of this city, I made a number of experiments in this line. I told the patients afflicted with various forms of nervous and allied disorders, not to tell me about their symptoms, nor give me any facts in their cases, but to let me tell them; and then I would proceed to indicate, after the manner of a clairvoyant, the locality of their maladies, and the history of their troubles. In the majority of cases I was successful, and made out the diagnosis to the satisfaction of those who sought my advice, and with good reason, for nothing that I could do prevented them from telling me, although I asked them no questions; unintentionally and unconsciously, they would guide me at every stage of the interview. By a little practice any one could easily acquire this art; and long study, such as professional clairvoyants bestow upon this subject, develops great skill in thus managing and deluding the unwary and non-expert.

Another trick of clairvoyants is to find out facts in the lives of their victims before they consult them. In some cases this can be done without difficulty. One instance was brought to my notice, where a traveling diviner astonished an entire village by informing those who consulted him of certain mysterious occurrences that had taken place there long before, and of which in some way he had gained knowledge. Grave-yards, town records, photograph albums, family bibles, and all other sources of family history, are elaborately studied by clairvoyants and mediums.

Yet another way of learning secrets is to employ a confederate who converses with the victims in the waiting-room and learns from them the object of their visit, or listens to their conversation from a safely secured closet. This form of trickery, however, is not usual, the first named being usually sufficient to deceive almost any non-expert. This is similar to the well-known confidence game. The old trick of opening sealed letters is very easy as dry heat or dry cold carefully applied will open almost any sealed letter without breaking the seal.

The undoubted success of clairvoyants in relieving and curing cases of obscure diseases is very easily explained. It has been shown in all ages, and among all people, that the action of the mind upon the body is one of the most potent means of relieving physical maladies, and, more or less, all successful physicians avail themselves, consciously or unconsciously, of this means of treatment. The confidence in clairvoyants, on the part of those who consult them, is the chief cause of their cures. In some cases tonic remedies are given that meet nearly all cases, and perhaps really help a certain proportion.

In order to test clairvoyance it is necessary to use test cases, into which the element of error from chance or coincidence cannot enter. In nearly all the cases of acute or chronic disease, at some one or all the stages there is pain in all the principal regions of the body, in the head, the chest, the stomach, the abdomen, and in the limbs. Take the cases of disease as they run, and we find very few indeed whose subjects have any prominent region of the body into which pains or uneasy sensations have not entered. Notably is this the case in chronic nervous diseases, the class that are most frequently referred to clairvoyants. It is in the majority of cases impossible for a clairvoyant to miss making a satisfactory diagnosis; so far, at least, as determining the locality of the pain is concerned, the difficulty of guessing wrong is greater than the difficulty of guessing right.

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When a patient of this kind visits a clairvoyant, or sends a friend to consult her, or incloses a lock of hair in a letter and intrusts it to the mail, the chances are ten to one that he will get an answer which, in a general way, corresponds to his own idea and experience of the disease.

Another way in which clairvoyants succeed is by cautious generalizations that are wide enough to include specific facts. This statement can be best made clear by illustration. In guessing the value of lost property, for example, clairvoyants frequently say that it is jewelry. This revelation at once astonishes and delights the seeker for information, and he never stops to think that in nine cases out of ten stolen articles are some kind of jewelry. People very rarely consult a clairvoyant for lost books or papers, or trifles of any kind, or indeed for any other but quite valuable articles, as gold, silver, diamonds, or precious stones. The clairvoyant, encouraged by the perhaps unconscious expressions of satisfaction on the part of her interlocutor, hazards a guess, and states with great pomp and dignity that it is *round*. This announcement causes yet greater delight, for who, under such circumstances, overawed by converse with a superior being in direct communication with heaven, would stop to consider that almost all jewelry is "round," watches, rings, studs, lockets, buttons, pencils, pen-holders, plate of table-ware, even of all kinds, as napkin rings, ear-rings, bracelets, and so on, through the entire catalogue of a jeweler's establishment. Then she ventures the statement that it is of a bright color, which is pretty generally true of any jewelry worth keeping. To all these statements the seeker for information unconsciously nods assent; so the clairvoyant is sure she is right so far as she has gone. Growing a little more bold, the declaration is made that the article is small, "as she sees it," as though articles of jewelry were ever large. Again the victim nods assent. "It is worn about the person sometimes," continues the mind-reader. The speaking eye of the victim tells her that thus far there has been no mistake. "It is not a bracelet?" The expression, which she is intently watching by opening her eyes at each critical moment, tells her no. "Nor a ring? It is larger than that." No sign of assent from the entranced dupe, but rather a look of negation, which the operator quickly interprets. "It's a watch?" is the next venture.

"That's so; but how could you find out?" inquires the astounded visitor.

"It's just as mysterious to me as to you," replies the deceiver; "but it exhausts me terribly."

"Can you tell me what has become of the watch?" further inquires the visitor, overjoyed as well as astonished, and ready to receive anything.

"Sometimes I can do that. You suspect your servant-girl, and you are right," is the shrewd reply.

So long as that victim lives she will sound the praises of that clairvoyant, and will declare that she could read the secrets of the soul.

A friend of mine, a superior expert in the study of delusions, once visited a male clairvoyant and medium by the name of Slade,—a man very famous in this specialty,—and made inquiries about an invalid lady friend. Slade closed his eyes, professing, after the manner of those of his class, to go into a trance, and prepared to deliver his revelations. He began by inquiring the sex of the invalid, and then made the very general statement, "This person is quite nervous." As this remark would apply to nearly the entire population of this country, my friend was not specially enlightened. Then followed a string of generalizations, such as that there was "congestion," and "quiet was needed," and so forth,—statements that would apply to about every bedridden person in the land. My friend was so amused at the awkwardness of the imposition that he laughed aloud, at which the entranced medium instantly opened his eyes.

And yet the majority of the dupes of clairvoyants would have called such an interview satisfactory, and would have gone away declaring that they had been told just what was the matter with the patient.

One time, in company with the same friend, I visited a Mrs. Chase, a noted clairvoyant, a stately and graceful lady, famous both for her cures and as a finder of lost property. Judging from our looks, perhaps, that we were not sufficiently credulous, she was at first indisposed to grant an interview, but finally consented. Lowering the gas somewhat, she passed her hand over her face, and professed to go into a trance in a style quite artistic. I had in my mind a patient with a goiter, or tumor of the neck, who at that time

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chanced to be under my care. In all other respects the patient was perfectly well. There were no general symptoms upon which a clairvoyant could seize. The disease was special and local, and was disappearing under treatment. The case was therefore excellently adapted to test the alleged powers of clear seeing.

The woman began by quiet questioning to find out the particulars of the case, but I gave her little assistance beyond informing her that the sick person was a young man, and my friend. I need not go into the full details of a *séance* that was protracted for nearly two hours, all of which time was occupied on the part of the clairvoyant in the hopeless endeavor to devise generalizations that would cover the case for which she was consulted. She informed me that my patient was confined to his bed in the basement of a house in New York, that he would not probably recover, that he had been badly treated by some one, and that he would probably continue to be a sufferer, in spite of all that I could do.

"Is there no hope?" inquired I. "Cannot you do something for him? I can't bear the thought of losing my friend."

"We may help him," she replied.

"Who is *we?*" I inquired.

"Myself," she replied. "When I am in this state I say we."

What she meant by this I did not fully understand, but it may be supposed that in the trance state she professed to count herself one, and her personality another, making two in all, thus justifying the editorial "we."

"Our tonic No. 47," she continued, "will help him."

"Do you see him as you talk to me?" I asked.

"Yes; I see the room, and his friends about his bed; he is suffering terribly; it is all before us."

"Wonderful, wonderful!" I ejaculated as I thought of my patient in perfect health, (save a slight tumor), attending to his daily duties.

I promised to get a bottle of tonic No. 47 the next day, and further asked whether it would not be well to remove the patient to one of the upper stories of the house, where the air would be better. She thought he was too weak to be moved, whereupon I suggested that the whole floor over his head might be removed and the bed raised by ropes. Even this horrible absurdity disturbed her but slightly, for she went on manufacturing falsehood after falsehood with a cool and calm countenance and a perfectly unirritated manner. The equanimity of this woman excited our amazement and admiration. Every word that she uttered during that long interview was a lie. She knew that she was lying and that her trance was a sham, and she suspected that we knew it; and yet there was nothing in her manner to suggest anything but entire confidence in the truth of her revelations.

In the early part of the interview I induced her to say that my patient was of good character. In the latter part of the interview, leading her along by various suggestions, saying yes to all her guesses and raising little queries now and then, I induced her to give a directly opposite opinion that he was a harum-scarum young fellow. After some further trifling suggestions we closed the interview. As I paid my fee I asked her with the sincerest possible expression:

"Do you always get your cases as accurately in all their details as this?"

"Yes, almost always."

"Then you must be inspired," I replied, and left her, with the final assurance from her that if my friend, bad as he was, would take her tonic No. 47 there was perhaps one chance in ten that he would get well. And yet this clairvoyant did as well as any one ever did or ever could with such a test case as I gave her. I have seen many of the best clairvoyants in the country, and she succeeded as well as any other.

In order to test the power of a very celebrated woman in New York who was every week doing wonderful things in medicine, and in the discovery of lost property, I used as a test case a medical instrument that had strangely disappeared. This was an instrument that was then comparatively new and would not be familiar to the majority of people, even to clairvoyants. The test seemed to me almost a crucial one and the chance of her guessing it one in many millions. This was my first experience with clairvoyants. Although I was there to investigate her professed powers, or rather to find out how it was that so many of my friends were deluded by her, I yet allowed myself to tell her where I lived, and was beginning to give her other information when my reason came to the front and took command. Up to that moment she had astonished me by the general accuracy of her guesses; after that moment all was confusion; I no

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longer gave my dissent from or assent to her leading questions by any audible sound whatever, or by expression of the face, but compelled her to confine herself to her legitimate business of mind-reading. She informed me that the article I had lost was small, as is indeed almost all lost property, and that it was of a bright color, which is true of all jewelry and metals.*

I have been speaking thus far of public clairvoyants, those who make a business of pretending to go into the trance, and, while in that state, of finding lost persons and property and diagnosing and curing disease; while there are some persons who can at will put themselves into a trance, yet these public clairvoyants rarely, if ever, go into that state. There is no reason why they should do so even if they have the power, for the trance, in any of its stages, confers no new or special gifts, but only exaltation of those senses and those faculties that in greater or less degree are common to all persons out of the trance.

Trance is a disease of the nervous system in which the cerebral activity is concentrated in some limited region of the brain, the activity of the rest of the brain being for the time suspended. It is not so very infrequent, is, indeed, quite common; very many cases representing various phases have been brought to my attention; some of them I have had opportunity to study at every possible advantage. Among the genuine and interesting symptoms of trance are sighing respiration, excited pulse, exaltation of the special senses, giving rise to the belief that there is a transference of sense or a sixth sense, coldness of the extremities, darting, shooting, thrilling sensations resembling electrical shocks, muscular twitchings, convulsions, closing of the eyes and fixity of position, illusions and hallucinations, somnambulism, and, in rare cases, double consciousness. All of these phenomena are of the highest interest, and they are verifiable, but they are not supernatural, nor unnatural; they are a part of law as truly as the symptoms of small-pox or typhoid fever.

The early stages of the trance can be readily counterfeited so that the best expert cannot detect it. Clairvoyants have every reason in the world to simulate the trance, because there is in all civilized lands an almost universal but very erroneous belief that the trance develops powers of prophecy and second sight. On the other hand they have every reason to keep out of the genuine trance, because when we seek to deceive and swindle our fellow-mortals we need full control of our faculties, and this entranced persons do not have.

Another count in this indictment against public clairvoyants is that many of them are procuresses and seek in every way the ruin of the young girls who consult them. Their power over their victims even when they do not directly accomplish their destruction is very great, leading oftentimes to waste of money, or health or life.

Clairvoyants are responsible for not a few deaths in the families of those who believe in them. Their method is as follows: A clairvoyant hazards the prediction that a death will take place in the family of one of her patrons in less than a year. During the next year, some one or two in that family are taken ill, it may be seriously; the prediction is called to mind and the consequent fright may be the cause of the patient's death.

To rescue one who has ever become fully convinced of the genuineness of clairvoyants, and addicted to the habit of consulting them, is sometimes as difficult as to save a drunkard or an opium eater. The victims of clairvoyance, as of other and allied untruths, become moral inebriates; they are drunk with their delusions, and, although, like the victims of intemperance, they may be ashamed of their folly, and, when removed from temptation, may resolve, in full sincerity to reform, yet, under the pressure of affliction, or in the presence of a pretender to these mysterious powers, their resolutions are forgotten; they relapse like the drunkard who finds that a single glass of wine is stronger than legions of pledges, or the love and pleadings of wife, and parent, and child.

The friend to whom I have several times referred, and who is an expert in the study

* Those who would learn the secret of the success of clairvoyants would do well to study in detail the performances of that wonderful lad, who recently convinced the residents of St. Albans, Vermont, that he was Charley Ross. Even a citizen of Philadelphia was for the time convinced by his general replies to questioning that the clever lad was, as he pretended, familiar with that city. The desire of the people to have the boy proved to be the real Charley Ross blinded them to the defects or blunders in his statements, and induced them to aid him unconsciously in the manufacture of his lies. Mr. Ross, himself made skeptical by many disappointments, at once recognized the real character of the pretender.

In a similar manner, those who visit clairvoyants, desire to have them succeed, and consequently overlook their mistakes, make the most of their happy consciously assist and guide their guess- ossible way.

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of delusions, and has had an especially large experience in detecting and exposing clairvoyants, tells me that he has found great difficulty in saving their victims, especially young persons, who have once fallen into their power.

Sometimes, as I myself know, the treatment of established physicians of character and education has been completely overthrown,—and with disastrous results,—by some one's superstitious confidence in the prescriptions of clairvoyants.

To offer money rewards for the display of clairvoyant power—as the French Academy has done—is unscientific and puerile, and—save, perhaps, as a means of impressing and convincing the people, who cannot understand physiological law—should not be encouraged. Money has its limitations as well as its power; the laws of nature are not in the market; the sun cannot be hired to rise in the west, nor to give place to the earth as the center of our system; the principle of the conservation of force is not open to bribery; and all the wealth of the world is as helpless as an infant to make seventeen out of two and two, or to endow any human creature with clairvoyant, or second-sight, or mind-reading, power.

Sometimes the question is asked whether some of the public clairvoyants may not be honest, self deceived, but not intentional swindlers. Honest clairvoyance pursued as a business is a contradiction of words. Success in the practice of clairvoyance as a trade requires a knowledge, natural or acquired, of the conditions of success, one of which is intentional deception of the victim. In private life there are occasionally found those who, through exhaustion of disease or from natural susceptibility of constitution, readily fall into the well-understood state of trance, and in that state they honestly imagine that they are blessed with the gifts of healing and prophecy, and in this delusion they are encouraged by the fondness of friends, the credulity or non-expertness of their medical attendants, and by occasional coincidences. Clairvoyants of this class are sometimes honest at first, although they may develop into professional tricksters; but if they remain honest, they soon find out that their gifts are too uncertain to be of any practical value, and soon, as the expression goes, they "lose their powers."

A striking case of this kind occurred a few years since in Brooklyn. A young lady of good character afflicted with severe chronic disease professed to be favored with second sight. Friends and physicians, amid great excitement, urged her on; clergymen and newspapers became interested and professed to investigate; half a city went wild about a poor suffering invalid, who had no powers except those common to the race, and who, above all things, needed to be let alone.*

Another question often raised is whether these public clairvoyants can be legally punished. I received about a year ago a letter from one of the editors of this city, asking me to aid him in framing a law to be presented to the legislature that would cover these cases. My reply was in substance that any law, however skillfully framed, could be enforced only with great difficulty, especially in this country. In a despotism impostors fare much harder than in America. As long as average human testimony is accepted in our courts on questions of this nature, so long will it be impossible to convict clairvoyants or mediums; for human testimony without limit can be brought in favor of the wildest of their claims. Even witchcraft, in the days of its glory, could not have arrayed a more intelligent, and honorable, and sincere body of believers and advocates, than the clairvoyance of to-day.

In departments of science that have been long established, the testimony of two or three experts, if they accord, outweighs that of

* Since the above was written, this person, Mollie Fancher, has become famous all over the world; and, if any amount of excellent human testimony of the non-expert sort could create a science, all of the claims that have been made in regard to her must be accepted. So far as the unfortunate patient is concerned, no responsibility can be attached to what she claims, or what is claimed for her; the question as it relates to her does not in any way touch on morality, but is purely one of science; the phenomena of hysteria and trance which she manifests are symptoms that are now familiar and well understood, and are of great interest; the claims of clairvoyance, second sight, and prophecy that have been made for her by various persons—though not by the physician who has seen most of her, and for years has studied her symptoms—are of the same value as similar claims that are made by and for thousands and thousands in this and other countries. In hysteria, hystero-epilepsy and hysterical trance, delusions and deceptions are a part of the symptoms as truly as starvation, exaltation of the senses, anæsthesia, or paralysis, and those sufferers who manifest these delusions or deceptions are frequently no more blameworthy for them, than for the various and obvious physical symptoms of their disease. On the part of many, great desire has been expressed to see this Brooklyn case, and study her clairvoyant manifestations; but for this eagerness there is little justification, since claims, every way identical, are made by very many in private and public life, and in every part of the country.

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scores of non-experts, as is seen not unfrequently in cases of poisoning; but the successful study of delusions is something very recent; it is, so to speak, just entering the domain of science; the number of experts in the subject is very limited, and those few are known as such only in a very narrow circle; consequently, their opinions are not sought for in litigated cases; but in their place, mediums and clairvoyants and their victims are invited to give their opinions under oath on one of the most difficult and important branches of science, the physiology and pathology of the nervous system.* Years hence, when the knowledge of this subject, now confined to a limited body of specialists, shall be somewhat diffused through society, and the fact of the existence of such knowledge shall be recognized, then, and probably not before, will it be possible to enforce any law designed to protect our people from clairvoyants. In this as in other matters, law follows public opinion more than it leads it. At the present time clairvoyants are very dear to the American heart; nearly every house is for them a castle; if seriously threatened, thousands would rally to their support. The remedy for delusions is not in law, but in a higher civilization.

* This was illustrated in the famous Ward case in Detroit, in which any one thoroughly familiar with the subject of delusions, would have sworn, and could have sustained his oath by cogent and convincing reasoning, that a firm belief in spiritualism is not by any means a presumptive evidence of insanity, and thus would have avoided a long and useless trial.

In the Kiddle case, now before the public, the same question has been presented. There is no presumptive evidence that this hitherto successful superintendent of our public schools is insane, or likely to be; he is simply a non-expert. Cases of real or professed trance in his own family have puzzled him as they would have puzzled any one but a specialist in that department of the nervous system. Unable to account for these phenomena by laws that were known to him, he accounts for them—in accordance with the accepted logic of the day—by the theory of spirits. His conclusion is unscientific, but his logic is unanswerable.

Indeed, if a belief in spiritism, in animal magnetism, in clairvoyance, in mind-reading, in the evidence of the senses, and allied delusions is proof of insanity, then this United States of America is but one vast asylum. As it is, delusions take but the third rank among the exciting causes that fill our institutions for the insane. In the twentieth century the true philosophy of trance, and kindred phenomena of the nervous system will be taught in all our schools; and then our pupils, our teachers, and our superintendents, will be saved from the evil consequences of false reasoning.

THE FLOODING OF THE SAHARA.

"ACROSS the Sahara by steamer" promises at no distant day to be classed among the announcements of this age of mechanical and engineering triumphs. That the Sahara, the figure in the world's literature and oratory for barrenness and solitude, should lose its old character and put on a new one in contrast with the old, would be surprising indeed. The proposal on the part of English and French engineers to flood the great desert with the waters of the ocean and of the Mediterranean, and transform its waste into a watery highway for the commerce of the nations, at first impresses us as visionary and impracticable. A thorough examination of the subject, however, has led some of the most eminent scientists to quite a different conclusion.

The isolarion of Africa has largely been due to the succession of cataracts with which nature has blockaded her great rivers. The Nile, the Niger, and the Livingstone, with their insuperable obstacles to navigation, seem the very emissaries to the spirit of darkness, forbidding the entrance of light to his primeval domain. Though embracing within its boundaries nearly one-fourth of the entire land area of the globe, Africa has the smallest extent of coast line of all the continents. Few indentations are observed in its entire circuit, and consequently but few harbors exist. Its great desert, also, has always presented a barrier which the civilizations of the Mediterranean could not pass. Hence the great continent has remained undeveloped and comparatively unknown to the present. Exploration has, as yet, offered no satisfactory solution for the problem of opening Africa to the world. Stanley's magnificent achievement will be almost as magnificent for any bold adventurer who may follow in his footsteps, since the second, and probably all, descents of the Livingstone for decades to come, will be as difficult as the first. It is furthermore possible that the savages of the great river,

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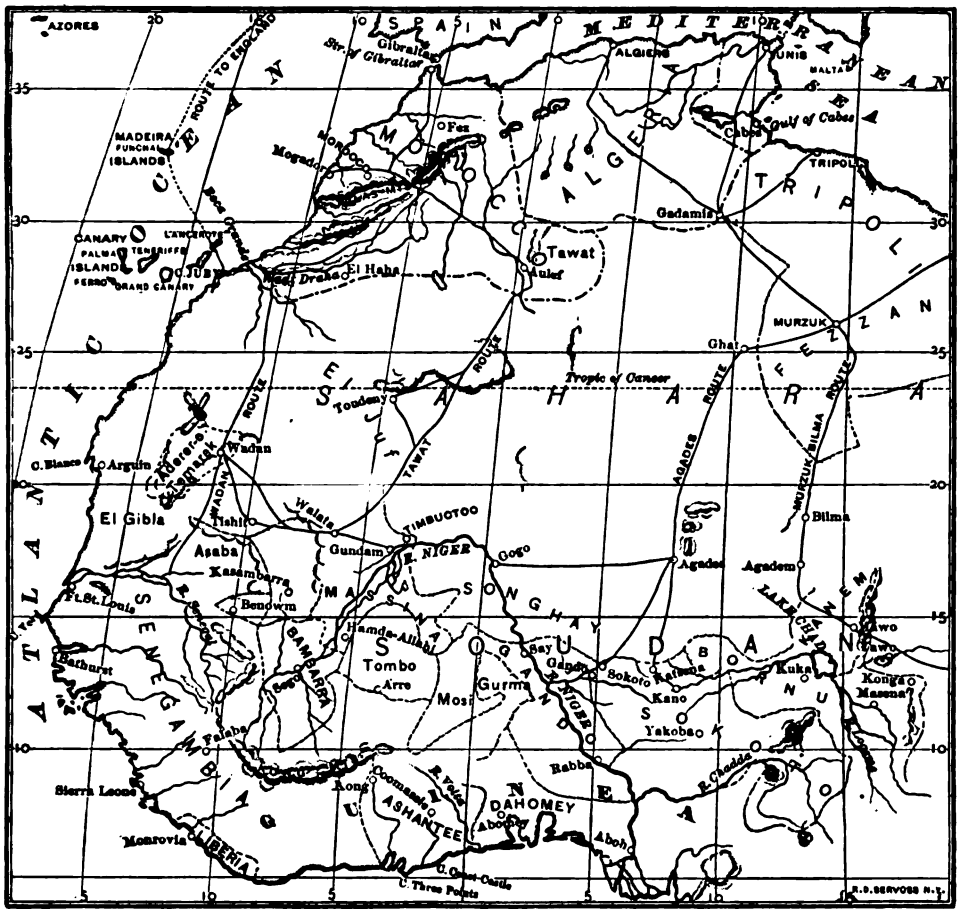
incensed by the vigorous reception with which Stanley met their opposition to his progress, may render it impossible for any one to follow in his footsteps during the present generation.

Probably the most original and feasible plan for laying open the heart of Africa is that recently proposed by both English and French engineers. It is no less than the remarkable suggestion which furnishes the subject of this article. Mr. Donald Mackenzie, the English engineer, proposes to flood the Sahara from the Atlantic, while Captain Roudaire and M. de Lesseps, the French engineers, are now engaged in work of a preliminary character with a view to admitting the waters of the Mediterranean to the basins of Tunis and Algeria. Mr. Mackenzie's project first merits our attention, and in order to a right understanding of his plan, we must examine the geography and topography of Northern and Central Africa.

The Saharan Desert embraces a vast region covering an area of about 3,000,000 square miles. Its boundaries are the spurs of the Atlas Mountains on the north, the Nile valley on the east, the Niger on the south, and the Atlantic on the west. It has been commonly believed that this entire district was a pathless waste, whose burning sands were only occasionally relieved by oases of limited resources and extent. While this general impression is true of large areas of the sandy sea, whose billows, tossed by scorching winds, mercilessly bury man and beast in its tempestuous convulsions, still research has shown that by far the greater part of this vast region is diversified by snow-capped mountains, verdant valleys and occasional groves, and is watered by rivers



MAP SHOWING THE PORTIONS OF THE SAHARA WHICH IT IS PROPOSED TO FLOOD FROM THE ATLANTIC AND THE MEDITERRANEAN.

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and torrents, which, while burying themselves in the sands, impart life to the vegetation growing above them.

The Sahara supports a large population, divided into nations and communities having walled towns and extensive plantations. Its climate in the more elevated districts is pronounced healthy and agreeable. In the Western Sahara, between the parallels 18° and 30° North Latitude, lies a large tract of impassable desert, so sterile and so forbidding that no wandering Arab or native Berber ventures to traverse its waste. Only upon its borders have stations been established for the purpose of working the layers of salt which compose its bed. A large part of this salt waste is known as El Juf, the great sink of the desert, being 200 feet below the level of the Atlantic. The greatest length of this depression is given as 500 miles, and the greatest width at 120 miles, with an area of nearly 60,000 square miles. Like depressions of less extent are situated in Tunis and Algeria. One of these, situated south-west of the gulf of Cabes, is the center of the French survey under the engineers previously mentioned. It is supposed to have been once connected with the Mediterranean. In the opinion of the engineers and scientists who have examined El Juf, there can be little doubt that it was once an arm of the Atlantic Ocean. Tradition reports the former existence of an extensive lake in the region of El Juf which was rapidly transformed into a sterile sand waste. Diodorus Siculus records that the lake of the Hesperides in Western Sahara suddenly succumbed to evaporation. In 681 A. D. the Arabs found the north of Africa well wooded, possessing extensive lakes and abundant streams of water. The inhabitants of the land, under shelter of the forests, harassed and defeated the invaders for more than a century. At last the Arabs instituted a wholesale destruction of the forests and drove the natives far into the interior. In less than five centuries it would seem that the destruction of the forests wrought the ruin of the vast region which is now blighted by the curse of the Sahara. In 1200 A. D. the lakes had become salt marshes which were rapidly disappearing. The streams, no longer supplied by filtrations of moisture from the once wooded districts, only now and then appeared in spasmodic and angry torrents, soon to be lost in the treacherous soil.

Gradually the equatorial winds, unchecked by forest growth, bore on the sands, until the desert in its steady encroachments extended its blighting presence over the vast area which it now covers. Such is the tradition and such probably is the fact. While destruction of the forests may have contributed to the general result as described, the disappearance of the sea of El Juf was probably due to another cause.

Explorers agree that a channel once connected its north-western extremity with the Atlantic Ocean, at a point near Cape Juby opposite the Canary Islands. This channel, called by the natives, Sakiet El Hamra, presents abundant evidence of once having admitted the waters of the sea. Its bed is encrusted with marine salt, and shells. On the Atlantic coast it terminates in a sand-bank which prevents the waters of the ocean from flowing into its bed. Its great mouth, —Boca Grande,—resembling a miniature Gibraltar, is formed between perpendicular rocks which rise to a height of 200 feet above the sea; it measures between the rocks two and a half miles in width, and is blockaded by the sand-bar above mentioned, which itself has a width of 300 yards across, and a height above the sea of thirty feet at the south side of the channel, and ten feet at north. This bar was no doubt formed by a strong current which here sets continually toward the shore, and by the action of the waves which now beat furiously upon it during stormy weather. Thus it is believed that El Juf was separated from the ocean and became successively a salt marsh, and a sandy waste, whose surface is still covered with abundant remains of marine life.

The channel of Sakiet El Hamra widens rapidly as it extends inland. A chain of mountains running north and south, a few miles from the coast, does not interrupt its course but accommodates its passage by a perpendicular break, fifteen miles wide, located opposite the Boca Grande. The bed of the channel is estimated at 200 feet below the sea-level, while its banks in some places rise to a height of 500 feet. The ease with which El Juf could be flooded from the Atlantic is appreciated when we consider that all that is required is the excavation of a ship-canal 300 yards long through the sand-bar at the mouth of the channel.

Since the bed of the channel is at present 200 feet below the sea-level, the water of the sea could be utilized for the work of cutting the canal after a small ditch had once been dug across the bar. The torrent which

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would pour through the opening would no doubt soon remove the greater portion of the obstruction. However, when the great inland basin had again been filled and the water level both within and without the great mouth had reached an equilibrium, it may be presumed that the same agencies which gradually built up the bar, namely, the tides and waves, would renew their work, and, if left alone, would probably in time close the channel and again reduce the Saharan sea to a desert. Still, the influence of these agencies could in part be counteracted by the current which must flow out of the channel.

The volume of the rivers which now flow into El Juf would no doubt be greatly increased by the additional rain-fall incident to the presence of so large a body of water. The action of the tides and currents could be guarded by breakwaters and entirely controlled by locks. In these alone it is believed must consist the trifling expense of an enterprise of far-reaching results. The only important objection which has thus far been urged against the undertaking has arisen in the apprehensions expressed by a few scientists that the evaporation produced by so large and so shallow a body of water, exposed to the tropical sun, would be sufficient to deluge northern Europe with incessant rains, and to reduce materially the temperature in all the countries north of the Alps. It has even been feared that winds freighted with moisture on crossing the cold summits of the Alps, would precipitate vast volumes of water and produce a degree of cold which would give Denmark and northern Germany a semi-Arctic climate and produce a glacial epoch farther north. Is it not probable that all such apprehensions arise out of a misunderstanding as to the topography of the Sahara and North Africa? The entire region to be flooded is practically shut in by mountain-chains on all sides. The Atlas Mountains on the north, lifting their snow-clad peaks in some instances 12,000 feet, afford a sufficient bulwark for the protection of Europe from increased humidity. The only possible northernly outlet for air currents from El Juf would be across Tunis in a north-easterly direction over the widest part of the Mediterranean. Currents moving in that direction, if they reached Europe at all, would touch the shores of Greece after they had lost most of their humidity. M. de Lesseps, after a careful examination of the question, is convinced that it would result in the general improvement of the climate of Europe rather than to its detriment. The advantage of the increased evaporation to North Africa cannot be overestimated. The snow-clad cliffs of Aban, lying to the east of the proposed sea, and the Kong Mountains to the south, would bring down upon the parched desert grateful rains, which, with the assistance of cultivation, would in time no doubt redeem thousands of square miles from the desolation of the sands.

In estimating the advantages arising from the flooding of El Juf we must consider its relation to Central Africa on the one hand and to the civilized world on the other.

One hundred miles south of the limits of the proposed sea is situated the commercial metropolis of the heart of Africa—Timbuctoo, called "the queen of the desert." This venerable city, founded A. D. 1176 by the Berbers, the ancient people of North Africa, is situated six miles north of the Niger, when the river is at its ordinary level. In the rainy season, however, its western gates are washed by the overflow of the river. The city contains at present 20,000 inhabitants, though formerly it was much larger. Its regularly laid streets, well-built houses and magnificent mosques, with lofty minarets, present an imposing appearance, a picture of inviting beauty as it breaks upon the vision of the weary voyager of the desert. The Zangereber or great mosque is a stately edifice with nine naves, a lofty tower, and measures 286 by 212 feet. Several other mosques of importance and great age, add to the attractions of this strange and wonderful city. From time to time fabulous stories of the wealth and importance of Timbuctoo reached Europe, until it came to be regarded as a paradise of magnificence and luxury which had never been transcended in Arabian story.

The commercial advantages of the city, however, constitute its chief importance. From its port (Kabara), the Niger and its tributaries are navigable for thousands of miles. The wealth of Central Africa is brought to its gates, and is ready to be poured into its markets. The great central region bears the general name Soudan. Its area is estimated at 631,000 square miles, or five times the area of the British Isles. It has three physical divisions, the basin of the Niger, the district of Lake Chad, and the country between Lake Chad and the upper Nile. The Niger in its wanderings traverses 3,500 miles; but this vast circuit, embracing all the southern half of North-

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Central Africa, is inaccessible from the ocean because of the rapids which block the river's mouth, and the general unhealthiness of its banks as it approaches the Atlantic. With this exception the vast region which it traverses, as well as most of Soudan, is pronounced salubrious.

Soudan has a population of 38,800,000, chiefly Fellatahs and Mandingoes. The latter people are supposed to be descendants of the Egyptians, as their language is quite similar to the Coptic. They are intelligent and progressive, pursuing agriculture, engaging in manufactures and trade, and furthermore support well-conducted public schools. Their language is written in Arabic and is said to be the richest of the African languages. The Fellatahs are, however, the superior and dominant race. Their fine features and noble bearing distinguish them as the people of intelligence and influence who must become the auxiliaries of the Europeans in the regeneration of Africa. Their love of knowledge, and their devotion to the humane principles of government and social life, have wrought great changes in the districts over which they have extended their dominion. Their color is not darker than that of Spaniards and Portuguese. The products of Soudan are cotton, the tamarind, bread-fruit, kajiji, the kola-nut, sugar-cane, rice, wheat, maize, barley, game in abundance, horses, cattle, asses, sheep, goats and camels. The minerals are gold, iron and copper. At present the foreign trade with Soudan amounts to $20,000,000 per annum, though the caravans are obliged to traverse 2,000 miles of desert between Timbuctoo and the ports of Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, and Tripoli.

Were the Sahara flooded, and were it possible to steam from Liverpool or New York to Timbuctoo, the volume of trade would develop immensely. Port St. Bartholomew, the harbor which Mr. Mackenzie has established near Cape Juby, on the coast of Africa, is distant only 80 miles from the Canary Islands, and is within 1,600 miles of Liverpool. Cape Juby is distant less than 800 miles from Timbuctoo. The depression of El Juf approaches within 100 miles of the city. The flooding of El Juf would consequently bring Timbuctoo within ten or twelve days' steam of Liverpool. Ultimately, no doubt, a ship-canal would be constructed between the sea of El Juf and the Niger,—a distance of 100 miles,—with its thousands of miles of uninterrupted navigation. This accomplished, the heart of Africa will be thrown open to the world, and the "Dark Continent" will exist only as a dream of the past.

As previously intimated, the French engineer, Captain Roudaire, and the celebrated M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, whose energy and skill in the construction of the Suez Canal made Africa an island, are now taking steps with a view to flooding the *chotts*, or basins of Tunis and Algeria, from the Mediterranean. The exact extent of these depressions, if known, has not been publicly stated. The preliminary work of leveling, by Captain Roudaire, showed the depressions to be lower than the level of the sea, and demonstrated the necessity of making borings in order to ascertain whether rocks underlie the sand which composes the intervening ridges. At the meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, held December 9, 1878, M. de Lesseps gave an account of his visit to Tunis in company with Captain Roudaire and his expedition. The exploring party arrived in the Gulf of Cabes in the latter part of November of the same year. The tidal rise and fall was ascertained to amount to two and a half meters in the gulf, while the average tidal variation of the Mediterranean is only three-tenths of a meter. Midway between the extreme limits of the Gulf of Cabes is the mouth of the Melah, a small river selected by Captain Roudaire to permit the flow of the water into the *chotts*. The tide ascends this river for several kilometers, retiring with such force that, at a distance of 500 meters from the shore, opposite the river's mouth, it has scoured out a channel forty fathoms deep. MM. de Lesseps and Roudaire, with their staff, ascended the river Melah a distance of fifteen kilometers, and ascertained that both its banks are formed of compressed sand, without a vestige of rock. This sand, resembling the compressed sand of the Bitter lakes and the Suez Canal, yielded the following analysis:

Clay	66.00
Iron peroxide	2.00
Calcium carbonate	9.00
Magnesia	3.60
Sodium chloride	3.40
Calcium sulphate	5.90
Water and carbonic acid	20.00
	99.00*

The borings which M. Roudaire has undertaken, over a length of 100 leagues and a circumference of 500 leagues, will

* The sum of the above is actually 109.90, but we have given it as reported by M. de Lesseps.

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makes mistakes who undertakes improvement. We have produced new and charming effects, and when we talk about "legitimate engraving," let us not ignore results, which legitimatize everything, and stand as authority against all the old fogies and bigots in Christendom.

To illustrate what we mean by the reproduction of drawings, let the reader turn back to the February number of SCRIBNER for the present year. He will find on the first page of that number; illustrating "The Tile Club at Play," the reproduction of a drawing in pencil. Mr. Linton's line would utterly have spoiled the raciness and character of this drawing. By the time such a drawing had been Lintonized by a graver there would have been none of its true character left. Or, take the drawing on page 472, in the same article. This was drawn with charcoal, and photographed upon the block. It is an exquisite piece of engraving, and a picture which has excited universal admiration, but it has hardly a "legitimate line" in it. It is what the editor of "The Atlantic" in his own columns calls "bad and false" art, yet we presume our readers (who have no end to push except getting at the truth) will see that it is fresh and attractive, and does exactly what it pretends to do—it reproduces a charcoal drawing and does not lie about it, as a man who engraves in Mr. Linton's "legitimate" way would be obliged to do. Take the picture on the opposite page, photographed upon the block from a clay model. That tells the simple truth, as it is in clay. There is another charcoal drawing on page 476, worth looking at. Then, on page 468, there is a picture of Swain Gifford's in which the attempt is made to reproduce the effect of a work mostly done in washes. For another notable reproduction of the effect of a modeled clay surface, see page 465.

Now, to drop all these effects, whose charm of freshness and variety has made the popular magazine the household treasure of a nation awaking to the sense of art, is to throw away, at the bidding of a man from whom the age has absolutely run away, all the progress that has been made during the last ten years. The editor of "The Atlantic," in a notice of the new illustrated edition of Longfellow's poems, says: "All but two of the pictures here are executed in pure line, and we learn that throughout the edition none others will be done in the manner reprobated on another page of this magazine by Mr. Linton * * * " He proceeds further to speak of the others as "the bad and false school." We greatly regret, for Mr. Longfellow's and the country's sake, that he and we are to be treated to the same monotony of consecrated commonplace which prevails in the old books of engravings, and in the recent "Flood of Years." We are sorry that Mr. Anthony clings to the conservatives, and has bound himself to so hopelessly bigoted a leader. He has made a mistake for himself and his employers, which they will not be slow to discover to his disadvantage.

It is the deepest condemnation of Mr. Linton's system of engraving, and at the same time a fair index of its character, that it entirely ignores all originality of style. With this in mind, it is not surprising that his "Atlantic" paper contains no word of praise for the exquisite work that has been done by Mr. Henry Marsh; indeed, not even the slightest mention of what can fairly be called the greatest single engraving enterprise in the world,—Mr. Marsh's wood-cuts in Harris's "Insects Injurious to Vegetation," examples of which we are fortunately able to present in this and the following number.

Mr. Kiddle's Book.

FOR every man interested in the question of immortality, we have the profoundest sympathy. It is a question which has an intense, abiding interest for every thoughtful mind. At this time, particularly, when the immortality of the soul is questioned more sharply than it has ever been before in the history of Christianity, the precious faith of the churches has to be fought for with all the weapons that can be laid hold of. From the fact that there is really no evidence of immortality except the resurrection of Christ himself, and his declarations, many minds have reached about them on every side for everything that offers help. In the desire to know something positively about the matter, modern spiritualism had its birth and has held its life. It promised to do just the thing that millions of minds desired to have done; so that when it assumed to demonstrate the existence of life after death, it had a tremendous audience in readiness for it. The marvel is that there was a man or woman living who was unwilling to hear what it and its promulgators had to say. That it has millions of believers and followers to-day, is, probably, due less to its real, inherent strength, than to the greedy want which it assumes to satisfy, —a want so greedy that it accepts as fact that which only has its lying semblance.

We are not among those who regard what are claimed to be the facts of spiritualism as improbable *a priori*. No man can read the Bible carefully without being educated in a belief in spiritualism. In both the Old and the New Testament we have multiplied records of the communications of spiritual existences, with men and women in the flesh. The doctrine of demoniacal possession is taught with great distinctness. The ministry of angels, the return to the earth of those long dead, familiar intercourse with Christ after his resurrection, all are in the line of phenomena claimed as genuine by modern spiritualists; so that it is not strange that Christian men and women should find themselves educated by the Bible itself into a sort of readiness to receive spiritualism. It is, or would seem to be, easy for a Christian to believe that visitants from the unseen world are about him influencing his mind, and endeavoring to make themselves known. That is precisely what they used to do in the olden time. Why should they not do it now as well as they did it then?

So we are not among those who think it strange that Mr. Kiddle, a thoughtful, Christian man, should give heed to what claimed to be a revelation from the unseen world. We know something of this man, whose book has attracted so much atten-

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tion not so much on its own account as on his. If we had been called upon to select out of the intelligent men of New York the hardest-headed, keenest-minded possessor of common sense, we very likely should have put our hand upon the shoulder of Henry Kiddle. He has occupied, we believe, for fifteen years the position of superintendent of public schools of the city of New York. He has done this with great acceptance through all administrations, showing enormous tact, decision and skill, and maintaining a most honorable name and fame. None but a first-class man could possibly do for the city and himself what he has done. When, therefore, it was announced that this man had not only become a devoted convert to Spiritualism, but had written and would publish a book upon the subject, it excited great astonishment, and awakened no little curiosity.

Well, the book has come, and, we may say, gone. It is a pitiful disappointment to all who expected anything of importance, basing their expectation on Mr. Kiddle's character for sound judgment and common sense. There is not one sentence in it, from beginning to end, to indicate a heavenly origin, but everything to show that it is the offspring of a very commonplace and immature mind. The literary quality of the book is simply and irredeemably wretched. There is not a page of it, not written by Mr. Kiddle himself, that would pass muster in a magazine office. Prince Albert, Jim Fisk, St. Paul, Queen Elizabeth, Henry J. Raymond, William Cullen Bryant, Edgar A. Poe, Shelley, Wm. M. Tweed, Pio Nino, Archbishop Hughes, Theodore Parker, Moses, Pontius Pilate,—all write exactly alike; all utter the same "hifalutin" pious slang, in the same wretched literary style. Byron condescends to "drop into poetry," and such poetry! Now the marvel to us is that such a man as Mr. Kiddle could fail to see that it would be quite impossible for Byron to write such doggerel as he is made responsible for in this book. How he can publish it without expecting to be hooted at and hooted down, we cannot comprehend. Why, it bears no more resemblance to Byron's style than a boot-black's jew's-harp bears to Wilhelmj's violin! It is simply impossible bosh, and Mr. Kiddle ought to know it. Nay, he does know it, and knowing it, how can he risk a good reputation in publishing it? It is true that other utterances attributed to other writers are just as absurd, but this happens to be in a form of art which is absolutely determinative. Byron simply could not have written these lines, and every literary man in the world knows it. Well, if Byron did not write these lines, what warrant has Mr. Kiddle that he has had communication with any other spirit whom he puts forward as the authors of these silly utterances? If one pillar in his cobble-house falls, the whole structure goes down.

Our opinion is that every one of these communications originated in the minds of Mr. Kiddle's children, who have acted as mediums. The children of the superintendent of the public schools ought to write better English, but the stuff they have uttered must have come from young minds filled with certain religious ideas, and certain very crude ideas of heaven. We do not mean to say that they have been conscious of originating these communications, for many of the developments of trance and semi-trance show that this kind of work can be done without conscious effort. Certainly, if the work was done by a spirit, the spirit is an unconscionable liar, and is not to be believed for a moment. A spirit that would put into the mouth of Shakspere such stuff as he is made to utter, is not only a prodigious liar, but a practical joker of the most cruel character. Why, Mr. Kiddle, did not Shakspere answer the question when he was asked what he considered to be his purest play? Simply because the medium had no opinion on the subject, lacking the requisite knowledge.

College Instruction.

ONE would suppose that, after the discussions of educational processes with which the platform and the press have teemed during the last two decades, professional educators would be thoroughly furnished with sound ideas and excellent methods. At least, the college, which assumes the highest place among educational institutions, should present a system of instruction above reproach; yet it seems to us that the college is particularly lame in its methods, and unsatisfactory in its results. Nothing, for instance, can be more mechanical and unsatisfactory than the system of marking, as it is pursued, say, during the first year of college life. In the first place, the class is put almost entirely in the hands of young and comparatively inexperienced instructors. At a time when the pupil needs direction and inspiration, if he ever does, he is left almost entirely to himself, or to those whose experiences of life are so limited that they are not accepted as directors, and whose lack of character framed upon experience forbids the exercise of influence. The average tutor is very rarely an instructor. The pupil's business is to acquire from books the power to answer questions, and the tutor's business is to ask the questions and mark the results to the pupil in his answers. Automata could probably be built to do the work of the tutor, in all essential particulars, and in such a case the result to the pupil would be much the same that it is now,—a wretched grind, in which the chief interest attaches rather to the marks than to the studies.

Now if the power to answer questions is the chief end of man, or the chief end of education; if marks can be made, or are ever used, to measure manhood, or power to reason or to do, the present system is much nearer right than we suppose it to be. But the truth is that marks tell nothing about a student, except about his power to acquire from a book, and his power to recite glibly what he has acquired. For it must be remembered that many a young man has not the power to recite in a classroom, in the presence of his mates, what he has faithfully learned, and is thus made to suffer in

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his marks, and, consequently, in his standing, for a fault of temperament for which he is not responsible. The matter of teaching is, as a rule, left out of the tutor's functions. His business is to hear recitations, in studies in which he gives neither direction nor assistance. He is a marker; that is his special business. If "no boy ever loved the man who taught him Latin," whose fault would it be likely to be? The truth is that when the tasks of college are irksome and hateful it is the teacher's fault, as a rule; for it is within the power of any competent teacher to make any study delightful. When students are properly introduced to an author, or a study, and are really directed or led by a sympathetic and competent mind, they are happy in their work, and it is the universal testimony of students that the young tutor is the hard man of the college. They much prefer to be in the hands of the older men. They are treated more like men by the elder teachers, and less like machines. They prefer to be in the hands of men who seem interested to find out what they know, and careless to learn what they don't know, and to trip them upon opportunity.

It seems to us that a great deal too much of college work is put upon young men, who may be very acute and very learned, but not very wise; and that the system of marking, as at present pursued, is very poorly calculated to nourish the self-respect of the young men subjected to it. It also forces into prominence a motive of study which is anything but the best. The great business of the student is, not to acquire knowledge and discipline and power, but to get marks. This motive is absolutely forced upon him, and it is a mean and childish one, and he knows and feels it too, very much at the expense of his self-respect. His standing in his class, the reports of his position to his parents, even his power to stay in the college at all, depend upon his marks. Marks are the ghosts that haunt him by night and the phantoms that track him by day. Now he knows, and everybody knows, that men cannot be ticketed off justly in this way, and he may know that he is ten times the man that another student is who may win better marks, through his facility in committing to memory, and reciting off-hand. We have said that the motive forced upon him is a childish one. We know many students who feel this keenly, and who believe with us that if students were treated more like men by professors interested in them and in their progress, any apparent need for treating them like children, that may at present exist, would pass away.

We have said also that the student's power to stay in college at all depends upon his marks. This is the most astounding thing connected with this whole matter. The only remedy that seems to have been devised for the treatment of a slow student, by these great public educational institutions whose real business is to educate him, is to drop him; and to drop him is, nine times in ten, to discourage him and ruin him. Can anything more lame and impotent in the way of a conclusion be imagined? The result is absolutely rascally and criminal. It is a natural outcome, however, of the mechanical system which we regard as essentially vicious. The college seems to be regarded by its faculty as a great mill, into which the boys are turned as a grist. Everything that will not go through the hopper is thrown away, no matter what personal powers and aspirations, or what family hopes may go with it.

Of course we understand the conveniences of the marking system. It throws the responsibility of the student's progress upon himself, and entirely relieves the faculty. That is a very great convenience—to the faculty,—but as the college is paid for educating him, it is hardly fair to the student himself, or his family. Then it is so much easier to judge a man by his power to recite a lesson than it is by his power to solve an intellectual problem, or do an intellectual piece of work of any kind! Then, still again, it is a kind of work that can be trusted to young men, who have just gone through the process and are accustomed to the machinery,—indeed, are products of it!

Gentlemen of the college, is there not some better way—a way that will make more and harder work for you, perhaps, but a way that will more thoroughly nourish the sense of manhood among your students, and give them a nobler motive for work than that which you force them to regard as the principal motive,—a nobler motive which will make study a joy, and invest them with a feeling of dignity and a sentiment of self-respect? To treat students like gentlemen, and less like children or machines, and to come more into contact with them as guides and teachers, and less as task-masters, would, in our opinion, make better students out of them and exceedingly better men. We cannot doubt, we may say, in closing, that too much college work is given to young men to do. Their work is drudgery, perhaps, which the older men would gladly escape, but no work done in college should be drudgery, if pursued with the right spirit and policy, and with adequate intelligence.

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COMMUNICATIONS.

A Woman's Thoughts upon the Education of Women.

EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR: As representatives of this wonderful century we are perpetually congratulating ourselves —in Pharisee fashion—upon our superiority. We find ourselves looking back upon the past of our grandmothers with a compassion not untouched by scorn. It is not so much that we are holier than they; for holiness is, perhaps, just a trifle old-fashioned; but that we are so much wiser!

Our civilization has, indeed, carried us forward with gigantic strides in material things; we have thousands of comforts, and luxuries, and even advantages undreamed of by our grandmothers; but the stern question which circumstances, now and again, put to us is not merely: What do we possess? But rather: What are all these vast advantages making of us—individually and collectively? In the rush and struggle to *have*, are we not often losing sight of the old-fashioned virtue which resides in *being?*

The most favorable conditions are not always, nor even generally, the softest. That physical regimen which develops the largest normal amount of thew and sinew; which produces the soundest physique and the steadiest nerves, is the best. In just the same way it is neither the large amount, nor the delicate quality of our mental nutriment which is going to make of us a race of intellectual giants.

The education of boys and young men is undoubtedly less one-sided and narrowing now, than it was a hundred years ago. The introduction, into school and college courses, of the physical and natural sciences, has, to a certain extent, displaced the classics. However essential a classical education may be, both because of the information and the discipline which it affords, the almost exclusive pursuit of such studies is undoubtedly stultifying. There has been a great multiplication of studies even in boys' schools, it is true; but there is about a properly constituted boy a healthy animalism which enables him to resist the forcing process so unmercifully used by the educators of the present day.

With girls, the case is very different. The system bears more heavily, and the power of resistance is less. A girl, with a slighter muscular development, a more delicate nervous organization, is expected in four years to cover very nearly the same ground which is gone over by a boy in eight. The text-books, it is true, are not so difficult, and the course is less advanced; but when girls' "accomplishments" are counted in, the *number of subjects* is about the same.

The consequence of all this is that a girl's study is far more superficial. Few teachers of experience will deny that while a bright girl will work harder and recite better than a boy of the same intelligence, the boy is far less easily satisfied with a mechanical way of learning.

A lady who had had much experience in teaching both boys and girls, speaking of the extraordinary obtuseness of a certain pupil, said:

"In a physiology class, this young lady of fifteen inquired with languid surprise, '*Is* there not a straight passage through the head from one ear to the other?'—a somewhat natural conclusion," the teacher commented dryly, "if she had ever watched the processes of her own mind."

"Which would you prefer teaching," asked a visitor,—"boys or girls?"

"Boys, infinitely," was the prompt reply. "No boy, for instance, would ever have asked such a question as *that*. He would long before have investigated the subject with a lead-pencil. Not, probably, in his own ears," she added meditatively, "but in his younger brother's."

The education of a girl is supposed to be finished when she is about eighteen. This makes it necessary that the heaviest pressure shall be brought to bear upon her just when she is growing most rapidly, and when her physical system requires the most favorable conditions. The dangers of this high-pressure method do not lie so much in over-stimulation of the brain, as in physical and nervous depression, with an abnormal distension of the memory, at the expense of the thinking powers.

If the public mind could once be dispossessed of the stupid notion that education is a mere filling of the mind with facts and theories, and return to the noble old Greek idea of the gymnasium, there would be some hope of a radical reform. With boys this old notion is necessarily retained in a modified form: a boy is making ready for the battle of life. Whatever he learns either directly bears upon his chosen calling, or else indirectly by developing him and making a man of him so that he may be strong at all points. But school, as affording a course of "training" for a girl, is an idea almost ludicrous. Girls go to school, not to be developed into reasonable thinking beings, but to have a certain amount of information imparted to them, or, rather, "crammed" into them.

The most vigorous mind can assimilate only a limited amount of mental nutriment in a given time. When too large a quantity is forced into the mind, the effect is analogous to that of overeating. The powers are overtaxed, and even the normal amount of nourishment is not healthfully and comfortably appropriated.

As a matter of fact, do not our girls "go through" all the sciences, and some of the arts; in their last three or four years at school do not they study literature, rhetoric, logic, and political economy; natural, mental, and moral philosophy; physiology, chemistry, botany, geology, and astronomy; geometry, algebra, and perhaps the trigonometries; and

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with this one or two languages, and at least one accomplishment? And yet, three years after she has left school, who ever expects from an ordinary young woman a sane opinion upon any subject connected with any of these topics? The enormous mass has either never been taken in at all, or else it has been somehow gotten rid of, and the mind is in a state of collapse. Some women do survive the course, and come out with their thinking powers not quite destroyed; but that is due to an exceptional vigor of mental constitution, and in spite of their teaching, rather than because of it.

The fact that the majority of women teachers teach simply because they must do something, and can do nothing else so "lady-like," is left out of the account. The system, even with good honest teaching, is a process of stultification. It ignores every law of growth and development; it is founded on a false notion of the nature and end of education; and thus is working toward a mistaken end by unwisely chosen means. These strictures apply to the ordinary private school system. Public schools, looking toward some practical application of what is taught, attempt less, and do what they attempt more thoroughly.

The dissatisfaction with this superficial cramming, which has been growing stronger for several years past, is now beginning to take a practical and positive form. Many a woman who looks with utter disgust upon the clamorous crowd, demanding the right of suffrage, cherishes quietly in her heart a firm conviction that she does possess an inalienable and God-given right to grow into the fullest stature of her intellectual womanhood. While the clamorers are clamoring on, she has fulfilled the simple condition of deserving the guerdon, and so has won it: Harvard has opened her gates and admitted women to her instruction, if not to her honors.

The movement was a quiet one, and originated outside the circle of college instructors.

When the Cambridge professors were approached in reference to the subject, the response was so cordial that many of them offered instruction without charges rather than permit the experiment to fail. The tuition being private, this generous offer was, of course, declined. Nothing has been asked of the university as a corporation, but by the cordial kindness of the professors, some forty of the university courses will be open to girls at the beginning of the next collegiate year. Women who desire to devote several additional years to study, and who pass examinations equivalent to those of the male student, may now take either the four years college course, or special "University" courses, as they may elect. The conditions of admission are very nearly the same, the standard of scholarship being equal, and the expense rather less to a girl. This is not a new experiment, and has none of the objections belonging to a mixed education. Conservative England has taken the lead in this matter, in Girton College, Cambridge; but Harvard possesses some advantages over her older English sister; the expenses of the women's course here are less, and the instruction is more generally given by the full professors.

It is however probable that for many years to come superficial self-sufficiency will be the rule, and good, sound, modest common sense and education the exception. Editors perhaps enjoy peculiar advantages for observation in this field, since every woman in the United States, it would seem, before she settles down to anything else, tries once to write for a magazine. That ignorance which is respectable, or even lovable when veiled by sweet womanly graces and the gentle offices of home, becomes hideous when it casts off its womanhood and undertakes to be didactic, or witty, or pathetic, in silly platitudes, bad grammar and worse spelling.

Mrs. Browning, in "Aurora Leigh," gives the following greeting to a new authoress, by the opposite sex. She makes them say:

> "Oh excellent!
> What grace! What facile turns! What fluent sweeps!
> What delicate discernment, almost thought.
> The book does honor to the sex, we hold.
> Among our female authors we make room
> For this fair writer, and congratulate
> The country that produces in these times
> Such women competent to——spell!"

The point of this sarcasm would, however, be lost on many of the would-be women writers of the present day; even this "competence," which their grandmothers possessed, being lacking.

S. B. H.

"The New Museum in Rome."

A CORRECTION.

277 CLARENDON ST.
BOSTON, MASS., May 2, '79.

ED. SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR: I notice that an error has crept into the title of one of the illustrations of the interesting and valuable article in the May SCRIBNER on "The New Museum in Rome." As this is the first attempt, so far as I am aware, to popularize knowledge of the important art discoveries that have recently been made at Rome, any misinterpretation of their meaning seems worth correcting. The charming little statue of "Love Disguised with the Attributes of Hercules" is misrepresented under the appellation of "Commodus as the Infant Hercules." This doubtless has arisen from the fact that there are in the New Museum two busts of Commodus, discovered on the same spot and on successive days, and both remarkable for their wonderful execution. One of them represents him with the attributes of Hercules, and of this an engraving is given; while the other is that of a youth of some eighteen years of age; both of them are referred to in the article. But the title of "The Infant Hercules," given to the statuette in question by the official catalogue of the museum, is also incorrect; though it is described under this designation in an article by Cav. C. L. Visconti in the first number of the "Bullettino della Commissione Archeologica Municipale di Roma." That name ought to be confined to actual representations of the hero in his infancy, like the singular and extravagant example in touchstone in the Capitoline Museum at Rome; or those in which the baby is represented in the act of strangling the serpents sent to destroy him. The graceful statuette in question is simply the most charming specimen that has come down to us of the numerous parodies of celebrated originals, in which the "later plastic" art of the ancients delighted, and about which the Greek Anthology furnishes us much information. The famous "Hercules in Repose" of Lysippus is well known to us from the copy of it by Glykon, of Athens, now in the Naples Museum, where it goes by the name of the "Farnese Hercules." If we place photographs of the two statues side by side, the intention of the parody is very evident. There are slight differences in the treatment of the original; the head is bare, and the apples of the Hesperides are held in the right hand, which rests upon the hip. Statuettes in the Louvre, however, resembling the present one, hold the apples in the right hand, instead of the left; and one of them has the head bare, while others have it muffled in the lion-skin, and smiling in the same arch fashion as this one. This is also the method of treatment of the one in the Vienna Museum, which of all that I have seen most nearly approaches this in gracefulness and *naïveté*. Welcker has suggested that this latter may possibly represent the infant Hermes, who has

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stolen the club of Hercules. In the Capitoline Museum there is still another, like the present in all respects, but of very inferior execution. The occurrence of so many of these statuettes, so nearly resembling one another, certainly suggests the existence of some celebrated original, of which, so far as I know, we have no other knowledge. Such a statue would be a natural companion-piece to the "Hercules bowed down by the might of love and despoiled of his weapons," which is alluded to in an epigram in the Greek Anthology, and which has been preserved for us in gems. The present statuette is also interesting as representing, in addition to the club, another of the attributes of Hercules, which is not very common in statues, the bow together with its case. "Love playing with the arms of Hercules" has been a favorite subject for ancient comic art. Sometimes he bears upon his shoulders the massive club, which bends him down beneath its weight, and a lamp at Naples with this design has the inscription "Help, comrades!" More common still are representations of "Love bending the bow of Hercules," of which numerous examples occur, that have been made the subject of a special study by Friederichs. The combination, however, of the two attributes is, I think, unique, and seems to militate against Welcker's interpretation of the lovely statuette at Vicuna.

Hoping the intrinsic excellence of this new art gem may warrant this long note, which seeks to secure for it the rightful appellation of "Love Disguised with the Attributes of Hercules," I remain, very truly yours,

HENRY W. HAYNES.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Decoration of the Dinner-table.

IT is quite impossible for the average female mind to confront unmoved the delightful possibilities to-day afforded by the service of a dinner-table. Times have changed since the mistress of a household thought it necessary to set before her guests a feast like the day-dream of Ichabod Crane, where "the pigeons were snugly put to bed in a comfortable pie, and tucked in with a coverlet of crust; the geese swimming in their own gravy, and the ducks pairing cozily in dishes, like snug married couples, with a decent competency of onion sauce." The now universal *dîner à la Russe*, with its airy hints, suggestions, and innuendoes of ministry to the coarser needs of human nature, has limited each course to the one dish offered at a time, with its companion sauce or vegetable.

"Giving a dinner-party" in the Virginia days gone by, for instance, meant a good deal of hard work for the housewife and her coadjutors, generally the daughters or sisters of the family; it meant hours of seclusion in a light pantry, with curls tucked up, and ribbons obscured by a gingham apron, weighing, measuring, egg-beating, almond-blanching, icing, garnishing, seasoning, tasting and gossiping!—all this, and much more, till the lavish banquet "stood confest" before the eyes of twenty hungry guests, who had jolted over ten miles of unspeakably bad roads to be punctual to the hour of half-past two P. M.

The march of civilization and modern degeneracy have materially lessened the labors of dinner-giving in the present. As a mere matter of contrast, it might be well to picture the dame-chatelaine of latter days, who, after having bidden her guests and consulted with her cook, abandons all concern until an hour before the coming of the guests. Then may you see a sylph, in trailing Watteau gown of palest blue, with saucy little bows, glide into her dining-room and hover round the board. The absolute work of arranging cloth, silver, crystal and steel, has been done by a well-trained servant; but there are graceful last touches which no hand but hers may give. There are wreaths of smilax to be trailed over piles of rosy fruit, and flowers to be grouped in studied carelessness beside each plate. Dinner-cards, and the mighty question of places, must be settled now; bon-bons, little cakes, and crystallized fruits must be arranged. Lamps and candles must be passed in review, the temperature of the room regulated, screens set, and portières drawn for the comfort of the company. A word of admonition is to be given to the servant about the warmth of the soup and the chill of the oysters before the mistress vanishes into her dressing-room, soon to re-appear and take her place, watchful, gracious, yet unconscious, as hostess of the feast!

The somewhat rigid forms of Eastlake's Jacobean-table are common now, despite the remonstrance of old dinner-givers, who say that there is no shape so comfortable, so sociable, or so effective as the perfect round.

Until recently, table-cloths have been restricted to an ornament arising merely from the gloss obtained by various distributions of the warp and woof in weaving. The specimens of British and Saxony table-damask are almost satin-like in texture. From Dresden has lately come a table-cloth quite new in conception, representing a dance of cupids amid garlands of flowers, encircling the center-piece. But the profluent tide of color has invaded even this stainless snow. In Germany, in 1872, some table-cloths were made, imitating the Renaissance linen, and bearing a familiar design of the Royal Meissen china—the "Zwiebelmuster" or "onion-pattern" in colored borders. Since then, scarlet and blue re-appear in monogram and crest, and in other traceries wrought by hand upon the damask.

We use Macramé lace under the fond impression that it is "something new," but the drapery of the table in Paul Veronese's picture of "Jesus in Simon's House" has identically this trimming, and in one or two other old paintings the table-cloth is bordered with the cut-work we are all learning to make to-day. I have seen a side-board cover, table-cloth, and napkins, decorated to match, with broidery of scarlet, and a handful of scarlet poppies dropped upon one side, with interwoven texts wrought in German characters.

Variety, thus laid upon the foundation stones of your dinner-table, appears throughout. The changes of plates are kaleidoscopic. You take your soup in Sèvres, your entrées in England, and so on, till you come to fruit and coffee in China or Japan. It is quite *en règle* to turn your plate over, with the

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sapient air of a connoisseur, and study the marks thereon inscribed. But it is well to avoid the catastrophe which befell an absent-minded man, not long ago, who, forgetful that he had just helped himself, reversed his plate and bestowed one of Delmonico's *bouchées à la reine* upon his neighbor's satin petticoat.

The use of heavy silver pieces has been very generally superseded by exquisite bits of porcelain or glass, bearing tribute of fruit and flowers. This is in reality an economy, as well as a pretty fashion, for a lady may select from her cabinet or shelf a Venice glass, an iridescent vase or two, and group her own flowers, without resorting to the costly structures sent in by her florist. A new fancy is to use but one kind of flower upon the table, as for instance, Jacqueminot, Maréchal Neil, or Gloire de Paris roses. For bouquets offered at each plate, there are lovely horn-shaped holders in Italian straw, flat baskets to hang with ribbons to the waist, and horse-shoes to be made of violets, and used in similar fashion.

One phase of the dessert at a recent dinner may prove suggestive, especially as the general effect resulted more from an harmonious assembling of colors than from a lavish display of wealth. The centerpiece was a glowing pyramid of scarlet poinsettia leaves, and white camellias, cut with long stems, and having glossy dark-green foliage. The shell-shaped dessert dishes, finger-bowls, and ice-cream plates, were all of ruby Bohemian glass. The doyleys were etched with red silk, in tiny Japanese designs. The candelabra used were of clear crystal, the *bobèches* of ruby glass, and the red wax candles had each one a little jaunty cap, or shade, of scarlet silk. The sparkle of fire-light and candle-light over all recalled the impression produced upon Jane Eyre by the drawing-room of Thornfield—"a general blending of snow and fire."

It ought to be quite a consolation to our country friends who have so long been sighing for the luxury of gas, that candles again play a prominent part in decoration. Sideboard, mantel-shelf and wall sconces glow with a subdued luster. Then the French moderator, or the familiar student's lamp, burning soft under a shade of antique lace, lined with crimson silk, makes so becoming a chiaro-oscuro, that it is doubtful whether they will ever be allowed to go out of vogue again.

Among dinner-table adornments, I know of nothing more beautiful and seductive to the housekeeper than the modern glass, now imported in quantities, and at prices within the reach of a moderate purse. What variety of form and tint in the Salviati or modern Venice glass! Amber, topaz, opal, sea blue, ruby, and bottle-green, make a beautiful radiance on a snowy cloth. In the Bombay striped glass, introduced into England by the Prince of Wales, after his visit to India, and since largely reproduced, there are beautiful specimens of fruit-dishes, flower-vases, and ice-cream plates. Bohemian and English enameled glass appear in such beautiful guise that it seems impossible for them to be excelled; and the ware from the Stourbridge factory is a revelation of the refined art attained by skilled engravers upon crystal.

SACHARISSA.

The Boys of the Family. IV.

A MILITARY EDUCATION AT WEST POINT.

THERE are probably few parents who, in discussing what they may do with their boys, give much consideration to West Point, unless some other member of the family is, or has been, in the army; yet here is an opening for a spirited lad of intelligence to a profession, which, if it can never yield riches, at least belongs to gentlemen and leads to honor. It has some manifest advantages over other occupations; a moderate income is insured to its members for life, and a definite social status. Entering the church, or the professions of law or medicine, a youth needs such a university education as can only be acquired by large expenditures of time and money; the preparatory period is one of continuous outlay; while in entering the army as a cadet at West Point, he is provided with an education of a higher standard than that attainable in most colleges, and is paid a liberal salary during the course. He needs no more capital than his railway fare to the Academy; no other equipment then the few inexpensive articles hereinafter specified, and when he is graduated and is enlisted as a second lieutenant, an amount is paid to him sufficient to purchase the new outfit necessary. Instead of being aristocratic or in any degree exclusive, the Academy is open to all, regardless of birth or station, who are capable of passing its preliminary examinations, and the poorest boy may avail himself of the same education given to the richest without ever perceiving or being reminded of any difference in the eyes of the officials between himself and them.

The two essential things in successful candidates are robust physical health and a taste for mathematics. In awarding marks the greatest weight is given to mathematics—the maximum being three hundred; three hundred is also the maximum for natural and experimental philosophy and civil and military engineering; one hundred and fifty for law; one hundred for drawing; one hundred for French, and two hundred for discipline. From these estimates it is evident what abilities are most acceptable to the authorities. Without cleverness in mathematics, without self-control and subordination, a boy stands little chance of being graduated or being long continued on the rolls; unless he is physically strong, the somewhat Spartan manner of life would soon compel his retirement.

Each Congressional district and territory—also the District of Columbia—is entitled to have a cadet at the Academy on an appointment made by the Secretary of War, in accordance with the nomination made by the representative or delegate. Ten other appointments are conferred at large by the President of the United States. The appointees are usually selected by the Congressman of the district in which a vacancy occurs, at a competitive examination, announced in local newspapers; they must be not younger than seventeen nor older than twenty-two;

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unmarried, not less than five feet in height, and clear of all deformity, disease and infirmity. They are required to report at West Point on the 1st of June, and are quartered there free of expense, apart from the cadets, until they are examined by the Academic Board, upon which body their final acceptance or rejection depends.

In the branches which it covers, the examination is exacting, but it does not include anything that an average boy of sixteen ought not to have learned in the public schools. A candidate must be able to read and write the English language correctly, and to be familiar with the four ground rules of arithmetic, with reduction, simple and compound proportion, and vulgar and decimal fractions; he must also have a knowledge of the elements of English grammar, descriptive geography and the history of the United States. No deficiencies or imperfections in these subjects are tolerated, as it is felt that the requirements for admission are too simple, and that they should include algebra and geometry. By the 20th of June the candidate is informed whether he is accepted or not; if accepted, he engages to serve in the army of the United States for eight years, four of which are to be spent at the Academy. During this latter period he receives a salary of five hundred and forty dollars a year. The salary is sufficient to cover all his expenses, including mess bills and clothing, and to leave him at the end of the academic course with money enough for the purchase of a lieutenant's outfit, although a hundred dollars from home in addition is never likely to be inconvenient or superfluous. If necessary, the outfit he requires on his entrance will be issued to him and charged against his pay, as all books, uniforms, etc., will be charged subsequently; but it is expected that he will defray the original outlay in advance. He must also bring with him the following articles: seven shirts, six pairs of winter socks, six pairs of summer socks, four pairs of summer drawers, three pairs of winter drawers, six handkerchiefs, six towels, one clothes-brush, one hair-brush, one tooth-brush, one comb, four sheets, and one trunk. The salary is only sufficient, provided economy is exercised. If the cadet is careless of his underwear or clothing; if he incurs fines for misusing the library or for other delinquencies; or if he is extravagant with his pocket-money, the annual amount paid to him may prove inadequate.

At West Point, as at Annapolis, every measure possible is taken to prevent other distinctions being drawn among cadets than those based on merit. The son of a millionaire is compelled to wear precisely the same kind of clothing, and to occupy precisely the same kind of a room, as the son of a clerk or mechanic. It occasionally happens that a cadet considers that the uniform trowsers issued to him are not stylish in cut, or that the uniform cap does not sit jauntily upon his head, and obtains duplicates from some fashionable clothier in the city; but as soon as they are discovered, the smuggled articles are invariably confiscated. The rooms are furnished alike, and the occupants are not allowed to adorn or add to them in any way. If the furnishing were left to the taste or discretion of the cadets, it is obvious that, when off duty, one might have a drawing-room and could entertain in easy chairs on Turkey carpets; while the other, who is struggling through the Academy with only his salary to support him, might have a cheerless den with a chair, a table, and a rush-light in it. But the cadet has no privilege which his fellows do not share, and though his parents may supply him with unlimited pocket-money, he is not given an opportunity to spend it. He is not allowed to visit a shop or to receive parcels from abroad without the consent of the superintendent; and the mess is a common one, to which no additions may be made by individuals. There are two cadets to each room; no carpets, no pictures on the walls, and not more than a dozen books. The occupants are required, when they are called at six o'clock in the morning, to roll up their bedding, to sweep the floor, to dust the furniture; and they are punished if they are found lying down on their beds before "taps," which is the signal to put out the lights at ten P.M. The discipline seems severe to a civilian, and a nervous or peevish boy could not endure it. Several offenses—such as intoxication, falsehood, libel, hazing, dueling and dishonesty—are punished by dismissal; others are punished by fines, confinement or the abridgment of leisure hours.

It should be understood that though a candidate has passed the examination by the Academic Board in June, he is ranked as a probationer until he has also passed the semi-annual examination during the following January, when if he is successful, a warrant is issued to him; the difficulties of success may be estimated from the fact that only thirty-five per cent of those who are appointed, and less than fifty per cent. of those who are admitted, are graduated.

There is only one vacation during the course. From the end of the June examination till the end of August the cadets live in camp, and those who have been in the Academy two years are granted leave of absence for the weeks that intervene, provided that less than two hundred demerits are recorded against them. Those having two hundred and fifty demerits are detained two days; those having three hundred, eight days, and those having three hundred and fifty, twelve days. New-Year's, the Fourth of July, Thanksgiving and Christmas are observed as holidays, and, in cases of good behavior, a few days' leave of absence may be granted at Christmas. Friends or relatives may visit the Academy at any time, and permission to call upon them is given to the cadets, under certain restrictions.

After graduation, as before, the pay is small, and the promotion slow; in time of peace the prospect is by no means brilliant; the young officer may be ordered to some isolated frontier post in the far West and be kept there for several years,—it is probable that he will be; but if the principles instilled under the code martial at West Point have not been lost upon him, he will have, above any material advantages of his position, the satisfaction of having had the education and training of a gentleman.

WILLIAM H. RIDING.

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Hints to Young Housekeepers.—VII.

TWO SERVANTS.

In those households where but two servants are kept, one should do the cooking, washing and ironing, and keep the lower part of the house in order, and the other should be housemaid and waitress. Where the family is small, the work is not too much for two servants; where the family is large, care should be taken by the different members not to increase the work unnecessarily, and there should be a willingness to aid in keeping things in order. We live in New York, as it were, in towers, with stairs upon stairs. To those who go up and down only to their meals, to dress, and to go to bed, this mode of life is but a light affair; but to servants, who must answer the door-bell, run with letters and messages, and go up and down for their necessary work, it is often a cause of much distress. A considerate mistress will save them as much of this climbing as possible, by giving notice that she will or will not receive visitors, and by having a box in the hall, in which notes and letters may be deposited which do not require an immediate answer, and by giving such clear directions in the morning that no running to ask questions is necessary.

ONE SERVANT.

Where but one servant is kept, the arrangements must be very systematic, or there will be confusion. A maid-of-all-work must begin her day by opening the windows of all the lower part of the house to air the rooms. She may then brush out the range, make the fire, sweep the kitchen, fill the kettle with fresh cold water, and then go to the dining-room, to put it in order. She proceeds like any housemaid (I need not repeat the duties), and, after sweeping and dusting, lays the breakfast-table, shuts the door of the room, sweeps the hall, shakes the mats, cleans the door and bell handles and the door-steps. (If the family breakfasts very early, the hall and door-steps must be left until after breakfast.) She should now wash her face and hands, smooth her hair, put on a clean apron and collar, and be ready to take the kettle or urn to the table. While the tea is drawing, she must prepare the breakfast and serve it. She can then take her own breakfast.

While the family is at breakfast, the maid should go upstairs, empty the tubs, put the rooms in order and leave them to air. (The beds should be made and the rooms dusted by members of the family. They may have the satisfaction, in this way, of having a well-made and attractive-looking bed.) The servant should then take from the breakfast-table the meat dishes and plates, place a vessel of fresh hot water on a tray upon the breakfast-table, so that the mistress can wash the china, silver, and glass herself, and attend to castors and salt-cellars, brush up the crumbs, fold the table-cloth, and restore the room to order. A pair of gloves and a large apron, in which to perform these services, should be kept at hand. The maid should sweep down the stairs, and dust the hall and balusters. After these duties are performed, the mistress should go down-stairs and give her directions for the day, and give out from her store-room whatever supplies are needed. It would be well for the mistress to dust the drawing-room, especially the books and bric-à-brac, for the hands of a maid-of-all-work are not always in condition.

As soon after breakfast as possible, the maid, to avoid confusion and haste, should see that every thing is ready for dinner; she can then go to her washing or ironing. No maid-of-all-work can do all the washing of a family (unless it be a very small one) where tasteful order is preserved. A woman on Monday to assist with the washing is a relief, and when the clothes are washed, dried and starched, she can find time during the week to do the ironing at intervals, if her employers are reasonable people.

When the dinner hour arrives, the maid must have her dinner ready, having first set the table, and unless the plainest dinner is to be served, the family must submit to having some dishes "kept hot" (the ruin of good cookery). The maid must change her dress, bring in the dinner, see that every one has bread and water, and then prepare the second course, if there is one. When the first course is over, she should return, clear the table and put on the dessert. After dinner, she should brush up the crumbs and the hearth and go and eat her own dinner.

After dinner is over, she should wash and put away the dinner service, arrange her kitchen and put on the kettle for tea (if the family take tea after dinner). She should take in the tea, go upstairs, turn down the beds, see that the tubs are set out, and the pails full, take down the tea-service, wash it, and carry up the silver.

The cleaning of the house should be divided so that each day shall have its proper share: the parlor and dining-room on one day, two bedrooms on another, and so on, that the regular daily work need not be crowded out of its routine.

At night, the servant should leave her kitchen so that nothing but the morning work is to be done, her wood and coal ready by the range, or stove, and should see that the doors are locked and bolted.

A household cannot be carried on with system and order with but one servant unless the mistress is energetic, reasonable and ready to do what is necessary. If washing is to be done, let it not be an excuse for every mistake or omission, but press it into its proper place and time.

When there is a child or children, the mother, if she cannot have more than one servant, must be nurse herself. The necessity is very delightful for the child, but it is very hard work for the mother.

NO SERVANT.

A family can live in New York without a servant. There will be, of course, some inconveniences, but anything is better than a struggle to do what one cannot afford, or to incur expenses which one is unable to meet. This plan can be carried out by taking a small apartment, and getting one's own breakfast and lunch—an object easily attained by having cold meat (which may be bought at any

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restaurant), pressed beef, tongue or ham, with the addition of a boiled egg or an omelet, toast and tea or coffee. If there are children, rice, oatmeal, or hominy may be boiled in an earthen-ware saucepan, which is easily washed; baked apples, a very wholesome dish, are also readily cooked. The chief trouble is the fire. A gas stove can be used, by which anything may be cooked. It is also economical, as the gas can be put out as soon as used. The dinner, or, indeed, all the meals, can be sent in from a restaurant, an agreement being made, either for so much for each person, or by the day or week. A woman can be brought in occasionally to clean the apartment. The washing, of course, must be put out. This is, in some respects, a most comfortable way of living, since it relieves a mistress of many responsibilities and doubtful expenses.

MRS. S. W. OAKEY.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Matthew Arnold on Equality.

THE leading essay in Mr. Arnold's latest book* is that upon "Equality." It was delivered in London as an evening lecture at the Royal Institution, which, by the way, is an extremely aristocratic place. It was reported in the "Daily Telegraph," a paper which has been the special object of Mr. Arnold's satire, under the heading, "Matt. Arnold Again." The heading was a witty one and had a good deal of meaning in it, since it expressed the somewhat puzzled and unsatisfied frame of mind with which even the more intelligent portion of the British public has been listening to Mr. Arnold for the last fifteen or twenty years. His thoughts have always amused and interested; there was no doubting the reality of his culture, the rectitude of his intentions, nor, as regards certain subjects, the clearness of his perceptions. His very satire was so good-humored and the motives that prompted it so plainly pure as not to offend even those against whom it was directed; but for all this the world has hitherto been at a loss just what value to put upon Mr. Arnold's contribution to the ideas of the day. Some of his thoughts are undoubtedly true, new, and important; others again look very much like crotchets. The world is only lately beginning to give him his proper and just position as one of the truest and most intrepid writers of the time.

The Royal Institution does not allow addresses on practical politics. Mr. Arnold, of course, had no practical measures to propose or advocate. Nevertheless, he said that the only way by which equality could be reached in England was by freedom of bequest. The code Napoleon which is in force in France, Holland, and Belgium, and which is substantially in force in Italy, leaves a man free to dispose by will of only a very small portion of his property. In France, he can only control the disposition after his death, if he have three children, of one-fourth; if he have two children, of one-third; and if he have one child, of one-half. In this country, freedom of bequest prevails just as in England; but here nobody desires to leave his property to his eldest son. In this connection, Mr. Arnold says: "I remember hearing it said to an American in England: 'But, after all, you have the same freedom of bequest and inheritance as we have, and if a man to-morrow chose in your country to entail a great landed estate rigorously, what could you do?' 'Set aside the will on the ground of insanity,' answered the American."

But in England the wish to entail property is apparently as strong as ever. The transmission of great estates undivided can only be prevented in that country therefore by putting restrictions upon freedom of bequest. This nobody would dream of proposing at the present time. Mr. Arnold therefore says that his idea of the beneficence of equality is intended only for the "thoughts of those who think." He holds that the inequality at present existing in England is hurtful to all classes. To quote one of those expressions of his, which having once obtained, he never ceases to reiterate: "Inequality materializes the upper class, vulgarizes the middle class, and brutalizes the lower class." We think that everybody who knows England will agree that this is the truth. Speaking broadly, the upper classes care for little but to eat and drink, to shoot and hunt, to dine and dance, to be envied and admired, and to array themselves with all the splendid accidents of their position; the middle class are entranced in admiration of the "splendid materiality" of their superiors; the lower classes, seeing above them a level of living beyond their approach, sink hopelessly back upon such poor pleasures as their life is capable of, and yield themselves to "gin, beer and fun." With that fine gift for reading human consciousness which the author possesses, he lays his finger upon a fact of human nature which is really at the core of the whole matter, viz., that to be in a position greatly and unalterably inferior to another causes a feeling of unwholesome depression and discouragement. Again, we are told that equality and a high civilization are inseparable. Civilization consists in the pursuit by society of perfection, along, not one, but many lines. Man should seek to do rightly in the daily conduct of life, he should pursue a sense of beauty, he should seek knowledge and science, and he should seek to have good manners, and to be sociably happy. Social perfection is one

*Mixed Essays. By Matthew Arnold. New York: Macmillan & Co. (Including the Essays "Democracy," "Equality," "Irish Catholicism and British Liberalism," "Porro Unum Est Necessarium," "A Guide to English Literature," "Falkland," "A French Critic on Milton," "A French Critic on Goethe," and "George Sand.")

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of the most important of these lines. France is more civilized than England, because at this point she is superior to England. And the social superiority of France is said to be due to French equality.

The essay on Democracy, which is the first in the volume, was published some twenty years ago in a work giving an account of the systems of education of the various countries of Europe. One turns with some interest to this essay to compare Mr. Arnold's present social opinions with those of a score of years ago. Some changes in the world's aspect have taken place in the meantime. France has become a republic, and this time really appears to mean to stay one. This, no doubt, has influenced English opinion. But England is after all very much in the dark about the country which is only an hour and a half distant from her shores, and which, on a clear day, may be seen from the cliffs of Dover. It has been the success of the North in our civil war which has most affected England. It was that which gave the liberal party their long lease of power after 1861. It was that which brought the ballot and which disestablished the Irish church. It is, perhaps, to a great extent, because our subsequent history has not been worthy of the country which achieved that great and heroic feat, that the English are to-day so well contented with their present manners and institutions. The essay on Democracy has the cautious and somewhat apologetic tone which it could not well help having, being written at that time; yet we are pleased to see that the author's idea concerning equality was even at that time incubating in his mind. He says: "Can it be denied that to live in a society of equals tends in general to make a man's spirits expand, and his faculties work easily and actively; while, to live in a society of superiors, although it may occasionally be a very good discipline, yet in general tends to tame the spirits and to make the play of the faculties less secure and active? Can it be denied, that to be heavily overshadowed, to be profoundly insignificant, has, on the whole, a depressing and benumbing effect on the character?" The especial object of this essay on Democracy was to call English attention to the public schools established by the French government. In this connection, the relative place which the state holds in France and England is spoken of.

In England, as here, it has been the custom to prefer individual action to state action. In France, the contrary is the case. In referring to the certain retirement of the aristocracy from that political position in England which they have formerly held, and of the sure advance of democratic rule, Mr. Arnold inculcates the necessity of preparing some power which shall in the future perform the same office for England which the aristocracy has performed in the past. The aristocracy has lent dignity to the government. When the government shall have fallen into the hands of the people, in order that its dignity may be retained, it will be necessary to give the state a stronger position in the community. It must be more generally felt, and must do more things. Such is Mr. Arnold's view.

It does not appear to be necessary that the power of government should be increased in order to render it conspicuous. The government of a free state, if even far more limited than that of England, will be likely to be conspicuous enough. People love to think about politics and public action, in part, no doubt, because it takes them out of their narrow private concerns. It is nobler than the grocer's sugar or the tailor's cloth. Purity and respectability are qualities especially necessary to give dignity to government. No doubt, however, there is a close relationship between power and respectability. If a government be such as to command universal respect and confidence, it would be natural that the public should wish that great enterprises should be committed to its hands; if, on the other hand, a government be very powerful and penetrating, the public would be naturally jealous of its respectability. In the case of England, Mr. Arnold may be right in teaching that an increase in the power of the state is a condition of its respectability; he fears that the populace having obtained possession of power, the tone of government will be lowered, unless in the meantime the state be given so great a position in the eyes of the people that they would not tolerate action inconsistent with their conception of its grandeur and importance. In this country, on the other hand, respectability must precede an increase of the power of government. When the day comes that it shall command universal respect and confidence, we shall not be sorry to see it made stronger. What we are all conscious of needing is something to look up to. A great power set up in our midst, just, correct, wise and decent, would exert a most wholesome effect upon all varieties of public life; indeed, we are sure that it would exert an invigorating influence upon the character of every private individual.

"The Epic of Hades."*

IMAGINE yourself by twilight in a long gallery hung with tapestry, on which are seen figures of Greek mythology, each in its own compartment, or, if the chamber is not hung with real mediæval work, then with pictures painted by Burne-Jones, or some other of the pre-Raphaelites; suppose each figure to assume in turn enough life to make itself heard in silvery speech, but without departing too much from the peculiar ideal immobility, the strange, but not altogether displeasing unnaturalness that pervades the art of that English school of painters:—you will then understand "The Epic of Hades." It is rooted in the pre-Raphaelite movement, even more thoroughly than are the poems of Swinburne or those of William Morris, the brother of this author. On general principles it is not so original as the first poems of William Morris, because it really repeats, in a different phase, the same plan or plot. Instead of going far across the sea to find the islands of the Blest, as William Morris did in his first book, Lewis Morris assumes more the position of Dante, and finds

* The Epic of Hades. In Three Books. By the Author of "Songs of Two Worlds." Seventh Edition. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

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himself confronted with visions of the illustrious dead in some under-world or other-world to which he is suddenly hurried in spirit; but it is only to awake again and find himself in the familiar scenes of Wales. If the later poet is not so original as his brother, he surpasses him in the sobriety and reticence of his art. He subdues that luxuriance of words which must surely damage the lasting fame of William Morris, and in consequence he may easily appear on a first acquaintance to be the owner of a powerful style. On closer examination, however, that virtue cannot be allowed him; it must be softened into a verdict of extreme good taste, rather than actual grasp and force. Yet, if passages are read by themselves, it is hard to avoid assigning him a higher rank in poetry. He is pre-eminently a poet who will extremely delight readers for a time, but who will not leave a mark on the generation. No blame need attach to a man for this; it is his fortune, not his fault, and any one who loves poetry ought to feel grateful toward a poet who serves up, even if it be for a single reading, so charming an intellectual repast. When the shade of Phædra addresses him, we get the following delightful picture of the young Hippolytus urging his chariot around the crescent-shaped beach before his father Theseus and his step-mother. The latter has already poisoned the father's heart against Hippolytus, and Theseus has prayed to Neptune to overwhelm his son. Phædra is speaking:

"A sudden gleam of sun
Flashed on the silver harness as it went,
Burned on the brazen axles of the wheels:
And on the golden fillets of the Prince
Doubled the gold. Sometimes a larger wave
Would dash in mist around him, and in fear
The rearing coursers plunged, and then again
The strong young arm constrained them, and they flashed
To where the wave-worn foreland ends the bay.

"And then he turned his chariot, a bright speck
Now seen, now hidden, but always, tho' the surge
Broke round it, safe: emerging like a star
From the white clouds of foam. And as I watched,
Speaking no word, and breathing scarce a breath,
I saw the firm limbs strongly set apart
Upon the chariot, and the reins held high,
And the proud head bent forward, with long locks
Streaming behind, as nearer and more near
The swift team rushed—until, with a half joy,
It seemed as if my love might yet elude
The slow sure anger of the god, dull wrath
Swayed by a woman's lie.

"But on the verge
As I cast my eyes, a vast and purple wall
Swelled swiftly towards the land: the lesser wave
Sank as it came, and to its toppling crest
The spume-flecked waters, from the strand drawn back,
Left dry the yellow shore. * * *

"I strove to cry,
But terror choked my breath. Then, like a bull
Upon the windy level of the plain
Lashing himself to rage, the furious wave,
Poising itself a moment, tossing high
Its wind-vext crest, dashed downward on the strand,
With a stamp, with a rush, with a roar."

If it be not too ungracious to analyze these charming pictures, we would say that they are not human enough. True, they are shades speaking, but they relate what they thought and did when they were on earth and were more alive than most of their fellow-creatures. So Phædra is made to feel the most violent revengefulness toward her step-son, although the latter, far from spurning her guilty love, loves her in turn and is merely deterred by fear of the gods. Clytemnestra is also quite devoid of human attributes; she is too elaborately wicked for a fiend. These familiar characters of Greek literature describe themselves as if they were pictures, not realities, and after hearing them we see their figures posing in the typical attitudes which painters and sculptors feel it necessary to employ for their creations, in order that no one shall mistake them for any other heroes or heroines. So Andromeda says:

"There, on a sea-worn rock, upon the verge,
To some rude stanchions, high above my head,
They bound me. * * * * * *
All my robe
Fell from my lifted arms, and left displayed
The virgin treasure of my breasts; and then
The white procession through the moonlight streamed
Upwards, and soon their soft flutes sounded low
Upon the high lawns, leaving me alone."

While the author is plainly a member of the Rossetti-Swinburne-Morris school of poetry and art, he shows throughout his book a stronger tendency than any of the others to moralize. Although his shades are pagan, they occasionally speak of Christ, and when it comes to Olympus, and finally to Zeus the leader, it is not Zeus of the Greeks, but the god who thundered from Sinai, that is alluded to. He is hinted, rather than described, and does not speak like the rest of the gods, demigods and heroes, but is known by a divine effulgence which presses on the vision of the poet. The lesser characters either hint or state broadly their allegorical bearing upon the life of to-day as much as upon the life of the old Greeks. Sisyphus is the miser or the ambitious rich man, and his stone is the wealth that he piles up only to see it fall. The monster of Andromeda more obscurely symbolizes a great deluge, and again, by a very fine metaphor, conveyed in as fine a passage, is made symbolical of the evil that lies in wait for a young life, the latter being typified by Andromeda. In like manner, the hounds that slay Actæon are our senses that overcome us when we turn aside from our object in life to revel in sensuous pleasures. Now and then one comes upon touches like the "Idyls" of Tennyson. (Page 58:)

"Nor heard I tidings of her, knowing not
If yet she walked the earth, nor if she bare
The load of children, even as I had borne
Her in my opening girlhood, when I leapt
From child to Queen, but never loved the King."

Or, again on page 60:

* * * "And thus,
Love to a storm of passion growing, swept
My wounded soul and dried my tears, as dries
The hot sirocco all the bitter pools
Of salt among the sand."

The quality of verse of this newer comer is fine. Only now and then there is a questionable running together of extra syllables; or the ictus of the verse will fall upon a weak syllable, or an unimportant particle. The sense of rhythm is certainly stronger than in William Morris, but it cannot approach the feeling for rhythm developed by the genius of Swinburne. Mr. Lewis Morris is a charming poet for

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the day. At the very close of the "Epic of Hades" he explains his symbolical connection of the old myths with the fortunes of men of the present day, and concludes:

> "For while a youth is lost in soaring thought,
> And while a maid grows sweet and beautiful,
> And while a spring-tide coming lights the earth,
> And while a child, and while a flower is born,
> And while one wrong cries for redress and finds
> A soul to answer, still the world is young!"

Seiss's "Miracle in Stone," and "Voices from Babylon."

DR. SEISS has endeavored to give in his work on the Great Pyramid,* a clear and condensed and popular account of that most ancient, most mighty, and most marvelous monument of the past. From classic times this vast pile of masonry has held its place at the head of the "seven wonders of the world." In these latter days its mere mass and stability—without parallel as these are—have been dwarfed by the intellectual significance which has been given to it. The various pyramids of Egypt are commonly classed together; but the similarity of form which at first strikes the eye serves only to emphasize the essential difference between the Great Pyramid of Gizeh, and those other monuments of antiquity which are mere imitations of its external shape.

It is claimed—not by Dr. Seiss alone, but by such men as Professor Piazzi Smyth, Royal Astronomer of Scotland—that this wonderful monument was built 4,000 years ago, in the midst of the land of Egypt, and under Divine direction, to be an indestructible standard of measurement for the world. Professor Smyth went at his own expense to Egypt, and spent three months in making accurate measurements of angles, of the dimensions of passages, chambers, and external walls, which he published with the conclusions deduced from them, under the title, "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid," in 1864.

As a result of the labors of John Taylor, General Howard Vyse, Professor Smyth and others, some most singular conclusions have been reached concerning the pyramid. From the measurements taken of its various parts, from its peculiar form and mode of construction, sober-minded men have deduced scientific truths after which the race has been blindly groping for three thousand years. In this awful monument of a vanished past, they believe that they find a record which substantiates the Bible history, which solves problems now vexing the nations, and which points to a fuller and nobler future for the race. In a word, from these new measurements have been deduced a complete system of weights and measures; a new thermometric scale, combining the advantages of centigrade and Fahrenheit; a record of the precise length of the solar year; the true diameter of the earth; the mean density of the earth; the mean temperature of its climate; the parallel of latitude which divides into two equal parts the northern hemisphere; the cycle of the precession of the equinoxes, and a hundred other results almost as wonderful.

To explain all this upon the ground of mere coincidence would be hardly philosophical; but just here proof comes in from the other pyramids. Many measurements of these have been made, but not one single number has come to light which seems to possess the slightest significance. So far, the teaching of the Great Pyramid seems sound, but when we find it pressed into the service of peculiar theological views in regard to the future, the mind of the untheological reader revolts, and suspicion is cast upon the whole. If, as is true, the verbal prophecies of the ancient seers have been made to sustain each new millennial scheme, how much more easily will the symbolic mysteriousness of this vast pile of masonry lend itself to the imaginations of those who unlawfully desire to look into the secret things of God!

Stimulated by greed of gold, in the year 820, A.D., Caliph al Mamoun, a son of Haroun al Raschid, of "Arabian Nights" celebrity, quarried his way into the mighty mass of rock. The covetous dream of treasure was never realized, but the closed chambers of the Great Pyramid, which had waited in silence and darkness through three thousand years, were at last accessible to the world. For centuries more the open secret lay unsolved; from time to time excavations and measurements were made, revealing new wonders of structure and marvels of design in the great pile of stone.

The 250 pages of Dr. Seiss's book do not permit a fair and full presentation of all the points he desires to make. The volume is merely a *résumé* of the large, elaborate, and expensive volumes of Smyth, but it is a *résumé* honestly and carefully made, though the style is extremely faulty, and the presentation sometimes obscure.

It is assuredly a notable fact, in these skeptical days, that any number of scientific men, whatever their religious creed, should have been forced to resort to the theory of Divine inspiration to account for a work hitherto considered to be of purely human origin.

A book upon prophecy† naturally creates a distrust in advance, since for the last thousand years or more, almost every religious vagary of the human mind has sought stability by establishing a fancied foundation in the vague utterances of the prophetical books. As the years and the centuries have rolled on, proving the falsity of these interpretations, the credulity of the race has been worn threadbare.

Dr. Seiss is a man of sound mind and logical acuteness, and in his "Voices of Babylon" has in large measure steered clear of the pitfalls which beset his work. He is remarkably lucid in his statement of fulfilled prophecy, and here and there gives an interpretation which commends itself as both sound and true. He is very careful not to let his imagination run

* A Miracle in Stone; or, The Great Pyramid of Egypt. By Joseph A. Seiss, D. D. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates, 1877.

† Voices from Babylon; or, The Records of Daniel the Prophet. By Joseph A. Seiss, D. D. Porter & Coates, 1870.

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away with him in his paraphrases of the narrative. In many respects his moderation is to be highly commended; though he has a summary way of disposing of those who differ with him in opinion, which is neither courteous nor convincing.

The interpretation of the golden image of Nebuchadnezzar is new and very striking; the illumination which history throws upon the prophecies already fulfilled is well and vigorously shown. There is, however, in the volume, entirely too much paraphrasing of the Bible text, which adds nothing to its force or clearness, and too much moralizing. This, of course, in its original form of church lectures, was well enough; but as published comment it swells the bulk, while it adds nothing to the value of the work.

The latter part of the volume is devoted to the interpretation of the yet unfulfilled prophecies of Daniel. No date is fixed, but the author's views as to the meaning of the prophet are fully and clearly given. Like all such interpretation, it is extremely unsatisfactory to all who have no second advent or millennial views to sustain. One excellent feature of the book which should not be omitted in any notice of it is a careful translation, by a competent Hebrew scholar, of the Book of Daniel.

Gosse's "Studies in the Literature of Northern Europe." *

IT would be better to call this collection of essays, originally printed in various English reviews and magazines, by the title "Notices of Writers of Northern Europe." For, strictly speaking, they are not studies in literature, so much as reports about the life and writings of mediæval and modern poets of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland and Southern Germany. It could hardly be otherwise when the English public knows so little about the writers under review. Holland, although a next-door neighbor, and speaking a language closely similar to English, has almost always been neglected by the students of Great Britain. It is not surprising that up to the most recent times, the difficulty of acquiring a knowledge of the Celtic dialects in Great Britain should have made Celtic scholars rare, but that Dutch should have been so persistently slighted is something of a marvel. Nevertheless, it has been necessary to wait for Mr. Gosse —a poet of the Rosetti-Swinburne school, a student of Icelandic and Danish and the author of "On Viol and Flute" and "King Erik"—to point out carefully, and in detail, the large obligations that Milton owed to a Dutch writer of tragedies. Vondel was born before Milton, and published before him, but lived long after him. Born in 1588, he died in 1679, five years after Milton. His "Lucifer" was published in 1654 and Milton, who before he lost his eye-sight was taught Dutch by Roger Williams, is supposed to have begun "Paradise Lost" in 1658. It appeared in 1667. Very curious are the extracts which Mr. Gosse has translated from the "Lucifer" of Vondel; in some respects the conceptions of the Dutchman are better than those of the great Englishman; but it is plain, from a review of the originals which are given in an appendix, that the older poet was greatly inferior in versification and force. The scenes of Vondel's drama are in heaven; the archangels and angels tread the boards in a magnificent manner, quite equal in the elevation of the general sentiment to the best of "Paradise Lost." When the heavenly hosts have been victorious and are rejoicing over the headlong fall of the rebel angels into space, a messenger arrives to turn their joy into lamentation; he relates how Adam and Eve have succumbed to temptation, that being the means employed by Lucifer to revenge himself for his overthrow. The cause of the rebellion in heaven is the creation of man, who, although "a little lower than the angels," is fated to surpass them after a long probation, and to take higher rank than they in the affection of the Godhead. Jealousy of man is thus the mainspring of the revolution among the angels and of wretchedness among men. The comparison between Milton's greatest work and the highest achievement of Dutch literature, here for the first time undertaken at any length, is of the utmost interest. A contemporary of Vondel was Tesselschade Roemer, a Sappho whom four poets continued to celebrate in verse while they lived. The death of one of them was hastened through unrequited love for her. Her finest lyric has been turned from Dutch into English by Mr. Gosse, who seems equally at home in all of the North European languages. The rhythm and spirit of her "Wild Songster" remind one of Shelley's "Sky-lark," although it is hardly within the bounds of the possible that Shelley should ever have known of the existence of this poem on the nightingale:

"Praise thou the nightingale,
Who with her joyous tale
Doth make thy heart rejoice,
Whether a singing plume she be, or viewless winged voice:

"Whose warblings, sweet and clear,
Ravish the listening ear
With joy, as upward float
The throbbing liquid trills of her enchanted throat.

"Whose accent pure and ripe
Sounds like an organ pipe,
That holdeth divers songs,
And with one tongue alone sings like a score of tongues."

So begin two poems to the wild and the tame songstresses, the latter being a human songstress. Tesselschade, like so many following poets, made the very natural mistake of calling the nightingale "she," when it is only the male bird that sings. Mr. Gosse has also close translations of bits from Hooft, Huyghens and Cats, all poets of great repute in their day.

One of the best essays in this very instructive and charming collection is on Runeberg. He is the greatest poet, and therefore the representative, of Swedish literature, although, as the reader is probably aware, he was a Finlander by birth and residence. His lyrical songs have been translated with exactness by two scholars of Oxford, and, quite recently,

* lies in the Literature of Northern Europe. By Edmund se. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1879.

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Miss Marie Brown has published in Boston a translation of his "Nadeschda," a minor epic of the present day with scenes laid in Russia. Between Tegnér, the author of the "Frithiof's Saga," and Runeberg, the writer has found no intermediate genius: no Swedish author stands midway between the ideal style of the former and the realistic vein of the latter. Strange to say, Mr. Gosse has discovered the middle link here in America, and moreover in the person of Longfellow. Longfellow is an anomaly in American literature, says this authority, and has the full character of a Swedish poet. "The poem of Evangeline has really no place in Anglo-Saxon poetry; in Swedish it would accurately express a stage in the progress of literature which is now unfilled. It is known that Mr. Longfellow has cultivated the language of Sweden with much assiduity, and has contemplated literary life in that country with all the unconscious affection of a changeling."

While Mr. Gosse is introducing to Great Britain the luminaries of Scandinavian and Germanic poetry, Mr. Alma-Tadema is living in London as one of the first painters of the day. He is from the Low Countries, and is therefore appropriately chosen to give an etching of the poetess Tesselschade as a frontispiece for the book. It is as archæological as we may expect Mr. Alma-Tadema always to be. In the preface, Mr. Gosse explains that he is a follower of Sir George Dasent into Icelandic, and foreshadows a history of Icelandic literature for English readers. It will be a great undertaking, and though Mr. Gosse is hardly a critic of genius, no doubt he will do very good honest work in so congenial a line of research. There is no lack of Danish and Norwegian writers on the history of their common ancient literature; indeed the man who will wade through all the strange lucubrations of Scandinavian professors regarding their ancestral epics and histories must be made of solid stuff. Meanwhile he is doing a great service in supplying us with these popular essays. Their interest to the large number of people in the United States who have Dutch and Scandinavian blood in their veins needs hardly a mention.

Plato on Socrates (The New Translation).*

THIS new translation of those three works of Plato which particularly present Socrates in his daily life, and in his moral and religious character, deserves welcome in itself, as well as for the aim with which it is made public. It would be hopeless, no doubt, to attempt to popularize the philosophy of Plato, and no one would have opposed such an attempt more than the stately Athenian idealist himself. But his hero and master, Socrates, is especially a popular character—as much so as Abraham Lincoln, Dr. Franklin, or Martin Luther. Like them, he was one of the people; his life was among the people, though he also frequented the rich and great, and compelled them, by his genius and sincerity, to frequent him. He may be described as a fourth term, standing between a religious missionary like Luther, a political humorist like Lincoln, and a philosophical man of the world like Franklin. Socrates had the great advantage over all these men, however, of educating his own biographer, and that, too, a man of vast genius, greater than himself, though appealing less forcibly to the popular love and sense of humor. Yet there were some inconveniences, too, some magnificent disadvantages in having Plato for a biographer. The philosophizing ideal tendency was so strong in him that he could not keep his hero on the plain level of ordinary life, but was continually putting him into the purple robes of his own rhetoric, which contrasted oddly enough with the homely garb and comical features of the real Socrates. In some of the Platonic dialogues little remains of the genuine Socrates except his pungent irony of catechism and his sly jokes; the rest is a soaring transcendentalist, who, not content with bringing philosophy down from heaven to earth, mounts up with his captive again into the thinnest air of speculative thought. In the three books here translated this is not the case; but here we have the jocose enthusiast himself in all his native strength and strangeness of character. The "Apology," or "Platonic Defense," as Mr. Grote terms it, tells the story of the old man's life as faithfully as did the poems of Lucilius, according to Horace, set forth that garrulous Roman's haps and mishaps:

> "Quo fit ut omnis
> Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella
> Vita senis."

The "Crito" exhibits Socrates in his intrepid preference of civic duty before disobedience even to unjust laws, which only punished him with death; while the "Phædo" shows upon what a solid foundation of faith his hope of immortality rested. In this dialogue Plato seems to have introduced his own poetical theories of the universe, some of which are omitted or condensed in the translation before us, as not bearing specially upon the life of Socrates, which it is the purpose of this translator to present in a plain and simple form.

This purpose has been accomplished, and that without those conspicuous felicities of translation upon which many scholars have prided themselves, and to which Plato's prose so tempts them. There is a careful, unadorned grace in the renderings, which betokens much study and a familiarity with high themes; but the masculine strength of conception which excuses many serious faults in Taylor's translation, and the thrice-polished fluency of Jowett's version are equally wanting in this American translator. There is also a perceptible—it may be a premeditated—avoidance of those close-packed phrases, vital in every part, which Plato, like Dante and Shakspere, was in the habit of using, where an ordinary writer would have found a plain adjective of common significance sufficient.

This translator is more intent upon the serious doctrine of Socrates than upon his jests and repar-

* Socrates. A Translation of the Apology, Crito and parts of the Phædo of Plato. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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tees, in which he was as adroit as an Irishman, and which Plato reports as carefully as when gravely discoursing at his highest point of spiritual insight. It is in this paradoxical union of qualities naturally so foreign to each other, that we find one secret of the wonderful influence exerted by Socrates in his own time; and it is this, as much as anything, that has preserved his great renown. For popular effect, therefore, and, still better, for a full comprehension of the man himself, this side of his nature should be brought out more forcibly than most of the translators have condescended to do. It is also the side most in accord with the modern turn of mind to which Plato and Aristotle generally seem so strange. We trust that the modest scholar, who has gone thus far in his labor of love, will not stop here, but will give us condensed translations of other dialogues. His work is commended to the reader by Professor Goodwin of Harvard College, as well as by its own unobtrusive merit. In a brief introduction, the facts concerning Socrates are given, and Professor Goodwin writes a preface containing much in little. The wood-engravings of the busts of Plato and Socrates which accompany the text are by Henry Marsh and J. G. Smithwick respectively, and exhibit strength and delicacy, and rare faithfulness in reproducing the textures of the different materials of the busts.

Boyesen's "Falconberg." *

MR. BOYESEN has opened an entirely new field of romance among the settlements of Norwegians in the North-west. The contact of slow, conservative farmers from Scandinavia with the bustle and stir of Anglo-Saxondom in its American phase cannot fail to offer picturesque situations, and these Mr. Boyesen has liberally used. If Helga Raven and her lover Einar do not correspond with the actual immigrant of either sex that comes to us from Norway, we have no means of contradicting the author. Knowing so little of this people, we are glad to take his word for the characters that move through his book. At any rate, we can see that they are natural—nay, more; we can perceive that they correspond pretty nearly in a general way to the characters that people the literature of their forefathers—the old Icelandic. They are not so sanguinary as the sea-rovers, but they have the same quiet, the same stolidity, and, when finally aroused, the same overwhelming way of solving a question by resort to the most energetic methods. The born Americans in "Falconberg" are not many; chiefly a Dr. Van Flint, who pursues Icelandic in the spirit of an enthusiast, and George Washington Bingham, Esq., a young man from the Eastern states who uses the simple Norwegians for his own political ends, and sets them all by the ears as a means to the attainment of his ambition. "Falconberg" marks a distinct advance in Mr. Boyesen from the level of his "Norseman's Pilgrimage." One cannot read of the struggles of the hero to throw off the incubus of his crime, which, committed in the old country, yet rises up to blast him at the very moment of success, without feeling that Mr. Boyesen is going deeper into character and taking a broader view of the world and men than ever before. In connection with Falconberg's crime and emigration to America, it is interesting to remember that Almquist, a notable Swedish *littérateur*, was accused of forgery and even worse, and, though the truth of the charges was never proved, made his escape to America in 1853.

* Falconberg. By Hjalmar H. Boyesen. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Mansfield's Personal Memories." *

A VETERAN editor, graduated at Princeton and West Point, and a resident for almost a life-time in the metropolis of the Ohio Valley, could hardly write a book of recollections that could fail of being interesting. In this volume one finds the romantic Madame Blennerhasset galloping across country in the days of her prosperity; Dr. Lyman Beecher in his oddities and his power; Mrs. Stowe in the day of her early successes; that most brilliant of the earlier Western writers, Judge Hall; the ablest of early Western scientific men, Dr. Daniel Drake; the great polemic, Alexander Campbell; the great Cincinnati astronomer Mitchel; Gallagher, and other Western poets; Powers, the Cincinnati sculptor; Judge Burnet, and innumerable other people of note. There is not much book-making skill shown in the work. The venerable author, despite all his experience, writes straight on, not caring to group his rich materials with any skill, while the proof-reading is the worst we have seen from any reputable house. The proper names of well-known people are spelled with a carelessness that, in some cases, becomes even ludicrous, as, for instance, where General Ormsby Macknight Mitchel is transformed into Ormsby McNight Mitchell. But the author's keen interest in the affairs and men of the past gives a positive interest to his valuable memories, and his quaint, old-fashioned notions and positive opinions make the controversies of the past seem to be alive. He is an anti-Jackson, United States Bank protectionist to-day, and his religious convictions are expressed with equal firmness. Altogether, the book is one of the most valuable of its kind, and we hope the venerable writer may be spared to give us another volume.

Cable's "Old Creole Days." †

IT would be hard to pick out the most charming from these Creole tales. We might make a beginning by eliminating that called "Café des Exilés"; not because it does not show us an entirely new and most piquant phase of New Orleans life, but because, relatively to the others, its plot is less clearly drawn, and its dialogue—the peculiar English of the Louisiana Frenchman and Spaniard

* Personal Memories, Social, Political, Literary, with Sketches of many noted people. By E. D. Mansfield, LL. D. 1803–1843. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

† Old Creole Days. By George W. Cable. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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—is less intelligible. Yet, even in this, how delightfully Mr. Cable introduces us to his heroine, the daughter of an exile of noble family, who, having escaped the insurrections in the West India Islands, is forced to keep a café at New Orleans! "Posson Jone'," which appeared originally in "Appleton's Journal," brings before one the curious contrasts of race that were and are still found at New Orleans. There is the herculean Parson Jones from West Florida, with his strange English,—half Bible, half poor white; and there is the devil-may-care, happy-go-lucky Jules de St. Ange, with whom Parson Jones forms a street acquaintance. The hangers-on and satellites of these two, one a mulatto, the other a coal-black negro, are as good as their masters. It seems a pity not to use the story, or rather let us say, not to use the talents of its writer, for the drama. In "'Sieur George" the mystery of the life of the hero is well kept to the end; "'Tite Poulette," however, turns out rather tamely. 'Tite Poulette is supposed to have a tinge of African blood; but the author makes her a pure white before marrying her to Kristian Koppig, the rosy young Dutchman. Mr. Cable is quite inimitable in the way he suggests a charming, delightful woman: witness the young girls of the De Charleu family in "Belles Demoiselles Plantation," and the heroine of "Madame Délicieuse." But he reaches his greatest height in "Jean-ah Poquelin," the story of an old slave-trader who adores his younger brother, and at last consents, at the urgent request of the latter, to take him with him on a voyage. Jean Poquelin comes home alone and shuts himself up with a deaf and dumb slave in a great dilapidated house which stands in a marsh. Gradually, to his reputation of a slaver people add the suspicion of being a murderer, the infamy of being a wizard. A mob that comes to serenade him discovers that he has lived a terrible life of self-sacrifice and isolation. The man who can write such a story is no mere talented writer; he is a genius in his way.

Stockton's "Rudder Grange."

THE test of an orator, says a French critic, is the effect that he produces, and certainly the first test of humor is its result upon the reader. Tried by this rule, "Rudder Grange" is fairly entitled to be ranked as a specific for all ills that have their origin in lowness of spirits. It is not a witty book; but it is full of humor, and of good, healthy animal spirits. From the first chapter, in which, in their enthusiasm, a young couple rent an old canal-boat, in which to set up their *lares*, down to the very ludicrous finale, the situations are irresistibly funny. Nor is the fun all in the situations—Pomona, with her blood-and-thunder novels, her stage-mania, and her ready, but sometimes desperate, tact, is a real original in humorous literature. Euphemia, in whom the foibles of womankind are gently satirized, the matter-of-fact Boarder, and the romantic owner of Rudder Grange are all well individualized. There is a vein of commonplace in the book, but we question whether, after all, even this does not help one to see better the surprise when it comes. The very homeliness of its topics, of its situations, and of its usually well-directed satire, make it a good book to read aloud; for one wants to enjoy this humor of everyday life with a friend, or, better still, with a family of young people. We know of no humorous book of the year that will bid higher for the attention of those in search of "summer reading."

A New Edition of Longfellow.

AN elaborate and expensive edition of this author is now being prepared by Houghton, Osgood & Co., under his personal supervision and subject to his constant advice. Mr. Longfellow is not merely the most popular in his own country, but the best known and most cherished poet throughout the length and breadth of the English-speaking world. His fame extended long ago to Germany and Scandinavia, and for a great while he was supposed by well-read people of those lands to be the only eminent representative of American literature. It is too soon to form a critical judgment on the pages so far issued. Three parts, of thirty or forty large quarto pages each, are not enough to judge from without a proviso; but it is plain that no expense has been spared in the endeavor to make it an *edition de luxe*. A line steel portrait by Mr. William E. Marshall opens the first number, taken from a photograph chosen by the poet himself. The wood-cuts are numerous, and employ some well-known engravers. Decorations for the sub-titles under which the different volumes, now issued together, originally appeared, are supplied by Mr. Ipsen. The list of artists appears to embrace a good many favorite illustrators of fine books. The work will be completed in the autumn of 1880.

Mr. Marshall's Recitals.

THE platforms of our cities creak under the tread of swarms of readers, elocutionists, lecturers and vocal artists, among whom few can claim any real artistic merit. Coming neatly within the charmed circle is Mr. John Marshall, whose recent recitals at Chickering Hall are yet fresh in the minds of those who heard them. His voice is naturally sweet, strong and full; and it has, moreover, been trained into flexibility and expressiveness. His style of delivery is individual and magnetic, and has considerable range. Shakspere on the platform has, it must be confessed, unheard of capacity for dullness in dull hands, but Mr. Marshall's handling of the closet scene from "Hamlet" was directed by a discriminating interpretation, and gave expression to a varied ebb and flow of emotion. In the rendition of minor poetry, Mr. Marshall has every promise of success. In some cases he is able to give entirely new meaning and incontestably better form to many well-known poems, such as Burns's "A Man's a Man for a' That," and "Lady Clara Vere de Vere." Mr. Marshall's facility in humorous characterization is also worth mention. In "The Collection for Ballysloughgutthery Church," he has well expressed the nice distinction in the two Irish brogues,—the, so to say, educated brogue of the priest, and the more ignorant "burr" of the peasant.

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THE WORLD'S WORK.

Novel Method of Testing Iron Wire.

AN apparatus, founded on well-known laws of electro-magnetism, has been recently brought out that promises to be of great value in testing iron and steel wire. Upon a firm foundation is placed a helix of insulated copper wire wound upon a spool of paper, rubber, wood, or other non-conducting material, and through the center of the spool is bored a hole, so that a wire rod may be passed through the helix. When the helix is connected with a battery, any piece of iron passed through it becomes an electro-magnet. Opposite one end of the helix is placed a magnetometer, having a needle delicately balanced and placed upright. The magnetometer is placed upon a sliding support so that it may be placed in any position in relation to the electro-magnet, and by moving it forward or backward before the helix, a point may be found where the needle will indicate the maximum intensity of the magnetism in the wire rod. The magnetometer is then fixed in this position by binding screws. The rod of soft iron in the helix being of known density and tensile strength, it becomes, by the aid of the magnetometer, a standard of comparison in testing other wire. The needle of the magnetometer has an aluminum pointer riveted to the upper end, and as the needle moves the pointer traverses a semi-circular scale divided into 180 degrees, marked from zero in the center to 90 degrees each way. After arranging the apparatus with the test piece of soft iron so that the pointer rests at zero, the rod is removed and a steel rod of the same size and length and of known density and strength is placed in the helix. At once there is a change in the position of the needle, indicating a change in the magnetism of the wire. When the needle is at rest, its position on the scale is carefully noted. This gives the relative magnetism of two rods of the same size and length and varying density and strength, and from this data, it is easy to measure the comparative density and strength of other wire of the same size. Reels are set up on either side of the apparatus, and upon one is wound a quantity of steel wire to be tested. Having passed the wire through the guides, under the needle and through the helix, it is fastened to the other reel. On turning the reel the wire passes through the apparatus, becoming magnetized as it passes the helix, and recording its magnetic condition by the position of the needle, and thus its density and strength. If, while the wire is passing, the needle falls to zero or below, it shows that the portion of the wire then in the apparatus is of the same or less density than the soft iron test rod, and as the needle approaches the point marked by the steel test rod, so the density approaches that of the steel test rod, and thus its comparative strength may be seen at once. If there is a flaw, crack or break in the wire, though it is not visible on the surface, the needle instantly shows it, as every change, however small, in the density of the wire is indicated by a change in its magnetism. This most interesting apparatus can be arranged for testing plates, shafting, columns, parts of guns and machinery of every shape and size, and seems likely to prove of great value in finding flaws and minute imperfections in iron that cannot be found by sight or touch.

New Salt-water Condenser.

THE demand for fresh water for the use of the passengers, and for supplying the boilers on board steam-ships, has led to the use of extra fires and boilers for making steam that may be turned into water in a suitable condenser. A new form of steam-boiler for obtaining fresh water utilizes the waste heat of the smoke-stack and saves the expenses and labor of the extra fire and boiler. An oval-shaped vessel of iron 7.6 centimeters (3 in.) in diameter, as long as the interior diameter of the smoke-stack, and of any convenient width, is hung on edge in the stack at the level of the deck, or just above the furnaces. This forms a boiler using the waste heat of the fires without materially injuring the draft. One end of the boiler is connected with a tank containing sea water placed on the deck and at the other end is a steam-pipe for taking the steam to some form of condenser. In the boiler is a scraper, hung upon a rod that passes through both ends of the boiler, and by drawing the scraper backward and forward the salt that accumulates in the boiler may be scraped off and removed through a hand-hole at the bottom. All parts of the apparatus appear to be worked out with care, and it is said to give a good supply of fresh water with very little attention and at no extra expense. The economy of the boiler has already led to its adoption on several lines of steamers.

Improved Refrigerating Apparatus.

THE export of fresh meat from this country and from Australia and South America to Europe has led to the invention of a number of processes for keeping the meat cool during the voyage. The most simple, and, so far, the most successful, process consists in making an air-tight chamber in the steamer, and pumping air by means of a fan and special engine, through a series of pipes packed in ice. The air is cooled to about 35° Fahr., and is deprived of its moisture by condensation in passing the pipes, and the meat is preserved perfectly so long as the supply of ice holds out and the fan is kept in motion. An improved process recently announced dispenses with the use of ice and accomplishes equally good results, with only a moderate expenditure of power. The new method is founded on the simple fact of the heating and cooling of air when compressed and allowed to expand. A meat chamber of any convenient shape and size is fitted

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up, and near it is placed an air compressor driven by steam-power. The first result obtained is a heating of the compressed air, and to get rid of this heat, a spray of cold water is let into the chamber containing the compressed air at each stroke of the compressor. This lowers the temperature to that of cold water, and by an ingenious system of fine grating, the moisture that saturates the compressed air is extracted. The air is passed through a series of finely perforated disks, on which a large proportion of the water is caught and allowed to pass away through suitable valves. Within the meat chamber are arranged a series of pipes hung up in zigzag form (probably straight pipes joined by return-bends), and the compressed air is allowed to pass through these, still farther chilling it and removing by condensation the remaining moisture. It then passes to the cylinder of an engine and is there allowed to expand in driving the engine. The exhaust air is then taken by pipes into the meat chamber, and there allowed to expand to atmospheric pressure. The engine is also coupled to the steam engine that drives the compressors, and thus the air in expanding performs part of the visible work of compressing. By this ingenious process the air is cooled three times and enters the chamber, not only dry, but very cold. There is less waste of power by this process, and a far lower degree of cold and a freedom from dependence on ice. By taking the air for compression from the chill-room a still lower temperature may be obtained, and by joining one apparatus to another, there is apparently no limit to the lowering of the temperature of the air. The practical limit is found in the freezing of the lubricants used in the engine that is driven by the compressed air. Oil is frozen solid and stops the engine, and in practice it is found that glycerine must be used, and here the process stops, for, if the chilling and rechilling is carried farther, the glycerine must freeze and the engine will be unable to move. The process has been kept in operation for three months without stopping and has proved to be entirely practical and satisfactory, and will undoubtedly soon be tried on steamers making long voyages.

The Horograph.

THE success of the electric pen has led to the introduction of two new forms of perforating or stenciling pens. One of these employs compressed air as a motive power in driving the needle. A small cylinder is placed at the top of the pencil or handle, and in this is a diaphragm that, under the impulse of puffs of air from a small compressor driven by foot or other power, moves rapidly up and down and thus actuating a needle affixed to the center. This form of stenciling device is already in use to a limited extent. The horograph is a pencil with a perforating needle driven by clock-work. The needle is fixed to a cam that is operated by a spring and suitable gearing, and moves at the rate of several thousand strokes a minute, so that the paper is perforated even when used for slow writing or drawing. A key is fixed to the handle of the instrument, and by pressing it with the thumb, the needle may be stopped or started at will. The key for winding up the spring is hinged to the side of the case that contains the works. A ring is attached to the top of the case to suspend the pencil by an elastic cord from the ceiling, to relieve the weight from the hand, but in ordinary work it is found the hand soon becomes accustomed to the weight, and it may be used without assistance. The copying is performed in the same manner as with the electric pen.

Improved Violin.

THE violin, though often the subject of experiment, has not been materially altered in form for more than two hundred years. A recent improvement introduces an additional sound-board, and makes a more radical change in its construction than anything tried since the days of the great Italian violin-makers. The new sound-board exactly follows the shape and curves of the breast, or top, of the violin, and is placed between the breast and back. It has a base bar, sound openings and sound-post, and is securely fastened to the sides of the instrument. The oval openings are a trifle larger than those in the top, and the sound-post is placed near the regular sound-post which passes directly through the new sound-board. The extra sound-board is made of well-seasoned pine, and divides the instrument into two parts or chambers, and practically making a double instrument of the violin without changing its external appearance or adding materially to its weight. The effect of this additional sound-board is to greatly increase the volume of the sound and, by developing obscure and partially lost over-tones, to enrich the quality of the tone. The improved violin has already attracted the favorable attention of musicians, and is soon to be manufactured upon a commercial scale.

A New Gum.

THE persistent search for new gums allied to gutta percha and rubber has been rewarded by a new gum which has been named "Belata." It is won from the "bully tree," a native of the Amazon region, and in appearance it is said to closely resemble gutta percha, though it is tougher and more flexible. It is tasteless and has an agreeable odor when warmed. It may be joined piece to piece at 120 Fahrenheit, and melts at 270 Fahrenheit; is soluble in cold benzine and carbon desulphide and in warm turpentine. It may be strongly electrified by friction and is a better insulator than gutta percha. It is thought that the gum will find many uses in the arts.

Removing Metallic Substances from Grain.

THE introduction of grain-binding machines employing iron wire to bind the sheaves very quickly led to the discovering that the bits of wire, cut off each time a sheaf was bound, caused a great deal of trouble in the after process of grinding. The ends of the wire mixed with the grain reached the

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mill only to break and scratch the stones and machinery, and to produce friction and heating that sometimes resulted in setting fire to the mill. So serious became this matter that the millers objected to receiving any grain bound in machines using wire. Fortunately, the difficulty has been surmounted by the introduction of appliances for removing the bits of iron from the grain before passing it to the mill. Experiments showed that a common magnet hung in a grain-spout would catch and retain particles of metallic substances mixed with the grain. Several methods of accomplishing the same results are now in use in Western mills, and they may be divided into two classes: those using permanent magnets, and those using electro-magnets. It has been found that a dozen "machine" magnets (preferable to "horse-shoe" on account of their shape) hung in a grain-spout are sufficient to arrest every particle of magnetic metal, from pieces of wire several centimeters long, down to iron filings and metallic dust. The usual plan is to saw off a portion of the top of the spout and to divide it into three pieces and cut holes in each piece for the legs of the magnets, placing four magnets in a row across the spout. This gives three rows of magnets placed directly or diagonally across the stream of grain, the diagonal position being considered the best as the grain is driven from side to side in passing, and brought into close contact with the magnets. The magnets may be lifted out of the spout in groups of four by taking off one of the covers, and may then be cleaned and put back without disturbing the others. Another method of hanging the magnets is to cut three slots across the spout, and hang the magnets on a rod with blocks between them to keep them in position. By this arrangement, the magnets may be removed one at a time, or in groups of three or four, as most convenient. By taking out only a portion of the magnets at one time, enough of them remain to keep up the work while the others are being cleaned. The metal adhering to the magnets is easily brushed off, two clearings in a day being found sufficient. By employing bars of soft iron in connection with coils of wire and a battery, electro-magnets may be used, and in lifting out the magnets it will only be necessary to break the circuit, when the metal adhering to them will instantly drop off. Another form of apparatus employs horse-shoe magnets, having a paper or wooden filling between the legs, set upright on the ends of arms revolving horizontally in a circular tank, very much after the manner of some forms of mixing-machines. The grain is delivered at the edge of the tank, and is pushed by the revolving magnets toward the center, when it escapes through an opening in the bottom of the tank. Another device employs a series of permanent magnets and a traveling apron for conveying the grain away after it has passed over the magnets. The only advantage of the use of electro-magnets is in the facility of cleaning them by breaking the circuit and demagnetising the iron. By suitable clock-work this can be done automatically, provided there are appliances for shutting off the grain and for catching the metallic dust when the magnets are thrown out of action. The first and most simple of these grain-cleaning appliances was brought out by persons interested in mill property, and has been wisely given to the public without patent restrictions. The other appliances are patented.

New Method of making White Lead.

A NEW method of making white lead is announced that, while it is based on the chemistry of the present system, is entirely unlike it in mechanics. The lead, instead of being cast in thin plates or "buckles" and then submitted to the fumes of a weak acid while buried in a mass of fermenting manure as in the "Dutch process," is poured while melted into an iron sieve. It drops through the meshes of the sieve into water and assumes the form of slender threads. A mass of these threads are then placed in a tank and vinegar is poured over them and allowed to drain away. Enough of the acid clings to the lead to cover it with a film and as the air passes among the threads the lead is oxidized. The vinegar is then poured over the threads again. This time it carries away the acetate of lead formed on the surface of the threads, and at the same time leaves a film of vinegar behind. This alternate moistening of the lead with the same vinegar finally produces a concentrated solution of basic acetate of lead, and by passing a current of heated carbonic acid gas through the liquid the carbonate of lead is formed. The clear vinegar may then be drawn off and, added to a fresh supply, may be applied to the lead again in the same manner till the threads are consumed.

Proposed Treatment of Hop-vines for Fiber.

A NEW process is announced that promises to add greatly to the value of the hop crop. The stems of the vine are boiled in water containing soda or soap for about forty-five minutes and then thoroughly washed in clean water. They are then boiled in a very delicate solution of acetic acid. This causes the skin to part and the interior fiber may be washed out in water and dried. The resulting fiber is said to resemble flax and to be very soft and elastic. Should the process prove of practical value upon a large scale it will be of great benefit to our already large hop-growing interest.

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BRIC-À-BRAC.

The Heart of a Rose.

A BUTTERFLY wooed a rose,
  But the rose cared not.
Her petals began to close,
  And her blush was hot.
The butterfly lingered an hour,
Then flew to another flower.

A nightingale in the copse
  Sang a secret strain,
And sweeter than dewy drops
  Was his plaint of pain;
More sweet to the rose did it seem
Than morning's awakening beam.

For whom was the music made?
  Not for thee, pale flower!
Thy blushes must faint and fade
  With the twilight hour.
The nightingale singeth for *all*
The roses that fail and fall.

Ah! doubtless it had been best
  To have felt, fair bud,
The butterfly from thy breast
  Suck the honey-blood.
The butterfly loveth not long—
The nightingale loves but song.

"Ah, no!" said the rose, "not so!
  It were best to die
Unkissed, with the sacred glow
  Of a secret sigh
For something beyond and above;
This, *this* is the crown of love!"

H. W. AUSTIN.

Studies in Style.

BY IRWIN RUSSELL.

BURNS.—*An Epistle to John Howard.*

DEAR SIR: I never saw your face,
But yet, for some few moments' space,
To tak' a friend's familiar place
  Is my design:
The friend o' a' the human race
  Is surely mine.

Here is my han', sir; will ye tak' it?
An honest man may safely shake it,
For, 'spite o' Fate, nae powers shall mak' it
  Be stained wi' crime—
May a' its little force forsake it
  Afore that time!

'Tis little that I hae to offer—
My humble muse expects you'll scoff her,
And scarce she daurs to mak' the proffer,
  It is sae sma':
My best guid-will: pray tak' it of her,
  For that's my a'.

I hae nae flatt'rin' words to gie you;
I only say, sir, God be wi' you!
And whan from life He wills to free you,
  May you repair
To His ain house—I hope to see you
  Whan I am there!

This warld, I hope you may improve it,
But yet I doubt the de'il could move it
Except in tracks already groovit—
  Howe'er, if sae,
There is nae harm to *try* to shove it
  Anither way.

The warld, they say, is gettin' auld;
Yet in her bosom, I've been tauld,
A burnin', youthfu' heart's installed—
  I dinna ken,—
But sure her face seems freezin' cauld
  To some puir men.

In summer though the sun may shine,
Aye still the winter's cauld is mine—
But what o' that? The manly pine
  Endures the storm!
Ae spark o' Poesy divine
  Will keep me warm.

But I am takin' up your time—
Worth sae much mair than my puir rhyme
That ye will hear sic verses chime
  And no cry "hark!"—
Sae, wussin ye success sublime,
  I mak' my mark.

HERRICK.—*A Preachment.*

O man! if hard thy fortune,
  However fate importune,
Turn not to wrong—none find, or will,
Their good enlarged by doing ill.

As boats that row in Venice
  Just so the life of men is:
Our course goes crooked o'er the tide,
With but a broken oar to guide.

Thy heart of oak then cherish,
  Or sure thy soul will perish—
The soul is but a boat that goes
Whatever way the heart hath chose.

Adrienne

"ADRIENNE, est-ce que tu m'aimes?"
"Non, non, du tout, du tout!"
"Pas un petit peu?"
"Oui, oui, beaucoup, beaucoup!"
"Combien?"
"Jusqu'à te manger!"

"AND dost thou love me, my Adrienne?"
"Oh, no," said the coquette, "I love you not!"
"What, not the least particle? Think again!"
"Oh, yes, I do love you a mighty lot!"
"How much, my sweet child, dost thou love me, then?"
"Just enough to eat you upon the spot!"

MY DEAR EDITOR: This droll little story is founded on fact. The words are the very words of an actual conversation, in the drawing-room of the Hotel of the Isles of Gold, at Hyères. Adrienne had seen just four summers, and I was her devoted lover. J. W. W.

LAFAYETTE, INDIANA.

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College Comicalities.

With illustrations *à la mode*.

I. THE FRESHMAN. SCIENCE.

Sarcastic Tutor.—So that's a spherical segment, eh? Then I must confess I don't understand your diagram!

Cheeky Freshman.—Don't you? Well, just come around after the hour, and I'll explain it to you. (*Sensation.*)

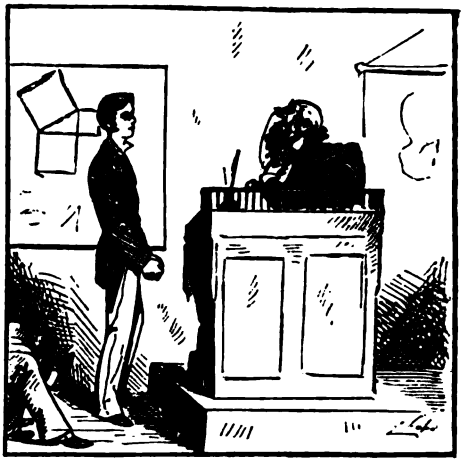
II. THE SOPHOMORE.

CLASSICS.

Benevolent Tutor (*prompting*). — Now, then, ελπας—

Somnolent Sophomore (*remembering last night's studies*).—I make it next.

(*He goes it alone before the faculty.*)



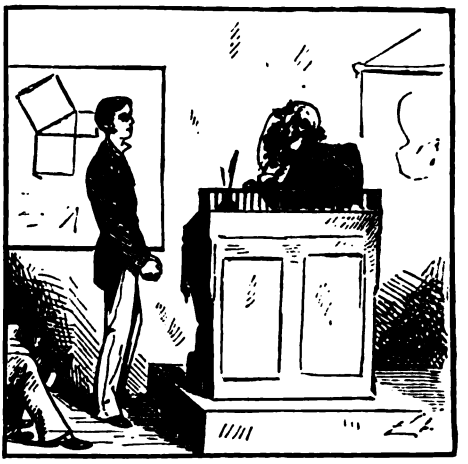
III. THE JUNIOR.

LOGIC.

Professor.—What is the universal negative?

Junior (*taken by surprise*).—Not prepared.

(*Temporary suspension of hostilities.*)



IV. THE SENIOR. LITERATURE.

Lecturer.—In his darkest hours, Milton could still forget his sorrows, while pouring forth his soul to the deep harmony of the organ. Do you remember, sir, a more modern instance of the same thing?

Senior (*doubtfully*).—Johnny Morg——

(*Prolonged applause.*)

The college year is altogether unlike any other year whatsoever, in that it has its end at its commencement. In other particulars, life in college is different from life outside of scholastic halls, and in nothing is this difference more marked than in humor. The college joke is only too often practical. The humor of it is the visible humor of another person's discomfort. The wit is the obvious wit of having some one else at a disadvantage. But side by side with this reliance on horse-play, which grows perhaps out of the student's great delight in ponies, side by side with this rough-and-ready, rough-and-

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tumble practical joking, lies a keen appreciation of technical repartee, of collegiate impromptu, of the give-and-take dialogue of professor and pupil. And this scholastic jesting falls readily and inexorably into two classes: in the anecdotes of the first class, the professor is brutal to the pupil, in that he uses his superior power to hold the student up to ridicule; in the anecdotes of the second class, the pupil is impudent to the teacher. There is a third class of possible anecdotes, in which the student is simply stupid; but this class has never been popular at college, and need not be considered at length. In the second class, the pupil sometimes substitutes with success a lightning-like presence of mind for the customary "cheek"; but fundamentally the division of college repartee into the knock-down blow of the professor and the happy-go-lucky impromptu of the pupil, is accurate.

It is with a view to setting forth especially the last class of collegiate jest, that the four accompanying and expensive illustrations have been prepared; and that the legends which adorn them, and point the moral, have been borrowed (for the most part) from "Acta Columbiana," one of the two papers published by the undergraduates of Columbia College,—a bright and lively little sheet, which has of late been fresh in spirit, and refreshing in tone, less local, less cheap and more truly literary than most under-graduate journals. ARTHUR PENN.

Union Square: 7 P. M.

LYING in laziness
In the midst of the town,
While the dim haziness
Gently comes down;
Dreaming of myrtle
That grows on the mountain,
Unheeding the spurtle
And plash of the fountain;
Unheeding the twilight,
Fast fading to night,
As on spire and on skylight
Late sun rays shine bright:

Dimly the evengloam
Sifts o'er the park:—
Haste all the workers home
Ere it be dark;
Lawyers thought-laden,
Recalling a digest;
Young man and maiden
Exchanging a sly jest;
With hatred unspoken
Come husband and wife;
And aged men, broken
On the breakers of life.

Right in the scurry,
And turmoil and worry,
Marked I a girl,
Pressing with hurry
On through the whirl.

Seemingly simple
And modest and meek,
Spite of the dimple
That lurks in her cheek.
Neatly her tresses
Are coiled on her neck.
Tidy her dress is—
She's no money to deck
Her beauty Circassian,
To trick out in fashion
Her delicate age;
A saint of this latter day
Getting each Saturday
A poor, paltry wage.

The birds chirp and chatter,
And are mad as a hatter
And dive out of each nest.
As I rise to gaze at her
By her beauty oppressed.

Does she sew? does she hem?
Does she labor for them
With whom each day is May-day?
Does she struggle and stitch
For the negligent rich
Forgetful too oft of the pay-day?
Who make broad their phylacteries
On Sunday in church,
Though they've left in the lurch
All the poor in the factories?
Does she labor for these—
Who will pay—when they please?

Walking with stride so free,
Lowly her station.
What can her calling be?
What her vocation?
Sturdy her shoulder is—
Best of reminders!—
She a book-folder is
At a book-binder's!
This very magazine
She may prepare!
These very sheets are e'en
Under her care.
These very verses p'rhaps
Written in haste,
She will, with gentle taps,
Make ready for paste!

A tremulous shimmer
Fades dimmer and dimmer,
Till but a glimmer
Is left of the light,
And then it is night.
The beautiful being
Passes onward away,
Passes out of my seeing,
Glides out with the day.

J. B. M.

Speaking Features.

WHENE'ER I talk with my sweetheart
She speaks with her great brown eyes,
And if (and 'tis often) I'm witty
A gladdening smile replies.

If (rarely) I grow sentimental
And out-Romeo Hamlet the Dane,
With a golden-lined cloud on her forehead
She frowns me to wisdom again.

And if I sing her some love-song,
And show all the feeling I can,
The rose on her cheek is her "thank you,"
Oh, I am a fortunate man!

N. H. D.

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THE HIT OF THE SEASON.

Metrical Gymnastics.

[THE self-constructed poem, wherein the writer, generally at the request of his sovereign lady, builds up an example of some special metrical form, taking for his subject a description of the feat itself, has always been a favorite *tour de force* of rhymesters, and has even been dignified by the performances of poets of note. The best-known examples are the *rondeau* of Voiture, imitated by Austin Dobson, and the sonnet of Lope de Vega, of which M. Henri Meilhac, the dramatist, has made a version in modern French after the famous example of Desmarais. The two best-known are printed below, with a very free English imitation.]

SONETO À VIOLANTE.

UN soneto me manda hacer Violante;
  Que en me vida me he visto en tanto aprieto;
  Catorce versos dicen que es soneto;
Burla burlando van los tres delante;
Yo pensé que no hallára consonante,
  Y estoy à la mitad de otro cuarteto;
  Mas si me veo en el primer terceto;
No hay cosa en los cuartetos que me espante
En el primer terceto voy entrando,
  Y aun parece que entré con pié derecho,
Pues fin con este verso le voy dando;
  Ya estoy en el segundo, y aun sospecho
Que voy los trece versos acabando;
  Contad si son catorce: ya está hecho.

LOPE DE VEGA.

UN SONNET.

UN SONNET, dites-vous; savez-vous bien, Madame,
  Qu'il me faudra trouver trois rimes à sonnet?
Madame, heureusement, rime avec âme et flamme,
  Et le premier quatrain me semble assez complet.

J'entame le second, le second je l'entame,
  Et prends en l'entamant un air tout guilleret,
Car ne m'étant encor point servi du mot âme,
  Je compte m'en servir, et m'en sers, en effet.

Vous m'accorderez bien, maintenant, j'imagine,
Qu'un sonnet sans amour ferait fort triste mine,
  Qu'il aurait l'air boiteux, contrefait, mal tourné.

Il nous faut de l'amour, il nous en faut quand même;
J'écris donc en tremblant: je vous aime, ou je t'aime,
  Et voilà, pour le coup, mon sonnet terminé.

HENRI MEILHAC.

A SONNET TO ORDER.

A SONNET would you have? Know you, my pet,
  For sonnets fourteen lines are necessary?
  Ah, *necessary* rhymes, by luck, to *fairy*—
I'll call you one, and the first quatrain get.
This meets half-way the second; half-way met,
  One meets an obstacle in a manner airy.
  But here, though it is not your name, as Mary
I'll set you down, settling the second set.

Now, you'll admit, a sonnet without Love,
  Without the savor of a woman in 't,
    Were profanation of poetic art.
Love, above all things! So 'tis writ above.
  Nor there alone. Your sonnetteer, I'd hint,
    Gives you this sonnet here with all his heart.

H. C. BUNNER.

PUNCH AND JUDY AT ROCKAWAY BEACH.

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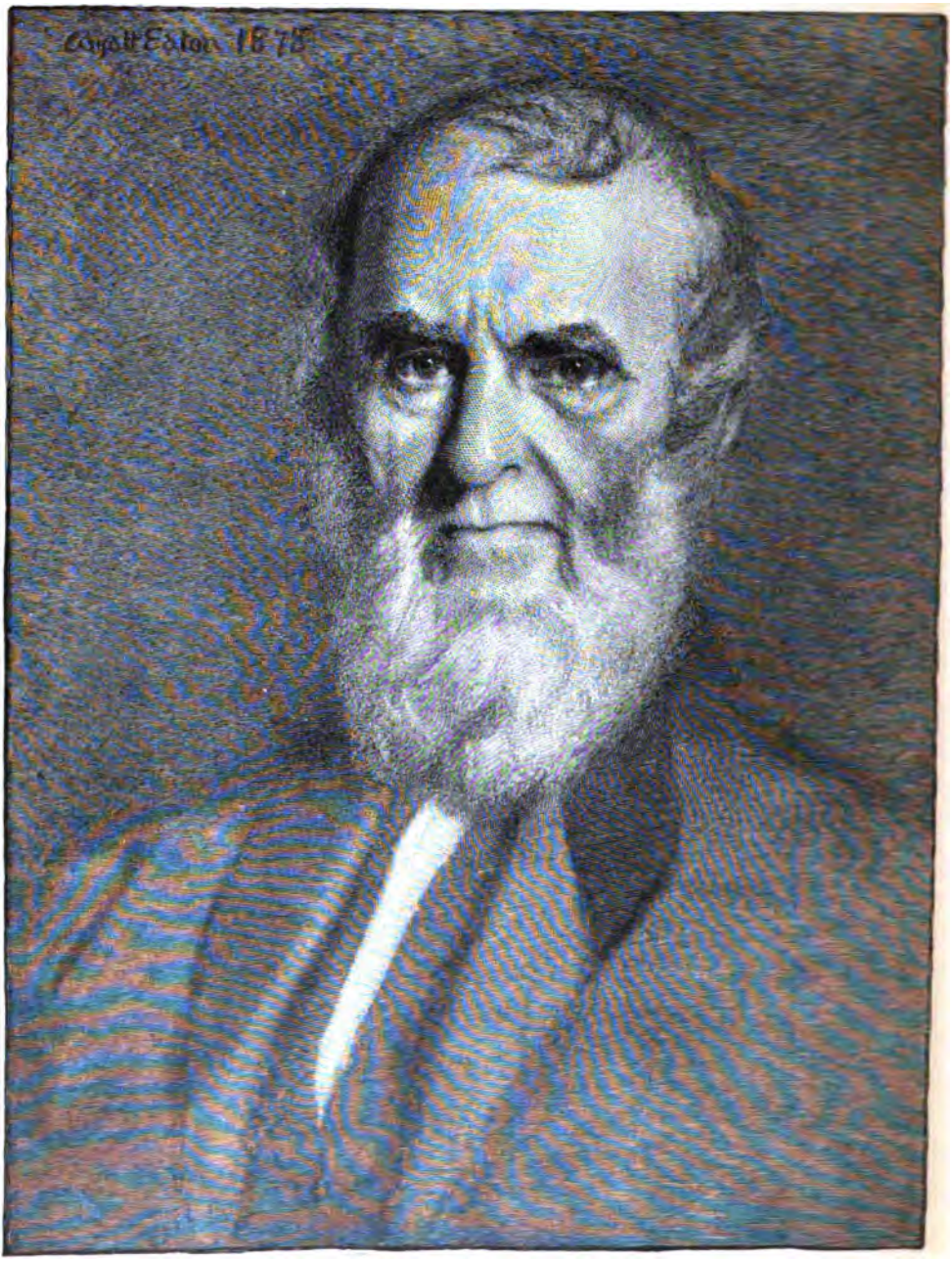

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Not by the page word-painted
Let life be banned or sainted,
Deeper than written scroll
The colors of the soul.

Sweeter than any song
My songs that found no tongue,
Nobler than any fact
My wish that failed of act.

John G. Whittier

Sixth Mo. 11. 1879.

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MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER

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WHISTLER IN PAINTING AND ETCHING.

JAMES A. M. WHISTLER. (AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY HIMSELF.)

IT is doubtless in part owing to his suit with Mr. Ruskin, that Mr. Whistler's name should have recently become so familiar to persons who are usually unaccustomed to take much interest in the personality of painters, or the peculiarities of paintings.

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Little else save notoriety can be said to have come of that much celebrated cause so far as Mr. Whistler is concerned. It may have served to fix and illustrate the general opinion of Mr. Ruskin's habit, the habit of swift and unreflecting censure or eulogy. But the orbit in which Mr. Ruskin's criticism revolves is known to be an eccentric one, which no ascertained laws direct, and no one at this date could have been astonished at a criticism of his, which consisted of terming the painter of a picture, a cockney and a coxcomb. And the general opinion of Mr. Whistler's work cannot be said to have been affected by it, except in so far as it, and the suit it led to, made a sensation in a domain in which a slighter incident than is elsewhere necessary, suffices to attract popular attention and awaken popular interest—the domain of amateur æstheticism. A sensation herein they did unquestionably produce, however; and for the discourse of many excellent people upon impressionism, and literalism, and idealization, and naturalness in art, Mr. Whistler now furnishes a pivot. Probably his work has in no degree been prejudiced by Mr. Ruskin's characterization of the moral qualities of its author, but it is nevertheless now accepted as typical, and made to stand for a class of art, or at least a manner of painting, of which the friends and foes are ardent and fluent. The circumstance that it is typical only in the most superficial way, and that in every vital way it is almost unique, justifies some attempt to consider it seriously, and to distinguish it from the semblance into which amateur æstheticism has confidently distorted it. Amateur æstheticism is, to be sure, just at present occupied mainly with M. Zola and naturalism in fiction, but it has probably not yet lost its interest in its previous sensation, and only needs the provocation of a fresh exhibition of paintings to recur to the Arch-impressionist.

It is difficult to get at precisely what is meant by "impressionism," as the word is popularly used. What is probably meant by it is that manner of painting which produces what are apparently Chinese puzzles—pictorial riddles, capable or not of solution, after due experiment on the part of the observer. If the observer finds himself, after conscientious effort, unable to make anything out of a picture, if to him its lines are confused and its color unmeaning, he calls it an impressionist picture, and gives up his attempt, [illegible] in dudgeon. He assumes that the affected,—is "a cockney and a coxcomb," perhaps,—and asks with irony if "blurs" and "splotches of paint" are to be called pictures, and if nature ever looks like "a paint-box struck by lightning." If, on the contrary, he does succeed in discovering the meaning of the painter, the delight which he experiences in recognizing the significance of lines and lights which a moment before were obscure to him, persuades him swiftly, though it may be insensibly, that such significance is admirable. The notion that the effort expended in reducing a confused mass of pigment to order and purpose might, after all, be a profitless effort, is too disheartening to be entertained by, or even to occur to, most people. And, therefore, it happens that ordinary persons, who can never make out "puzzle-pictures" on advertising cards, to say nothing of "faces in the fire," pronounce impressionist pictures daubs, and ordinary persons with more flexible powers of vision assume that impressionist pictures are beautiful. Satisfaction at having "made them out" is mistakenly referred to the charms of the picture. To both these, mistaking miscellany for monotony, Fortuny, with all the abuse of detail which most critics find in him, is probably an impressionist. And to neither is the real significance of such a painter as Fortuny, or of a true impressionist, such as Dégas or Apol, at all evident. To these, what Mr. Hamerton in a recent article has to say concerning "impressionism" may afford some illumination. "The impressionists," he says, "are a new sect, composed, as all new sects in painting invariably are, of young men who have not yet definitively formed their styles. The principle of their work is not, in itself, either inartistic or unphilosophical, considered as an interpretation of nature; but it involves the sacrifice of very much which has hitherto helped to make the strength of art. They go to nature and receive an impression (whence the title they give themselves), and the purpose of their art is to render the impression as a whole, without either the painful study of parts or any scientific arrangement of material." In other words, "impressionism" implies, first of all, impatience of detail. And, so far, Mr. Whistler may justly be called an impressionist—as, indeed, may a great many other painters whose bones were dust long before "impressionism" was heard of. But to associate him with "a new sect, composed of young men who have not yet definitively formed their style," would be absurd; and an intimation that his works are lacking in

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PORTRAIT OF THE PAINTER'S MOTHER ("ARRANGEMENT IN BLACK AND GRAY").

the study of parts or arrangement of material, would be false. It is, indeed, his purpose to render his impression as a whole; his study of parts is not apparently painful, and his arrangement of material is not obviously scientific. And he does, indeed,—in Mr. Hamerton's rather elephantine phrase,—"go to nature and receive an impression." But the absence of selection, of ideal generalization, of a sense of composition, form, color, which more or less characterizes the "new sect," is conspicuously uncharacteristic of Mr. Whistler. Nothing is more foreign to his genius than association with any "sect," or sympathy with any creed, or conformity to any fixed and formulated rules. And association of him with the impressionists, except in so far as all the great painters are impressionists, would, of course, not occur to Mr. Hamerton; but it occurs to the ordinary amateur, because he sees some of the same superficial characteristics in both. He reads Mr. Whistler's testimony that it took him "a couple of days" to paint the "Nocturne in Black and Gold;" he reads of the large brushes that Mr. Whistler uses; of his table, covered with daubs of paint, which does duty as a palette; and he is unable to distinguish in Mr. Whistler's pictures details which he would never think of distinguishing in an analogous natural scene; he forgets that these pictures are the results of "the knowledge gained through a lifetime;" and he concludes that Mr. Whistler is an impressionist, and, in virtue of his notoriety, the arch-impressionist. Accordingly, his judgment of him is very nearly measured by his capacity for "making out faces in the fire." Upon the whole, then, the first step toward an understanding of Mr. Whistler's genius,—toward a recognition that not how he paints but what he means is the important point to determine, and that he may paint as rapidly and with as large brushes as he chooses so long as his painting is his legitimate expression,—is to

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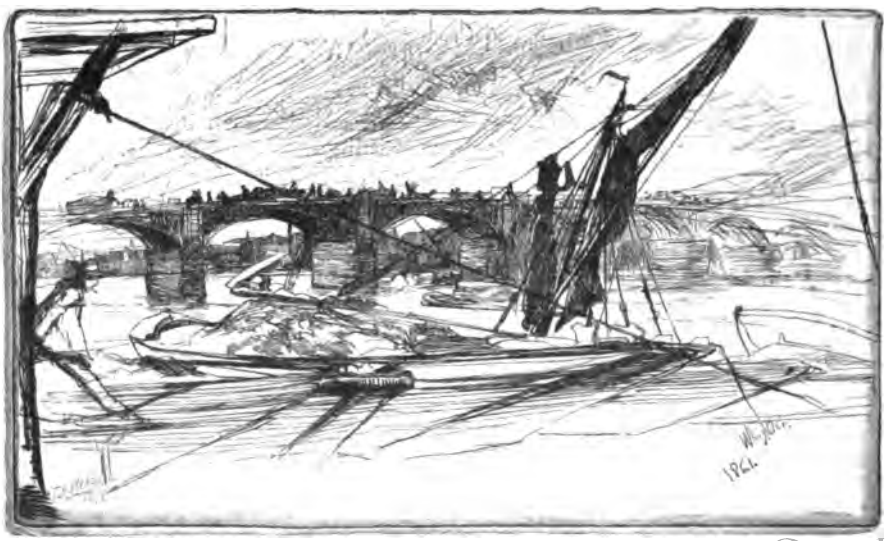
abandon the notion that he is, in any technical sense, to be called an impressionist.

In the little pamphlet which Mr. Whistler published after his Cadmean triumph over Mr. Ruskin he was very severe with lay criticism of art, and expressed small respect for the "man of taste." Culture seems to meet with even less favor at his hands than with so sinewy a person as Mr. Frederick Harrison, who is broad enough to admit that it is a serviceable quality, perhaps, for "a critic of new books." He replies to the objecting inquiry as to what would become of painting if it were publicly let alone by saying: the same thing that happens to mathematics. "Let work be received in silence," he advises. Considering the impossibility of executing the reform suggested, however, Mr. Whistler's advocacy of it seems profitless. People of taste will probably continue to write about pictures if they know how to express themselves and imagine that they have anything to express. And if what they write pleases the painters, the painters will continue to rejoice that they did not keep silence, and, if not, will continue to lament its inadequacy and its ignorance. But there is no general rule to be laid down about the matter, even if one could, by the writing of pamphlets or in any other way, get it conformed to, after its formulation. At least any rule must be of the least intimate application imaginable. Certainly Mr. Whistler's implication that if we are obliged to have art critics at all they should be artists themselves, will hardly answer; and when Mr. Whistler seeks to illustrate the absurdity of any deviation from this by instancing the absurdity of Mr. Tennyson presiding over a medical examining board, every one recognizes that his illustration is not really analogous, and only seems to be. Every one will still be glad that Goethe was not estopped from writing "art criticism," and that Mr. Pater and M. Taine have occupied themselves with it so much; even that Mr. Ruskin did not become the evangelical minister that he was designed to be. Curiously enough, by the way, it is his being more or less technically an artist himself that has twisted Mr. Ruskin's own criticism; his technical prejudices do not permit his "taste" to exercise its proper function of presiding in his reflections. If lay criticism could be confined to general criticism, to the philosophy and dialectics of art, about which it is the experience, probably, of every man of cultivation that artists know so little, it would possibly be an advantage, though Mr. Whistler of course would not make even this concession. But evidently that is a matter to be left to the individual lay critic himself, to his conscientiousness and his cultivation. One can imagine few cultivated people incompetent to express a just opinion upon the technique of many of our American academicians, and it is impossible not to see that the connection between a painter's genius and his technique is so vital and intimate that an estimate of the one involves a criticism, slight or searching, of the other. It would be difficult, for example, to decide how far the difference between Mr. Church and Mr. Bierstadt consisted in a difference of genius and



ETCHING: "VAUXHALL BRIDGE."

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how far in a difference of technique. And to get at the difference between the two a lay critic would be necessary, for the painters would never show it to us, even if they should be forced to admit its undeniable existence. And these qualities it is the tendency of general cultivation to stimulate, and of special training to check; and so the more the criticism of painting is diverted from essentials, as the painters would tend to divert it,—since

"AT THE PIANO."

Still, it is undoubtedly true that lay critics do often overstep the line which divides general and essential criticism from technical criticism, the criticism of mere phenomena concerning which, though they are not seldom at variance, the painters may be called the only experts. And it is certainly exasperating. Only, the exasperation of Mr. Whistler and the painters is, it should be observed, not very much keener than the irritation of every cultivated person when ignorance and incompetency are evinced—perhaps not at all keener, if the personal element in the matter is eliminated, and of course it should be eliminated. On the whole, criticism is perhaps the one department of human effort in which special erudition is dangerous. It is dangerous, and very often, as Mr. Whistler may possibly admit in Mr. Ruskin's case, because in criticism what is needed above all is openness, balance, the free play of one's faculties, the predominance of the intuitive over the logical spirit. as experts they would not meddle with matters without their sphere, such as the philosophy of art,—the worse it will be as criticism; and the more it is diverted from the passing phenomena of painting, the better it will be.

Into all discussions of this kind the instance of Titian enters as an illustration. Painters are never tired of telling us of Titian's technique, and instructing us that, but for them, we should know nothing of one of his most admirable and most characteristic qualities. That is very just, and one cannot have too much knowledge of and practice in rendering objects, in order to appreciate one phase of this quality, let us say. But the world in general knows nothing of technique. How unfortunate therefore would the world in general be if it were thrown back upon the painters, of whom there is only now and then a Fromentin, instead of being able as it is, to get from lay criticism—of which there is a whole literature in itself about Titian—some idea

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of the wonderful pictorial serenity and fullness of Titian. Or, if Titian is an infelicitous illustration, take the contemporary and unimpeachable illustration of Mr. Whistler. In the trial of his suit with Mr. Ruskin, the witnesses were mainly painters, and their testimony furnished a criticism upon Mr. Whistler's later works, of just the description which alone Mr. Whistler admits—expert criticism, professional criticism. It was not elaborate, it is true, but it was indicative of what an elaborate criticism from the same sources would be. Suppose we were forced to get our estimate of Mr. Whistler from this criticism. We should learn from Mr. Burne-Jones, for twenty years a painter, and for many a distinguished painter, that one of Mr. Whistler's latest works was "an admirable beginning of a work of art, a sketch, in short;" that in respect of color it was "a beautiful sketch," but that it was "deficient in form, and form is as important as color;" that it did not show "the finish of a complete work of art in any sense whatever," and that "neither in composition, detail nor form, had the picture any quality whatever." From Mr. Frith, whose æsthetic sense allowed him to become the author of the "The Railway Station," "Derby Day," "The Rake's Progress," and the like performances, we should learn that one of the pictures spoken of had "a beautiful tone of color," but that "the color does not represent any more than you could get from a bit of wall paper or silk," and that altogether the painting was not "a serious work of art,"—in contradistinction to the "Derby Day," possibly. From Mr. Albert Moore we should learn that the same picture was "a work of most consummate art"; that it "had a large aim not often followed," and that in it Mr. Whistler succeeded marvelously in "painting the air." We should be perplexed evidently, but supposing the three critics unanimous, and suppose their judgment elaborated, we should get from them—what? Any idea of Mr. Whistler's place in contemporary art? Any notion of the precise nature of his genius, of his aim in painting and its value, and of his success in attaining his aim? Not at all. Simply a notion of how he paints, and whether or no his way of painting is a good way. For that we are grateful, assuredly; but the point is, that with the world in general, we ask for the character and value of Mr. Whistler's art, and are instructed concerning his method of expressions. Mr. Albert Moore does indeed give us a glimpse of something other than this, in saying that Mr. Whistler has "a large aim not often followed," and if he had continued he would doubtless have pointed out the essential traits of Mr. Whistler's genius as well as his success in painting the air. But Mr. Moore is very far from being merely a painter. He is indeed to our mind the most delightful of living English painters, the painter who, of all his contemporary countrymen, comes naturally and unaffectedly nearest to the matchless grace of Greek art, and the half-sensuous, half-reflective charm of the great Italians. But he is also a painter in whom general cultivation is as distinct a quality as special aptitude and training. The painter-critic who would most abound if painters should undertake criticism is represented, not by Mr. Moore with his delicately just perceptions and wide horizon, but by Mr. Frith with his contracted powers of vision and his concentration upon ways and means.

Ways and means the lay critic will, however, do well to let alone—so far as it is possible to do so. Two things only need concern him,—the value of a painter's conceptions and the adequacy of his expression of them. He may leave it to Mr. Burne-Jones to require that Mr. Whistler's expression should be more than relatively adequate, and to lay down absolute rules about "finish." He will be the less hampered in trying to get some idea of Mr. Whistler's genius, and the value of it. And, as it is a genius of very striking qualities, no one proceeding in this way and not smothered in considerations of technique can fail to get some idea of it. The qualities of few painters are so distinct, and indeed one is tempted to say aggressive. Every one will perceive in his slightest etching an effectiveness, an impressiveness, a force which may or may not justly be called eccentric, but which it is impossible not to recognize as original. More than almost any other contemporary painter that occurs to one, he seems to have been impressed by something, to have been harder hit than most. Less than any other, perhaps, is he concerned about the environment of an effect. His impression is manifestly always distinct, single and pictorial. It is so far from sophistication that it seems almost unreflective. It is indeed absolutely spontaneous, but it has the air of spontaneity unrevised by any after-thought, as so much of even what is justly to be called spontaneous does not. It is with aspect always and never with mean-

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ing that Mr. Whistler is concerned. Nothing can be less exact than to speak of his work as affected. It would be difficult to find a better example of a pure painter, a painter to whom art is so distinct a thing in itself, and so unrelated to anything else. His attitude toward it is as simple as that of the Renaissance painters, and indeed it is method and expression that chiefly distinguish him from these. It is not rare to find a painter who admires this attitude and endeavors his utmost to assume it, whose pictures somehow look like a protest against the encroachment of literature upon the domain of painting, and a vindication of the unliterary character of pictorial art. But nothing could be further from Mr. Whistler than protests or vindications. Nothing can be more foreign to his art than set purposes; the song of a bird is not more absolutely unconscious. Anything like philosophy, anything like introspection, it does not touch; there is far less of the nineteenth century about it than of the sixteenth. And it naturally follows from this that with those subtleties of dialectics such as Couture delighted in—whether art is superior to nature, for example—he does not concern himself at all. Not a few painters, to be sure, easily shun these and devote themselves to what they reverently and unaffectedly believe to be the imitation of nature, with the result that their work is often more pleasing because of their own unconsciousness of its generalization, its selection, its modification, in a word, of its art. Mr. Winslow Homer is an excellent instance of this. And it is always dangerous for a painter consciously to attempt to meddle with the model with which nature furnishes him. But Mr. Whistler goes a step beyond this, and with ease and safety. His unconsciousness is so pure, and sophistication is so opposite to his genius, that he is somehow relieved of the necessity of imagining that he is reproducing a scene. There is nothing perilous for him in the immediate attempt to convey an impression, without referring the observer to any analogue in nature for the grounds of it. This is because —and of how many painters can the same thing be said?—this is because Whistler is not so much enamored of his material as possessed by his ideal. That is at bottom, perhaps, his distinguishing trait. "Are those figures at the top of the bridge intended for people?" asked his cross-examiner in the Ruskin trial with the familiar irony. "They are just what you like," was his reply. In other words his art is self-dependent, and is not to be referred to nature for its excuse or its justification. His "Nocturne in Blue and Silver" represents indeed Battersea bridge by moonlight, and the testimony of the humorous British court-room audience that its merits as a portrait were not prominent is not perhaps satisfactory. Whether Battersea bridge by moonlight really looked to Mr. Whistler as he represented it is of course as impossible as it is unimportant to determine. And it is the same impossibility in all cases in which nature is interpreted instead of copied that makes it impossible to settle the vexed, but, upon the whole rather idle, matter of idealization. One need not be so uncompromising a nominalist as Bishop Berkeley to believe that the beauty which the greatest artists find in nature exists only in the eye that beholds, or, better, divines it. And it is very certain that, but for the "Nocturne in Blue and Silver," the thing of which it is in any strict sense a portrait would never have been visible, whether one chooses to fancy that it exists or not. But what is important in all art of any high order is that there should be a complete harmony between its own elements. Then it may resemble Battersea bridge by moonlight, or "what you like"; there can no fault be found with it provided it be beautiful. Perhaps the least unsatisfactory definition of art that has been given is that it is "the interpenetration of an object with its ideal." It does not go so far as that of M. Taine, who, untouched by the philosophical lunacy of the pre-Raphaelites, boldly maintains that it is the representation of a character or object more completely than it is found in nature; but it has the exactness of a definition, if not the fullness of a description. And, measured by it, Mr. Whistler's pictures are in kind the perfection of art. It is his ideal always with which his work is interpenetrated; it is his ideal that interests one in his expression, and not at all his success in rendering either the superficies or the essence of natural objects. He allowed nothing to stand in the way of this. Considerations hostile to this, the neglect of which has earned him his reputation for extravagance and fantasticality, he never in the least heeds. "My whole scheme was only to bring out a certain harmony of color," he explains of the "Nocturne in Blue and Silver." "The black monogram on the frame was placed in its position so as not to put the balance of color out," he says of the "Nocturne in Black

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ETCHING: "RIAULT, THE ENGRAVER."

and Gold." Of course, it is inexact to speak of this as absolutely unconscious; but, as it has been said, it is natural and spontaneous; it results from the painter's perceptions and intuitions, and there is nothing argued or logical about it. An accomplished artist knows very well wherein and how essentially he differs from the painters around him; and of course no one better than Mr. Whistler knows wherein and how vitally his art differs from that of Mr. Burne-Jones or Mr. Alma-Tadema, say. What it is here meant to indicate is only that Mr. Whistler is, perhaps, the very last person to whom one would look for any philosophical exposition of a theory of art or of painting, and that this is evident from all his pictures, spite of the superficial and seeming eccentricity of some of them. Evidently his intelligence is employed solely in expressing, not in creating, his ideal.

And the nature of his ideal is singularly pure and high. It is this which, after all, finally measures an artist—the character of his ideal, his attitude toward absolute beauty, his conception of what is best in the visible world and the world that is to be divined. What impresses Mr. Whistler most in nature, that is, in the material out of which every artist is to create his picture, is what one may call beautiful picturesqueness. What his imagination creates out of this material at any rate shows an intimate union of both character and poetry that it is rare to find. One of these two elements generally preponderates in the work of most

ETCHING: "THAMES WAREHOUSES."

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"THE WHITE GIRL."

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painters. The painter inclines insensibly either toward power or toward charm, or, at least, betrays an endeavor to avoid either what is vapid or what is ugly. That does not, of course, imply that a picture must be either wholly vapid or wholly ugly; but, to take extreme instances, characterlessness is the conspicuous trait of M. Bouguereau's Madonna-like peasants, and beauty is conspicuous by its absence from the pictures of M. Gèrôme. But in the work of Mr. Whistler it would be difficult to discover a specific leaning in either direction. At first thought, and seeing that his work is never without the presence of character as a distinct force, one is tempted to say of it that it is strong, or, at least, picturesque rather than beautiful. He probably sets Mr. Browning very far above Mr. Tennyson. At the same time, its character is not character simply, but always character that has a distinct charm. And this is the ideal attitude for a painter to take; to Mr. Whistler's essential attitude, at all events, it is impossible to object. No better illustration of this could be found than "The White Girl" (page 489), though, indeed, there is not an etching of Mr. Whistler's that does not more or less pointedly illustrate it. "The White Girl" is certainly a lovely picture, but its loveliness has a marked individuality. Nothing could be more delightful than the simplicity and delicacy of line and hue of this figure, nothing more graceful than her attitude, or more subtly charming than the broad harmonies worked out by the dark hair and the lily, the white drapery, and the soft fur upon which she stands. On the other hand, no one can fail to note the sense of character which pervades its loveliness, and to observe how its individuality is quite as strong as its beauty is charming. Indeed, one feels that it is an idealized portrait, quite as much as that it is ideal at all. The same is true of the portrait of the painter's brother, Mr. Joseph Whistler (page 491). There is something exceedingly sweet about this face. It might stand for an ideal representation of St. John and yet it has a distinct picturesqueness, along with its poetry. Its beauty is accentuated and its refinement strengthened by an unmistakable stamp of character. Even in this portrait one can note—indeed, cannot avoid noting—how foreign to the genius of Mr. Whistler is what one may call the saccharine quality. One does not look for any alloy of vapid or mawkish sentiment, for anything distinctly sentimental, in it, such as the main characteristic of the pictures of Bouguereau, or Merle, or Meyer von Bremen, and therefore its absence is not noteworthy. But there are other painters than the much-abused Bouguereau in whom the saccharine element prevails, and in them it is the more unpleasant, because it is refined and sophisticated out of its obviousness. "I shall never forgive Mr. Tennyson for having humbugged me when I was young," some one once remarked, with humorous exaggeration, and one may feel quite kindly toward such obvious *confiseurs* as M. Bouguereau and quite otherwise toward Mr. Burne-Jones, let us say, who is now so much the rage of æsthetic England. Mr. Burne-Jones is, it is true, a very different painter from his fellow-pre-Raphaelites, very much more of an artist than Mr. Millais or Mr. Hunt, and more of a painter than Mr. Rossetti. His work is to us quite as agreeable also as that of the English followers of the late Baron Leys, such as Mr. Alma-Tadema and Mr. Tissot. And it cannot be said that it is not as genuine and original in its mediævalism as the classicality of Mr. Leighton and Mr. Poynter; but it is distinctly saccharine. Mr. Burne-Jones's idea of absolute beauty is certainly that it is a glorified, subtly disguised languor. His dreamily poetic damsels, with their low foreheads and short upper lips, their aureoles of hair and their air of *mollesse* appeal to what is distinctly sentimental in our susceptibility; and all the cleverness of "form, color, composition, and finish" which their author bestows upon them cannot take them out of the category to which essentially M. Bouguereau himself belongs. This category is far more comprehensive than one is accustomed to think. Even Jules Dupré treads upon the verge of it occasionally, and it is a hint of something saccharine in now and then one of the mellowest of his Seine sunsets that, spite of all his decorative sweetness, marks his inferiority to Millet and Corot and Rousseau. An illustration familiar to every amateur in New York of what is here meant by the tentative epithet "saccharine" is furnished in the contrast between the superficially similar pictures of Monticelli and of Diaz. No one can avoid noting the influence which Diaz has exerted upon the Italian painter, and no one can fail to admire the loveliness and grace of the latter. But it is impossible not to see that there is something overladen—something almost more akin to feverishness than sensuousness, one may say, something justly to be called saccharine in default of a more pre-

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cise term, in his riotous abandonment to the glories of color.

And all this implies an impure idea of absolute beauty, a tendency to distort rather than develop the material with which nature and his imagination furnish the painter. It is not high, it is not simple; and it does not endure; there is no trace of it in the great painters. There is none in nature, which is often unlovely enough, but never cloying to the intellect. And of all this Mr. Whistler's art is the antipodes. The portrait of his brother might, for sweetness and mildness, be of the school of Andrea del Sarto; "The White Girl" is surely one of the loveliest of figure compositions; the "Symphony in White" (page 492) is distinctively charming; an examination at all careful of the etchings here reproduced in wood-cuts reveals the definite element of beauty—beautiful lines, forms, atmospheric effects—as well as picturesqueness; and yet, in all these, one notices distinct character, definite and original individuality, and the absence of any thing like the saccharine quality. The distinctive thing about their poetry is that it is chaste. This must result from a nice poise of mind in Mr. Whistler; a just balance between an

ETCHING: "JOE."

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intellect with firmness of fiber and a susceptibility with quick impressionableness. A painter concerned with ideal representation needs precisely this adjustment of interdependent faculties. If his intellect asserts itself with anything like imperiousness, he loses in beauty—as Couture, some of whose work shows sentimentality to such good purpose as to be essentially unpoetic and almost ugly. On the other hand he loses in character, if he has a sense of this danger, and consciously subjects his intelligence to his emotion,—as Mr. Burne-Jones does possibly; or if his susceptibility imperiously asserts itself—as it does in M. Bouguereau. Mr. Whistler is a hundred times more akin to Couture than to Mr. Burne-Jones or M. Bouguereau; but what essentially distinguishes him from Couture is the greater keenness of his susceptibility—the truer balance between it and his intelligence. Unlike Couture, he is not disproportionately clever. Unlike the sentimentalists, he is not disproportionately sentimental.

The "Arrangement in Black and Gray" (page 483) emphasizes what has just been said. It is a portrait of the painter's mother, and very similar in idea and treatment to that of Mr. Carlyle, exhibited in the first Grosvenor Gallery Exhibition. The title is felicitous, and directs attention to the pictorial purpose of the portrait, which is however evident enough perhaps. How far this is removed from the portraiture one commonly meets with it is not difficult to appreciate. The difference is illustrated in a contrast furnished by the late Academy exhibition,—to select from a thousand an instance within the memory of many,—the contrast between Mr. Hicks's portrait of Mr. Parke Godwin and Mr. Eakins's of Dr. Brinton; the former of which had no pictorial quality whatever, and the latter at least a pictorial effort. Or take such an instance as Sir Frederick Leighton's portrait of Captain Burton, familiar to the readers of Mr. Hamerton's "Portfolio," and note how such portraiture, excellent and admirable as it is, utterly fails to interest any one but the acquaintance of the "sitter." Mr. Whistler, in the portrait of his mother,—as in that of Mr. Carlyle—does not seem to have had a "sitter" at all. The portraits are pictures; the pictorial quality is as prominent as the portraiture, and there is an exact equipoise between the two. In a grave dignity not without sensibility, a quiet and almost severe grace of character, it is difficult to conceive a more charming union of portraiture and picturesqueness. It should task all Mr. Ruskin's logical dexterity to believe the painter of a work so dignified and yet so poetic, capable of flinging a pot of paint in the public's face out of pure coxcombry; and yet it seems a very simple matter to see the same mind and hand in this work that are visible in the Nocturnes and Symphonies—the same delight in aspect, the same singleness of impression, the same heedlessness of environment and machinery, the same union of chaste poetry and strong character.

These qualities explain Mr. Whistler's undisputed excellence as an etcher. An etcher is logically an impressionist,—that is to say, as much of an impressionist as it is safe to call Mr. Whistler,—since an etching is essentially a memorandum. This is not true, of course, in a cast-iron way, but generally and largely it is true, as it is of a water-color or of anything that is chiefly dependent upon black and white values. And yet the qualities which an etching possesses besides its quality of artistic memoranda—its tone, its beauty of line and variety of light and shade, its pictorial qualities generally,—are what give it value after its distinctive quality as etching has been secured. And it is for the infallible union of these pictorial qualities with the essential quality of etching that Mr. Whistler's etchings are conspicuously admirable among the most admirable etchings, modern or old; in other words, they are always pictorial and always a memorandum of the subject. The most censorious critic of Mr. Whistler's use of pigments must be charmed with his acute sense of the limitations and possibilities of his material here. It is easy, it is tempting, and it is by no means fatuitous to proceed in etching as if these possibilities and limitations were not quite definite and plain. And it is always to be borne in mind that a beautiful thing is its own excuse, and an etching after Dupré or Corot, by Chauvel, say, is apt to be a more enjoyable plate than any of Jules Jacquemart's superb renderings of still life. But an etching by Chauvel is apt to be no more essentially an etching than its original; it is with its original that one associates and compares it and not with M. Jacquemart's. And, whereas nothing in black and white, which attempts so much the same thing, can be quite as pleasing as Dupré's landscapes, there are, perhaps, few persons who would not prefer a copy by M. Jacquemart to an original by Blaise Desgoffe. So that if there is any reason for the existence of etch-

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"SYMPHONY IN WHITE, NO. III."

ing, if it is a form of expression which has its advantages, it is wise to heed its natural and necessary prescriptions. All these sit easily upon Mr. Whistler, and never seem in the least to fetter him. One can always discern in a plate of his the fitness of his subject for the especial treatment it has received,—the reason, for example, of his etching rather than painting those Thames objects which are visible from his Chelsea windows. He seems never to hesitate about the proper material expression for any of his widely various conceptions; and so when he etches, his plates have first of all the distinctive quality of etching—its quality of artistic memoranda; but they have also the pictorial qualities of his genius as prominently as his portraits or his landscapes. From his "Little Wapping," even (page 494), it is not difficult to get a clue to the traits displayed in the portrait of his mother and in "The White Girl."

If there is one rule, however, which is without exceptions, it is that one has always the defects of one's qualities. Mr. Whistler certainly has the limitations which the traits heretofore enumerated suggest. His manner and method are not commonplace; his artistic spirit is not unlike the true pagan spirit—not unlike the spirit of antique art before the Middle Age extinguished it, and of early modern art, after the monks had done with it; and his ideal is an ideal which includes both poetry and picturesqueness. But a painter of whom one's first thought is that he is not commonplace, is almost sure to seem at least tinctured with evident protestantism against conventionality; no one can utterly get rid of his environment, and be quick with the inspiration of other times and conditions; and the more comprehensive one's ideal, the greater danger there is that his art will not touch the highest point in any one direction. Mr. Whistler does sometimes seem to shun commonplace with violence. And, though nothing that Mr. Ruskin says or does is by this time surprising, it would be surprising if there were absolutely no grounds for the substantial agreement with Mr. Ruskin's criticism, in this instance, of so many persons of cultivation and refinement. A recent review of the present Grosvenor Gallery exhibition, evidently written by some one whom the mention of "impressionism" does not inflame, notes the beauty of one of Mr. Whistler's early works there displayed, in contrast to the lack of measure and propriety in the others, which are his latest. And, however far from the main point about Mr. Whistler emphasis of what are termed his technical vagaries may be, vagaries, nevertheless, are blemishes, however unimportant they are in a large estimate. It is possible,—time de-

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velops tendencies so much more than it modifies them,—that this lack of *bienséance*, this impetuous rejection of everything academic, which his later work evinces, is due to a natural pugnacity—which his pamphlet be-

ETCHING: "LITTLE WAPPING."

trays—intensified, by popular misappreciation and ignorance, into an intemperate exaggeration of what was admirable originality into positive eccentricity. And positive eccentricity is always unsatisfactory. Possibly personal influences of this sort are the very last that would in any way affect Mr. Whistler's art, and it may be that the increasing vigor of his unconventionality is to be attributed to a growing impatience with the ordinary methods of expression, and an inclination to substitute suggestion for depiction. The further we can get away from pigment and from all the manifestations of pigment, the better, perhaps; and perhaps in the painter's paradise one will only need a look, or even an "energizing," with which to convey his impressions. This side of that happy country, however, one has some title to ask that a picture should be not merely an intimation or a suggestion, but a complete expression, an adequate depiction of the idea or image it contains. And in his later works—idle as Mr. Burne-Jones's and Mr. Frith's censure of their lack of "finish," lack of "form," lack of what-not, seems—Mr. Whistler does display a tendency to dispute any such title. One cannot state this without overstating it, to be sure, and it should be re
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archæologist rather than the sympathy of an artist, Mr. Whistler's paganism does indeed seem pure and perfect. And that Pan is not dead cannot be too often insisted upon, even in painting, for it is profoundly true. Only, the wild goat's hoof-prints are not actually his footsteps, and the more one insists that they are, the more will the hearts of the believers in the death of Pan be hardened. Spite of the infinite variety of its manifestations, the artistic spirit is everywhere, and at all times, essentially the same, it is true; but how its manifestations are warped and trammeled in some conditions, because of the inability of the artist either to neglect his surroundings or adapt himself to their stream of tendency! Mr. Whistler, admirable as his artistic spirit is, does somehow suggest these reflections. Their applicability to him may be slight; such questions are subtle, surely; but it is to be suspected that they have some real applicability to him; that the absence of any great work, any work of unmistakably large importance by him, is due to his inability to be either a child of his century or a pure pagan—to the circumstance that he is, in familiar language, more or less of a round peg in a square hole. He certainly is not Velasquez, nor does he represent what is best in the tendencies of to-day, as does our own introspective Mr. La Farge.

For with Mr. Whistler's equipment and energy, and genius, the surprising thing about him is that there should be any discussion concerning his position as a painter—that he should not have vindicated his ability by something of unmistakably large importance. And what has contributed to prevent this more, possibly, than the conflict between his genius and his century is the faultlessness of his ideal heretofore alluded to. In the very perfection of this, there is a drawback to the highest accomplishment open to genius. Of all the great painters some distinctive leaning is characteristic, generally either toward charm or toward power, though the prominence of neither implies the absence of the other. And indeed, in Mr. Whistler, one occasionally notices, spite of the distinct charm which his picturesqueness always possesses, a tendency toward picturesqueness that is rather more imperious than his sweetness; and the judgment may be hazarded that he is in so little danger from over-sweetness, that his sense of character might sometimes be even less strenuous than it is with advantage. But in the main the balance between these elements of beauty which he maintains is so just that it may have operated to prevent his accomplishment of anything absolutely great, anything of obviously large importance in the direction of either of them. One can scarcely be as admirable in all ways as Mr. Whistler is, and still touch the highest point in any one way. Delacroix, for example possessed a genius of less rounded completeness, perhaps, but at the same time, Mr. Whistler will never occupy as exalted a place in the estimation of men as Delacroix. And on the other hand, any one who turns from such a work as even the "Symphony in White," to the best work of Mr. Moore—very little known in this country, and less known anywhere than it deserves to be—must be impressed with the superior greatness of the latter. Mr. Whistler no more has the perfect grace, the subtle compromise between blitheness and melancholy, the chaste sweetness, the *spirituelle* quality, of Mr. Moore, than he has the sweep and vigor of Delacroix. But how delightful it is to reflect, that though he is not something other than he is—something which, with his traits, he could never become—nevertheless he is precisely what he is: perhaps the most typical *painter* and the most absolute artist of the time. That positive as is his delight in color, and great as is his success with it,—even according to Mr. Frith and Mr. Burne-Jones,—admirable as is his sense of form, as all his etchings show, skillful as is his composition, it is after none of these things, nor the sum of them, that he especially seeks, but after something of which they are merely the phenomena and attributes, something for which we have no other word than the Ideal.

[The editor desires to make acknowledgment of the courtesy of S. P. Avery, Esq., 86 Fifth Ave., in loaning from his large and choice collection of Mr. Whistler's paintings and etchings the originals from which the engravings in this paper have been made.]

MR. WHISTLER'S SIGNATURE.

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SUMMER ENTOMOLOGY. II.*

FIELD AND FOREST INSECTS.

THE day succeeding that on which the butterfly-hunt occurred was a sultry, unbearable day, that forced us to remain within the protecting shade of the piazza or the drooping elms. We did not venture out into the yellow glare of the sun, but made ourselves comfortable within-doors, where Percival devoted a good portion of the day to preparing his recently captured specimens for the cabinet, and in showing me his large and varied collection, which was arranged in exhibition cases in his study. There were seven suites of drawers, for the orders Coleoptera, Orthoptera, Hemiptera, Neuroptera, Lepidoptera, Hymenoptera, and Diptera, and it seemed to me that the doctor had enough representatives of all these orders to satisfy the most infatuated entomologist.

FIG. 1.—EYED ELATER.

The Coleoptera, or beetles, were very numerous, and Percival seemed to regard them with especial interest and favor; he displayed drawer after drawer of them, each with its dozens of specimens, neatly arranged and labeled.

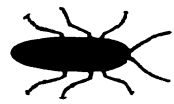

FIG. 2.—GRAY SNAP-BEETLE.

"I never supposed that there were so many different varieties of beetles," I said, after the different groups had been shown, "they vary so in form and color, that if one were not assured they all belong to the same order he would never suspect their relationship."

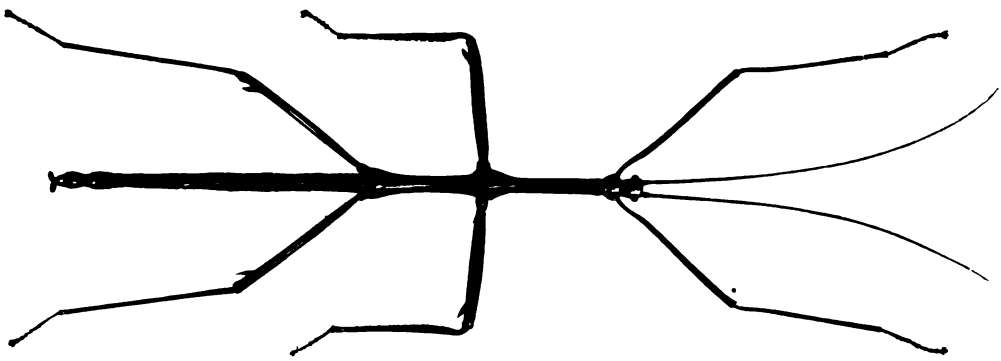

FIG. 3.—THE WALKING-STICK.

* These cuts, and those of moths and butterflies in the preceding paper, were drawn by the late Antoine Sonrel, approved by the late Professor Agassiz, and engraved by Mr. Henry Marsh for Dr. Harris's treatise on "Insects Injurious to Vegetation," published some years ago, under the supervision of Mr. Charles L. Flint.

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FIG. 4.—THE KATYDID.

"They all possess, in common, characteristics or typical features which prove an infallible guide to the student," replied Percival. "Take this beetle; it has two pliable membranous wings, which are first folded transversely and then longitudinally in a straight line along the back when the insect is at rest; these wings are covered and concealed by two anterior wings, or rather wing-cases, whence the name Coleoptera. These wing-covers (called elytra) do not assist in flying, but are simply shields for the delicate flying wings. The mouth of this class of insects has, as you see, two transverse jaws adapted to cutting; without going into further scientific details, these simple characteristics that I have named are so apparent that one can at a glance separate the beetles from all other insects."

"Yes, I see," I said, after examining

FIG. 6.—OBLONG LEAF-WINGED GRASSHOPPER.

many specimens, "these peculiarities are persistent; but what a variety of forms there are, and what curious lives they must lead."

"Their lives are as dissimilar as their forms," replied the doctor. "Some of them live in the water, others prey upon caterpillars, and a variety of small insects; whole families feed on bones and carrion and manure; others subsist on fungi, while still others live under the bark of old trees. This specimen," he continued, "is one of a very interesting group, the elateridæ. It is called the eyed elater—*Elater oculatus*. [Fig. 1.] It is the largest of all our spring beetles."

The insect was principally black, with a grayish powder covering the thorax above and the legs. On each side of the thorax above was a coal-black velvety spot, surrounded by a ring of grayish-white. The wing-covers were marked with fine sunken lines, and dotted and sprinkled with grayish and white.

FIG. 5.—NARROW-LEAVED GRASSHOPPER.

"Why do you call it a spring beetle?" I asked.

"It receives its name in common with the other members of this family," said Percival, "from its habit of jerking or springing upward, and alighting on its feet, when it has fallen by accident or has been thrown upon its back. Its form being so rounded and its legs so short it could no more turn over than a turtle, were it not for this springing power, which has given it the improper name of 'Snap Bug.'"

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"How is this springing act performed?" I asked.

"In a very curious way," replied Percival; "the under side of the thorax is prolonged into a sort of tooth or spine which fits into a kind of groove in the abdomen behind it; when the beetle finds itself upon its back, it folds its legs together, bends its head and thorax downward and backward, so as to withdraw this projecting point from its sheath; it then suddenly and forcibly drives the breast spine into its cavity, and this act gives the body a sort of jump or spring which is assisted by the elasticity of the wing-cases bounding against the surface upon which they rest."

FIG. 7.—SLENDER MEADOW-GRASSHOPPER.

The common gray snap-beetle, *Elater cinereus*, is a very much smaller insect," said the doctor, opening a drawer of the case and taking out a specimen. [Fig. 2.] It was not much more than a half-inch in length; it was of an ashy brown color, and was covered with short gray hairs. "Its habits are similar to those of the other; the larvæ eat the wood in trees in which they live, and are not particularly injurious. The grubs of most of the elaters, however, of which we have some sixty species in this state, are very destructive; they feed upon

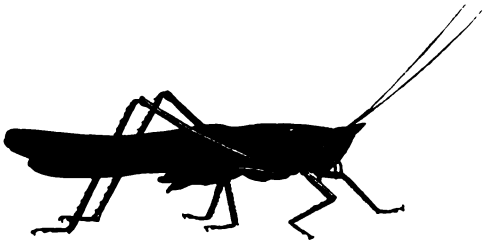

FIG. 8.—THE SWORD-BEARER.

the roots of vegetables and plants, and some are injurious to the roots of corn. These larvæ are often called wire-worms, and are thus improperly confounded with the Iulus, which is one of the myriapods. Such an error is inexcusable, for the iulus has many feet, while the grub of the elater has but six.

FIG. 9.—DOG-DAY HARVEST-FLY.

I have heard of whole fields of Indian corn being destroyed by these vermin; the grub eats through the kernel of the newly sprouted corn, or through the young shoot, and the plant quickly dies. These pests destroy not only the corn, but all the cereals, and even the roots of grass. Harris describes a method by which they are trapped in Europe: sliced potatoes or turnips are strewed in rows through the field; the larvæ come to feed at night upon this bait, and in the morning are easily captured and destroyed. There is an allied species that is found in the West Indies, called the night-shining elater, which has a strong phosphorescent light; it is often kept in a small cage as an ornament or pet."

"But what an odd-looking assortment of grasshoppers and crickets!" I exclaimed, as Percival opened one of the drawers, labeled "Orthoptera."

"Yes," replied the doctor, "and they are as interesting as they are odd-looking. In the Orthoptera are included a very great variety of forms; but they all have well-defined characteristics. The orthoptera," he continued, opening the drawer and lifting a specimen by the entomological pin, "have wings which, when at rest, are folded upon the body longitudinally, presenting a straight line; hence the name, signifying straight wings. These wings also fold together like a fan, and, like those of the beetles, have fore-wings, or elytra, for the purpose of protecting, in a measure, the under-wings when at rest. These elytra, however, are different from those of the beetles, being of a leathery consistency; the wings, also, overlap each other upon the back, sloping downward and outward like the roof of a house, and by this arrangement the males are provided with organs by which their stridulations are made. In addition to these characteristics, the young of the Orthoptera differ greatly from the beetles and butterflies in their metamorphoses, the

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young of this order resembling in miniature the parents, but without wings, or occasionally with very small ones. Like the old ones, they move about and eat; and, as I said, they resemble them in miniature."

"And what do you call that in your hand? Not an insect?" I asked.

"It is called the walking stick,—*Spectrum femoratum*," said the doctor. [Fig. 3.] "It belongs to the section of Orthoptera, called the walkers. There are four sections in this order, each with peculiar and well-marked characteristics. These sections are called the runners (*Orthoptera cursoria*), of which the cockroach is a good example; the graspers (*Orthoptera raptoria*), such as the mantis; the walkers (*Orthoptera ambulatoria*), and the jumpers (*Orthoptera saltatoria*), which is by far the largest section, embracing as it does the crickets, grasshoppers and locusts."

"Is it possible that such dissimilar insects as grasshoppers, cockroaches and this odd 'stick' are all classed in the same order?"

"Yes," replied Percival, "they all possess characteristics which separate them from other groups of insects. This walking stick," he continued, handing the specimen to me to examine, "is not uncommon, although from its great resemblance to the twigs on which it rests, it is not often noticed."

The insect was entirely without wings,

FIG. 11.—THE PIGEON TREMEX.

and looked like a brownish twig or stick with six legs growing from it.

"It is far from being a pleasant looking creature," said I. "What does it feed upon?"

"Its food consists of the leaves and tender shoots of trees and bushes. It is a sluggish creature, and does not display much desire for walking. Some of the species found in the East Indies," he continued, "have wings which greatly resemble leaves both in shape and color, and in their branching veins, and hence they are called walking leaves; it is almost impossible to distinguish them from the foliage."

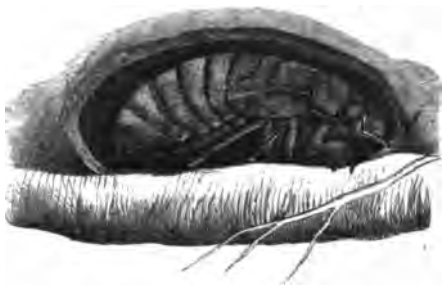

FIG. 10.—THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR LOCUST (FEEDING ON A ROOT).

"How very singular!" I observed. "Dame Nature plays some curious freaks."

"Yes," replied the doctor, "and it has sometimes seemed to me that she has made the utmost effort to produce the fantastic."

Here he took up an insect of a pale-green color, about an inch and a half long, with large wings that enveloped the body of the insect, like the two sides or valves of a peapad. The body of the insect was of a pale-brown color, the elytra and wings grass-green, and the top of the head brownish. It proved to be the katydid—*Platyphyllum concavum*. [Fig. 4.]

"How is its note, 'Katy did,' produced?" I inquired. "I have never clearly understood."

"It is produced by the friction of two thin transparent membranes stretched, as Dr. Harris expresses it, in a strong, half-oval frame in the triangular portion of each wing-cover. These two membranes are rubbed against each other by the insect opening and shutting the wings. This song or music is performed only in the evening and at night, the insect remaining quiet during the day. This species," he continued, taking out another insect with much narrower wings, "is often mistaken for the katydid by amateurs; but, as you see, it is quite different."

"Yes," I replied, "but if one could not compare the two together, it would be an easy matter to make the mistake. What do you call this species?"

"It is the narrow-leaved grasshopper called by Dr. Harris the *Phaneroptera angustifolia*. [Fig. 5.] It does not appear to be very much different in its habits from the katydid. Here is another broad-winged

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species," he continued, "which more nearly resembles the katydid; but the wing-covers are narrower, and flat, instead of being concave, as are the katydid's."

"What is the name of it?" I asked.

"It is the oblong-leaved grasshopper,—*Phylloptera oblongifolia*. [Fig. 6.] It lives in trees, like the katydid, and sings somewhat like that insect, though its notes are quite feeble. These three species are placed by systematists in one group; there are a number of other species among the jumpers, some of them being quite numerous. This little fellow," he continued, pointing to a green-winged grasshopper not more than a half-inch long, "is found in the meadows later in the season in abundance; it is the slender meadow-grasshopper —*Orchelimum gracile* [Fig. 7]; and we have still another species,—quite a pretty one, too,—called the sword-bearer — *Conocephalus ensiger*. [Fig. 8.] This is really the typical grasshopper."

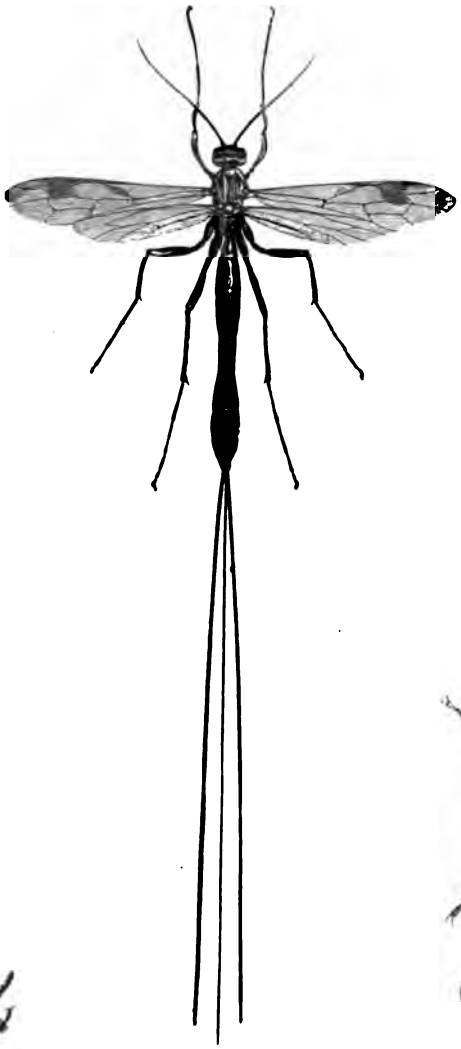

FIG. 12.—ICHNEUMON FLY.

"These last two species," continued Percival, closing the grasshopper drawer, "live upon grass and other low herbage in fields and meadows. They are by no means so numerous and destructive as the locusts and they do not move in swarms as those insects do. They have what is called a shrilling organ, somewhat like that of the katydid, and the males produce sounds or songs by the friction of the overlapping portions, while the locusts, not having this stridulating organ, produce their sounds by fiddling with their hind legs across the projecting veins of their wing-covers. You will easily see," he continued, pulling out a drawer labeled "Locusts," "that while these locusts resemble the grasshoppers generally, they have much shorter antennæ, which, instead of tapering, as with the others, are of nearly the same thickness throughout. They have also much shorter and thicker thighs than the others, and can consequently leap much better. They have much stronger wings, too, and their power of flight is greater and more sustained than that of the grasshoppers."

FIG. 14.—THE HORN-BUG.

FIG. 13.—BROAD-NECKED PRIONUS.

The specimen that he displayed was nearly two inches long from the head to the end of the wings. It was of a pale green color, with whitish head, and darker colored legs and abdomen.

"These locusts, I suppose, resemble those that fly in such immense swarms in the West and devour the crops."

"Yes, the species you refer to is called the hateful or Rocky Mountain locust," re-

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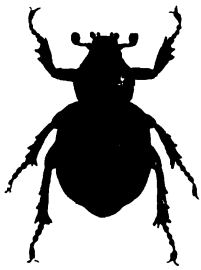

FIG. 15.—ROUGH OSMODERMA.

plied the doctor. "When a swarm of these destroyers is on the flight, darkening the air like a dense cloud, the noise produced by their wings is like a whirlwind."

"By the way, speaking of locusts," said I, "how does it happen that the locust we hear in dog-days singing in the tree-tops never sings on the ground? I do not remember of ever hearing the song of one from anywhere except in the trees. I thought that the locusts made their home in the grass and low herbage."

"They do," replied Percival. "The insect that sings in the dog-days and is commonly but improperly called the locust is not a locust at all; in fact, it belongs among the bugs *(Hemiptera)*, another order entirely. It is an odd-looking insect," he added, taking a specimen from a drawer and handing it to me to examine. This insect, which the doctor afterward named the dog-day cicada, *Cicada canicularis* [Fig. 9], measured about three inches across the extended wings. Its body was black above, and on the under side appeared as if covered with fine dust or flour. The head was short, broad, and triangular, the eyes large and round, and the wings transparent and very thin.

"And why is he a bug?" I asked. "I confess that to my uneducated eyes he looks more like a thick-headed, short-bodied fly."

FIG. 17.—FEMALE OF THE WHITE CLIMBING CRICKET.

"He is not a fly, because he has four wings, while the flies have but two. He is a bug because, with other peculiarities, he has a horny beak for suction instead of jaws for cutting, like the beetles, etc. The song of this cicada or dog-day locust, as the farmers call it, is produced by a very curious organ, or rather a pair of them, situated one on each side of the body, called by some entomologists kettledrums. These instruments, consisting of convex-shaped, parchment-like skins, are arranged in a great number of fine folds or plaits."

"How very odd," I exclaimed, "grasshoppers that fiddle and cicadas that drum; the sound, however, does not seem like drumming, but more like a harsh, shrill scream. How does the insect drum—not with its legs?"

"No," replied Percival, "the sound is produced, not by drumming, but by the

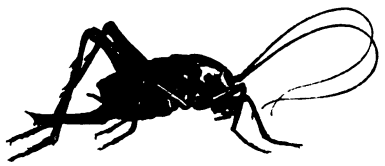

FIG. 16.—SPOTTED WINGLESS CRICKET.

insects' vibrating these parchments very rapidly by contracting and relaxing the muscles attached to them; the sound produced by this wrinkling action is further heightened and increased by a particular conformation of the cicada's body."

"What does the creature feed on?" I asked, after a short pause, as Percival sat down, and began to prepare a number of the insects that we had captured the day before.

"In the perfect stage it subsists upon the juices of trees and plants, which it obtains by piercing into the bark with its beak and sucking. In this stage of its existence, however, it is not long-lived, as it dies in a few weeks after reaching the imago

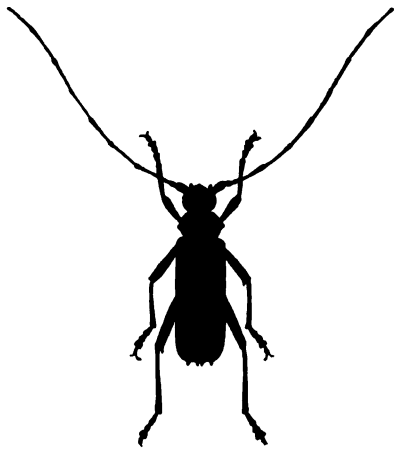

FIG. 18.—BANDED STENOCORUS.

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form; it is during this stage of its life that the eggs are laid, and the organization of the insect is admirably adapted to the use for which it was intended. The female is provided with a peculiar-shaped piercer, which is situated on the under side of her

FIG. 19.—PALES WEEVIL.

body in a channel provided for its protection. The piercer consists of two awl-shaped probes; at their ends they are enlarged, and on their outer edges are small saw-like teeth; between these probes is another borer, which plays between them. The instrument thus constructed performs the operation of sawing a hole and deepening it with an awl at the same time. The wood is so penetrated by this apparatus that a sort of lid or flap is formed to cover the perforation. Each hole is large enough to receive from ten to twenty eggs, and these are laid in pairs. The female cicada is prolific, and consequently keeps busy until all her eggs are laid. The young cicada, as soon as it is hatched from the egg, crawls out of the nest, and by a wonderful instinct drops to the earth."

"I thought the cicadas live in trees."

"So they do in the perfect form; but the young bury themselves in the soil, digging down until they reach the root of a tree, upon which they fasten themselves, burying their beaks in the root; and thus they suck and grow, and develop to maturity."

"How long do the grubs remain thus buried in the ground?" I inquired.

"The dog-day cicada comes out about the middle of the succeeding July; but there is one species, the seventeen-year locust,—*Cicada septendecim* [Fig. 10],—which requires seventeen years to perfect itself."

"And during all that time is it sucking away at the roots of the tree?" I asked, as Percival finished his work and laid away his instruments.

"Yes, and the injuries that these vermin inflict are sometimes very serious.——But come, you must have had all the entomological talk you want to-day; let us join Mrs. Percival on the piazza, and get a breath of the fresh breeze that is springing up."

Early on the forenoon of the next day, we started out fully equipped for a beetle-collecting excursion. The doctor bore about him his collecting apparatus, while I carried the luncheon basket, it being our intention to spend the greater portion of the day in the woods and pastures.

Percival soon settled down to his work with all the ardor he had displayed in the butterfly hunt. Old stumps of trees and decaying logs were poked into with knife and probe; rocks and chips were turned over, and every nook and crevice explored. At length we came to an old button-wood tree that stood by itself in an open space in the woods, and as I leaned against its boll, I saw fluttering against the bark an insect that appeared to be fastened in some way to the tree. I pointed it out to Percival, who disengaged the flutterer, and pinned it.

"What is it?" I inquired.

"The pigeon-tremex,—*Tremex Columba* [Fig. 11],—and a great pest it is, too."

"In what way?" I asked. "This is not a vegetable feeder, is it?"

"It is injurious in the larva form," replied Percival; "the female, with her peculiar ovipositor,—which is contained in this sheath that is nearly a half-inch in length,—bores numerous holes in trees, in which she deposits her eggs. From these the larvæ are hatched, and I have known instances of trees being completely riddled and killed by the grubs."

The body of this tremex was about an inch and a half in length. The head and

FIG. 20.—VIRGINIAN BUPRESTIS.

thorax were yellowish-brown, the abdomen bluish-black, and the extremity yellow; the wings were of a clouded brown, and the feet and legs yellowish.

"She has somewhat the look of a wasp,"

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said I. "How did it happen she could not fly away?"

"Because she had driven her ovipositor so deeply into the wood that she was unable to withdraw it," said Percival, depositing the tremex in one of his boxes, and preparing to move on; "it is not an uncommon occurrence."

"To which order does the tremex belong?" I asked, at the same time assisting Percival to overturn a huge bowlder. As the stone rolled over, a number of crickets and other creeping things ran about in the cavity, and for a few moments Percival was fully occupied in catching and impaling the various specimens.

"It belongs to the Hymenoptera," he replied at length, wiping the perspiration from his forehead; "in this order are included the saw-flies and bees, wasps, hornets, etc.; in fact, all the stingers and piercers, as they are called."

"I was right then, after all," I said, "in associating the tremex with the wasp."

"Yes," replied the doctor, "and it shows that your eyes are getting educated. The Hymenoptera are easily identified; if you find an insect with cutting jaws, and with four veined wings, and a sting or piercer at the end of the abdomen, you may be sure of the order to which it belongs."

"I suppose the tremex must have enemies," I remarked, after Percival had finished both his description of the Hymenoptera, and the operation of pinning the specimens.

"Yes, fortunately," he replied, "or our forests would be destroyed; the woodpeckers devour great numbers of the larvæ, and the nut-hatches also dig them out; a great many of the grubs are also destroyed by ichneumon flies, one, the *Pimpla lunator* [Fig. 12] being their determined enemy."

"How does this fly manage to reach the grubs when they are boring away into the solid wood of the tree?" I asked, pausing in the shade of a friendly hemlock, and watching Percival, who was busying himself near by in digging off the bark and decayed wood from a fallen tree.

"Oh, simply by depositing its eggs by means of its long ovipositor in the bodies of the larvæ as they are at work in the tree. The pimpla seems to know instinctively where the larvæ are rioting, and the eggs are deposited with certainty in the fat bodies of the grubs. In a short time the eggs hatch, and the new larvæ proceed to feed upon their unwilling foster-parents until they are destroyed."

"There, I've got you now," exclaimed Percival, making a quick dash, and seizing a large beetle that ran out from a chink in the bark.

It proved to be the broad-necked prionus, —*Prionus laticollis* [Fig. 13],—and was a disagreeable-looking specimen. It was of a long, oval shape, black in color, and its antennæ were stout and serrated. "It is the largest species we have among the Prionians," said Percival, "although it is not uncommon. I have but few in my collection. But come, let us move on, there is a delicious spring of water not far from here, where we had better eat our lunch. I dare say you are hungry by this time."

"Well, to tell you the truth," I replied, "I believe I am. There is nothing like moving about in the woods to stimulate the appetite."

Leading the way slowly through the undergrowth, Percival soon entered upon a cart-path in the woods; this he followed for a half mile or so, stopping occasionally to capture a desirable specimen, and securing it in one of his boxes or bottles. It was during one of these halts that he caught a fine specimen of beetle that he called the young roebuck or horn-bug—*Lucanus capreolus*. [Fig. 14.] It was very handsome, of a deep mahogany color, and was about one and a quarter inches in length. Its jaws were formidable, and had on their inner edges a little branch or tooth. This was an injurious species, Percival said,—its grubs living in the trunks and roots of trees, boring through them, and eating their wood.

We also captured a fine specimen of a beetle that he called the rough osmoderma, *Osmoderma scaber*. [Fig. 15.] Its color was a purplish black, and in certain lights it had a coppery or metallic luster. The wing-cases were very rough, in consequence of the innumerable minute punctures that covered them.

"What a great variety of beetles there are!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," he said, "there are catalogues of private collections which number many thousand species. The order Coleoptera is one of the largest: Packard says that the number of living species is between 60,000 and 80,000, and over 8,000 are known to inhabit the United States. But here we are at the spring."

After a most wholesome luncheon, we lighted our cigars, and stretched ourselves for a chat and an examination of our captures.

There were innumerable varieties, includ-

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FIG. 23.—DRAGON-FLY, OR DEVIL'S-DARNING-NEEDLE.

ing many fantastic shapes. One of the oddest was an insect that Percival called the spotted wingless cricket,—*Phalangopsis lapidicola* [Fig. 16],—which he had found under a stone, and which he said was rather an uncommon species. It was of a brownish-yellow color, and its back was marked with a few spots of a lighter color; what was most remarkable about it was its entire lack of wings, or even wing-covers. It was altogether a far from attractive creature.

"Its habits I suppose are similar to those of other crickets," I said, "notwithstanding its lack of wings."

"I am not very well acquainted with its habits," replied the doctor. "I occasionally find a specimen hiding in a pile of old rubbish in the woods, and I always save him, for he is handy for an exchange. You know we entomologists have a system of exchanges by which we furnish species common in our own localities to collectors in other sections, receiving in return species that are rare with

FIG. 21.—RED-TAILED ATTELABUS.

FIG. 22.—HAIRY-NECKED LEAF-EATER.

us. It is by this system that we are able to make complete collections."

Another species that Percival had captured on a wild grape-vine was the white climbing cricket—*Œcanthus niveus*. [Fig. 17.] Its body, wings and wing-covers, were of a white color with a faint tinge of yellowish. Percival handled the specimen with considerable care, its body being delicate and tender.

"It is not very common," he observed, "or our fruit-trees would suffer; the female climbs up on the limbs of plum and peach trees, and raspberry vines, and, boring a number of holes, deposits her eggs in the

FIG. 24.—SCARRED MELOLONTHA.

wood. It is said that it severs grapes from the vines. The males have a peculiar drum-like apparatus on the wings, which, when played upon, gives forth a loud and shrill music, which they keep up through the night."

Another interesting insect was the banded stenocorus—*Stenocorus cinctus*. [Fig. 18.] It was a handsome beetle of a hazel color, with numerous short gray hairs which lent it a tint of their color. Across each wing-cover was an oblique bar of yellow ocher. Its antennæ were about twice the length of the insect's body. Percival seemed to prize the specimen very much, for it was a species he said, not often captured by collectors, and then usually later in the season.

"The larva of this species," he said, "lives in the hickory, through the trunk of which it bores and forms long galleries; often these larvæ continue in the wood even after it has been manufactured into furniture,

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and they continue boring and excavating until the wood-work has been sadly perforated. In such instances I have found the larva in good health and condition."

A curious insect that he handed me for examination was a species that he called the Pales weevil—*Curculio Pales*. [Fig. 19.] He had found it with others, he said, on the bark of a pine-tree. It was a little over a half inch long, of a deep chestnut-brown color, and the wing-covers were thickly and irregularly marked with small spots of light yellow. Its snout was lengthened, a characteristic of all the weevils.

"This species in the larva form is terribly destructive to pine-trees," said Percival. "Instances are on record of whole forests being killed by them. They live under the bark next to the wood of the tree, and, eating the tender inner bark, completely girdle the tree. There are already known upward of 10,000 species in the Curculionidæ, to which family this weevil belongs, and they are all injurious. Some subsist on the pith of trees, others on the wood. Some live in the roots, some in nuts, and others in fruits and seeds. The mischievous plum-weevil, the grain-weevil, the pea-weevil, and others are all allied species, and the damage they do annually cannot be computed."

"Here is a handsome beetle of a quite different group," he added, "the *Buprestis Virginica*. [Fig. 20.] It is also very injurious to pines. Its larva bores in all directions in the wood of the various pines and causes great damage."

The beetle was nearly an inch in length, and its color was a dark brown, with coppery reflections. The wings were marked with a number of sunken parallel lines. On the thorax were three raised lines of black, and on the wing-covers were several black streaks or lines.

"The Buprestians are all injurious, in a greater or less degree, to forest and fruit trees," said Percival. "The eggs are deposited upon the outside of the trunks and limbs, and the grubs, when hatched, work their way through the bark to the wood, which they soon penetrate. It takes a number of years for many of the species to mature, and consequently these grubs have an extended time for mischief."

"Is there no way of stopping their ravages?" I inquired.

"Yes, nature has provided a measure of relief by the creation of numerous birds that subsist upon the larvæ and eggs of these insects. Were it not for these our trees would be terribly endangered. Farmers can protect their fruit-trees in a measure. If they will periodically examine the trees, and, when the burrows of the larvæ are found, thrust a sharp-pointed, pliable wire into them and kill the grubs, they can keep their numbers down."

For some moments I had been idly watching a dragon-fly that had been darting about on nervous wings. Suddenly a small butterfly appeared through the bushes and hovered toward the dragon-fly. It was a fatal act, for the other insect, seeing the gayly painted interloper moving through the air, made a fierce dart, and in an instant settled upon a stump and commenced devouring its prey.

Percival, whose attention had been called by me to the incident, seized his net and in a trice had the dragon-fly struggling in its folds. It proved to be the beautiful dragon-fly, *Libellula pulchella* [Fig. 23], and was a remarkably handsome specimen. The color of its body was a reddish-fuscous. On the sides of the thorax were two oblique yellow stripes, and the abdomen had a yellow stripe on each side. On each of the wings, at its base, middle, and end were three spots of a dark, smoky color. Its extended wings measured about three and a half inches.

After I had examined the insect all I wished, Percival opened his net and permitted the struggler to escape.

"I always let these fellows pass," he said, "for they are great insect-eaters, like the other Neuroptera. If it were not for them we should be completely overrun with injurious insects. Nature has made wonderfully wise provisions. She has created whole races of animals, apparently to keep in check the insect hordes which by daylight and dark are working to the injury of mankind, preying as they do upon all forms of vegetable life. Among the insect-destroying animals none are more interesting and valuable than the bats; their peculiar organization adapts them exactly to the pursuit of insects in the air at night. As you know, most of the moths and other injurious flying insects are active only at night, remaining during the daytime hidden in out-of-the-way cracks and corners. For instance, the May-beetle or 'Dor bug,' as it is commonly but improperly called,—that disagreeable droning buzzer that flies into our rooms when the lamps are lighted,—is active only at night. You can form no conception how destructive

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the larvæ of these beetles are; hundreds if not thousands of acres of mowing and grass lands were last summer destroyed by these grubs in Massachusetts alone. They work under the sod, eating off the roots of the grass, and killing it, so that the whole sward may be rolled up like a piece of carpet. Destructive as they are with all their enemies active against them, it would be impossible to say what would be the extent of their mischief if their great foes, the bats, that destroy myriads of them in the beetle form were exterminated."

"I never supposed that bats were of much importance in the economy of nature," said I, carelessly.

"Indeed they are of great importance," replied Percival; "not only beetles are eaten by them, but great numbers of moths. As I said before, the bats are actively at work at night; in the day-time multitudes of birds and quadrupeds and predatory insects are destroying the insect pests. The birds are especially active in this work, and apparently in order that it may be the more thoroughly done, different races of the feathered tribes have been created, each with its own particular sphere. The blackbirds, thrushes and larks devour the insects which infest the grass crops and other vegetations near the ground; the creepers, titmice and others eat the insects which are found on the limbs and bark of trees both in the larval and perfect forms; the woodpeckers destroy the borers in the wood of trees; while the warblers, cuckoos and orioles capture the insects and caterpillars in the foliage. The fly-catchers are busy through the day, and the night-hawks and whip-poor-wills in the night capture the flying insects near the earth; while the swallows are on the wing from daylight until dark, securing those insects that have escaped their other enemies."

We spent a half hour longer at the spring, and then started in the direction of home. Percival kept at his work steadily, knocking off pieces of bark from dilapidated trees, rooting out old stumps, and rolling over old logs and stones and r
collections were, as usual, num

Percival found upon the folia
tree a number of specimens of
he called the red-tailed attelabu
analis. [Fig. 21.] They we
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He also caught another in
called the hairy-necked leaf-e
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Dr. Harris says that the differe
attelabus roll up the edges of
trees, thus forming thimble-sha
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hatched."

Another beetle, of which he
a single specimen, was the scar
tha—*Melolontha variolosa*. [Fig
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leaves, of a yellow ocher tinge
interesting species, and the pe
tion of its antennæ gave it an

"This species," said Percival
the leaves of fruit and forest tr
no great injury."

We had now arrived at th
entomology was put aside for
My two days of tramping w
were not, however, the last of m
in this delightful department o
I write, the mercury is slowly
thermometer, and its approach
figure will soon be my justifica
ing away from city work for
rambling with the doctor in th
fields of Willowdale.

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CONFIDENCE.

BY HENRY JAMES, JR.

Author of "The American," "The Europeans," "Daisy Miller," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

It was in the early days of April. Bernard Longueville had been spending the winter in Rome. He had traveled northward with the consciousness of several social duties that appealed to him from the farther side of the Alps, but he was under the charm of the Italian spring, and he made a pretext for lingering. He had spent five days at Siena where he had intended to spend but two, and still it was impossible to continue his journey. He was a young man of a contemplative and speculative turn, and this was his first visit to Italy, so that if he dallied by the way he should not be harshly judged. He had a fancy for sketching, and it was on his conscience to take a few pictorial notes. There were two old inns at Siena, both of them very shabby and very dirty. The one at which Longueville had taken up his abode was entered by a dark, pestiferous archway, surmounted by a sign which at a distance might have been read by the travelers as the Dantean injunction to renounce all hope. The other was not far off, and the day after his arrival, as he passed it, he saw two ladies going in who evidently belonged to the large fraternity of Anglo-Saxon tourists, and one of whom was young and carried herself very well. Longueville had his share—or more than his share—of gallantry, and this incident awakened a regret. If he had gone to the other inn he might have had charming company; at his own establishment there was no one but an æsthetic German who smoked bad tobacco in the dining-room. He remarked to himself that this was always his luck, and the remark was characteristic of the man; it was charged with the feeling of the moment, but it was not absolutely just; it was the result of an acute impression made by the particular occasion; but it failed in appreciation of a providence which had sprinkled Longueville's career with happy accidents—accidents, especially, in which his characteristic gallantry was not allowed to rust for want of exercise. He lounged, however, contentedly enough through these bright, still days of a Tuscan April, drawing much entertainment from the high picturesqueness of the things about him. Siena, twenty years ago, was a flawless gift of the Middle Ages to the modern imagination. No other Italian city could have been more interesting to an observer fond of reconstructing obsolete manners. This was a taste of Bernard Longueville's, who had a relish for serious literature, and at one time had made several lively excursions into mediæval history. His friends thought him very clever, and at the same time had an easy feeling about him which was a tribute to his freedom from pedantry. He was clever indeed, and an excellent companion; but the real measure of his brilliancy was in the success with which he entertained himself. He was much addicted to conversing with his own wit, and he greatly enjoyed his own society. Clever as he often was in talking with his friends, I am not sure that his best things, as the phrase is, were not for his own ears; and this was not on account of any cynical contempt for the understanding of his fellow-creatures: it was simply because what I have called his own society was more of a stimulus than that of most other people. And yet he was not for this reason fond of solitude; he was, on the contrary, a very sociable animal. It must be admitted at the outset that he had a nature which seemed at several points to contradict itself, as will probably be perceived in the course of this narration.

He entertained himself greatly with his reflections and meditations upon Sienese architecture and early Tuscan art, upon Italian street-life and the geological idiosyncrasies of the Apennines. If he had only gone to the other inn, that nice-looking girl whom he had seen passing under the dusky portal with her face turned away from him might have broken bread with him at this intellectual banquet. There came a day, however, when it seemed for a moment that if she were disposed she might gather up the crumbs of the feast. Longueville, every morning after breakfast, took a turn in the great square of Siena—the vast *piazza*, shaped like a horse-shoe, where the market is held beneath the windows of that

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crenelated palace from whose overhanging cornice a tall, straight tower springs up with a movement as light as that of a single plume in the bonnet of a captain. Here he strolled about, watching a brown *contadino* disembarrass his donkey, noting the progress of half an hour's chaffer over a bundle of carrots, wishing a young girl with eyes like animated agates would let him sketch her, and gazing up at intervals at the beautiful, slim tower, as it played at contrasts with the large blue air. After he had spent the greater part of a week in these grave considerations, he made up his mind to leave Siena. But he was not content with what he had done for his portfolio. Siena was eminently sketchable, but he had not been industrious. On the last morning of his visit, as he stood staring about him in the crowded piazza, and feeling that, in spite of the picturesqueness, this was an awkward place for setting up an easel, he bethought himself, by contrast, of a quiet corner in another part of the town, which he had chanced upon in one of his first walks,—an angle of a lonely terrace that abutted upon the city-wall, where three or four superannuated objects seemed to slumber in the sunshine,—the open door of an empty church, with a faded fresco exposed to the air in the arch above it, and an ancient beggar-woman sitting beside it on a three-legged stool. The little terrace had an old, polished parapet, about as high as a man's breast, above which was a view of strange, sad-colored hills. Outside, to the left, the wall of the town made an outward bend, and exposed its rugged and rusty complexion. There was a smooth stone bench set into the wall of the church, on which Longueville had rested for an hour, observing the composition of the little picture of which I have indicated the elements, and of which the parapet of the terrace would form the foreground. The thing was what painters call a subject, and he had promised himself to come back with his utensils. This morning he returned to the inn and took possession of them, and then he made his way through a labyrinth of empty streets, lying on the edge of the town within the wall, like the superfluous folds of a garment whose wearer has shrunken with old age. He reached his little grass-grown terrace, and found it as sunny and as private as before. The old mendicant was mumbling petitions, sacred and profane, at the church door; but save for this the stillness was unbroken. The yellow sunshine warmed the brown surface of the city-wall, and lighted the hollows of the Etruscan hills. Longueville settled himself on the empty bench, and, arranging his little portable apparatus, began to ply his brushes. He worked for some time smoothly and rapidly, with an agreeable sense of the absence of obstacles. It seemed almost an interruption when, in the silent air, he heard a distant bell in the town strike noon. Shortly after this, there was another interruption. The sound of a soft footstep caused him to look up, whereupon he saw a young woman standing there and bending her eyes upon the graceful artist. A second glance assured him that she was that nice girl whom he had seen going into the other inn with her mother, and suggested that she had just emerged from the little church. He suspected, however,—I hardly know why,—that she had been looking at him for some moments before he perceived her. It would, perhaps, be impertinent to inquire what she thought of him; but Longueville, in the space of an instant, made two or three reflections upon the young lady. One of them was to the effect that she was a handsome creature, but that she looked rather bold; the burden of the other was that—yes, decidedly—she was a compatriot. She turned away almost as soon as she met his eyes; he had hardly time to raise his hat, as, after a moment's hesitation, he determined to do. She herself appeared to feel a certain hesitation; she glanced back at the church door, as if under the impulse to retrace her steps. She stood there a moment longer,—long enough to let him see that she was a person of easy attitudes,—and then she walked away slowly to the parapet of the terrace. Here she stationed herself, leaning her arms upon the high stone ledge, presenting her back to Longueville, and gazing at rural Italy. Longueville went on with his sketch, but less attentively than before. He wondered what this young lady was doing there alone, and then it occurred to him that her companion —her mother, presumably—was in the church. The two ladies had been in the church when he arrived; women liked to sit in churches; they had been there more than half an hour, and the mother had not enough of it even yet. The young lady, however, at present preferred the view that Longueville was painting; he became aware that she had placed herself in the very center of his foreground. His first feeling was that she would spoil it; his second was that she would improve it. Little by little she turned more into profile, leaning only one arm upon

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the parapet, while the other hand, holding her folded parasol, hung down at her side. She was motionless; it was almost as if she were standing there on purpose to be drawn. Yes, certainly she improved the picture. Her profile, delicate and thin, defined itself against the sky, in the clear shadow of a coquettish hat; her figure was light; she bent and leaned easily; she wore a gray dress, fastened up as was then the fashion, and displaying the broad edge of a crimson petticoat. She kept her position; she seemed absorbed in the view. "Is she *posing*—is she attitudinizing for my benefit?" Longueville asked of himself. And then it seemed to him that this was a needless assumption, for the prospect was quite beautiful enough to be looked at for itself, and there was nothing impossible in a pretty girl having a love of fine landscape. "But posing or not," he went on, "I will put her into my sketch. She has simply put herself in. It will give it a human interest. There is nothing like having a human interest." So, with the ready skill that he possessed, he introduced the young girl's figure into his foreground, and at the end of ten minutes he had almost made something that had the form of a likeness. "If she will only be quiet for another ten minutes," he said, "the thing will really be a picture." Unfortunately, the young lady was not quiet; she had apparently had enough of her attitude and her view. She turned away, facing Longueville again, and slowly came back, as if to re-enter the church. To do so she had to pass near him, and as she approached he instinctively got up, holding his drawing in one hand. She looked at him again, with that expression that he had mentally characterized as "bold," a few minutes before—with dark, intelligent eyes. Her hair was dark and dense; she was a strikingly handsome girl.

"I am so sorry you moved," he said, confidently, in English. "You were so—so beautiful."

She stopped, looking at him more directly than ever; and she looked at his sketch, which he held out toward her. At the sketch, however, she only glanced, whereas there was observation in the eye that she bent upon Longueville. He never knew whether she had blushed; he afterward thought she might have been frightened. Nevertheless, it was not exactly terror that appeared to dictate her answer to Longueville's speech.

"I am much obliged to you. Don't you think you have looked at me enough?"

"By no means. I should like so much to finish my drawing."

"I am not a professional model," said the young lady.

"No. That's my difficulty," Longueville answered, laughing. "I can't propose to remunerate you."

The young lady seemed to think this joke in indifferent taste. She turned away in silence; but something in her expression, in his feeling at the time, in the situation, incited Longueville to higher play. He felt a lively need of carrying his point.

"You see it will be pure kindness," he went on,—"a simple act of charity. Five minutes will be enough. Treat me as an Italian beggar."

She had laid down his sketch and had stepped forward. He stood there, obsequious, clasping his hands and smiling.

His interruptress stopped and looked at him again, as if she thought him a very odd person; but she seemed amused. Now, at any rate, she was not frightened. She seemed even disposed to provoke him a little.

"I wish to go to my mother," she said.

"Where is your mother?" the young man asked.

"In the church, of course. I didn't come here alone!"

"Of course not; but you may be sure that your mother is very contented. I have been in that little church. It is charming. She is just resting there; she is probably tired. If you will kindly give me five minutes more she will come out to you."

"Five minutes?" the young girl asked.

"Five minutes will do. I shall be eternally grateful." Longueville was amused at himself as he said this. He cared infinitely less for his sketch than the words appeared to imply; but, somehow, he cared greatly that this pretty stranger should do what he had proposed.

The pretty stranger dropped an eye on the sketch again.

"Is your picture so good as that?" she asked.

"I have a great deal of talent," he answered, laughing. "You shall see for yourself, when it is finished."

She turned slowly toward the terrace again.

"You certainly have a great deal of talent, to induce me to do what you ask." And she walked to where she had stood before. Longueville made a movement to go with her, as if to show her the attitude he meant;

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but, pointing with decision to his easel, she said:

"You have only five minutes." He immediately went back to his work, and she made a vague attempt to take up her position. "You must tell me if this will do," she added, in a moment.

"It will do beautifully," Longueville answered, in a happy tone, looking at her and plying his brush. "It is immensely good of you to take so much trouble."

For a moment she made no rejoinder, but presently she said:

"Of course if I pose at all I wish to pose well."

"You pose admirably," said Longueville.

After this she said nothing, and for several minutes he painted rapidly and in silence. He felt a certain excitement, and the movement of his thoughts kept pace with that of his brush. It was very true that she posed admirably; she was a fine creature to paint. Her prettiness inspired him, and also her audacity, as he was content to regard it for the moment. He wondered about her—who she was, and what she was—perceiving that the so-called audacity was not vulgar boldness, but the play of an original and probably interesting character. It was obvious that she was a perfect lady, but it was equally obvious that she was irregularly clever. Longueville's little figure was a success—a charming success, he thought, as he put on the last touches. While he was doing this, his model's companion came into view. She came out of the church, pausing a moment as she looked from her daughter to the young man in the corner of the terrace; then she walked straight over to the young girl. She was a delicate little gentlewoman, with a light, quick step.

Longueville's five minutes were up; so, leaving his place, he approached the two ladies, sketch in hand. The elder one, who had passed her hand into her daughter's arm, looked up at him with clear, surprised eyes; she was a charming old woman. Her eyes were very pretty, and on either side of them, above a pair of fine dark brows, was a band of silvery hair, rather coquettishly arranged.

"It is my portrait," said her daughter, as Longueville drew near. "This gentleman has been sketching me."

"Sketching you, dearest?" murmured her mother. "Wasn't it rather sudden?"

"Very sudden—very abrupt!" exclaimed the young girl with a laugh.

"Considering all that, it's very good," said Longueville, offering his picture to the elder lady, who took it and began to examine it. "I can't tell you how much I thank you," he said to his model.

"It's very well for you to thank me now," she replied. "You really had no right to begin."

"The temptation was so great."

"We should resist temptation. And you should have asked my leave."

"I was afraid you would refuse it; and you stood there, just in my line of vision."

"You should have asked me to get out of it."

"I should have been very sorry. Besides, it would have been extremely rude."

The young girl looked at him a moment.

"Yes, I think it would. But what you have done is ruder."

"It is a hard case!" said Longueville. "What could I have done, then, decently?"

"It's a beautiful drawing," murmured the elder lady, handing the thing back to Longueville. Her daughter, meanwhile, had not even glanced at it.

"You might have waited till I should go away," this argumentative young person continued.

Longueville shook his head.

"I never lose opportunities!"

"You might have sketched me afterward, from memory."

Longueville looked at her, smiling.

"Judge how much better my memory will be now!"

She also smiled a little, but instantly became serious.

"For myself, it's an episode I shall try to forget. I don't like the part I have played in it."

"May you never play a less becoming one!" cried Longueville. "I hope that your mother, at least, will accept a memento of the occasion." And he turned again with his sketch to her companion, who had been listening to the girl's conversation with this enterprising stranger, and looking from one to the other with an air of earnest confusion. "Won't you do me the honor of keeping my sketch?" he said. "I think it really looks like your daughter."

"Oh, thank you, thank you; I hardly dare," murmured the old lady, with a deprecating gesture.

"It will serve as a kind of amends for the liberty I have taken," Longueville added; and he began to remove the drawing from its paper block.

"It makes it worse for you to give it to us," said the young girl.

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"Oh, my dear, I'm sure it's lovely!" exclaimed her mother. "It's wonderfully like you."

"I think that also makes it worse!"

Longueville was at last nettled. The young lady's perversity was perhaps not exactly malignant; but it was certainly ungracious. She seemed to desire to present herself as a beautiful tormentress.

"How does it make it worse?" he asked, with a frown.

He believed she was clever, and she was certainly ready. Now, however, she reflected a moment before answering.

"That you should give us your sketch," she said at last.

"It was to your mother I offered it," Longueville observed.

But this observation, the fruit of his irritation, appeared to have no effect upon the young girl.

"Isn't it what painters call a study?" she went on. "A study is of use to the painter himself. Your justification would be that you should keep your sketch, and that it might be of use to you."

"My daughter is a study, sir, you'll say," said the elder lady in a little, light, conciliating voice, and graciously accepting the drawing again.

"I will admit," said Longueville, "that I am very inconsistent. Set it down to my esteem, madam," he added, looking at the mother.

"That's for you, mamma," said his model, disengaging her arm from her mother's hand and turning away.

The mamma stood looking at the sketch with a smile which seemed to express a tender desire to reconcile all accidents.

"It's extremely beautiful," she murmured, "and if you insist on my taking it——"

"I shall regard it as a great honor."

"Very well, then; with many thanks, I will keep it." She looked at the young man a moment while her daughter walked away. Longueville thought her a delightful little person; she struck him as a sort of transfigured Quakeress,—a mystic with a practical side. "I'm sure you think she's a strange girl," she said.

"She's extremely pretty."

"She's very clever," said the mother.

"She's wonderfully graceful."

"Ah, but she's good!" cried the old lady.

"I am sure she comes honestly by that," said Longueville, expressively, while his companion, returning his salutation with a certain scrupulous grace of her own, hurried after her daughter.

Longueville remained there staring at the view, but not especially seeing it. He felt as if he had at once enjoyed and lost an opportunity. After a while he tried to make a sketch of the old beggar-woman who sat there in a sort of palsied immobility, like a ricketty statue at a church-door. But his attempt to reproduce her features was not gratifying, and he suddenly laid down his brush. She was not pretty enough—she had a bad profile.

CHAPTER II.

Two months later Bernard Longueville was at Venice, still under the impression that he was leaving Italy. He was not a man who made plans and held to them. He made them, indeed—few men made more—but he made them as a basis for variation. He had gone to Venice to spend a fortnight, and his fortnight had taken the form of eight enchanting weeks. He had still a sort of conviction that he was carrying out his plans; for it must be confessed that where his pleasure was concerned he had considerable skill in accommodating his theory to his practice. His enjoyment of Venice was extreme, but he was roused from it by a summons he was indisposed to resist. This consisted of a letter from an intimate friend who was living in Germany. The friend's name was Gordon Wright. He had been spending the winter in Dresden, but his letter bore the date of Baden-Baden. As it was not long, I may give it entire. It ran:

"I wish very much that you would come to this place. I think you have been here before, so that you know how pretty it is, and how amusing. I shall probably be here the rest of the summer. There are some people I know and whom I want you to know. Be so good as to arrive. Then I will thank you properly for your various Italian rhapsodies. I can't reply on the same scale—I haven't the time. Do you know what I am doing? I am making love. I find it a most absorbing occupation. That is literally why I have not written to you before. I have been making love ever since the last of May. It takes an immense amount of time, and everything else has got terribly behindhand. I don't mean to say that this experiment itself has gone on very fast; but I am trying to push it forward. I haven't yet had time to test its success; but in this I want your help. You know one never makes an experiment without an 'assistant,'—a humble individ-

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ual who burns his fingers and stains his clothes in the cause of science, but whose interest in the problem is only indirect. I want you to be my assistant, and I will guarantee that your burns and stains shall not be dangerous. She is an extremely interesting girl, and I really want you to see her—I want to know what you think of her. She wants to know you, too, for I have talked a good deal about you. There you have it, if gratified vanity will help you on the way. Seriously, this is a real request. I want your opinion, your impression. I want to see how she will affect you. I don't say I ask for your advice; that, of course, you'll not undertake to give. But I desire a definition, a characterization; you know you toss off those things. I don't see why I shouldn't tell you all this—I have always told you everything. I have never pretended to know anything about women, but I have always supposed that you knew everything. You certainly have always had the tone of that sort of omniscience. So come here as soon as possible and let me see that you are not a humbug. She's a very handsome girl."

Longueville was so much amused with this appeal that he very soon started for Germany. In the reader, Gordon Wright's letter will perhaps excite surprise rather than hilarity; but Longueville thought it highly characteristic of his friend. What it especially pointed to was Gordon's want of imagination,—a deficiency which was a matter of common jocular allusion between the two young men, who had for mutual exercise a collection of acknowledged peculiarities. Bernard had often spoken of his comrade's want of imagination as a bottomless pit, into which Gordon was perpetually inviting him to lower himself. "My dear fellow," Bernard said, "you must really excuse me; I cannot take these subterranean excursions. I should lose my breath down there; I should never come up alive. You know I have dropped things down,—little jokes and metaphors, little fantasies and paradoxes,—and I have never heard them touch bottom!" This was an epigram on the part of a young man who had a lively play of fancy; but it was none the less true that Gordon Wright had a firmly-treading, rather than a winged, intellect. Every phrase in his letter seemed to Bernard to march in stout-soled walking-boots, and nothing could better express his attachment to the process of reasoning things out than this proposal that his friend should come and make a chemical analysis—a geometrical survey—of the lady of his love. "That I shall have any difficulty in forming an opinion, and any difficulty in expressing it when formed, of this he has as little idea as that he shall have any difficulty in accepting it when expressed." So Bernard reflected, as he rolled in the train to Munich. "Gordon's mind," he went on, "has no atmosphere; his intellectual process goes on in the void. There are no currents and eddies to affect it, no high winds or hot suns, no changes of season and temperature. His premises are neatly arranged, and his conclusions are perfectly calculable."

Yet for the man on whose character he so freely exercised his wit Bernard Longueville had a strong affection. It is nothing against the validity of a friendship that the parties to it have not a mutual resemblance. There must be a basis of agreement, but the structure reared upon it may contain a thousand disparities. These two young men had formed an alliance of old, in college days, and the bond between them had been strengthened by the simple fact of its having survived the sentimental resolutions of early life. Its strongest link was a sort of mutual respect. Their tastes, their pursuits were different; but each of them had a high esteem for the other's character. It may be said that they were easily pleased; for it is certain that neither of them had performed any very conspicuous action. They were highly civilized young Americans, born to an easy fortune and a tranquil destiny, and unfamiliar with the glitter of golden opportunities. If I did not shrink from disparaging the constitution of their native land for their own credit, I should say that it had never been very definitely proposed to these young gentlemen to distinguish themselves. On reaching manhood, they had each come into property sufficient to make violent exertion superfluous. Gordon Wright, indeed, had inherited a large estate. Their wants being tolerably modest, they had not been tempted to strive for the glory of building up commercial fortunes—the most obvious career open to young Americans. They had indeed embraced no career at all, and if summoned to give an account of themselves would, perhaps, have found it hard to tell any very impressive story. Gordon Wright was much interested in science, and had ideas of his own on what is called the endowment of research. His ideas had taken a practical shape, and he had distributed money very

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freely among the investigating classes, after which he had gone to spend a couple of years in Germany, supposing it to be the land of laboratories. Here we find him at present, cultivating relations with several learned bodies and promoting the study of various tough branches of natural science by paying the expenses of difficult experiments. The experiments, it must be added, were often of his own making, and he must have the honor of whatever brilliancy attaches, in the estimation of the world, to such pursuits. It was not, indeed, a brilliancy that dazzled Bernard Longueville, who, however, was not easily dazzled by anything. It was because he received him in so plain and direct a fashion, that Bernard had an affection for his friend—an affection to which it would perhaps be difficult to assign a definite cause. Personal sympathies are doubtless caused by something; but the causes are remote, mysterious to our daily vision, like those of the particular state of the weather. We content ourselves with remarking that it is fine or that it rains, and the enjoyment of our likes and dislikes is by no means apt to borrow its edge from the keenness of our analysis. Longueville had a relish for fine quality—superior savor; and he was sensible of this merit in the simple, candid, manly, affectionate nature of his comrade, which seemed to him an excellent thing of its kind. Gordon Wright had a tender heart and a strong will,—a combination which, when the understanding is not too limited, is often the motive of admirable actions. There might sometimes be a question whether Gordon's understanding was sufficiently unlimited, but the impulses of a generous temper often play a useful part in filling up the gaps of an incomplete imagination, and the general impression that Wright produced was certainly that of intelligent good-nature. The reasons for appreciating Bernard Longueville were much more manifest. He pleased, superficially as well as fundamentally. Nature had sent him into the world with an armful of good gifts. He was very good-looking—tall, dark, agile, perfectly finished, so good-looking that he might have been a fool and yet be forgiven. As has already been intimated, however, he was far from being a fool. He had a number of talents, which, during three or four years that followed his leaving college, had received the discipline of the study of the law. He had not made much of the law; but he had made something of his talents. He was almost always spoken of as "accomplished." People asked why he didn't do something. This question was never satisfactorily answered, the feeling being that Longueville did more than many people in causing it to be asked. Moreover, there was one thing he did constantly—he enjoyed himself. This is manifestly not a career, and it has been said at the outset that he was not attached to any of the recognized professions. But without going into details, he was a charming fellow—clever, urbane, free-handed, and with that fortunate quality in his appearance which is known as distinction.

He had not specified, in writing to Gordon Wright, the day on which he should arrive at Baden-Baden; it must be confessed that he was not addicted to specifying days. He came to his journey's end in the evening, and, on presenting himself at the hotel from which his friend had dated his letter, he learned that Gordon Wright had betaken himself after dinner, according to the custom of Baden-Baden, to the grounds of the conversation-house. It was eight o'clock, and Longueville, after removing the stains of travel, sat down to dine. His first impulse had been to send for Gordon to come and keep him company at his repast; but on second thought he determined to make it as brief as possible. Having brought it to a close, he took his way to the Kursaal. The great German watering-place is one of the prettiest nooks in Europe, and of a summer evening in the gaming days, five-and-twenty years ago, it was one of the most brilliant scenes. The lighted windows of the great temple of hazard (of as chaste an architecture as if it had been devoted to a much purer divinity), opened wide upon the gardens and groves; the little river that issues from the bosky mountains of the Black Forest flowed, with an air of brook-like innocence, past the expensive hotels and lodging-houses; the orchestra, in a high pavilion on the terrace of the Kursaal, played a discreet accompaniment to the conversation of the ladies and gentlemen who, scattered over the large expanse on a thousand little chairs, preferred for the time the beauties of nature to the shuffle of coin and the calculation of chance; while the faint summer stars, twinkling above the vague black hills and woods, looked down at the indifferent groups without venturing to drop their light upon them.

Longueville, noting all this, went straight into the gaming-rooms; he was curious to

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see whether his friend, being fond of experiments, was trying combinations at roulette. But he was not to be found in any of the gilded chambers, among the crowd that pressed in silence about the tables; so that Bernard presently came and began to wander about the lamplit terrace, where innumerable groups, seated and strolling, made the place a gigantic *conversazione*. It seemed to him very agreeable and amusing, and he remarked to himself that, for a man who was supposed not to take especially the Epicurean view of life, Gordon Wright, in coming to Baden, had certainly made himself comfortable. Longueville went his way, glancing from one cluster of talkers to another; and at last he saw a face which brought him to a stop. He stood a moment looking at it; he knew he had seen it before. He had an excellent memory for faces; but it was some time before he was able to attach an identity to this one. Where had he seen a little elderly lady with an expression of timorous vigilance, and a band of hair as softly white as a dove's wing? The answer to the question presently came—where but in a grass-grown corner of an old Italian town? The lady was the mother of his inconsequent model, so that this mysterious personage was probably herself not far off. Before Longueville had time to verify this induction, he found his eyes resting upon the broad back of a gentleman seated close to the old lady, and who, turning away from her, was talking to a young girl. It was nothing but the back of this gentleman that he saw, but nevertheless, with the instinct of true friendship, he recognized in this featureless expanse the robust personality of Gordon Wright. In a moment he had stepped forward and laid his hand upon Wright's shoulder.

His friend looked round, and then sprang up with a joyous exclamation and grasp of the hand.

"My dear fellow—my dear Bernard! What on earth—when did you arrive?"

While Bernard answered and explained a little, he glanced from his friend's good, gratified face at the young girl with whom Wright had been talking, and then at the lady on the other side, who was giving him a bright little stare. He raised his hat to her and to the young girl, and he became conscious, as regards the latter, of a certain disappointment. She was very pretty; she was looking at him; but she was not the heroine of the little incident of the terrace at Siena.

"It's just like Longueville, you know," Gordon Wright went on; "he always comes at you from behind; he's so awfully fond of surprises." He was laughing; he was greatly pleased; he introduced Bernard to the two ladies. "You must know Mrs. Vivian; you must know Miss Blanche Evers."

Bernard took his place in the little circle; he wondered whether he ought to venture upon a special recognition of Mrs. Vivian. Then it seemed to him that he should leave the option of this event with the lady, especially as he had detected recognition in her eye. But Mrs. Vivian ventured upon nothing special; she contented herself with soft generalities—with remarking that she always liked to know when people would arrive; that, for herself, she never enjoyed surprises.

"And yet I imagine you have had your share," said Longueville, with a smile. He thought this might remind her of the moment when she came out of the little church at Siena and found her daughter posturing to an unknown painter.

But Mrs. Vivian, turning her pretty head about, gave but a superficial reply.

"Oh, I have had my share of every thing, good and bad. I don't complain of anything." And she gave a little deprecating laugh.

Gordon Wright shook hands with Bernard again. He seemed really very glad to see him. Longueville, remembering that Gordon had written to him that he had been "making love," began to seek in his countenance for the ravages of passion. For the moment, however, they were not apparent. The excellent, honest fellow looked placid and contented. Gordon Wright had a clear gray eye, short, straight, flaxen hair and a healthy diffusion of color. His features were thick and rather irregular; but his countenance—in addition to the merit of its expression—derived a certain grace from a powerful yellow mustache, to which its wearer occasionally gave a martial twist. Gordon Wright was not tall, but he was strong, and in his whole person there was something well-planted and sturdy. He almost always dressed in light-colored garments, and he wore round his neck an eternal blue cravat. When he was agitated he grew very red. While he questioned Longueville about his journey and his health, his whereabouts and his intentions, the latter, among his own replies, endeavored to read in Wright's eyes some account of his present situation. Was that pretty girl at his side the ambiguous object of his

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adoration, and, in that case, what was the function of the elder lady, and what had become of her argumentative daughter? Perhaps this was another, a younger daughter, though, indeed, she bore no resemblance to either of Longueville's friends. Gordon Wright, in spite of Bernard's interrogative glances, indulged in no optical confidences. He had too much to tell. He would keep his story till they should be alone together. It was impossible that they should adjourn just yet to social solitude; the two ladies were under Gordon's protection. Mrs. Vivian—Bernard felt a satisfaction in learning her name; it was as if a curtain, half pulled up and stopped by a hitch, had suddenly been raised altogether—Mrs. Vivian sat looking up and down the terrace at the crowd of loungers and talkers with an air of tender expectation. She was probably looking for her elder daughter, and Longueville could not help wishing also that this young lady would arrive. Meanwhile, he saw that the young girl to whom Gordon had been devoting himself was extremely pretty, and appeared eminently approachable. Longueville had some talk with her, reflecting that if she were the person concerning whom Gordon had written him, it behooved him to appear to take an interest in her. This view of the case was confirmed by Gordon Wright's presently turning away to talk with Mrs. Vivian, so that his friend might be at liberty to make acquaintance with their companion.

Though she had not been with the others at Siena, it seemed to Longueville, with regard to her, too, that this was not the first time he had seen her. She was simply the American pretty girl, whom he had seen a thousand times. It was a numerous sisterhood, pervaded by a strong family likeness. This young lady had charming eyes (of the color of Gordon's cravats) which looked everywhere at once and yet found time to linger in some places, where Longueville's own eyes frequently met them. She had soft brown hair, with a silky-golden thread in it, beautifully arranged and crowned by a smart little hat that savored of Paris. She had also a slender little figure, neatly rounded, and delicate, narrow hands, prettily gloved. She moved about a great deal in her place, twisted her little flexible body and tossed her head, fingered her hair and examined the ornaments of her dress. She had a great deal of conversation, Longueville speedily learned, and she expressed herself with extreme frankness and decision. He asked her, to begin with, if she had been long at Baden, but the impetus of this question was all she required. Turning her charming, conscious, coquettish little face upon him, she instantly began to chatter.

"I have been here about four weeks. I don't know whether you call that long. It doesn't seem long to me, I have had such a lovely time. I have met ever so many people here I know—every day some one turns up. Now you have turned up to-day."

"Ah, but you don't know me," said Longueville, laughing.

"Well, I have heard a great deal about you!" cried the young girl, with a pretty little stare of contradiction. "I think you know a great friend of mine, Miss Ella Maclane, of Baltimore. She's traveling in Europe now." Longueville's memory did not instantly respond to this signal, but he expressed that rapturous assent which the occasion demanded, and even risked the observation that the young lady from Baltimore was very pretty. "She's far too lovely," his companion went on. "I have often heard her speak of you. I think you know her sister rather better than you know her. She has not been out very long. She is just as interesting as she can be. Her hair comes down to her feet. She's traveling in Norway. She has been everywhere you can think of, and she's going to finish off with Finland. You can't go any further than that, can you? That's one comfort; she'll have to turn round and come back. I want her dreadfully to come to Baden-Baden."

"I wish she would," said Longueville. "Is she traveling alone?"

"Oh, no. They've got some Englishman. They say he's devoted to Ella. Every one seems to have an Englishman, now. We've got one here, Captain Lovelock, Captain Augustus Lovelock. Well, they're awfully handsome. Ella Maclane is dying to come to Baden-Baden. I wish you'd write to her. Her father and mother have got some idea in their heads; they think it's improper—what do you call it?—immoral. I wish you'd write to her and tell her it isn't. I wonder if they think that Mrs. Vivian would come to a place that's immoral. Mrs. Vivian says she would take her in a moment; she doesn't seem to care how many she has. I declare, she's only too kind. You know I'm in Mrs. Vivian's care. My mother's gone to Franzensbad. She would let me go with Mrs.

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Vivian anywhere, on account of the influence—she thinks so much of Mrs. Vivian's influence. I have always heard a great deal about it, haven't you? I must say it's lovely; it's had a wonderful effect upon me. I don't want to praise myself, but it has. You ask Mrs. Vivian if I haven't been good. I have been just as good as I can be. I've been so peaceful, I've just sat here this way. Do you call this immoral? You're not obliged to gamble if you don't want to. Ella Maclane's father seems to think you get drawn in. I'm sure I haven't been drawn in. I know what you're going to say—you're going to say I've been drawn out. Well, I have, to-night. We just sit here so quietly—there's nothing to do but to talk. We make a little party by ourselves—are you going to belong to our party? Two of us are missing—Miss Vivian and Captain Lovelock. Captain Lovelock has gone with her into the rooms to explain the gambling—Miss Vivian always wants everything explained. I am sure I understood it the first time I looked at the tables. Have you ever seen Miss Vivian? She's very much admired, she's so very unusual. Black hair's so uncommon—I see you've got it too—but I mean for young ladies. I am sure one sees everything here. There's a woman that comes to the tables—a Portuguese countess—who has hair that is positively blue. I can't say I admire it when it comes to that shade. Blue's my favorite color, but I prefer it in the eyes," continued Longueville's companion, resting upon him her own two brilliant little specimens of the tint.

He listened with that expression of clear amusement which is not always an indication of high esteem, but which even pretty chatterers, who are not the reverse of estimable, often prefer to masculine inattention; and while he listened Bernard, according to his wont, made his reflections. He said to himself that there were two kinds of pretty girls—the acutely conscious and the finely unconscious. Mrs. Vivian's *protégée* was a member of the former category; she belonged to the genus coquette. We all have our conception of the indispensable, and the indispensable, to this young lady, was a spectator; almost any male biped would serve the purpose. To her spectator she addressed, for the moment, the whole volume of her being—addressed it in her glances, her attitudes, her exclamations, in a hundred little experiments of tone and gesture and position. And these rustling artifices were so innocent and obvious that the directness of her desire to be well with her observer became in itself a grace; it led Bernard afterward to say to himself that the natural vocation and *métier* of little girls for whom existence was but a shimmering surface, was to prattle and ruffle their plumage; their view of life and its duties was as simple and superficial as that of an Oriental *bayadère*. It surely could not be with regard to this transparent little flirt that Gordon Wright desired advice; you could literally see the daylight—or rather the Baden gaslight—on the other side of her. She sat there for a minute, turning her little empty head to and fro, and catching Bernard's eye every time she moved; she had for the instant the air of having exhausted all topics. Just then a young lady, with a gentleman at her side, drew near to the little group, and Longueville, perceiving her, instantly got up from his chair.

"There's a beauty of the unconscious class!" he said to himself. He knew her face very well; he had spent half an hour in copying it.

"Here comes Miss Vivian!" said Gordon Wright, also getting up, as if to make room for the daughter near the mother.

She stopped in front of them, smiling slightly, and then she rested her eyes upon Longueville. Their gaze at first was full and direct, but it expressed nothing more than civil curiosity. This was immediately followed, however, by the light of recognition—recognition embarrassed, and signaling itself by a blush.

Miss Vivian's companion was a powerful, handsome fellow, with a remarkable auburn beard, who struck the observers immediately as being uncommonly well dressed. He carried his hands in the pockets of a little jacket, the button-hole of which was adorned with a blooming rose. He approached Blanche Evers smiling and dandling his body a little, and making her two or three jocular bows.

"Well, I hope you have lost every penny you put on the table!" said the young girl, by way of response to his obeisances.

He began to laugh and repeat them.

"I don't care what I lose, so long—so long ——"

"So long as what, pray?"

"So long as you let me sit down by you!" And he dropped, very gallantly, into a chair on the other side of her.

"I wish you would lose all your property!" she replied, glancing at Bernard.

"It would be a very small stake," said

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Captain Lovelock. "Would you really like to see me reduced to misery?"

While this graceful dialogue rapidly established itself, Miss Vivian removed her eyes from Longueville's face and turned toward her mother. But Gordon Wright checked this movement by laying his hand on Longueville's shoulder and proceeding to introduce his friend.

"This is the accomplished creature, Mr. Bernard Longueville, of whom you have heard me speak. One of his accomplishments, as you see, is to drop down from the moon."

"No, I don't drop from the moon," said Bernard, laughing, "I drop from—Siena!" He offered his hand to Miss Vivian, who for an appreciable instant hesitated to extend her own. Then she returned his salutation, without any response to his allusion to Siena.

She declined to take a seat, and said she was tired and preferred to go home. With this suggestion her mother immediately complied, and the two ladies appealed to the indulgence of little Miss Evers, who was obliged to renounce the society of Captain Lovelock. She enjoyed this luxury, however, on the way to Mrs. Vivian's lodgings, toward which they all slowly strolled, in the sociable Baden fashion. Longueville might naturally have found himself next Miss Vivian, but he received an impression that she avoided him. She walked in front, and Gordon Wright strolled beside her, though Longueville noticed that they appeared to exchange but few words. He himself offered his arm to Mrs. Vivian, who paced along with a little, lightly wavering step, making observations upon the beauties of Baden and the respective merits of the hotels.

"Which of them is it?" asked Longueville of his friend, after they had bidden good-night to the three ladies and to Captain Lovelock, who went off to begin, as he said, the evening. They stood, when they had turned away from the door of Mrs. Vivian's lodgings, in the little, rough-paved German street.

"Which of them is what?" Gordon asked, staring at his companion.

"Oh, come," said Longueville, "you are not going to begin to play at modesty at this hour! Didn't you write to me that you had been making violent love?"

"Violent? No."

"The more shame to you! Has your love-making been feeble?"

His friend looked at him a moment rather soberly.

"I suppose you thought it a queer document—that letter I wrote you?"

"I thought it characteristic," said Longueville smiling.

"Isn't that the same thing?"

"Not in the least. I have never thought you a man of oddities." Gordon stood there looking at him with a serious eye, half appealing, half questioning; but at these last words he glanced away. Even a very modest man may wince a little at hearing himself denied the distinction of a few variations from the common type. Longueville made this reflection, and it struck him, also, that his companion was in a graver mood than he had expected; though why, after all, should he have been in a state of exhilaration? "Your letter was a very natural, interesting one," Bernard added.

"Well, you see," said Gordon, facing his companion again, "I have been a good deal preoccupied."

"Obviously, my dear fellow!"

"I want very much to marry."

"It's a capital idea," said Longueville.

"I think almost as well of it," his friend declared, "as if I had invented it. It has struck me for the first time."

These words were uttered with a mild simplicity which provoked Longueville to violent laughter.

"My dear fellow," he exclaimed, "you have, after all, your little oddities."

Singularly enough, however, Gordon Wright failed to appear flattered by this confession.

"I didn't send for you to laugh at me," he said.

"Ah, but I haven't traveled three hundred miles to cry! Seriously, solemnly, then, it is one of these young ladies that has put marriage into your head?"

"Not at all. I had it in my head."

"Having a desire to marry, you proceeded to fall in love."

"I'm not in love!" said Gordon Wright, with some energy.

"Ah, then, my dear fellow, why did you send for me?"

Wright looked at him an instant in silence.

"Because I thought you were a good fellow, as well as a clever one."

"A good fellow!" repeated Longueville. "I can't understand your confounded scientific nomenclature! But excuse me; I wont laugh. I am not a clever fellow; but I *am* a good one." He paused a moment, and then laid his hand on his companion's shoulder. "My dear Gordon, it's no use; you *are* in love."

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"Well, I don't want to be," said Wright.

"Heavens, what a horrible sentiment!"

"I want to marry with my eyes open. I want to *know* my wife. You don't know people when you are in love with them. Your impressions are colored."

"They are supposed to be, slightly. And you object to colors?"

"Well, as I say, I want to know the woman I marry, as I should know any one else. I want to see her as clearly."

"Depend upon it, you have too great an appetite for knowledge; you set too high an esteem upon the dry light of science."

"Ah!" said Gordon promptly; "of course I want to be fond of her."

Bernard, in spite of his protest, began to laugh again.

"My dear Gordon, you are better than your theories. Your passionate heart contradicts your frigid intellect. I repeat it—you *are* in love."

"Please don't repeat it again," said Wright.

Bernard took his arm, and they walked along.

"What shall I call it, then? You are engaged in making studies for matrimony?"

"I don't in the least object to your calling it that. My studies are of extreme interest."

"And one of those young ladies is the fair volume that contains the precious lesson," said Longueville. "Or perhaps your text-book is in two volumes?"

"No; there is one of them I am not studying at all. I never would do two things at once."

"That proves you're in love. One can't be in love with two women at once, but one may perfectly have two of them—or as many as you please—up for a competitive examination. However, as I asked you before, which of these young ladies is it that you have selected?"

Gordon Wright stopped abruptly, eying his friend.

"Which should you say?"

"Ah, that's not a fair question," Bernard urged. "It would be invidious for me to name one rather than the other, and if I were to mention the wrong one, I should feel as if I had been guilty of a rudeness toward the other. Don't you see?"

Gordon saw, perhaps, but he held to his idea of making his companion commit himself.

"Never mind the rudeness. I will do the same by you some day, to make it up. Which of them should you think me likely to have taken a fancy to? On general grounds, now, from what you know of me?" He proposed this problem with an animated eye.

"You forget," his friend said, "that though I know, thank heaven, a good deal of you, I know very little of either of those girls. I have had too little evidence."

"Yes, but you are a man who notices. That's why I wanted you to come."

"I spoke only to Miss Evers."

"Yes, I know you have never spoken to Miss Vivian." Gordon Wright stood looking at Bernard and urging his point as he pronounced these words. Bernard felt peculiarly conscious of his gaze. The words represented an illusion, and Longueville asked himself quickly whether it were not his duty to dispel it. The answer came more slowly than the question, but still it came, in the shape of a negative. The illusion was but a trifling one, and it was not for him, after all, to let his friend know that he had already met Miss Vivian. It was for the young girl herself, and since she had not done so—although she had the opportunity—Longueville said to himself that he was bound in honor not to speak. These reflections were very soon made, but in the midst of them our young man, thanks to a great agility of mind, found time to observe, tacitly, that it was odd, just there, to see his "honor" thrusting in its nose. Miss Vivian, in her own good time, would doubtless mention to Gordon the little incident of Siena. It was Bernard's fancy, for a moment, that he already knew it, and that the remark he had just uttered had an ironical accent; but this impression was completely dissipated by the tone in which he added: "All the same, you noticed her."

"Oh, yes; she is very noticeable."

"Well, then," said Gordon, "you'll see. I should like you to make it out. Of course, if I'm really giving my attention to one to the exclusion of the other, it will be easy to discover."

Longueville was half amused, half irritated by his friend's own relish of his little puzzle. "'The exclusion of the other' has an awkward sound," he answered, as they walked on. "Am I to notice that you are very rude to one of the young ladies?"

"Oh dear, no. Do you think there is a danger of that?"

"Well," said Longueville, "I have already guessed."

Gordon Wright remonstrated. "Don't guess yet—wait a few days. I wont tell you now."

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"Let us see if he doesn't tell me," said Bernard, privately. And he meditated a moment. "When I presented myself, you were sitting very close to Miss Evers and talking very earnestly. Your head was bent toward her—it was very lover-like. Decidedly, Miss Evers is the object!"

For a single instant Gordon Wright hesitated, and then "I hope I haven't seemed rude to Miss Vivian!" he exclaimed.

Bernard broke into a low, light laugh. "My dear Gordon, you are very much in love!" he remarked, as they arrived at their hotel.

(To be continued.)

A PEEP INTO ANTWERP AND HOLLAND.

THAT restless longing for change which comes to most people with spring and early summer becomes among painters a very epidemic. After working for six or eight months from sketches made during a former season, a longing for something fresh, an impulse to begin anew, with Nature herself as teacher, sends them here and there and everywhere. Many of our fellow-students had already dispersed when we left Paris early one bright morning in July on our way to Holland, stopping only at Antwerp.

At Antwerp we found all the bustle and confusion incidental to a busy sea-port. Finding it almost impossible to work on the busy crowded quay, we often crossed the river to the *Tête de Flandre*, a small village opposite Antwerp, where we had an excellent view of the "Roads" and its ever-changing beauties, with the shady quay and old gates, the gable roofs and many towers of the city as a background. High above them all points the beautiful cathedral spire, its lace-like outlines now lost in the misty purple light of morning, now cutting clear against the noonday sky, and again sending back ray for ray to the setting sun. The Cathedral is not far from the river; it stands in the oldest portion of the city where the streets are generally narrow and crooked, its noble façade rising from a small irregular square and its sides hidden by old shanties and shops. In the square is that famous well with the graceful iron canopy wrought by Quentin Matsys, long, long ago. We tasted the water which still flows from under it, and found it like most of the water at Antwerp, decidedly brackish. The inhabitants commonly drink in preference a thin sour beer, which is very cheap. The interior of the Cathedral on first entering seemed almost bare; but this impression is correct only of the nave. The choir is furnished with richly carved Gothic stalls and thrones, back of which the simple Corinthian columns of the high altar seem out of place. The Cathedral's wealth in great pictures is only shown by the heavy green curtains covering the walls here and there. During two services each week the curtains are lifted, revealing only the outsides of these winged pictures; while for a few hours every day, when there is no service, an admittance fee to the church is charged; the curtains are then removed and the wings swung open. The copyists set up their easels, and groups of tourists from all over the world gather before Rubens's masterpieces, the "Descent from the Cross," the "Elevation of the Cross," and the altar-piece of the "Assumption," where alone one can realize the master's genius.

A pleasant shady nook is the garden through which one passes to enter the museum, with a marble statue of Van Dyck coming in delightful relief against the dark green foliage. The gallery is large and well lighted, and the collection of pictures very valuable and interesting, forming a perfect history in painting of the Flemish school, of Rubens, his predecessors, his followers, and his imitators.

The narrow streets of the older part of town, with their quaint gable-ends and their odd street shrines at every corner, are delightfully picturesque. The Hotel de Ville, an ancient, somber, massive building, with the dingy old Guild Houses surrounding the *Grand Place* are in this portion of the city. Near by is the large old fish-market where there is a lively scene each morning during the auction of fish, and in the neighborhood are many buildings historically interesting as well as picturesque. Among the many characteristic street sights are the small milk or bread carts drawn by dogs, attended by women in stiff white caps. Both here and in Holland the milk is carried about in immense round brass cans that glitter like great suns. Every

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morning the market-women congregate in certain squares and streets, and seated among their tall baskets of garden truck, form a primitive market, to which the neat maid-servants flock, carrying tin or brass buckets in place of baskets. The sand-man goes his round each morning, and the clean but fishy-smelling sand is scattered over the tiled floors of kitchen, entry, dining-room and shop. The people are Flemish in appearance, and Flemish is the language generally spoken, though all persons, except those of the poorest class, have a knowledge of French; the law requiring that a child shall be taught in Flemish during the first three years at school, and in French the following three.

We linger in the home of Rubens several days, studying the city and her pictures, and then go onward into Holland. Out we go, past the magnificent fortifications surrounding Antwerp; through great fields of waving grain; past red-tiled villages half hidden among the trees; over low, flat, grassy plains, where cattle are grazing; now here and there a wind-mill, then by way of the long bridge of the "Hollandsch Diep," and soon we are at Dordrecht, our destination.

This place is a favorite sketching ground, of whose attractions we had frequently heard from our colleagues in Paris. Although it is the most ancient of all the Dutch cities, and is indescribably picturesque, it is probably to-day the least known and visited of them all. It dates from the year 1015, and is situated at the junction of the Oude Maas and the Merwede, on an island formed by the great inundation of 1421, which devastated most of the country from this place to the sea. Formerly it was an important commercial city, having a large lumber trade.

Several of Holland's eminent painters were born here, among them Schotel the elder, the famous old marine painter, and Ary Schaeffer, a statue of whom now adorns one of the public squares. The small museum possesses a few of the latter's early works, sketches and unfinished pictures, presented by his sister to the city, after his death. The fine old "Groote Kerk," with high, square, leaning tower, dates from the beginning of the thirteenth century, though the greater part of it was built during the fifteenth and seventeenth.

A wonderfully quaint, well-preserved place is this ancient Dutch city of Dordrecht. There is nothing dilapidated or dirty or disagreeable in its old age. The tall brick houses leaning over the street, their peaked gable-ends bearing dates from the beginning of the last century, are neat and trim, and look substantial enough to last another hundred years. The windows of the houses, new and old, here and wherever else we went in Holland, are remarkable for their great size. The big, roomy windows, filled with bright flowers, and draped with lace or muslin curtains, have no outside blinds, but always the inquisitive little window-glass. There are no restaurants nor boarding-houses, and the few hotels are patronized only by travelers.

We were fortunate in finding accommodations in a little house here on the "Groote Hoofd," and in having a room whose window looked out through the trees upon the Maas, having in view the entrance to both havens, and the "Nord," a channel leading to Rotterdam. Just across the river a big white wind-mill swung its long arms round and round, or stood wrapped in meditation; at each side of the "Nord" were low, flat meadows where the black-and-white cattle grazed; and back of these, perched up on dikes, straggled the two villages of Papendrecht and Zwijndrecht; and off in the distance, gliding across meadows and winding through the trees, gleamed the red or white sails of the boats.

In the bright summer mornings the broad Maas is brilliant with the many canal-boats starting out on their various ways. Some, with sails set, are gliding easily down with the tide toward the sea; others are laboriously tacking up the river. Now comes a noisy little tug, drawing after it a whole fleet, with here a creamy white sail gleaming in the morning sunlight, there a dark, velvety red one; here a tawny yellow, there a dingy gray; to this one the graceful curved gaff hangs loosely and the sail is pulled up fantastically; that is a hay-barge, hidden beneath its golden load. One by one they swing round into the "Nord," and disappear among the trees, on their way to Rotterdam. Here is a vessel coming in; a woman, leaning against the long tiller, pushes it this way or that, guiding her clumsy craft along the busy highway; the men run hither and thither; the sails, with a rustle and rattle, fall in dark heaps on the deck; the bridge is raised, and they pull themselves into the haven with their long boat-hooks, not forgetting to drop a few cents into the little wooden sabot, which the bridge-keeper lowers as they pass. These canal-boats are very picturesque in form, rigging, and richness of color. Their long, straight hulls with square,

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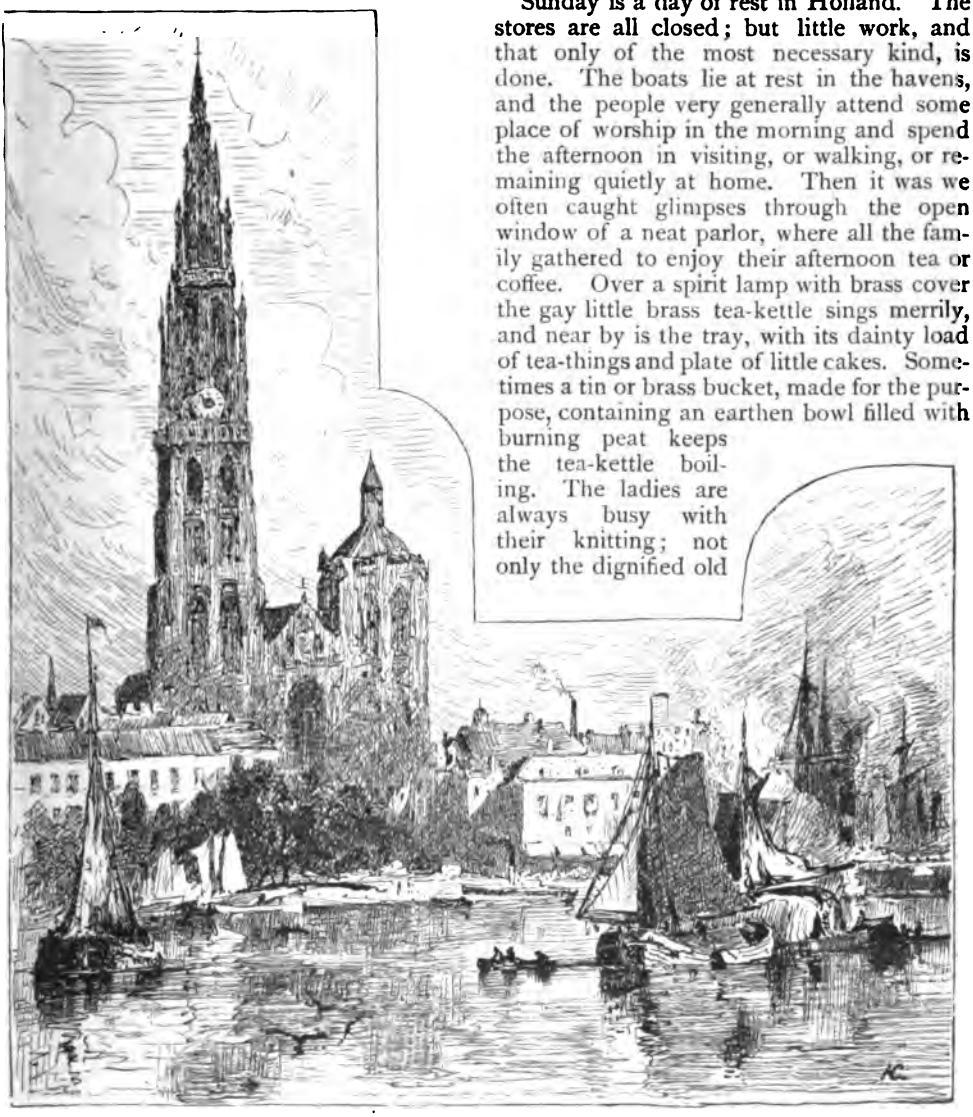
puffy bows, the great rudder and sturdy mast, are stained with a coating of tar, making the wood a rich dark tone, while allowing the grain to show. The long, gracefully curved tiller, the top of the rudder, and the boards are often painted some bright, pure color, while touches of the same bright hue occur here and there over the boat. From the mast-head flaps a streamer, held stiffly out by a rod for a foot or more, thus forming a vane. The sails are of all those shades of gray and brown and dingy red over which painters rave. Some of these boats have no house on deck; others only a galley; while others carry as neat and cozy a floating cottage as one could wish to spend the summer in.

I doubt if the oft-quoted Dutch cleanliness is ever thoroughly appreciated until it is seen. The scrubbing and scouring are incessant and universal; no one neglects it, and nothing escapes it. Every glistening window-pane, every snowy floor, every bit of the shining brass and copper so plentifully used bear witness to it. The people themselves, even among the poorest class, are unusually neat and clean.

Sunday is a day of rest in Holland. The stores are all closed; but little work, and that only of the most necessary kind, is done. The boats lie at rest in the havens, and the people very generally attend some place of worship in the morning and spend the afternoon in visiting, or walking, or remaining quietly at home. Then it was we often caught glimpses through the open window of a neat parlor, where all the family gathered to enjoy their afternoon tea or coffee. Over a spirit lamp with brass cover the gay little brass tea-kettle sings merrily, and near by is the tray, with its dainty load of tea-things and plate of little cakes. Sometimes a tin or brass bucket, made for the purpose, containing an earthen bowl filled with burning peat keeps the tea-kettle boiling. The ladies are always busy with their knitting; not only the dignified old



THE CATHEDRAL AT ANTWERP.

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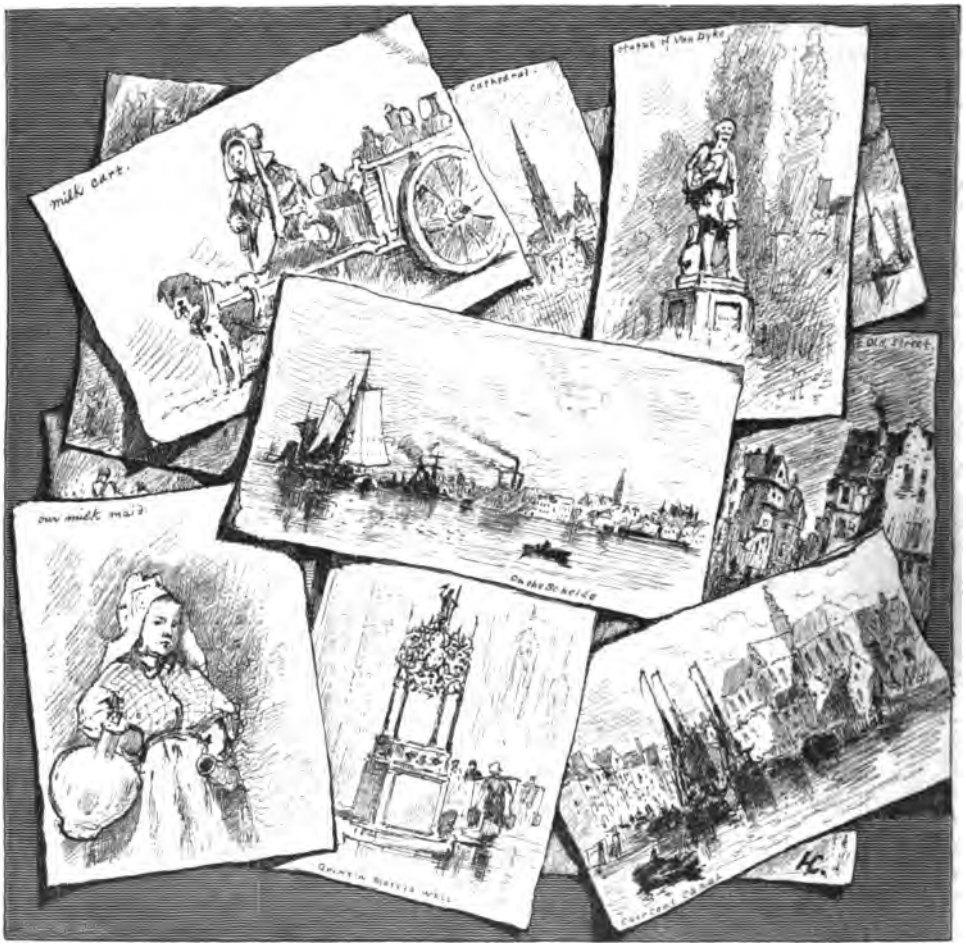
grandmother, but the busy mother finds time for many stitches; the young lady, too, does not disdain to handle the needles; and even the chubby little dot whose hands seem scarcely large enough to hold them will laugh and chatter and play, with only a quick look now and then at her fast-flying fingers.

tiful homes lie the flat meadows, great fields of potatoes, gardens that supply Dordrecht with fruit and vegetables, and dotted about them everywhere are giant wind-mills, now looking sleepy in the summer heat. Through the meadows a clear little brook finds its way, along whose green banks cloth is spread to bleach in the sun, and now and then a



SKETCHES IN ANTWERP.

Dordrecht is a wealthy old place, and, its inhabitants boast, has more millionaires than any other city of Holland. The environs are made a very fairy-land by the mansions and gardens of these rich people. No fences or hedges separate their lovely places from the wide, shady avenues, but only little streams of running water, the bridge at each entrance being guarded by a tall, lonesome gate. Out beyond these beau-

woman with a long curved shovel scoops the water up, and by a dexterous twitch sends it flying in fine spray evenly distributed over the cloth.

During a short visit to the Hague we rode out to Scheveningen in the tramway from the Plaats. Long rows of closely planted trees arch over the fine carriage-way, the footpaths, and the tracks of the tramway from the city to the village, and

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at each side the trees and underbrush growing at will give us the impression of riding through a dense forest. This dark wall of foliage is broken occasionally by elegant villas surrounded by bright, well-kept gardens, and the fresh sea-breeze sweeps down the long straight avenue. At the entrance of the village the road cuts through one of the dunes and on the steep hillside of white sand gay little parties of children are playing, slowly climbing to the top and rapidly sliding down. Turning abruptly here, the tramway takes us along among the dunes back of the large hotels facing the sea until we reach the bathing establishment. Alighting here, a quick run brought us in a moment to the top of the dunes and there lay before us a broad stretch of white sand and, beyond, the boisterous North Sea. Several weather-beaten old hulks were pulled up on the beach out of reach of the tide, some for repairs and others whose sea-going days were over, to be used as store-houses for the sails, nets and fishing-tackle. Just in the water's edge lay several fishing-boats preparing to go out with the next tide. They have remarkably square bows, immense rudder and tiller, long, square-cornered lee-boards, all of the dark, rich tarred wood and relieved here and there by touches of bright red, green, white and blue; an ornamentation like tiles along each side often being made of the two latter colors. The vessels in all their rich, brilliant colors, their odd and graceful lines, their drapery of light nets or heavy dark sails, loomed up grandly against the radiant west where the sinking sun was sending long bright reflections across the glistening wet sand. The whole scene was indescribably picturesque. The fishing people in their quaint working costumes add not a little to the interest, but manifest a great antipathy to being sketched. The men and women, being generally busy, set the children to annoy and in every conceivable way torment the painter who comes among them, often driving him from the beach, or, if he stays in spite of the tormentors, allowing him only to get hasty pencil or small color studies in his box. Hence, Scheveningen is famous among painters not only for the very picturesque boats, the grand sweep of sea, sky, and sand, but for the ungracious reception his guild is likely to meet there. Fortunately the beach was almost deserted and the few busy workers, not noticing our sketch-book, left us unmo-

THE NIEUW-MARKT, AMSTERDAM.

A CUP OF TEA.

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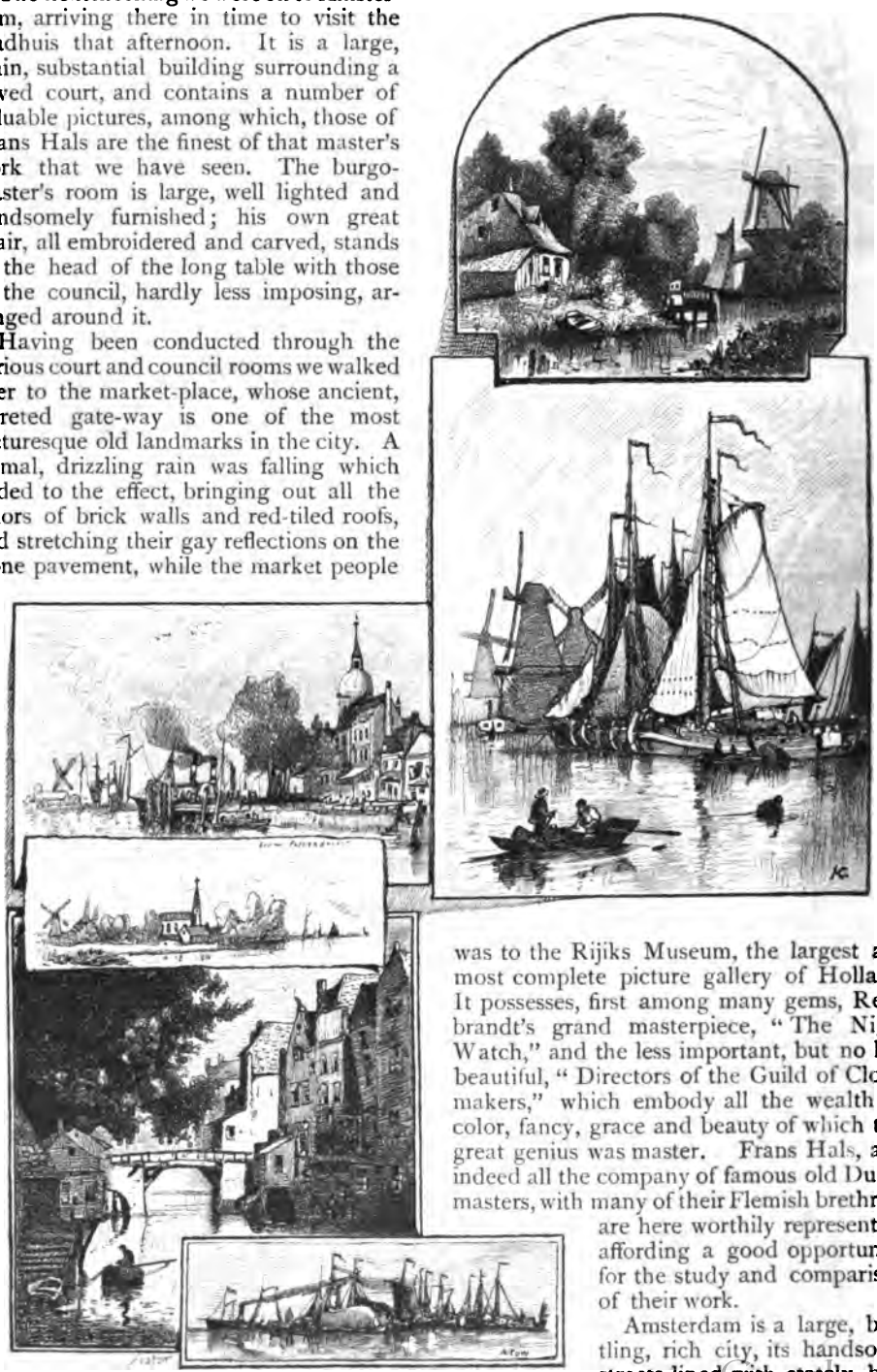
lested, though at a later visit we had the misfortune to discover their unamiable traits.

The next morning we were off to Amsterdam, arriving there in time to visit the Stadhuis that afternoon. It is a large, plain, substantial building surrounding a paved court, and contains a number of valuable pictures, among which, those of Frans Hals are the finest of that master's work that we have seen. The burgomaster's room is large, well lighted and handsomely furnished; his own great chair, all embroidered and carved, stands at the head of the long table with those of the council, hardly less imposing, arranged around it.

Having been conducted through the various court and council rooms we walked over to the market-place, whose ancient, turreted gate-way is one of the most picturesque old landmarks in the city. A dismal, drizzling rain was falling which added to the effect, bringing out all the colors of brick walls and red-tiled roofs, and stretching their gay reflections on the stone pavement, while the market people huddled together under the scanty covers of a few rickety booths.

On the following morning our first visit was to the Rijiks Museum, the largest and most complete picture gallery of Holland. It possesses, first among many gems, Rembrandt's grand masterpiece, "The Night Watch," and the less important, but no less beautiful, "Directors of the Guild of Clothmakers," which embody all the wealth of color, fancy, grace and beauty of which this great genius was master. Frans Hals, and indeed all the company of famous old Dutch masters, with many of their Flemish brethren, are here worthily represented, affording a good opportunity for the study and comparison of their work.



SKETCHES ABOUT DORDRECHT.

Amsterdam is a large, bustling, rich city, its handsome streets lined with stately, big-

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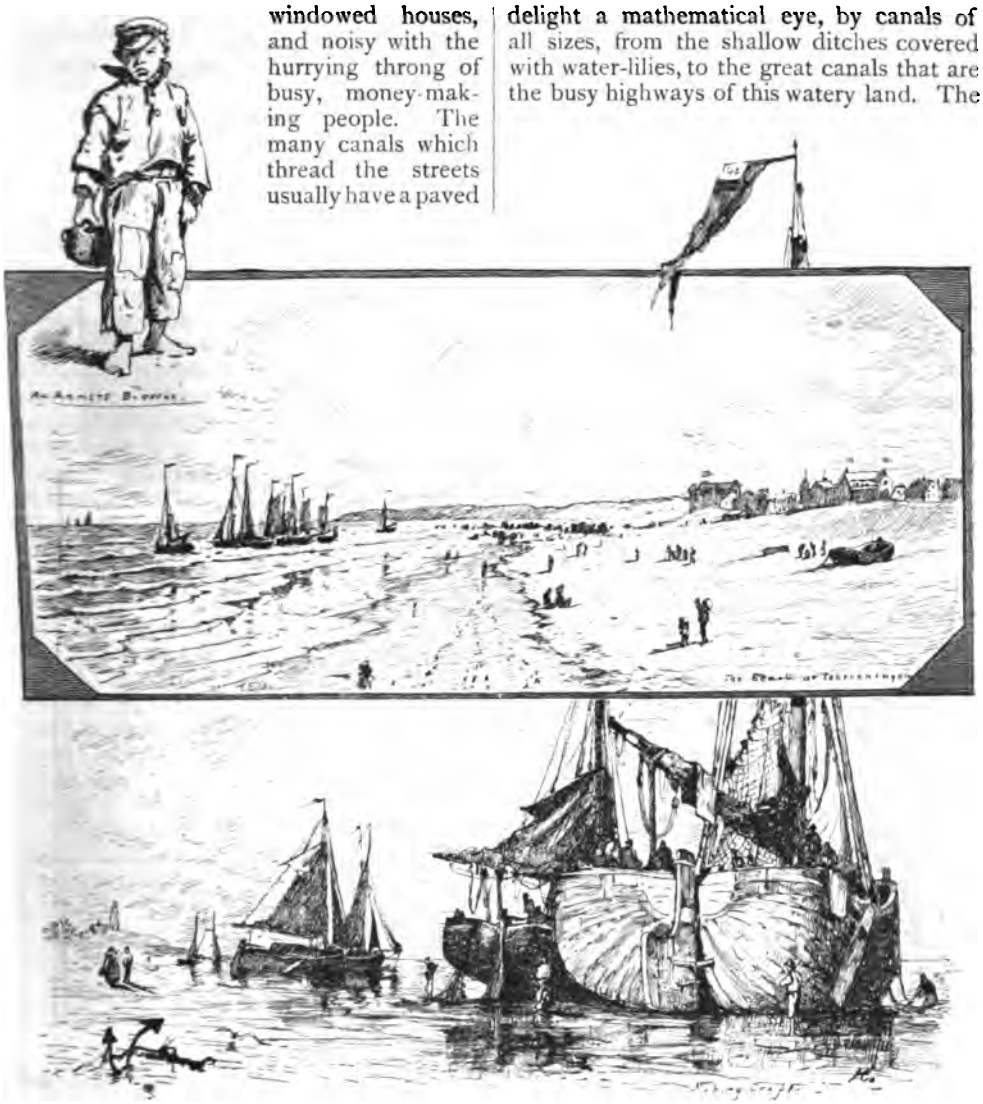

AT SCHEVENINGEN.

windowed houses, and noisy with the hurrying throng of busy, money-making people. The many canals which thread the streets usually have a paved street and sidewalk on one or both sides, though occasionally they are shut in between tall, narrow houses, and with their bridges, quaint buildings and boats, make the city very picturesque. The streets are well supplied with shade-trees, and are kept remarkably clean, except in the crowded Jews' quarter. And here, too in the hurry of city life, we felt and saw on every side the solid comfort these people take in their home life.

At last, though obliged to leave much unvisited in this interesting city, we went on to Utrecht, about an hour's ride distant.

The country, wonderfully flat, is divided and subdivided in a manner that must delight a mathematical eye, by canals of all sizes, from the shallow ditches covered with water-lilies, to the great canals that are the busy highways of this watery land. The comfortable farm-houses are surrounded by trees and garden, while in every direction are the wind-mills—from tiny ones, with a big sail attached to a box-like top that the wind takes care of, to great giants, rearing their gray, thatched heads above everything near, turning, perhaps, a venerable, moss-covered water-wheel, throwing the water with a noisy splash into the higher canal, to be so carried higher and higher, until at last great engines pump it out into the sea.

Arriving at Utrecht, a short walk brought us to the Cathedral, and a long climb to the top of the tower. From that height we looked down over the pretty town, the wind-

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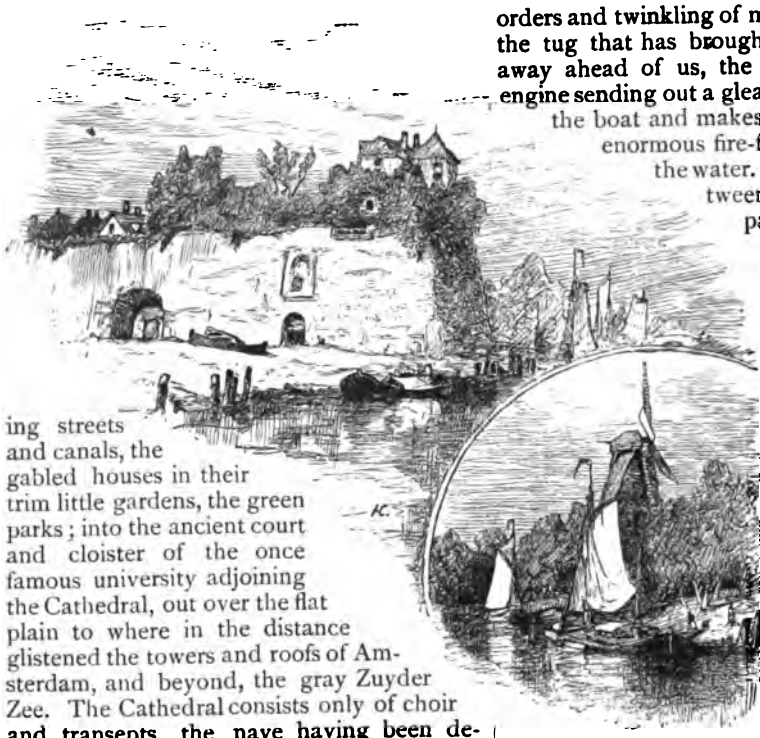

AT UTRECHT.

ing streets and canals, the gabled houses in their trim little gardens, the green parks; into the ancient court and cloister of the once famous university adjoining the Cathedral, out over the flat plain to where in the distance glistened the towers and roofs of Amsterdam, and beyond, the gray Zuyder Zee. The Cathedral consists only of choir and transepts, the nave having been destroyed by a storm two hundred years ago and never rebuilt, leaving a wide space between the church and tower. Walking about from place to place, we found ourselves at last worn out, and sat down to rest and sketch on the grassy ramparts which, with trees and flowing water, encircle the pretty town. Just before us rose the picturesque gray walls of a castle erected by Charles V., now crowned by a vine-covered cottage and blooming garden. Here we rested until the train came by and carried us on to Rotterdam, where we found the last boat for Dordrecht about to leave, and chose that as the pleasantest, if not quickest, way of returning.

And now we glide along the quiet river in the deepening twilight; occasionally we meet some belated canal-boat, looming up black and awkward against the moonlit sky, and in every quiet nook we pass these ungainly creatures at rest. Here a whole convoy of them is settling for the night, with rustling of sails, creaking of ropes, noisy calling of orders and twinkling of many lanterns, while the tug that has brought them here speeds away ahead of us, the bright fires of the engine sending out a gleam that almost hides the boat and makes her look like some enormous fire-fly, skimming along the water. Onward we go between the gray willows, past the little villages, the quiet boats, and at last see the lights of Dordrecht glimmering ahead, where soon, with a shake and rattle and whir, the boat comes to rest at the landing before our window.

Here in dear old Dordrecht we lingered until called back to work again, thankful that our lot had fallen, even for so short a time, among these hearty, pleasant people, in the picturesque streets and surrounding meadows and lanes of this oldest, quaintest city of Holland.

PUMPING WATER.

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"HAWORTH'S." *

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Surly Tim, and Other Stories," Etc

CHAPTER XLV.

"IT IS WORSE THAN I THOUGHT."

A WEEK or so later Saint Méran went away. Ffrench informed his partner of this fact with a secret hope of its producing upon him a somewhat softening effect. But Haworth received the statement with coolness.

"He'll come back again," he said. "Let him alone for that."

The general impression was that he would return. The opinion most popular in the more humble walks of Broxton society was that he had gone "to get hissen ready an' ha' th' papers drawed up," and that he would appear some fine day with an imposing retinue, settle an enormous fortune upon Miss Ffrench, and, having been united to her with due grandeur and solemnity, would disappear with her to indefinitely "furrin" parts.

There seemed to be little change in Rachel Ffrench's life and manner, however. She began to pay rather more strict attention to her social duties, and consequently went out oftener. This might possibly be attributed to the fact that remaining in-doors was somewhat dull. Haworth and Murdoch came no more, and after Saint Méran's departure a sort of silence seemed to fall upon the house. Ffrench himself felt it when he came in at night, and was naturally restless under it. Perhaps Miss Ffrench felt it, too, though she did not say so.

One morning, Janey Briarley, sitting nurs-

MISS FFRENCH VISITS JANEY.

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ing the baby in the door-way of the cottage, glanced upward from her somewhat arduous task to find a tall and graceful figure standing before her in the sun. She had been too busily engaged to hear footsteps, and there had been no sound of carriage-wheels, so the visitor had come upon her entirely unawares.

It cannot be said she received her graciously. Her whilom admiration had been much tempered by sharp distrust very early in her acquaintance with its object.

"Art tha coomin' in?" she asked unceremoniously.

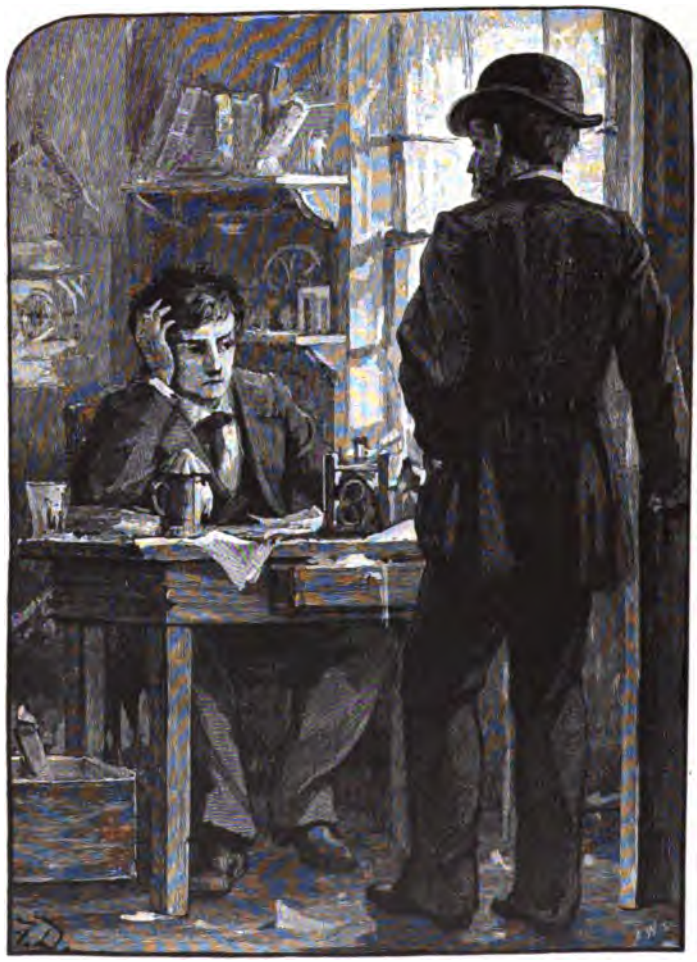
"Yes," said Miss Ffrench, "I am coming in."

Janey got up and made room for her to pass, and when she had passed, gave her a chair, very much overweighted by the baby as she did so.

"Does tha want to see mother?"

"If your mother is busy, you will serve every purpose. The housekeeper told me that Mrs. Dixon was ill, and as I was passing I thought I would come in."

Janey's utter disbelief in this explanation was a sentiment not easily concealed, even by an adept at controlling facial expression, and she was not an adept. But Miss Ffrench was not at all embarrassed by any demonstration of a lack of faith which she might have perceived. When Janey resumed her seat, she broke the silence by an entirely unexpected observation. She touched the baby delicately with the point of her parasol—very delicately indeed.



"YOU'VE BEEN HERE ALL NIGHT."

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"I suppose," she remarked, "that this is an extremely handsome child."

This with the air of one inquiring for information.

"Nay, he is na," retorted Janey unrelentingly. "He's good enow, but he nivver wur hurt wi' good looks. None on 'em wur, an' he's fou'est o' th' lot. I should think tha could see that fur thysen."

"Oh," replied Miss Ffrench, "then I suppose I am wrong. My idea was that at that age children all looked alike."

"Loike him?" said Janey dryly. "Did tha think as tha did?"

As the young Briarley in question was of a stolid and unornamental type, uncertain of feature and noticeable chiefly for a large and unusually bald head of phrenological development, this gave the matter an entirely novel aspect.

"Perhaps," said Miss Ffrench, "I scarcely regarded it from that point of view."

Then she changed the subject.

"How is Mrs. Dixon?" she inquired.

"She's neyther better nor worse," was the answer, "an' a mort o' trouble."

"That is unfortunate. Who cares for her?"

"Mother. She's th' on'y one as can do owt wi' her."

"Is there no one else she has a fancy for—your father, for instance?" inquired Miss Ffrench.

"She conna bide th' soight o' him, an' he's feart to go nigh her. Th' ony man as she ivver looked at wur Murdoch," answered Janey.

"I think I remember his saying she had made friends with him. Is she as fond of him now?"

"I dunnot know as I could ca' it bein' fond on him. She is na fond o' nobody. But she says he's getten a bit more sense than th' common run."

"It is rather good-natured on his part to come to see her——"

"He does na coom to see her. He has na been nigh th' house fur a month. He's been ill hissen or summat. He's up an' about, but he'd getten a face loike Death th' last toime I seed him. Happen he's goin' off loike his feyther."

"How is that?"

"Did na tha know," with some impatience, "as he went crazy over summat he wur makkin,' an' deed 'cause he could na mak' out to finish it? It's th' very thing Murdoch took up hissen an' th' stroikers wur so set ag'in."

"I think I remember. There was a story about the father. Do you—think he is really ill?"

"Murdoch? Aye, I do.—Mak' less noise, Tummos Henry!" (This to the child.)

"That is a great pity. Ah, there is the carriage."

One of her gloves had been lying upon her lap. When she stood up, it dropped. She bent to pick it up, and as she did so something fell tinkling upon the flag floor and rolled under a table. It was one of her rings. Janey brought it back to her.

"It mun ha' been too large fur thee," she said, "or tha'rt gettin' thin. Seems loike tha'rt a bit different to what tha wur," with a glance at her.

"Never mind that," she answered sharply, as she handed her some money. "Give this to your mother."

And she dropped the ring into her purse instead of putting it on again, and went out to her carriage.

Janey stood and watched her.

"She is a bit thinner, or summat," she remarked, "but she need na moind that. It's genteel enow to be thin, an' I dunnot know as it ud hurt her."

Rachel Ffrench went home, and the same afternoon Murdoch came to her for the last time.

He had not intended to come. In his wildest moments he had never thought of going to her again, but as he passed along the road, intending to spend the afternoon in wandering across the country, he looked up at the windows of the house, and a strange fancy seized upon him. He would go in and ask her the question he had asked himself again and again. It did not seem to him at the time a strange thing to do. It looked wonderfully simple and natural in his strained and unnatural mood. He turned in at the gate with only one feeling—that perhaps she would tell him, and then it would be over. She saw him come up the path, and wondered if the man at the door would remember the charge she had given him. It chanced that he did not remember, or that he was thrown off his guard. She heard feet on the stairs in a few seconds, and almost immediately Murdoch was in the room. What she thought when, being brought thus near to him, she saw and recognized the dreadful change in him, God knows. She supported herself with her hand upon the back of her chair as she rose. There was a look in his face almost wolfish. He would not sit

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down, and in three minutes broke through the barrier of her effort at controlling him. It was impossible for her to control him as she might have controlled another man.

"I have only a few words to say," he said. "I have come to ask you a question. I think that is all—only to ask you a question."

"Will you tell me," he said, "what wrong I have done you?"

She put her other hand on the chair and held it firmly.

"Will you tell me," she said, almost in a whisper, "what wrong I have done *you?*"

She remained so, looking at him and he at her with a terrible helplessness through a moment of dead silence.

She dropped her face upon her hands as she held the chair, and so stood.

He fell back a pace, gazing at her still.

"I have heard of women who fancied themselves injured," he said, "planning to revenge themselves upon the men who had intentionally or unintentionally wounded their pride. I remember such things in books I have read, not in real life, and once or twice the thought has crossed my mind that at some time in the past I might, in my poor ignorance, have presumed—or —or blundered in some way to—anger you —and that this has been my punishment. It is only a wild thought, but it was a straw to cling to, and I would rather believe it, wild as it is, than believe that what you have done has been done wantonly. Can it be—is it true?"

"No."

But she did not lift her face.

"It is not?"

"No."

"Then it is worse than I thought."

He said the words slowly and clearly, and they were his last. Having said them, he went away without a backward glance.

CHAPTER XLVI.

ONCE AGAIN.

In half an hour's time Murdoch had left Broxton far behind him. He left the open road and rambled across fields and through lanes. The people in the farm-houses, who knew him, saw him pass looking straight before him and walking steadily like a man with an end in view.

His mind was full of one purpose—the determination to control himself and keep his brain clear.

"*Now*," he said, "let me think it over—now let me look at it in cold blood."

The effort he made was something gigantic; it was a matter of physical as well as mental force. He had wavered and been vague long enough. Now the time had come to rouse himself through sheer power of will, or give up the reins and drift with the current, a lost man.

At dusk he reached Dillup, and roamed about the streets, half conscious of his surroundings. The Saturday-night shopping was going on, and squalid women hurrying past him with their baskets on their arms glanced up, wondering at his dark face and preoccupied air.

"He's noan Dillup," they said; one good woman going so far as to add that "she did na loike th' looks on him neyther," with various observations upon the moral character of foreigners in general. He saw nothing of the sensation he created, however. He rambled about erratically until he felt the need of rest and then went into a clean little shop and bought some simple food and ate it, sitting upon the tall stool before the counter, watched by the stout, white-aproned matron in charge.

"Tha looks poorly, mester," she said, as she handed him his change.

He started a little on hearing her voice, but recovered himself readily.

"Oh no," he said. "I'm right enough, I think. I'm an American, and I suppose we are rather a gaunt-looking lot as a rule."

"'Merikin, art tha?" she replied. "Well to be sure! Happen that's it" (good-naturedly). "I've allus heerd they wur a poor color. 'Merikin! Well—sure-*ly!*"

The fact of his being an American seemed to impress her deeply. She received his thanks (she was not often thanked by her customers) as a mysterious though not disagreeable result of his nationality, and as he closed the door after him he heard, as an accompaniment to the tinkling of the shop-bell, her amiably surprised ejaculation, "A 'Merikin! Well—sure-*ly!*"

A few miles from Broxton there was a substantial little stone bridge upon which he had often sat. In passing it again and again it had gradually become a sort of resting-place for him. It was at a quiet point of the road, and sitting upon it he had thought out many a problem. When he reached it on his way back he stopped and took his usual seat, looking down into the slow little stream beneath, and resting against the low buttress. He had not come

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to work out a problem now; he felt that he had worked his problem out in the past six hours.

"It was not worth it," he said. "No—it was not worth it after all."

When he went on his way again he was very tired, and he wondered drearily whether, if when he came near the old miserable stopping-place, he should not falter and feel the fascination strong upon him again. He had an annoying fear of the mere possibility of such a thing. When he saw the light striking slantwise upon the trees it might draw him toward it as it had done so often before—even in spite of his determination and struggles.

Half a mile above the house a great heat ran over him and then a deadly chill, but he went on steadily. There was this for him, that for the first time he could think clearly and not lose himself.

He came nearer to it and nearer, and it grew in brightness. He fancied he had never seen it so bright before. He looked up at it and then away. He was glad that having once looked he could turn away; there had been many a night when he could not. Then he was under the shadow of the trees and knew that his dread had been only a fancy and that he was a saner man than he had thought. And the light was left behind him and he did not look back, but went on.

When he reached home the house was utterly silent. He entered with his latch-key and finding all dark went upstairs noiselessly.

The door of his own room was closed, and when he opened it he found darkness there also. He struck a match and turned on the light. For a moment its sudden glare blinded him, and then he turned involuntarily toward the farther corner of the room. Why he did so, he did not know at the time,—the movement was the result of an uncontrollable impulse,—but after he had looked he knew.

The light shone upon the empty chair in its old place—and upon the table and upon the model standing on it!

He did not utter any exclamation; strangely enough, he did not at first feel any shock or surprise. He advanced toward it slowly. But when at last he stood near it, the shock came. His heart beat as if it would burst.

"What falseness is there in me," he cried, "that I should have *forgotten* it?"

He was stricken with burning shame. He did not ask himself how it was that it stood there in its place. He thought of nothing but the lack in himself which was so deep a humiliation. Everything else was swept away. He sank into the chair and sat staring at it.

"I had forgotten it," he said,—"*forgotten* it."

And then he put out his hand and touched and moved it—and drew it toward him.

About an hour afterward he was obliged to go down-stairs for something he needed. It was to the sitting-room he went, and when he pushed the door open he found a dim light burning and saw that some one was lying upon the sofa. His first thought was that it was his mother who had waited for him, but it was not she—it was Christian Murdoch, fast asleep with her face upon her arm.

Her hat and gloves were thrown upon the table and she still wore a long gray cloak which was stained and damp about the hem. He saw this as soon as he saw her face and no sooner saw than he understood.

He went to the sofa and stood a moment looking down at her, and, though he did not speak or stir, she awakened.

She sat up and pushed her cloak aside, and he spoke to her.

"It was you who brought it back," he said.

"Yes," she answered quietly. "I thought that if you saw it in the old place again, you would remember."

"*You* did not forget it."

"I had nothing else to think of," was her simple reply.

"I must seem a poor sort of fellow to you," he said wearily. "I *am* a poor sort of fellow."

"No," she said, "or I should not have thought it worth while to bring it back."

He glanced down at her dress and then up at her face.

"You had better go upstairs to bed," he said. "The dew has made your dress and cloak damp. Thank you for what you have done."

She got up and turned away.

"Good-night," she said.

"Good-night," he answered, and watched her out of the room.

Then he found what he required and went back to his work; only, more than once as he bent over it, he thought again of the innocent look of her face as it had rested upon her arm while she slept.

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CHAPTER XLVII.

A FOOTSTEP.

He went out no more at night. From the moment he laid his hand upon the model again he was safer than he knew. Gradually the old fascination re-asserted itself. There were hours of lassitude and weariness to be borne, and moments of unutterable bitterness and disgust for life, in which he had to fight sharp battles against the poorer side of his nature; but always at the worst there was something which made itself a point to fix thought upon. He could force himself to think of this when, if he had had no purpose in view, he would have been a lost man. The keen sense of treachery to his own resolve stung him, but it was a spur after all. The strength of the reaction had its physical effect upon him, and sometimes he suddenly found himself weak to exhaustion,—so weak that any exertion was impossible, and he was obliged to leave his post at the Works and return home for rest. At such times he lay for hours upon the narrow sofa in the dull little room, as his father had done long before, and wore a look so like him that, one day, his mother coming into the room not knowing he was there, cried out aloud and staggered backward, clutching at her breast.

Her manner toward him softened greatly in these days. It was more what it had been in his boyhood, when she had watched over him with patient and unfailing fondness. Once he awakened to see her standing a few paces from his side, seeming to have been there some moments.

"If—I have seemed hard to you in your trouble," she said, "forgive me."

She spoke without any prelude, and did not seem to expect any answer, turning away and going about her work at once, but he felt that he need feel restless and chilled in her presence no longer.

He did not pursue his task at home, but took the model down to the Works and found a place for it in his little work-cell.

The day he did so he was favored by a visit from Haworth. It was the first since the rupture between them. Since then they had worked day after day with only the door separating, they had known each other's incomings and outgoings, but had been as far apart as if a world had separated them. Haworth had known more of Murdoch than Murdoch had known of him. No change in him had escaped his eye. He had seen him struggle and reach his climax at last. He had jeered at him as a poor enough fellow with fine, white-livered fancies, and a woman's way of bearing himself. He had raged at and cursed him, and now and then had been lost in wonder at him, but he had never fathomed him from first to last.

But within the last few weeks his mood had changed,—slowly, it is true, but it had changed. His bearing had changed, too. Murdoch himself gradually awakened to a recognition of this fact, in no small wonder. He was less dogged and aggressive, and showed less ill-will.

That he should appear suddenly, almost in his old way, was a somewhat startling state of affairs, but he crossed the threshold coolly.

He sat down and folded his arms on the table.

"You brought summat down with you this morning," he said. "What was it?"

Murdoch pointed to the wooden case, which stood on a shelf a few feet from him.

"It was that," he answered.

"That!" he repeated. "What! You're at work at it again, are you?"

"Yes."

"Well, look sharp after it, that's all. There's a grudge bore again it."

"I know that," Murdoch answered, "to my cost. I brought it here because I thought it would be safer."

"Aye, it'll be safer. Take my advice and keep it close, and work at it at nights, when th' place is quiet. There's a key as'll let you in." And he flung a key down upon the table.

Murdoch picked it up mechanically. He felt as if he could scarcely be awake. It seemed as if the man must have brought his purpose into the room with him, having thought it over beforehand. His manner by no means disarmed the suspicion.

"It is the favor I should have asked, if I had thought ——"

Haworth left his chair.

"There's th' key," he said, abruptly. "Use it. No other chap would get it."

He went back to his own room again, and Murdoch was left to his surprise, which was a strong emotion.

He finished his work for the day and went home, remaining there until night came on. Then he went back to the Works, having first told Christian of his purpose.

"I am going to the Works," he said. "I may be there all night. Don't wait for me, or feel anxious."

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When the great building loomed up before him in the dark, his mind recalled instantly the night he had entered it before, attracted by the light in the window. There was no light about it now but that shut in the lantern he carried. The immensity and dead stillness would have been a trying thing for many a man to encounter, but as he relocked the door and made his way to his den, he thought of them only from one point of view.

"It is the silence of the grave," he said. "A man can concentrate himself upon his work as if there was not a human breath stirring within a mile of him."

Somehow, even his room wore a look which seemed to belong to the silence of night—a look he felt he had not seen before. He marked it with a vague sense of mystery when he set his lantern down upon the table, turning the light only upon the spot on which his work would stand.

Then he took down the case and opened it and removed the model.

"It will not be forgotten again," he thought aloud. "If it is to be finished, it will be finished here."

Half the night passed before he returned home. When he did so he went to his room and slept heavily until daylight. He had never slept as he slept in these nights, —heavy dreamless sleep, from which, at first, he used to awaken with a start and a perfectly blank sense of loss and dread, but which became, at last, unbroken.

Night after night found him at his labor. It grew upon him; he longed for it through the day; he could not have broken from it if he would.

Once, as he sat at his table, he fancied that he heard a lock click and afterward a stealthy footstep. It was a sound so faint and indistinct that his disbelief in its reality was immediate; but he got up, taking his lantern with him, and went out to look at the entrance passage. It was empty and dark, and the door was shut and locked as he had left it. He went back to his work little disturbed. He had not really expected to find the traces of any presence in the place, but he had felt it best to make the matter safe.

Perhaps the fact that once or twice on other nights the same light, indefinite sound fell upon his ear again, made him feel rather more secure than otherwise. Having examined the place before and with the same result, it troubled him no more. He set it down to some ordinary material cause.

After his first visit Haworth came into his room often. Why he came Murdoch did not understand very clearly. He did not come to talk; sometimes he scarcely spoke at all. He was moody and abstracted. He went about the place wearing a hard and reckless look, utterly unlike any roughness and hardness he had shown before. The hands who had cared the least for his not altogether ill-natured tempests in days gone by shrank or were restive before him now. He drove all before him or passed through the rooms sullenly. It was plain to see that he was not the man he had been—that he had even lost strength, and was suddenly worn and broken, though neither flesh nor color had failed him.

Among those who had made a lion of him he was more popular than ever. The fact that he had held out against ill luck when so many had gone down, was constantly quoted. The strikes which had kept up an uneven but prolonged struggle had been the ruin of many a manufacturer who had thought he could battle any storm. "Haworth's" had held its own and weathered the worst.

This was what the county potentates were fond of saying upon all occasions,—particularly when they wanted Haworth to dine with them at their houses. He used to accept their invitations and then go and sit at their dinner-tables with a sardonic face. His humor, it was remarked with some regret, was often of a sardonic kind. Occasionally he laughed at the wrong time, and his jokes were not always easy to smile under. It was also remarked that Mr. Ffrench scarcely seemed comfortable upon these festive occasions. Of late he had not been in the enjoyment of good health. He explained that he suffered from nervous headaches and depression. His refined, well-molded face had become rather thin and fatigued-looking. He had lost his effusive eloquence. He often sat silent and started nervously when spoken to, but he did not eschew society at all, always going out upon any state occasion when his partner was to be a feature of the feast. The fact was that once upon such an occasion he had said privately and with some plaintiveness to Haworth:

"I don't think I can go to-night, my dear fellow. I really don't feel quite equal to it."

"Blast you!" said Haworth, dispensing with social codes. "You'll go whether you're up to it or not. We'll keep it up to the end. It'll be over soon enough."

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He evinced interest in the model, in his visits to the work-room, which seemed a little singular to Murdoch. He asked questions about it, and more than once repeated his caution concerning its being "kept close."

"I've got it into my head that you'll finish it some of these days," he said once, "if naught happens to it or you."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

FINISHED.

ONE night, Murdoch, on leaving the house, said to Christian:

"Don't expect me until morning. I may not be back until then. I think I shall work all night."

She did not ask him why. For several days she had seen that a singular mood was upon him, that he was restless. Sometimes, when he met her eye unexpectedly, he started and colored and turned away, as if he was a little afraid. She stood upon the step and watched him until he disappeared in the darkness, and then shut the door and went in to his mother.

A quarter of an hour afterward he entered his work-room, and shut himself in and brought out the model.

He sat looking at it a moment, and then stretched forth his hand to touch it. Suddenly he drew it back and let it fall heavily upon the table. "Good Heavens!" he cried. "Did *he* ever feel so near as *this*, and then fail?" The shock was almost unbearable. "Are there to be two of us?" he said. "Was not one enough?" But he put forth his hand again a minute later, though his heart beat like a trip-hammer. "It rests with me to prove it," he said—"with *me!*"

As he worked, the dead silence about him seemed to become more intense. His own breathing was a distinct sound, light as it was; the accidental dropping of a tool upon the table was a jar upon him; the tolling of the church bell at midnight was unbearable. He even took out his watch and stopped it. But at length he knew neither sound nor stillness; he forgot both.

It had been a dark night, but the morning rose bright and clear. The sun, streaming in at the one window, fell upon the model, pushed far back upon the table, and on Murdoch himself, sitting with his forehead resting upon his hands. He had been sitting thus some time—he did not know how long. He had laid his last tool down before the first streak of pink had struck across the gray sky. He was tired and chill with the morning air, but he had not thought of going home yet, or even quite recognized that the night was past. His lantern still burned beside him. He was roused at last by a sound in the outer room. The gates had not been unlocked nor the bell rung, but some one had come in. The next moment Haworth opened the door and stood in the threshold, looking in on him.

"You've been here all night," he said.

"Yes," answered Murdoch. He turned a little and pointed to the model, speaking slowly, as if he were but half awake.

"I think," he said, "that it is complete."

He said it with so little appearance of emotion or exultation that Haworth was dumbfounded. He laid a hand on his shoulder and shook him a little.

"Wake up, man!" he said. "You're dazed."

"No," he answered, "not dazed. I've had time to think it over. It has been finished two or three hours." All at once he burst into a laugh. "I did not think," he said, "that it would be you I should tell the news to first."

Haworth sat down near him with a dogged face.

"Nay," he replied, "nor me either."

They sat and stared at each other for a moment in silence. Then Murdoch drew a long, wearied breath.

"But it is done," he said, "nevertheless."

After that he got up and began to make his preparations to go home while Haworth sat and watched him.

"I shall want to go away," he said. "When I come back I shall know what the result is to be."

"Start to-morrow morning," said Haworth. "And keep close. By the time you come back ——"

He stopped and left his chair, and the bell which called the hands to work began its hurried clanging. At the door he paused.

"When shall you take it away?" he asked.

"To-night," Murdoch answered. "After dark."

At home he only told them one thing—that in the morning he was going to London and did not know when he should return. He did not return to the Works during the day, but remained at home trying to rest. But he could not sleep and the day seemed to lag heavily. In the afternoon he left the sofa on which he had lain through the morn-

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ing and went out. He walked slowly through the town and at last turned down the lane which led to the Briarleys' cottage. He felt as if there would be a sort of relief to the tenseness of his mood in a brief interview with Janey. When he went into the house, Mr. Briarley was seated in Mrs. Dixon's chair unscientifically balancing his latest-born upon his knee. His aspect was grave and absorbed; he was heated and disheveled with violent exertion; the knot of his blue cotton neckerchief had twisted itself under his right ear in a painfully suggestive manner. Under some stress of circumstances he had been suddenly pressed into service, and his mode of placating his offspring was at once unprofessional and productive of frantic excitement.

But the moment he caught sight of Murdoch an alarming change came upon him. His eyes opened to their fullest extent, his jaw fell and the color died out of his face. He rose hurriedly, dropped the youngest Briarley into his chair and darted out of the house, in such trepidation that his feet slipped under him when he reached the lower step, where he fell with a loud clatter of wooden clogs, scrambling up again with haste and difficulty and disappearing at once.

Attracted by the disturbance, Janey darted in from the inner room barely in time to rescue the deserted young Briarley.

"Wheer's he gone?" she demanded, signifying her father. "I towd her he wur na fit to be trusted! Wheer's he gone?"

"I don't know," Murdoch answered. "I think he ran away because he saw me. What is the trouble?"

"Nay, dunnot ax me! We canna mak' him out, neyther mother nor me. He's been settin' i' th' house fur three days, as if he wur feart to stir out—settin' by th' fire an' shakin' his yed, an' cryin' ivvery now and then. An' here's her i' th' back room to wait on. A noice toime this is fur him to pick to go off in. He mowt ha' waited till she wur done wi'."

As conversation naturally could not flourish under these circumstances, after a few minutes Murdoch took his leave.

It seemed that he had not yet done with Mr. Briarley. Passing through the gate, he caught sight of a forlorn figure seated upon the road-side about twenty yards before him, wearing a fustian jacket and a blue neck-cloth knotted under the ear. As he approached, Mr. Briarley looked up, keeping his eyes fixed upon him in a despairing gaze. He did not remove his glance at all, in fact, until Murdoch was within ten feet of him, when, for some entirely inexplicable reason, he rose hurriedly and passed to the other side of the road, and at a distance of some yards ahead sat down, and stared wildly at him again. This singular course he pursued until they had reached the end of the lane, where he sat and watched Murdoch out of sight.

"I thowt," he said, breathing with extreme shortness, "as he ha' done fur me. It wur a wonder as he did na. If I'd coom nigh him or he'd coom nigh me, they'd ha' swore it wur me as did it an's gone accordin', if luck went ag'in 'em."

Then a sudden panic seemed to seize him. He pulled off his cap, and, holding it in both hands, stared into it as if in desperate protest against fate. A large tear fell into the crown, and then another and another. "I canna help it," he said, in a loud and sepulchral whisper. "Look out! Look out!"

And then, probably feeling that even in this he might be committing himself fatally, he got up, glanced fearfully about him, and scuttled away.

(To be continued.)

FAITH.

FAIN would I hold my lamp of life aloft
  Like yonder tower built high above the reef;
Steadfast, though tempests rave or winds blow soft,
  Clear, though the sky dissolve in tears of grief.

For darkness passes; storms shall not abide.
  A little patience and the fog is past.
After the sorrow of the ebbing tide
  The singing flood returns in joy at last.

The night is long and pain weighs heavily;
  But God will hold His world above despair.
Look to the east, where up the lucid sky
  The morning climbs! The day shall yet be fair!

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JACOB HURD'S CHILD.

I.

Who breaketh his fast so early,
While yet he can count the stars?
And whose are the footsteps trailing through
The dew to the pasture-bars?

He snaffleth his white-eyed gelding,
He mounteth the saddle-tree;
And out from the skirts of Ipswich town
All grimly rideth he.

Out from the town at sunrise,
His stubborn fields untilled,
Rideth Jacob Hurd for a day and a night
To see three witches killed.

For Hurd is a stalwart Christian
Whom Satan hath ne'er enticed;
He believeth in God and His holy word
And he hateth Antichrist.

The devil in awe he holdeth,
And God with an equal fear;
And little of Gospel and much of Law
Make up his creed severe.

With a burning zeal for his Master,
He fighteth with Death and Hell;
And when a witch is brought to the rope,
It pleaseth old Jacob well.

So out of the town at sunrise,
His stubborn fields untilled,
He rideth forth for a day and a night
To see three witches killed.

He glanceth backward at Ipswich,
Then leaneth low to pray,
For he knoweth that in the wilderness
The savage haunts the way.

Look for thy last, old Jacob!
And pray, though thy prayer be vain;
Thy errand hath not the smile of God;
Thou comest not again!

II.

It is four o'clock of the evening,
And, dressed in her hodden gray,
Old Jacob's wife is humming a tune,
For the goodman is away.

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And forth from their distant cabins
(None see them so soon as she),
The women who hold old Hurd in fear
Are coming to drink her tea.

There's the pretty wife of Dunster,
And Goffe's, from the meadow farm,
And the Sparhawke girls, with goodwife Gill,
And the Glovers, arm in arm.

There is Peter Flynt's young widow,
And her sister, in Lon'on brown,
And Miriam Winship: oh, sweet and wise
Is the school-ma'am of the town!

And the heart of the goodwife, waiting
The coming of friendly feet,
Is smitten through by an olden pang
That is bitter at once, and sweet.

For the school-ma'am once taught him letters—
The wonderful boy who died,
And took from her motherly bosom all
Its solace and its pride;—

And Miriam's coming would surely
Bring to her heart the joy
Of speaking, with none to make afraid,
About her perished boy.

(For Jacob held hard to silence,
Though he was more than sad,
And would not speak of their cruel loss
With the mother of the lad.)

She meeteth them at her door-way
With a greeting of hand to hand,
But she kisseth Miriam on her cheek,
And the women understand.

III.

It is six o'clock of the evening,
And, grouped at the table rude,
The women have bent their heads to say
Their word of gratitude.

Now the tea and the feast are passing,
While they gossip of home affairs—
Of the deacon's cattle in the pound,
Or a sick child up for prayers;—

Of a work of grace in the village,
And the devil's work abroad,
And the mischievous witches soon to go
To the judgment bar of God.

But Miriam speaketh a sentence
That winneth the ears of all,

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When she turneth her eyes on goodwife Hurd,
And biddeth her talk of Paul.

Tears fill the eyes of the mother,
And the kindly women list:
"The lips," said she, "should be good and wise
That an angel's lips have kissed;

"But in truth my lips are neither;
For God, by the hand of pain,
Sent a gift that my soul misunderstood,
And he took it back again.

"For Jacob and I had prayed him
That who should be born of me
Should be sanctified at his birth, and strong
In the power of prophecy.

"And the prayer was sweetly answered,
But the prophet, all unguessed,
Grew weary of our clumsy ways,
And entered into rest.

"It was better that he left us,
For Jacob could not know,
That a child's sweet story was not a lie
To be punished by a blow.

"For he was not made like others,
His thoughts were weird and wild;
And Jacob at last believed, in truth,
That a devil possessed the child.

"With the birds that gathered about him,
He prattled for hours and hours;
He sang to the spider upon his web,
And the bees in the hearts of flowers.

"He carried a curious wisdom;
And many were the times
When he sat in the sun the livelong day,
And sang to himself in rhymes.

"And he told such marvelous stories
Of what he heard in the air,—
Of the talk of the birds, and the songs of the sea,—
That we were in despair.

"And Jacob exclaimed: 'God help us!
For how is a man to know
Whether a poet comes down from heaven,
Or climbs from the world below?'

"One day, in the early autumn,
When pigeons were in the woods,
And out in the stubble the striped quail
Were leading their pretty broods;

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"When the partridge drummed in the distance,
And the squirrel barked from the oak,
And forth from the smoky hill-side came
The woodman's lazy stroke,

"He went away toward the forest,
And I saw his face no more
Till, flushed by the red of the setting sun,
He stood in the cabin door.

"'Now where has thou been?' said Jacob.
'I have been on my horse,' said he;
And Jacob grew pale, and shook like a leaf
As he took the lad on his knee.

"'What horse has thou ridden?' said Jacob.
'I have ridden my own,' he said—
'My golden horse with a silver tail,
And a mane of silver thread.

"'He came to me in the pasture,
And he knelt for me to mount;
And his saddle and bridle were blazing with
More jewels than I could count.

"'And he bore me like the lightning,
Over sea and over land,
And he coursed the shore, or mounted the air
Or stopped at my command.

"'I have seen the windy ocean,
And flown above its waves,
And I've seen the great leviathan
Playing within its caves.

"'I have ridden through old England,
Over hills and over dells,
I have cantered through the London streets,
And heard the London bells.

"'I have been to the holy places,
And knelt and prayed in them,
And fed my golden horse with bread
In the streets of Jerusalem.

"'I have ridden by mighty rivers,
From the mountains to the sea;
And hark!' said he, 'for my golden horse
Is whinnying low for me!'

"'Get down!' said Jacob, fiercely;
"'Thou knowest thou hast lied;
Surely the devil possesseth thee!'
And he smote him from his side.

"The sweet romancer staggered
Into my wa[illegible] arms,
And I kissed [illegible]s cheeks wit[illegible] fear
Of Satan or [illegible]harms.

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"That night he lay in a fever,
And raved of his golden horse;
And Jacob sat and watched by him,
In a helpless, dumb remorse.

"But my soul was in rebellion,
For how could a child of prayer,
With the love of his mother in his heart,
Be taken in such a snare?

"'Thou believest that Mother Sewall
Rideth a broom,' said I;
'But thy darling talks of his golden horse,
And thou smitest him for a lie.

"'And I think, of the two, thou sinnest
Against thy God the most;
For I judge thou chargest the Evil One
With the work of the Holy Ghost!'

"But I begged my husband's pardon,
For he was sore distraught;
And would never leave the darling's bed,
Though often I besought.

"Long days and nights thereafter,
In his dream the sweet lad lay,
But his fancy was on its journeying,
And always far away.

"And he spoke of wondrous countries
Through which his journey led,
On his golden horse with the silver tail,
And the mane of silver thread.

"Till Jacob and I believed him,
And would not have marveled much
Had the golden creature revealed himself
To our credulous sight and touch.

"But weaker he grew and weaker,
Until there came in his eye
A look so weary and worn, we knew
Our little boy would die.

"One still and cloudy midnight
He woke and gazed around,
And said that he heard his golden horse
Pawing the pasture-ground.

"I think 'twas a bolt of thunder
Shot by a distant shower,
That shook the earth and the window-sash
In the last throe of its power.

"And I think it was the lightning,
That cheated our straining eyes;
But it seemed as if a beauteous horse
Entered in golden guise,

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"Breathing a flame from his nostrils,
And pausing by the bed;
When the child sprang up with a cry of joy,
And sank on his pillow, dead.

"And then, on the second morning,
We bore him to the grave,—
The child that we were unfit to keep,
And had no power to save.

"But in the long procession,
No eyes but ours could see
The wondrous figure we beheld
Leading the company.

"For following hard the neighbors
Who bore the precious corse,
Rode little Paul right gallantly
Upon his golden horse.

"I saw him just as plainly
As e'er I saw a flame;
And he nodded to me with a smile,
And Jacob saw the same."

IV.

The story and feast are ended,
And forth from the open door,
With eyelids wide and faces flushed,
The guests of the evening pour.

The sun in the west is setting,
And bathing each farm and fold
With the lifted dust of the village ways
In an atmosphere of gold.

Now what is that in the distance
Which catches each gazing eye?
Tis a flurry of dust that travels fast,
Like a whirlwind from the sky!

Nearer it comes, and nearer,
Till all the gazers know
That a horse is running without a man
Behind the saddle-bow!

He courses along the highway
That leads across the plain,
And they hear the beat of his heavy feet
As he rushes down the lane.

And, leaning on Miriam Winship,
A cry in her frightened breath,
The goodwife Hurd knows well that the horse
Is the messenger of death;

And that somewhere among the shadows
Her husband lies apart,

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With the scalp-lock riven from his head
And an arrow in his heart.

And the women scream in wonder,
For all can plainly see
That a little lad with a smiling face
Bestrides the saddle-tree.

He tosses a kiss to his mother,
He tenderly bows to all,
And they know that their eyes behold indeed
The spirit of little Paul.

The horse flies by the cottage,
And into his pasture home,
Yellow and bright in the sunset gold,
And spotted with silver foam.

And the women hasten homeward,
Among the dropping dews,
To tell of the marvels they have seen,
And to bear the heavy news.

But Miriam passeth inward,
Her hand in goodwife Hurd's,
And readeth there, for her comforting,
The Bible's gracious words.

Then reverently she kneeleth
And uttereth a prayer,
That the childless and the widowed one
Might have the Father's care.

But e'er her prayer she endeth,
With fervent voice she saith;
"Oh punish not our blundering more
With chastisement of death!

"But when Thou sendest poets
To such dull folk as we,
Inspire our blind and doubting eyes
To know them when we see!"

OUR ARCHERY CLUB.

WHEN an archery club was formed in our village, I was among the first to join it; but I should not, on this account, claim any extraordinary enthusiasm on the subject of archery, for nearly all the ladies and gentlemen of the place were also among the first to join.

Few of us, I think, had a correct idea of the popularity of archery in our midst, until bject of a club was broached. Then we all perceived what a strong interest we felt in the study and use of the bow and arrow. The club was formed immediately, and our thirty members began to discuss the relative merits of lancewood, yew, and greenheart bows, and to survey yards and lawns for suitable spots for setting up targets for home practice.

Our weekly meetings, at which we came together to show, in friendly contest, how

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much our home practice had taught us, were held upon the village green, or rather upon what had been intended to be the village green. This pretty piece of ground, partly in smooth lawn, and partly shaded by fine trees, was the property of a gentleman of the place, who had presented it, under certain conditions, to the township. But as the township had never fulfilled any of the conditions, and had done nothing toward the improvement of the spot, further than to make it a grazing place for local cows and goats, the owner had withdrawn his gift, shut out the cows and goats by a picket-fence, and having locked the gate, had hung up the key in his barn. When our club was formed, the green, as it was still called, was offered to us for our meetings, and with proper gratitude, we elected its owner to be our president.

This gentleman was eminently qualified for the presidency of an archery club. In the first place, he did not shoot: this gave him time and opportunity to attend to the shooting of others. He was a tall and pleasant man, a little elderly. This "elderliness," if I may so put it, seemed in his case, to resemble some mild disorder, like a gentle rheumatism, which, while it prevented him from indulging in all the wild hilarities of youth, gave him, in compensation, a position, as one entitled to a certain consideration, which was very agreeable to him. His little disease was chronic, it is true, and it was growing upon him, but it was, so far, a pleasant ailment.

And so, with as much interest in bows, and arrows, and targets, and successful shots as any of us, he never fitted an arrow to a string, nor drew a bow; but he attended every meeting, settling disputed points (for he studied all the books on archery); encouraging the disheartened; holding back the eager ones, who would run to the targets as soon as they had shot, regardless of the fact that others were still shooting, and that the human body is not arrow-proof; and shedding about him that general aid and comfort which emanates from a good fellow, no matter what he may say or do.

There were persons—outsiders—who said that archery clubs always selected ladies for their presiding officers, but we did not care to be too much bound down and trammeled by customs and traditions. Another club might not have among its members such a genial, elderly gentleman, who owned a village green.

I soon found myself greatly interested in archery, especially when I succeeded in planting an arrow somewhere within the periphery of the target; but I never became such an enthusiast in bow-shooting as my friend Pepton.

If Pepton could have arranged matters to suit himself, he would have been born an archer; but as this did not happen to have been the case, he employed every means in his power to rectify what he considered this serious error in his construction. He gave his whole soul, and the greater part of his spare time, to archery, and as he was a young man of energy, this helped him along wonderfully.

His equipments were perfect; no one could excel him in this respect. His bow was snake-wood, backed with hickory. He carefully rubbed it down every evening with oil and bees-wax, and it took its repose in a green baize bag. His arrows were Philip Highfield's best; his strings the finest Flanders hemp. He had shooting-gloves, and he had little leathern tips, that could be screwed fast on the ends of what he called his string-fingers. He had a quiver and a belt, and when equipped for the weekly meetings, he carried a fancy-colored wiping tassel, and a little ebony grease-pot, hanging from his belt. He wore, when shooting, a polished arm-guard or bracer, and if he had heard of anything else that an archer should have, he straightway would have procured it.

Pepton was a single man, and he lived with two good old maiden ladies, who took as much care of him as if they had been his mothers. And he was such a good, kind fellow that he deserved all the attention they gave him. They felt a great interest in his archery pursuits, and shared his anxious solicitude in the selection of a suitable place to hang his bow.

"You see," said he, "a fine bow like this, when not in use, should always be in a perfectly dry place."

"And when in use, too," said Miss Martha; "for I am sure that you oughtn't to be standing and shooting in any damp spot. There's no surer way of gettin' chilled."

To which sentiment Miss Maria agreed, and suggested wearing rubber shoes, or having a board to stand on, when the club met after a rain.

Pepton first hung his bow in the hall; but after he had arranged it symmetrically upon two long nails (bound with green worsted, lest they should scratch the bow through its woolen cover), he reflected that the front

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door would frequently be open, and that damp draughts must often go through the hall. He was sorry to give up this place for his bow, for it was convenient and appropriate; and for an instant he thought that it might remain, if the front door could be kept shut, and visitors admitted through a little side door, which the family generally used, and which was almost as convenient as the other,—except, indeed, on wash-days, when a wet sheet or some article of wearing apparel was apt to be hung in front of it. But, although wash-day occurred but once a week, and although it was comparatively easy, after a little practice, to bob under a high-propped sheet, Pepton's heart was too kind to allow his mind to dwell upon this plan. So he drew the nails from the wall of the hall, and put them up in various places about the house. His own room had to be aired a great deal in all weathers, and so that would not do at all. The wall above the kitchen fire-place would be a good location, for the chimney was nearly always warm; but Pepton could not bring himself to keep his bow in the kitchen: there would be nothing æsthetic about such a disposition of it; and, besides, the girl might be tempted to string and bend it. The old ladies really did not want it in the parlor, for its length and its green baize cover would make it an encroaching and unbecoming neighbor to the little engravings and the big samplers, the picture-frames of acorns and pine-cones, the fancifully-patterned ornaments of clean wheat-straw, and all the quaint adornments which had hung upon those walls for so many years. But they did not say so. If it had been necessary, to make room for the bow, they would have taken down the penciled profiles of their grandfather, their grandmother, and their father when a little boy, which hung in a row over the mantel-piece.

However, Pepton did not ask this sacrifice. In the summer evenings, the parlor windows must be open. The dining-room was really very little used in the evening, except when Miss Maria had stockings to darn, and then she always sat in that apartment, and of course she had the windows open. But Miss Maria was very willing to bring her work into the parlor,—it was foolish, anyway, to have a feeling about darning stockings before chance company,—and then the dining-room could be kept shut up after tea. So into the wall of that neat little room Pepton drove his worsted-covered nails, and on them carefully laid his bow. And the next day Miss Martha and Miss Maria went about the house, and covered the nail-holes he had made with bits of wall-paper, carefully snipped out to fit the patterns, and pasted on so neatly that no one would have suspected they were there.

One afternoon, as I was passing the old ladies' house, I saw, or thought I saw, two men carrying in a coffin. I was struck with alarm.

"What!" I thought, "can either of those good women ——? Or, can Pepton ——?"

Without a moment's hesitation, I rushed in behind the men. There, at the foot of the stairs, directing them, stood Pepton. Then it was not he! I seized him sympathetically by the hand.

"Which ——?" I faltered. "Which? Who is that coffin for?"

"Coffin!" cried Pepton, "why, my dear fellow, that is not a coffin. That is my ascham."

"Ascham?" I exclaimed. "What is that?"

"Come and look at it," he said, when the men had set it on end against the wall; "it is an upright closet, or receptacle for an archer's armament. Here is a place to stand the bow; here are supports for the arrows and quivers; here are shelves and hooks, on which to lay or hang everything the merry man can need. And you see, moreover, that it is lined with green plush, and that the door fits tightly, so that it can stand anywhere, and there need be no fear of draughts or dampness affecting my bow. Isn't it a perfect thing? You ought to get one."

I admitted the perfection, but agreed no further. I had not the income of my good Pepton.

Pepton was, indeed, most wonderfully well equipped, and yet, little did those dear old ladies think, when they carefully dusted and reverentially gazed at the bunches of arrows, the arm-bracers, the gloves, the grease-pots, and all the rest of the paraphernalia of archery, as it hung around Pepton's room; or when they afterward allowed a particular friend to peep at it, all arranged so orderly within the ascham; or when they looked with sympathetic, loving admiration on the beautiful polished bow, when it was taken out of its bag,—little did they think, I say, that Pepton was the very poorest shot in the club. In all the surface of the much perforated targets of the club, there was scarcely a hole that he could put his hand upon his heart and say he made.

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Indeed, I think it was the truth that Pepton was born not to be an archer. There were young fellows in the club, who shot with bows that cost no more than Pepton's tassels, but who could stand up and whang arrows into the targets all the afternoon, if they could get a chance; and there were ladies who made hits five times out of six; and there were also all the grades of archers common to any club. But there was no one but himself in Pepton's grade. He stood alone, and it was never any trouble to add up his score.

And yet he was not discouraged. He practiced every day, except Sundays, and indeed he was the only person in the club who practiced at night. When he told me about this, I was a little surprised.

"Why, it's easy enough," said he. "You see, I hung a lantern, with a reflector before the target, just a little to one side. It lighted up the target beautifully, and I believe there was a better chance of hitting it than by daylight, for the only thing you could see was the target, and so your attention was not distracted. To be sure," he said, in answer to a question, "it was a good deal of trouble to find the arrows, but that I always have. When I get so expert that I can put all the arrows into the target, there will be no trouble of the kind, night or day. However," he continued, "I don't practice any more by night. The other evening I sent an arrow slam-bang into the lantern, and broke it all to flinders. Borrowed lantern, too. Besides, I found it made Miss Martha very nervous to have me shooting about the house after dark. She had a friend, who had a little boy, who was hit in the leg by an arrow from a bow, which, she says, accidentally went off in the night, of its own accord. She is certainly a little mixed in her mind in regard to this matter; but I wish to respect her feelings, and so shall not use another lantern."

As I have said, there were many good archers among the ladies of our club. Some of them, after we had been organized for a month or two, made scores that few of the gentlemen could excel. But the lady who attracted the greatest attention when she shot was Miss Rosa.

When this very pretty young lady stood up before the ladies' target—her left side well advanced, her bow firmly held out in her strong left arm, which never quivered, her head a little bent to the right, her arrow drawn back by three well-gloved fingers to the tip of her little ear, her dark eyes steadily fixed upon the gold, and her dress—well fitted over her fine and vigorous figure—falling in graceful folds about her feet, we all stopped shooting to look at her.

"There is something statuesque about her," said Pepton, who ardently admired her, "and yet there isn't. A statue could never equal her unless we knew there was a probability of movement in it. And the only statues which have that are the Jarley Wax-works, which she does not resemble in the least. There is only one thing that that girl needs to make her a perfect archer, and that is to be able to aim better."

This was true. Miss Rosa did need to aim better. Her arrows had a curious habit of going on all sides of the target, and it was very seldom that one chanced to stick into it. For, if she did make a hit, we all knew it was chance and that there was no probability of her doing it again. Once she put an arrow right into the center of the gold,—one of the finest shots ever made on the ground,—but she didn't hit the target again for two weeks. She was almost as bad a shot as Pepton, and that is saying a good deal.

One evening, I was sitting with Pepton on the little front porch of the old ladies' house, where we were taking our after-dinner smoke while Miss Martha and Miss Maria were washing, with their own white hands, the china and glass in which they took so much pride. I often used to come over and spend an hour with Pepton. He liked to have some one to whom he could talk on the subjects which filled his soul, and I liked to hear him talk.

"I tell you," said he, as he leaned back in his chair, with his feet carefully disposed on the railing so that they would not injure Miss Maria's Madeira vine, "I tell you, sir, that there are two things I crave with all my power of craving; two goals I fain would reach; two diadems I would wear upon my brow. One of these is to kill an eagle—or some large bird—with a shaft from my good bow. I would then have it stuffed and mounted, with the very arrow that killed it still sticking in its breast. This trophy of my skill I would have fastened against the wall of my room, or my hall, and I would feel proud to think that my grandchildren could point to that bird—which I would carefully bequeath to my descendants—and say, 'My grand'ther shot that bird, and with that very arrow.' Would it not stir your pulses, if you could do a thing like that?"

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"I should have to stir them up a good deal before I could do it," I replied. "It would be a hard thing to shoot an eagle with an arrow. If you want a stuffed bird to bequeath, you'd better use a rifle."

"A rifle!" exclaimed Pepton. "There would be no glory in that. There are lots of birds shot with rifles,—eagles, hawks, wild geese, tom-tits ——"

"Oh no," I interrupted, "not tom-tits."

"Well, perhaps they are too little for a rifle," said he; "but what I mean to say is, that I wouldn't care at all for an eagle I had shot with a rifle. You couldn't show the ball that killed him. If it were put in properly, it would be inside, where it couldn't be seen. No, sir; it is ever so much more honorable, and far more difficult, too, to hit an eagle than to hit a target."

"That is very true," I answered, "especially in these days, when there are so few eagles and so many targets. But what is your other diadem?"

"That," said Pepton, "is to see Miss Rosa wear the badge."

"Indeed!" said I, and from that moment I began to understand Pepton's hopes in regard to the grandmother of those children who should point to the eagle.

"Yes, sir," he continued, "I should be truly happy to see her win the badge. And she ought to win it. No one shoots more correctly, and with a better understanding of all the rules, than she does. There must, truly, be something the matter with her aiming. I've half a mind to coach her a little."

I turned aside to see who was coming down the road. I would not have had him know I smiled.

The most objectionable person in our club was O. J. Hollingsworth. He was a good enough fellow in himself, but it was as an archer that we objected to him. There was, so far as I know, scarcely a rule of archery that he did not habitually violate. Our president and nearly all of us remonstrated with him, and Pepton even went to see him on the subject; but it was all to no purpose. With a quiet disregard of other people's ideas about bow-shooting and other people's opinions about himself, he persevered in a style of shooting which appeared absolutely absurd to any one who knew anything of the rules and methods of archery.

I used to like to look at him when his turn came around to shoot. He was not such a pleasing object of vision as Miss Rosa, but his style was so entirely novel to me that it was interesting. He held the bow horizontally, instead of perpendicularly, like other archers; and he held it well down—about opposite his waist-band. He did not draw his arrow back to his ear, but he drew it back to the lower button of his vest. Instead of standing upright, with his left side to the target, he faced it full, and leaned forward over his arrow, in an attitude which reminded me of a Roman soldier about to fall upon his sword. When he had seized the nock of his arrow between his finger and thumb, he languidly glanced at the target, raised his bow a little, and let fly. The provoking thing about it was that he nearly always hit. If he had only known how to stand, and hold his bow, and draw back his arrow, he would have been a very good archer. But, as it was, we could not help laughing at him, although our president always discountenanced anything of the kind.

Our Champion was a tall man, very cool and steady, who went to work at archery exactly as if he were paid a salary, and intended to earn his money honestly. He did the best he could in every way. He generally shot with one of the bows owned by the club; but if any one on the ground had a better one, he would borrow it. He used to shoot sometimes with Pepton's bow, which he declared to be a most capital one; but as Pepton was always very nervous when he saw his bow in the hands of another than himself, the Champion soon ceased to borrow it.

There were two badges, one of green silk and gold, for the ladies, and one of green and red, for the gentlemen; and these were shot for at each weekly meeting. With the exception of a few times, when the club was first formed, the Champion had always worn the gentlemen's badge. Many of us tried hard to win it from him; but we never could succeed—he shot too well.

On the morning of one of our meeting days, the Champion told me, as I was going to the city with him, that he would not be able to return at his usual hour that afternoon. He would be very busy, and would have to wait for the 6:15 train, which would bring him home too late for the archery meeting. So he gave me the badge, asking me to hand it to the president, that he might bestow it on the successful competitor that afternoon.

We were all rather glad that the Champion was obliged to be absent. Here was a chance for some one of us to win the badge. It

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was not, indeed, an opportunity for us to win a great deal of honor, for if the Champion were to be there, we should have no chance at all; but we were satisfied with this much, having no reason—in the present, at least—to expect anything more.

So we went to the targets with a new zeal, and most of us shot better than we had ever shot before. In this number was O. J. Hollingsworth. He excelled himself, and, what was worse, he excelled all the rest of us. He actually made a score of eighty-five in twenty-four shots, which at that time was remarkably good shooting, for our club. This was dreadful! To have a fellow, who didn't know how to shoot, beat us all, was too bad. If any visitor who knew anything at all of archery should see that the member who wore the champion's badge was a man who held his bow as if he had the stomach-ache, it would ruin our character as a club. It was not to be borne.

Pepton, in particular, felt greatly outraged. We had met very promptly that afternoon, and had finished our regular shooting much earlier than usual, and now a knot of us were gathered together, talking over this unfortunate occurrence.

"I don't intend to stand it," Pepton suddenly exclaimed. "I feel it as a personal disgrace. I'm going to have the Champion here before dark. By the rules, he has a right to shoot until the president declares it is too late. Some of you fellows stay here, and I'll bring him."

And away he ran, first giving me charge of his precious bow. There was no need of his asking us to stay. We were bound to see the fun out, and to fill up the time our president offered a special prize of a handsome bouquet from his gardens, to be shot for by the ladies.

Pepton ran to the railroad station, and telegraphed to the Champion. This was his message:

"You are absolutely needed here. If possible, take the 5:30 train for Ackford. I will drive over for you. Answer."

There was no train before the 6:15 by which the Champion could come directly to our village; but Ackford, a small town about three miles distant, was on another railroad, on which there were frequent afternoon trains.

The Champion answered:

"All right. Meet me."

Then Pepton rushed to our livery stable, hired a horse and buggy, and drove to Ackford.

A little after half-past six, when several of us were beginning to think that Pepton had failed in his plans, he drove rapidly into the grounds, making a very short turn at the gate, and pulled up his panting horse just in time to avoid running over three ladies, who were seated on the grass. The Champion was by his side!

The latter lost no time in talking or salutations. He knew what he had been brought there to do, and he immediately set about trying to do it. He took Pepton's bow, which the latter urged upon him; he stood up, straight and firm on the line, at thirty-five yards from the gentlemen's target; he carefully selected his arrows, examining the feathers and wiping away any bit of soil that might be adhering to the points after some one had shot them into the turf; with vigorous arm he drew each arrow to its head; he fixed his eyes and his whole mind on the center of the target; he shot his twenty-four arrows, handed to him, one by one, by Pepton, and he made a score of ninety-one.

The whole club had been scoring the shots, as they were made, and when the last arrow plumped into the red ring, a cheer arose from every member excepting three: the Champion, the president and O. J. Hollingsworth. But Pepton cheered loudly enough to make up these deficiencies.

"What in the mischief did they cheer him for?" asked Hollingsworth of me. "They didn't cheer me, when I beat everybody on the grounds, an hour ago. And it's no new thing for him to win the badge; he does it every time."

"Well," said I, frankly, "I think the club, *as* a club, objects to your wearing the badge, because you don't know how to shoot."

"Don't know how to shoot!" he cried. "Why, I can hit the target better than any of you. Isn't that what you try to do when you shoot?"

"Yes," said I, "of course that is what we try to do. But we try to do it in the proper way."

"Proper grandmother!" he exclaimed. "It don't seem to help you much. The best thing you fellows can do is to learn to shoot my way, and then perhaps you may be able to hit oftener."

When the Champion had finished shooting, he went home to his dinner, but many of us stood about, talking over our great escape.

"I feel as if I had done that myself," said Pepton. "I am almost as proud as if

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I had shot—well, not an eagle, but a soaring lark."

"Why, that ought to make you prouder than the other," said I, "for a lark, especially when it's soaring, must be a good deal harder to hit than an eagle."

"That's so," said Pepton, reflectively, "but I'll stick to the lark. I'm proud."

During the next month our style of archery improved very much, so much, indeed, that we increased our distance, for gentlemen, to forty yards, and that for ladies to thirty, and also had serious thoughts of challenging the Ackford club to a match. But as this was generally understood to be a crack club, we finally determined to defer our challenge until the next season.

When I say we improved, I do not mean all of us. I do not mean Miss Rosa. Although her attitudes were as fine as ever, and every motion as true to rule as ever, she seldom made a hit. Pepton actually did try to teach her how to aim, but the various methods of pointing the arrow which he suggested resulted in such wild shooting, that the boys who picked up the arrows never dared to stick the points of their noses beyond their boarded barricade, during Miss Rosa's turns at the target. But she was not discouraged, and Pepton often assured her that if she would keep up a good heart, and practice regularly, she would get the badge yet. As a rule, Pepton was so honest and truthful that a little statement of this kind, especially under the circumstances, might be forgiven him.

One day Pepton came to me and announced that he had made a discovery.

"It's about archery," he said, "and I don't mind telling you, because I know you will not go about telling everybody else, and also because I want to see you succeed as an archer."

"I am very much obliged," I said, "and what is the discovery?"

"It's this," he answered. "When you draw your bow, bring the nock of your arrow"—he was always very particular about technical terms—"well up to your ear. Having done that, don't bother any more about your right hand. It has nothing to do with the correct pointing of your arrow, for it must be kept close to your right ear, just as if it were screwed there. Then with your left hand bring around the bow so that your fist—with the arrow-head, which is resting on top of it—shall point, as nearly as you can make it, directly at the center of the target. Then let fly, and ten to one you'll make a hit. Now, what do you think of that, for a discovery? I've thoroughly tested the plan, and it works splendidly."

"I think," said I, "that you have discovered the way in which good archers shoot. You have stated the correct method of managing a bow and arrow."

"Then you don't think it's an original method with me?"

"Certainly not," I answered.

"But it's the correct way?"

"There's no doubt of that," said I.

"Well," said Pepton, "then I shall make it my way."

He did so, and the consequence was that one day, when the Champion happened to be away, Pepton won the badge. When the result was announced, we were all surprised, but none so much so as Pepton himself. He had been steadily improving since he had adopted a good style of shooting; but he had had no idea that he would that day be able to win the badge.

When our president pinned the emblem of success upon the lappel of his coat, Pepton turned pale, and then he flushed. He thanked the president, and was about to thank the ladies and gentlemen; but probably recollecting that we had had nothing to do with it,—unless, indeed, we had shot badly on his behalf,—he refrained. He said little; but I could see that he was very proud and very happy. There was but one drawback to his triumph: Miss Rosa was not there. She was a very regular attendant; but for some reason she was absent on this momentous afternoon. I did not say anything to him on the subject; but I knew he felt this absence deeply.

But this cloud could not wholly overshadow his happiness. He walked home alone, his face beaming, his eyes sparkling, and his good bow under his arm.

That evening I called on him, for I thought that, when he had cooled down a little, he would like to talk over the affair. But he was not in. Miss Maria said that he had gone out as soon as he had finished his dinner, which he hurried through in a way which would certainly injure his digestion if he kept up the practice; and dinner was late, too, for they waited for him; and the archery meeting lasted a long time to-day, and it really was not right for him to stay out after the dew began to fall with only ordinary shoes on, for what's the good of knowing how to shoot a bow and arrow, if you're laid up in your bed with rheumatism or disease of the lungs? Good old lady!

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She would have kept Pepton in a green baize bag, had such a thing been possible.

The next morning, full two hours before church-time, Pepton called on me. His face was still beaming. I could not help smiling.

"Your happiness lasts well," I said.

"Lasts!" he exclaimed. "Why shouldn't it last?"

"There's no reason why it should not—at least for a week," I said. "And even longer, if you repeat your success."

I did not feel so much like congratulating Pepton as I had on the previous evening. I thought he was making too much of his badge-winning.

"Look here!" said Pepton, seating himself, and drawing his chair close to me, "you are shooting wild—very wild indeed. You don't even see the target. Let me tell you something. Last evening I went to see Miss Rosa. She was delighted at my success. I had not expected this. I thought she would be pleased, but not to such a degree. Her congratulations were so warm that they set me on fire."

"They must have been very warm indeed," I remarked.

"'Miss Rosa,' said I," continued Pepton, without regarding my interruption, "'it has been my fondest hope to see you wear the badge.' 'But I never could get it, you know,' she said. 'You have got it,' I exclaimed. 'Take this. I won it for you. Make me happy by wearing it.' 'I can't do that,' she said. 'That is a gentleman's badge.' 'Take it,' I cried, 'gentleman and all!'

"I can't tell you all that happened after that," continued Pepton. "You know it wouldn't do. It is enough to say that she wears the badge. And we are both her own—the badge and I!"

Now I congratulated him in good earnest. There was a reason for it.

"I don't care a snap now for shooting an eagle," said Pepton, springing to his feet, and striding up and down the floor. "Let 'em all fly free for me. I have made the most glorious shot that man could make. I have hit the gold—hit it fair in the very center! And what's more, I've knocked it clean out of the target! Nobody else can ever make such a shot. The rest of you fellows will have to be content to hit the red, the blue, the black, or the white. The gold is mine!"

I called on the old ladies, some time after this, and found them alone. They were generally alone in the evenings now. We talked about Pepton's engagement, and I found them resigned. They were sorry to lose him, but they wanted him to be happy.

"We have always known," said Miss Martha, with a little sigh, "that we must die, and that he must get married. But we don't intend to repine. These things will come to people." And her little sigh was followed by a smile, still smaller.

OUT OF THE WORLD.

It is the nature of all things to grow, and the worse they are the faster they grow. Bad habits can take care of themselves; it is only the good habits that require vigilant supervision. I have been carrying on for some years a petty and unequal contest, on a little plot of ground, to develop order, clean growth and fruitfulness, and to suppress the vicious tendencies of the earth to produce disorder, to express itself in a coarse and hateful vegetation, and to riot in slovenliness.

The purity of my purpose and the benevolence of my intentions go for nothing. I purpose to raise a crop of strawberries for the support of the omniverous robin and the enterprising children of the neighborhood. Nature, represented by an alliance of weeds, dirt, and sun, has other views. The contest is always unequal. I must sleep sometimes, and occasionally I wish to go on a journey. These forces, which are my enemies, never sleep and never travel. They work in darkness and they waste at noonday. They are myriad in number and fertile in all useless invention. The liking of men and of gardens to revert to barbarism, when restraint is removed, is the most perplexing phenomenon we encounter.

Why is it that your lawn, which has become smooth and sightly and well rooted with white clover and herd's-grass, yields so ignominiously to an epidemic of moneywort or a sporadic disfigurement of dock? If I plant anything good it thrives only so long as I put my life into it, and coax it with all the anxiety of a regenerated nature. If anything evil drops into the ground it springs

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up, and takes possession, and spreads like socialism, or like bad news. There has not yet been discovered any fruit or flower which is agreeable to the senses, that, when brought into refined associations and cultivated society, can be trusted alone, or that will not, if untended, succumb to the evil influences or join in the riot,—the rank vegetable immorality. The trimmest lawn, if left to its own devices for a month, acquires the abandoned and dissolute aspect of a city communist. Winter in this latitude is welcome for only one reason: it stops growth of every sort, and puts good and bad alike under bonds not to quarrel. It cannot be said to give man himself a rest, for he has to fight for his own life, but if he owns any ground he can look at it with a cynical satisfaction.

If men get weary of this unequal conflict with the evil in nature, and welcome the truce of winter, it is not to be wondered at that harassed souls, tired out with the ever-vigorous growth of passions and desires which need ceaselessly to be curbed and pruned, like to retire into a quiet spot, into a calm society, where nothing grows.

I thought I could understand the solace of the passionless existence of the Shakers, one day late in May, when we turned out of the hard highway to enter one of their peaceful domains.

Our visit was to a family of one of the oldest communities. It was so old that the introduction to its premises had a touch of kindly decay; for we passed through a short avenue of venerable willows, whose giant and scaly stems stood in low, marshy ground, and the long, swaying limbs, more or less decrepit, were as yet scantily clothed with foliage. The rude plank bridge we crossed was also old, and the feeble stream that meandered under it flowed between sedgy banks. I thought it ran from the burying-ground of the community, and reluctantly lost itself in the swampy woods below; but it was a clear stream and peaceful. The country in sight was low, but not level; slight rolls varied the surface, and upon one of these stood the buildings of the society, on either side of a broad grassy street. Just beyond, the ground fell away into low meadows skirted by thin, and, as it appeared, swampy, woods. It could not have been an inviting place for a settlement, and it was probably uncoveted by the enterprising neighbors, when in the last century, while the Revolutionary war was in progress, Ann Lee built her cabin here in the woods,—then the wilderness of Niskeuna,—and taught those who sought her saintly presence the sweets of a passionless life. Ann Lee did not live to organize a community, but the Meeting-house of this society stands upon the traditional site of her cabin, in which it is believed that her soul parted company with what remained—not enough to detain it—of her refined body.

The grassy street we entered was silent. No person was visible; there was no sign of life in the plain gaunt buildings on either side. These buildings, of the architecture of New England barns, but painted white and pierced with windows, made no offer of hospitality. One on the right appeared to be a salesroom and a store-house. Next was the great Meeting-house,—a tabernacle of simplicity, with a hooded door-way. Opposite were workshops, and there were other buildings of which we could not divine the use; but at the end of the campus rose the high-roofed dwelling-house, called "The Home," ornamented with the only vanity of the premises—a low steeple containing a bell. Why was the bell on the dwelling-house instead of on the meeting-house? If we could ring it, would any life be evoked?

The great buildings stared at us with closed doors and windows. For any evidence of humanity, we might as well have been in Pompeii. Had some sudden calamity swept away the community, or was it perhaps the hour of meditation? We waited, we watched, we listened. The silence was profound. It was afternoon, and all the place was flooded with sunlight. Summer had not yet come, but there was premonition of it in the soft gray sky flecked with blue—the veritable color of Cæsar's eyes—and in the wandering wind that moved the low grass gently and had in it yet a little shiver of spring. It was a day when the south side of a friendly barn, where the hens are burrowing in the warm soil, is the most comfortable place in the world.

Had we come this long way merely to see a reed shaken in the wind? Nay, we had come to see a Shaker, and behold, no Shaker, not even the least that is, was visible. It occurred to us to return to what appeared to be the "store," and seek information. It was closed fast like the other houses, as if no customers were desired, and it was only after persistent knocking that the door opened part way and gave to our view the vision of a thin, tall, angular

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female in scant, plain skirts, whose severe face was neither an invitation to the monastic life nor a promise of information. We were put in the position of intruders upon something holy and unattractive. But what right had we (children stained with the world) to expect civility and an angelic face in a person set to guard the portals of celibacy and non-resistance,—a woman who for fifty years had been hardening into the attitude of setting her face against the world? Words were not wasted on us. Could we enter the house?

"Nay."

And we felt that we were not worthy to do so. Could we have the key to the meeting-house?

"Nay."

And the refusal seemed just. Could we go into any of the houses?

"Nay."

The door was now only a crack open. Could we see anybody?

"Find the Elder!"

And the door shut, decidedly. Even a sweet virgin may get sour by standing too long.

The advice to find the Elder was good, but elders were as scarce as youngsters. No person was in sight. We lounged down by the wash-house, alongside of which ran a sparkling brook, noiseless between its grassy banks. In the next building we heard a hammering. Here, then, was life. It seemed to be some sort of a workshop. We entered. Nothing on the first floor. Above, we at last found a door that would open. It opened into a shoe-maker's shop, occupied by a single man.

"Brother," we said, "can you ——?"

"I aint no brother."

"You are not a Shaker?"

"Not much. I'm a shoe-maker. Hired."

"Where, then, are the Shakers?"

"I dunno; in the fields, may be," and the godless man slammed away on his lap-stone to the utter destruction of further conversation.

We went down discomfited. This, we thought, is a strange community, where nobody will commune. Suppose we wanted to join, how could we do it? Since one cannot be born into it, how does he get in? The great barns behind the houses were invitingly open, but they were as empty as the houses appeared to be. Not a "moo," nor a "baa," nor a "bleat" to be heard. I think we should have given up the quest of truth, and gone away convinced that the Shakers had all been absorbed into the ground,—sunk down and not left even a broad-brim above the place of their disappearance as a monument,—if we had not at the moment espied a little school-house hidden in the trees, and two pretty little girls in the yard in front of it, studying their lessons under the shade of a soft maple—a pretty picture of education in its sweetest form. Heaven be praised, here is life at last, and the very beginning of it! We sauntered down toward this spring of knowledge and began a conversation with the little maids, who replied without fear or flutter to our questions in the simple "yee" and "nay" of their order—as modest in demeanor as they were quaint in speech. But the interview had not gone far when it was interrupted by an appearance that made shakers of us all.

The school-marm stood in the door-way. Mother Ann! looked you so in the sweetness of your spring-time, when, perchance, you stood in the porch of the Manchester cottage among the English roses? Perhaps not. I think not, then, so unworldly fair. The school-marm wore a white cap, a white apron over her short gray skirt, and a lavender silk kerchief was crossed over her breast. The formality of this neat simplicity caught a grace from the refined purity of her face. The maid stood in the door-way with one small hand raised on the casing; she spoke to the children; she greeted us in a voice of perfectly modulated sweetness, and regarded us with her large trustful eyes.

How shall I find words, other than those commonly used to describe the bloom of womanhood, and the substantial charm of beauty not too robust, to depict the faint and haunting loveliness of her face? How shall I express the spiritual materialization of a sex winning and tender, without passion and without expectation? Was this the untempted innocence of Eden or was it the innocence of an experience in which all the dross of woman's yearning for earthly love had been purified away? Perhaps you who read this in your skeptical maturity, you for whom the summer nights have ceased to have an unearthly longing, to whom the rosy dawn is no longer an invitation to a pure and joyful life,—perhaps you, in some sentimental June (it is the one thing in life of which you need not be ashamed), folded up and laid away a nosegay—a rose, a sprig of mignonette and a spray of sweet clover. Some day when you open this long-neglected treasure,

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the bloom has gone, the petals have faded, and her gift exhales only a faint and unsensual perfume. And yet, if you are not a lost man, this withered bunch of flowers, this almost insensible odor, like a blessed memory, might express to you something of the pathetic beauty, the ineffable sweetness of our young Sister Mary of the Community of Niskeuna.

The young Shakeress had not appeared to warn us away. Would the gentlemen like to walk in and see the school?

Was it permitted? we asked.

"Yee."

The school-house within was old-fashioned, bare and frigidly plain, but perfectly neat. Within were perhaps thirty girls, most of them children, but a few budding into the attractiveness of sixteen—all in the quaint Shaker dress, all demure, but without self-consciousness. They rose to receive us as we took seats on the platform; and perhaps there was a flush of worldly pride in the face of Sister Mary as she glanced at her orderly array of girls. Truth compels us to say, however, that if we made any impression on the children it was not visible; and the routine of school was suspended and examinations extemporized for our benefit without the least flurry. Artless simplicity and straightforwardness characterized all that was done. We had "sums" and "fractions" and parsing and reading; we had Maine "bounded" and Idaho "bounded," and the world generally bounded, and divided into zones and continents and islands with parrot-like rapidity; and we learned what Rhode Island is "noted for," and what Georgia is "noted for," with that astonishing geographical glibness that girls are noted for before they leave school, but never afterward. We noticed with pleasure that all places are noted for the same stereotyped thing that they were noted for in our youth, and that geography in school continues the same dry and meaningless iteration. We had prim little declamations, with clear enunciation and mechanical gestures, in which memory played more part than feeling,—quite tolerable, however, in a sweet little girl who has no false modesty. And then we had a little comedy acted, out of the reading-book, by half a dozen girls, one of them disguised as an old lady in a Shaker bonnet, two of them shouldering brooms as representatives of martial women's rights, and all taking their parts in perfect gravity, without the least, even perfunctory, sense of humor, but with a sweet sincerity to duty, and wholly oblivious of all the worldliness, the love, the satire on strong-mindedness contained in the play. We are convinced that there could be no vicious influences in a comedy played by Shakers. The teacher was not less pleased than we were with the orderly performance of her scholars. One of our number, a learned professor in perhaps the leading university in the state, in some remarks in which he complimented the pretty school-marm by a roundabout praise of her school, alluded to his own university, but in a way not to wound the sensibilities of any there present. The caution was useless, and the information fruitless. Sister Mary had never heard even the name of the great university, and she remarked, with fascinating simplicity, that she believed her school had adopted all the latest educational improvements. This was a summer school, and for girls only. In the winter there is here a boy's school, taught by the care-taker of the boys. There was in this school-room a charming atmosphere of content, "bounded" by a most wholesome ignorance of the world. The birds were singing in the grove; the scent of spring blossoms mingled with the virginal purity of the place. And we bade our fair young saint good-bye, lingering by the gate and looking back, the prey of unavailing regret that we could not begin our own education over again in a seclusion where a proper limit could be put to it.

The episode of the school-house had broken the spell, for, when we returned to the campus, the community showed signs of life. We accosted an elderly sister who was filling a couple of water-pails at the well. A slight, *maigre* little woman this, with a kindly, pathetic face, from which all curiosity and questioning had long ago vanished,—an etherialized tenement for a woman's soul, if soul still existed,—transparent as porcelain, illumined by a fading light,—many stages further on than Sister Mary. It was not uninteresting to watch the process, in its several stages, of this starvation, criticism, denial, mortification of the flesh, by which the body—all that is gross in it—was gradually expelled, so that death would be a scarcely perceptible change, and the woman would pass away at last like a dissolving view. There was very little left of Sister Martha,—I should think a high wind would easily have lifted her away,—but she was erect, vigorous, springy, and performed the labor of a young woman. She was eighty years old, she told us, and for fifty years had

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lived a most peaceful and happy life in the community. She had charge of the dye-house, and her occupation had been weaving, —an employment now nearly superseded by the factories. Sister Martha became our lively guide about the premises, and, in an upper chamber of the Home, showed us her loom and reels, and all the antiquated implements of a now useless trade. There had been no improvements in her department for half a century.

She unlocked for us the Meeting-house. It is closed during the winter, when the family meet in a small apartment that can be heated. This small apartment would be large enough for the meetings at any time; but in the summer strangers come to the services, and the neighboring "families" join in the worship at the Meeting-house. This is a barn of a building, with raised seats and pews at one end. The rest of the space is a smooth dancing-floor, laid in narrow, well-matched strips, with a row of benches next the wall. On these benches the brethren and sisters sit before they are moved to acts of visible worship. Perhaps it is wrong to speak of this as a dancing-floor. The early members of this sect, we read, sometimes, after sitting awhile in silent meditation, were seized with a mighty trembling, under which they would often express the indignation of God against sin. At other times they were exercised with singing, shouting, and leaping for joy, at the prospect of salvation. They were often exercised with great agitation of body and limbs, shaking, running and walking the floor, with a variety of other operations and signs, swiftly passing and repassing each other, like clouds agitated with a mighty wind. For these exercises, strangers who witnessed them gave the worshipers the appellation of "Shakers." You may call this dancing if you like; and I fear the spiritual bloom of it, as an expression of the indignation of God against sin, has a little passed off, since the worship—conducted in full only in the summer, when large numbers of the worldly are present, among whom the contribution box is passed—has become somewhat of a show. I hope this is not so. I hope that the steps of this rhythmic dance are not practiced beforehand; and I trust that the chants to the modulated movement of the passing and repassing figures are not still less spontaneous and the result of drill, like those of the Greek chorus. It would be very sad if worldly vanity were creeping into these exercises of mighty trembling.

In the Home, all the members of the family dwell together; the sleeping apartments of the men being on one side of the dividing hall, and those of the women on the other. The chambers are large, and are occupied each by two to four persons. The sexes meet in a large hall, which also has an excellent dancing-floor, for social converse and meditation. They also meet at table. The dining-room and kitchen are in the rear and below, on a story level with the sloping ground. The men sit at one table, the women at another; but the women wait upon the men at table—the serving being mostly done by the girls. In this service, and in the other service about the house, we noticed a most tender solicitude on the part of the sisters for the comfort of the brothers. In the care of their rooms and their clothes, and in the consultation of their tastes at table, all the otherwise repressed womanly tenderness seemed to come out. The service seemed sweet to them and due. I suppose sentiment can express itself in a spotless table-cloth, in a dish of snowy potatoes, and in a neat "darn," as well as in tenderer tokens of woman's love. It did not occur to Sister Martha that she was a slave, or that her lot was hard. They all worked.

"Yes," I said, "you work as hard as the men; you make butter and cheese; you weave and dye, and 'can' fruit; you scrub, and clean, and cook, and when you come to the table you are as tired as the men. Why don't you let them take a turn at waiting on the table?"

"I never thought of that," replied Sister Martha, with a faint smile.

There was one institution in this Home which I think could be copied with advantage in large boarding-houses. Two stairways descend from the hall to the dining-room. At the head of each is a small apartment, with a bench running round it. One side is for the men, the other for the women. Here the sexes assemble separately before descending to meals, and sit a little while on the benches in silence in order to compose their minds, get into a quiet frame, and, perhaps, master their merely animal passions before rushing into the presence of their victuals. This little pause before meals is a kind of broad grace; it teaches control, calms excitement and increases the tranquillity of life. The apartment where the men sit was bare, but I saw in the other a large map of Europe suspended on the wall, —doubtless a gentle reminder of the duty

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the sex still owes to geography, and perhaps a half-satirical suggestion that their education in "bounding" was not complete. Signs of intellectual life were not many in the Home. We saw no disturbing and incendiary newspapers. In the room of one brother was a little shelf of books, which the sister pointed out with awe. It contained an almanac, a book on phrenology, some patent-office reports—nothing more succulent. Yet Sister Mary had spoken of this as a library, and said that she believed there was a great deal of good reading in it. Or was it Sister Martha who said this? No matter. Sister Martha informed us that Sister Mary, young as she is, is an elderess. We could well believe it. And probably there is not so lovely an elderess in all the world elsewhere.

The afternoon was waning. Women were returning with their milk-pails. There was a little group near the well and among them boys, mere children, who had come in from work in the garden. It was time for these little fellows, the women said, to have their supper and go to bed. I asked one of the smallest if he liked to work. "Yee." He evidently knew nothing about play. He lived in an atmosphere of affectionate care, but of industry. His amusement was pulling up weeds and picking off beetles from the vines. In all these children there was already the air of resignation and freedom from excitement that characterizes their elders.

If there was one exception to this absolute tranquillity it was the care-taker of the boys, who filled the office of their schoolmaster in winter. He was a Prussian, past middle life, who had been in the community only two or three years, bringing with him the two youngest of his children. He exhibited joy and a little excitement in meeting people from the world, and great delight in finding some one who could speak German with him. He was a lawyer, and had a brother in Berlin in high official life; his wife, since he emigrated to this country, had gone her own way, and he had retired into this safe and serene community. Had he found peace, and was he contented here? we asked. "Perfectly," he said, with some warmth, "perfectly." Our schoolmaster wore the formal garb of the order and his head was covered with the broad-brim. In all externals he was an excellent counterfeit of a Shaker; but I fear he was not dead within. There was a gleam of 'dly interest in his eye that was not in any other eye in the community. He exhibited, somehow, an alarming mental vivacity, and I think it would not need much contact with strangers to waken the old restlessness.

We wished to see the burying-ground of the community, and the grave of Mother Ann. The Prussian gave us directions for finding her resting-place; it was the first grave in the sixteenth row from the road on the north side. We drove around there, and had hardly arrived when the Prussian came running across the swampy field, his coat-tails streaming behind him. (A Shaker ought never to run.) He came, he said, to show us the grave, but we fancied he was more eager for further worldly conversation.

The burial-ground was a low field, overrun with coarse grass and low blackberry vines—plants that I have noticed have an affinity for mortality. The graves lay in parallel rows, with no mark of distinction to tell the occupant of one from his neighbor. Each had a little rough slate head-stone; some of them bore the initials of the dead; most of them had no letters. I am not sure that we found the grave of Mother Ann; there was nothing to distinguish it from the others. The Prussian paced back and forth and counted each way; and settled now upon this mound as covering the sacred dust, and now upon that. There must be a record of it somewhere. But it did not matter. The Shakers do not value the body. It is not of more importance than an old garment, worn threadbare, patched, worn out, and thrown away.

It was very little of Mother Ann that was buried here, very little I fancy even of bodily substance. The inspired prophetess must have mortified and purified, and scared away, if we may say so, the fleshly attributes, until the poor frame could have been lifted by a four-years' child. What could it matter where the remnant, the covering of the soul grown too thin for its office, was laid? Matter is vile at the best. How little will the change be for Sister Martha, when some day the flesh, if flesh we may call it, disappears and leaves her soul naked! To this end of gradual disappearance and imperceptible vanishing has she been tending for fifty years.

This is no place to enter into the mysticism of the Shaker belief. Their outward manifestations are community of goods and a life of celibacy; these, with a power over physical diseases, are the outcome of a

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deeper spiritual belief. God is in nature dual, male and female; and the sexes, male and female, He created in his image. Sex is eternal, and inheres in the soul itself. Jesus, being a male, could only reveal and manifest the *Father* in Christ and in God. But when "the *second* Adam—the Lord from Heaven, a quickening Spirit"—appeared to Ann, and became her spiritual Parents, she, being a female, revealed and manifested the *Mother Spirit* in Christ and in Deity. Ann Lee is not worshiped as the Catholics worship the Virgin Mary, Mother of God; but from the time of the appearing of Christ to Ann in her prison, she was received by the people as a Mother in spiritual things, and was thenceforth by them called *Mother Ann.*

Ann Lee was born February 29, 1736, in Toad Lane, Manchester, England. Her father was a poor but moral and upright blacksmith. Her mother was a pious woman, and from her Ann acquired good habits and piety; but she could neither read nor write. During her childhood she worked in a cotton factory, and afterward as a cook in the infirmary. She had a strong, sound physical constitution, and, although ignorant, possessed remarkable powers and faculties of mind. She must have been highly imaginative, and perhaps education would have saved her from illusions. She was a grave child, early the subject of deep religious impressions, and often favored with heavenly visions.

We read that "in appearance Ann Lee was about the common stature of women. She was thick-set, but straight, well proportioned, and regular in form and features. Her complexion was light and fair, blue eyes, and light chestnut brown hair. Her countenance was mild and expressive, but grave and solemn. Her glance was keen and penetrating; her countenance inspired confidence and respect. Many called her beautiful. At times, when under the operation of the Holy Spirit, her form and actions appeared to be divinely beautiful and angelic."

As she advanced in years she became more strongly impressed with the deep depravity of human nature and the odiousness of sin, especially the sin involved in the marriage relation. Yet, notwithstanding her loathing of the marriage state, she yielded to the importunity of her mother, and married Abraham Stanley, a blacksmith, by whom she had four children, who died in their infancy. The sense of her sin in marriage deepened, and she sought deliverance from its bondage day and night, crying to God all night to open some way of salvation. In 1758, when she was in the 23d year of her age, she united herself to a society of Shakers under the ministration of Jane and James Wardley, and to them she confessed all her, the most secret, sins. Such was her sense of her sins that she wished to confess them to all the world, and she did confess to her Elders, one by one, and repented of them in like manner. There is, she says, no repentance without confession. For her, marriage was the chief of sins. The Shakers do not say that marriage is not proper in a certain order, for "the world"; but it is not a religious institution, and it is not possible in "Christianity." "The beginning of Christianity was the end of generation—of the world—in Jesus."

It is needless to follow the labors, the sufferings, the persecutions, endured by Mother Ann in England, nor to recount her visions and miracles, nor to tell how four clergymen of the Established Church, who were great linguists, testified that they heard her speak in seventy-two different tongues. In 1774, with a little company, among whom was her husband, she landed in New York. The connection between her and Abraham Stanley was soon after dissolved by his marriage with another woman (this is the simple account of it), and Mother Ann went up to live in the wilderness of Niskeuna. She did not here escape persecution and imprisonment; but at last, having finished her work on earth she departed this life on the 8th day of September, 1784, aged forty-eight years and six months.

She besought those about her to put away covetousness, lust and filthiness, to be faithful and do the work God gave them; if they had anything to spare, to give it to the poor. To a sister she said: "Be faithful to keep the Gospel; be neat and industrious; keep your family's clothes clean and neat. See that your house is kept clean and your victuals prepared in good order, and that when the brethren come home from their hard work, they may bless you and eat their food with thankfulness, without murmuring, and be able to worship God in the beauty of holiness. Watch and be careful; don't speak harshly nor cast reflections upon them. Let your words be few and seasoned with grace."

One morning she said she had been all

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night under sufferings, and had seen visions: "I have seen Jane in the world of spirits, praising God in the dance. I have seen young Jonathan Wood among the dead; he was like claps of thunder among them, waking them up. I have been all night with the dead. I heard the archangel sound the trumpet, and I heard Ezekiel's voice [Ezekiel Goodrich had recently died] roar from one prison to another, preaching to the dead, and they gather to him, and are thankful to hear the word of God. And if you do not receive the word of God which is spoken to you, the dead will; for there is not one word of God lost that ever was spoken."

This was said in Niskeuna, in the state of New York, almost a century ago. Here, somewhere near where we stood, under these brambles,—it does not much concern the Shakers exactly where,—not long after, they laid all that was mortal of the inspiring, if not inspired, speaker. I had thought that in this place one could gain some clearer impression of the nature, if not of the presence, of that flaming and gentle spirit, which was able at any time, in the night, to depart out of the body, and to return to it from the company of the dead, and from the sight of their awakening at the call of Jonathan Wood.

But illusions are most difficult to be evoked in those places where we fancy sentiment will be most powerful. The rude fact of this unknown grave was disenchanting. Some one lighted a cigar. The Prussian looked wistfully at it. Would he smoke? His eyes gleamed with the desire that years of repression had not killed. Sometimes he smoked, but not on the premises; there was no rule against it, but the Elder scarcely approved it. Some of the brothers used to snuff; but the self-indulgences had been abandoned. He took a cigar and seemed to enjoy it, although it was a poor one. And he did not refuse a few more for future use. It was difficult, he said, to get anything of the sort in the community.

The man's heart thus opened,—it is well known that exchange of tobacco is a mark of friendship and creates kindly feeling,—I asked him if the community had any of the books of their belief that they would sell, and if I could procure a life of Mother Ann. The community had then no publications to dispose of, and probably none at all. There was a library in his charge of general literature, but he knew of only one book about Mother Ann, and that he owned, and would be happy to give me. But to this transfer it would be necessary to obtain the consent of the authorities.

We walked back across the fields, and when we came to the campus, the Prussian carefully extinguished his cigar and put the remnant away for future communion. We inquired for the Elder, and were told that he was in the wash-house, making soap. This indeed appeared to be his occupation when we found him in an inner chamber. He emerged after a short delay, washed his hands in the running brook, and gave attention to my request to be permitted to receive the book. The proposal evidently struck him as novel, if not without precedent, but perhaps not unreasonable. What kind of a book was it? The Prussian told him. He had never heard of it. Was it a large book? No. Was it a bound book? No. There might be no objection he said, but yet the matter had better be looked into. The Elder was a small man, meager, simple, nearly all kindliness and broad-brim; not a person resolutely to take an intellectual view of every question; one, you would say, who would not experience great difficulty in circumventing and making up his mind; but a resolute little man, nevertheless, and one who was in the habit of deciding things in his little world. While I waited for his decision, I could see that the affair was taking a large and diplomatic aspect in his mind. Finally he decided that he must examine the work, and he and the Prussian, leaving me at the well, with the women and children, walked rapidly away with the long strides of those charged with an affair of moment, and disappeared in one of the buildings. They were gone a long time. My comrades were calling to me from the carriage. They were impatient at my dawdling. I tried by gestures to convey to them something of the magnitude of the undertaking we were engaged in. When even my patience was nearly exhausted, the two men re-appeared; but, instead of coming toward me, they turned away to another building, the elder leading in long strides, the Prussian following as sturdily,—hats set on with grim resolution, coat-tails a little elevated by the rapid movement,—and disappeared round the corner.

I had evidently raised the great question of the age, and perhaps the consequences would be serious. The Elder was certainly

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determined to go to the bottom of it. It required more vigorous action than the making of soap. After another long interval of waiting, my friend appeared. It had been necessary to consult the lay preacher; but the decision had finally been favorable. The book was handed over to me. It was a brief compendium of the Shaker history and belief, with a sketch of Ann Lee, in paper covers, published by the Appletons not longer ago than 1859; a book certainly not rare, and, I should say, a work not difficult to obtain. What the Elder's scruples were about parting with it I could not divine. I fancied that the Elder, whose province was plainly the moral, in distinction from the intellectual, attached an exaggerated importance to the printed word, and my difficulty in obtaining the volume was doubtless in proportion to its size. But I was glad to have it. When I offered to pay for it, our Prussian declined to take anything. He desired to make a gift, and I was not a little touched by the probable fact that it was his only piece of personal property that he could give away. "Besides, he explained, "if I should take money for it, what should I do with the money? There is nothing I could buy with it. We have everything we want." What a soul-satisfying way to regard a dollar! If only we could all come into that frame of mind!

Perhaps there is not in the world a more peaceful spot than the Green at Niskeuna at sunset, when the labors of the day are over and the busy but calm community is settling down for the night. There enters here none of the worry of the world, none of its excitement, few of its interests, so far as we could see. This refuge had its attractions, and we could imagine a state of mind in which it would be longed for. Here is buried physical passion, here is nurtured the spiritual life; that is the theory. Is this abnegation, then, the ideal life?

The Elder and Sister Martha, and others of this excellent company of ascetics, have subdued the body; some of them have not only subdued it, they have nearly annihilated it; I could fancy the clay growing day by day thinner and more transparent, not by decay, not by disease, but by the natural vanishing away of the earthly, until, one calm day it will disappear, and, without a wrench of pain, become invisible. So the spirit will triumph over matter. The body is not worth any consideration, except to keep it pure so long as it is the dwelling-place of the spirit; afterward it is valueless. Why pay it the empty honor of monuments and distinctive sepulcher?

I know that some regard this as the final flower of Christian faith, the natural outcome of that uncompromising piety which, in the language of Mr. Symonds (the "Renaissance in Italy"), means everything most alien to this mundane life,—self-denial, abstinence from fleshly pleasure, the waiting for true bliss beyond the grave, seclusion even from social and domestic ties. In this view of Christianity, which despises the body and turns away from all human beauty, from the delight in youthful faces, blooming color, graceful movement, delicate emotion, from all physical charm, grace of form and strength of limb, this writer on art discovers an irreconcilable antagonism between art and the spirit of Christianity; not because figurative art is immoral, but because it cannot free itself from sensuous associations; because it is always bringing us back to the dear life of earth from which the faith would sever us; because it is always reminding us of the body which piety bids us forget. And undoubtedly the critic is right if his is the correct conception of Christianity; and it is the conception which largely prevailed in the early ages of the faith; it was the mediæval type; it would perhaps claim the majority of the votaries of the faith of Jesus to-day, and it is exemplified in the community at Niskeuna.

For myself, I cannot accept this antagonism of art and Christianity as final, and I believe it is inferred—let us say that it exists—in a misconception of what Christianity is or should be. Perhaps in time we shall come to know that infidelity as to matter is as blighting as infidelity as to spirit. We did not see at Niskeuna any evidence of superior intellectual and moral or spiritual growth in consequence of the pietism which bids us to forget the body. We saw rather feebleness, pettiness of life, want of any uplifting, ennobling enthusiasm, and a gradual death of humanity itself, which the teachings of science in regard to the intimate union of body and mind would lead us to expect when one of the two partners of our mortal life is reduced to nonentity.

Science do we say? Religion rather, or religion as well. Did it need science to recall a timid Christianity to the truth that God created the body as well as the soul, and created it to honor—a living temple? Why is it not a part of religion to honor it? A stunted mind is the natural accompani-

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ment of a stunted body. God is the creator of matter as truly as he is of mind. Who shall say that he despises, or teaches us by any revelation to despise, matter? It must be a spurious religion that makes beauty an alien in His world. We cannot agree that our Puritan ancestors were justified in their mistrust of the plastic art, and we look for the day when Christianity, no longer in an infidel attitude as to a portion of God's work, shall bloom with new vigor in the old Greek joyousness in physical life.

INSIDE THE CASTLE.

THOSE who chance to remember my Mosel papers* may recall the disappointment occasioned by a refusal of admission into Schloss Eltz, to which I gave ardent expression. I subsequently received a very frank explanation from Count Eltz and a cordial invitation, should I again visit Germany, to make an especial visit to his castle. Last summer the opportunity offered.

This most interesting relic of the middle ages, and of the dark ages which preceded them, lies remote from all ordinary lines of travel, for the Mosel is not to be considered among these. We were a party of three (two ladies), who had met for the excursion at Andernach on the Rhine. We started toward evening, and drove to the Laacher See, where we renewed our pleasant experience of its summer hotel. The next day we traversed the high, bleak plain of the volcanic Eifel, and lunched at Münster Maifeld. All this has been described before, and also the approach to the deep wooded ravine through which the Eltzbach flows, and the crest of which is overlooked by the ruins of Pyrmont and Trutz Eltz; so, too, has the exterior of the Schloss, that wonderful revelation of romance which greets one at a certain bend of the path, half-way down its steep incline. To one born to a familiarity with the belongings of the old, old days, this sight may bring less stirring emotions; but to us, never familiar with gray antiquity, and now fresh from the youth and newness of America, it appealed as few other sights could. I must say it again: "I believe there is hardly a spot on earth where one so entirely loses identity as a member of modern society, and drinks in so fully the real flavor of mediæval days as on this hill-side, where all that one can see is heaven and earth and the wonderful Schloss Eltz." The intervening years dropped from our memory, and under the same calm sky, and with the same full hearts, we saw again, buried in the same solitude and stillness, the mellow gray walls and the grand sturdy pile of turret and tower, which nine centuries of life and death, of love and hate, of peace and war, of care and neglect, have clothed with a mantle of richest reminiscence. Its encircling hill-sides, dark with forest and bathed in summer sunshine, shut out every sight and sound of the active world, and hold this grand and completest relic of Rhenish feudalism, untouched by the faintest breath of modern reality. So deeply did the whole scene impress us that it seemed a questionable boldness to claim admission for our mortal bodies into the time-hallowed halls of the castle.

We were armed now with the passport of a personal invitation. We were expected guests,—but by whom expected? Should we be met by warder and retainers in buckskin and armor, or would the shades of dead knights and gay pages and jesting dwarfs lead us through the resounding halls, filled with uproarious mirth, and the jingling of oft-quaffed beakers? A rusty old bell-pull, at the side of a huge, iron-studded, weather-beaten oaken door, wide enough to admit a loaded wagon, awakened the far-away clamor of an aged bell, and brought fierce hounds growling to the portal. And then, a chiding woman sent them to their kennels, opened the little wicket and took our cards. She soon returned, smiling and pleased, and led us up the rough-paved, black-vaulted, steep road-way to a paved inner court-yard walled in on every side by Schloss Eltz,—no longer by the stern stone front it shows to the outer world, but by quaint Gothic timber and masonry, rich colored and in good repair, which better befits its secure and domestic position. Along the side of the court were ranged the round, hammered stones thrown into the stronghold by that chief of the church militant, Archbishop Baldwin of Trier, from his tower of Spite-Eltz, whose crumbling ruin we had passed.

We were led to a large, deep-windowed

* The Bride of the Rhine: Two Hundred Miles in a Mosel Row-boat, published in SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY in 1876, and in book-form in 1877.

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room, with a huge fire-place and heavy old oaken furniture. Curious old portraits—of the sixth grandfather of the present count, Anton von Eltz, his wife and his five sons—hung on the walls, and there was a pervading air of age and stern simplicity. Here we lay stranded for some time, looking out through the deep casements upon the valley below, and conning over our strange and unusual surroundings. Presently there appeared, not a glaived warrior, but a gloved steward, who welcomed us formally and cordially in his lord's name, and recited his instructions to show us all that the castle has to offer.

One does not accept hospitality with note-book in hand, and no man's memory could recall all the features of that marvelous ramble,—upstairs and down-stairs and in my lady's chamber; now up the winding staircase of a turret and into a stately guest-chamber; now through a secret door and down stone steps into a chapel; up again by staircases in walls, and out through wide portals into halls; into boudoir and watch-tower, down into dungeon and across the court and into old halls turned into lumber-rooms; now into a vacant chamber with frescoed oratory, through occupied and empty rooms, past kitchens where busy servants were at work, into a great bare Rittersaal, stripped for its restoration, and into the temporary armory, rich with armor and arms of many centuries. There were the chassepot rifle and the perforated breast-plate immortalized in the legend of the beautiful Bertha von Eltz, who, in the absence of the lord of the castle, led his retainers to repel an assault and lost her life in its successful defense. There were steel cross-bows, sprung by machinery, and an endless variety of serviceable and ornamental weapons. Scattered about through the building, in use and in disuse, were many articles of furniture of unknown antiquity.

Schloss Eltz is nearly, if not quite, unique in that it has never been conquered or demolished, and that it is still occupied by the family which founded it far back in the very night of time. The account of its origin is purely traditional and legendary. There is authentic mention of it in the eleventh century, and its positive records are of very ancient date. The vicissitudes through which it may have passed are largely conjectural, but that it has always remained in the direct line of its original founders seems not to be questioned. Its immunity from destruction during the invasion of Louis XIV's army was probably due to the fact that one of its family, who had large estates in Lorraine, had taken service under his flag. When every other considerable stronghold in western Germany was sacked and laid waste, Schloss Eltz was spared, and it remains to this day a visible record of the architecture and material surroundings of the historic nobles of the Rhineland. At the same time, although preserved against plunder and devastation, its treasures have suffered greatly from carelessness and neglect.*

The castle was at one time the property of four distinct branches of the Eltz family, and part of it fell into sad disrepair. The interests were gradually merged, until the grandfather of the present count, by a final purchase, brought the whole property into his sole possession. With Count Karl von Eltz, it is no longer a chief residence. It is too inaccessible and far too lonely to be the constant home of a cultivated modern family. But it is cherished as a historic treasure, and as a great glory of the house. The work of restoration now going on is most judicious and truthful, aiming only at the preservation of that which has, at one time or another, existed in actual use. The ponderous new furniture—all simple and bare of luxury—is being made by the rude wood-workers of the villages about. The armor and other curiosities, which are only temporarily removed from the Rittersaal, are largely the actual objects which have been used in the family, and are all historically appropriate.

As in this collection one may go back to

*In a paper in the "Rheinischer Antiquarius," one Conrad von Eltz (1080) is named as an ancestor of the family, but little is known concerning him and the succeeding five generations. Accurate knowledge of the house goes back to the twelfth century, but it is doubtful whether or not it was then noble. The first one called knight is Hermann von Eltz (1245), the second, William von Eltz (1264), and the third, Charles von Eltz (1275),—all these appearing as witnesses of certain documents. Launcelot von Eltz (1300), and his brother, Percival von Eltz (1307), lived in Trier.

The castle was feudal until 1354, when the Emperor Charles IV. gave it its freedom.

All the members of the family were famous, especially Jacob von Eltz, born about 1500. He was made Dean of the Cathedral, October 13, 1547, and elevated to the princely chair of Archbishop Elector of Trier, April 7, 1568. He was especially celebrated for his wise liberality during the time of drouth and famine of 1574-5. He died January 4, 1581.

Philip Charles von Eltz, born October 26, 1665, was, on the 9th of June, 1732, made Archbishop Elector of Maintz, and in 1733, the Emperor Charles VI. elevated his whole family to countship. He died March 21, 1743.

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the very early history of the house and follow it down to the present day, so in the structure itself there are to be seen undisturbed evidences of the handiwork of each generation. Nearly a thousand years ago it was probably the fortified home of men living by right of might. It is now the winter hunting-lodge of an educated gentleman. Through all the intervening ages, it has been the scene of the appropriate life of its time.

Our ramble ended,—from garret to cellar,—we were shown to the chief dining-hall of the castle, where the best that kitchen and cellar afforded was set before us, and we drank a quiet glass of good Rhine wine to the continued well-being and renown of the noble family zu Eltz.

THE COOK OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

About the time the Emancipation Proclamation was getting to be a recognized fact among its beneficiaries, it is related that the following dialogue occurred between two freedmen :

"What all disher business 'mount to, any way—yo' reckon de's gwine put y' all in de army now?"

"Yo' talkin' fool talk, nigger! Ain' yo' neber been see two dogs fightin' ober bone 'fo' now?" replied the other.

"Co'se I is—but I dunno what dat dar matter got do wid disher," rejoined the first.

"Well, den, yo' ain' neber been see de bone fight none, is you? Dat's what."

Nevertheless, in the grand total of events which we sum up comprehensively as "the war," the negro was no insignificant figure, and the part actually played by him was far less passive than a stranger might have inferred from the above dialogue. The enlistment of negro troops, with all the complications to which it gave rise, was still a wise stroke of policy on the part of the Federal administration, while, on the opposing side, the peculiar institution was made available for the performance of numerous offices which would otherwise have withdrawn many muskets from the ranks. Vast tracts of fertile country, whence the able-bodied white population had been called away to other sowing and harvesting, were still made to yield sustenance for the armies by slave labor under direction of the few exempts left at home; and in constructing fortifications, and as teamsters at dépôt posts, the blacks did yeoman's service.

But, in contradistinction to these compulsory Confederates who went to the wars only in the equivocal sense in which the mountain came to Mohammed, there was a large class who found a service eminently congenial to the erratic habits of their race in attendance upon their masters in the army. Whatever possibilities there might be for him in the issue of the contest, the army darky was in the enjoyment of the nearest approach to perfect bliss of which he had any conception, and of a larger liberty than was vouchsafed to his superiors pending its continuance. There was sufficient pomp and circumstance even in the Southern army to tickle his taste for display; the nomadic, happy-go-lucky mode of life suited him to a fraction. His duties were light and irregular, and his perquisites large. His love of novelty and change was continually being gratified, and his social instincts found infinite scope amidst the large following of his own class which the Southern forces brought into the field. In the earlier days of the war, and in the mounted service especially, this often exceeded in number the muster of fighting men. The mode of its organization naturally attracted the wealthier class into the ranks of the cavalry, and there were entire companies in which each trooper was attended by his swarthy Sancho, for the performance of stable duty. Throughout all arms of the service, indeed, and until within a year of the termination of hostilities, these retainers were still to be found in the proportion of one to each mess, in many regiments.

Their ranks represented as many social sorts and conditions as did those of the fairer race, and distinctions of caste were alike observed: from the gentleman's gentleman—whether the bearer of the grand old name in the possessive sported the stars of a general or carried a musket in the ranks—down to the rude field-hand transformed through stress of military necessity into a cook, the *pas* was rigorously exacted by each in his turn throughout the descending scale according to a code whose binding force was quite independent of formulation. But native talent will push its way through all obstructions of rank, and ignore distinctions of "race, color, and previous condi-

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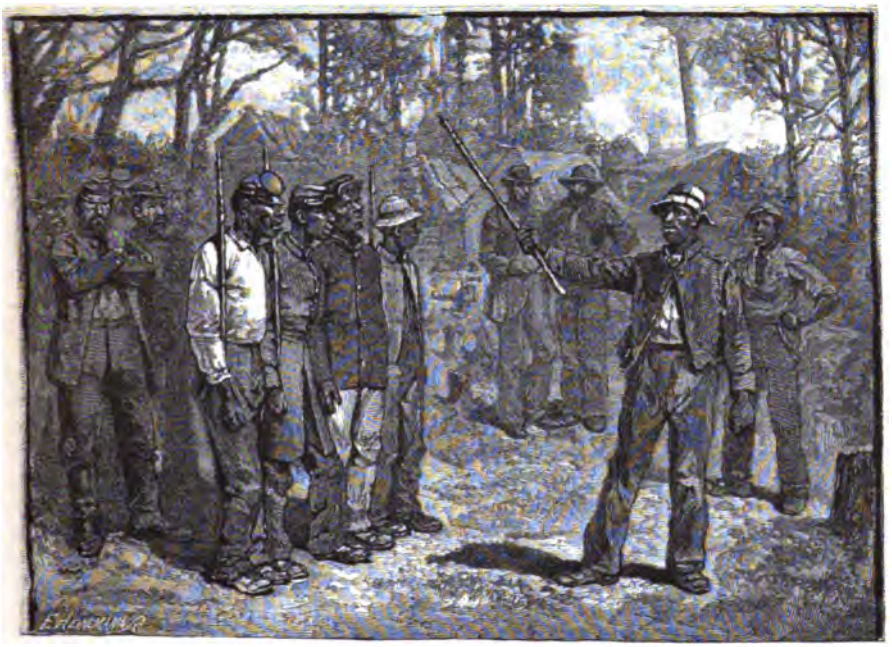
tion of servitude," and one or two such pronounced types have been selected for treatment here, partly because of their prominence but mainly because they have happened to come under the personal observation of the writer, who undertakes to declare only the things whereof he knows.

In the —th regiment of Virginia infantry, does" is an adage of especial applicability to war times; and Bill's deeds—or, for unity's sake, we may say his *doin's*—were of a sort which veiled all his blemishes of person. His skill in the improvisation of ways and means did sometimes seem to amount to black art; but the declaration of his mess, to the effect that he "beat the devil," must not be understood as having any reference



DRESS PARADE.

there was no character more widely known than "Bill Doin's." That was not his real name, by the way, but a *nom de guerre*,—acquired through a habit the owner had of designating his personal belongings, and especially the utensils peculiar to his calling, by the generic title of "my doin's,"—and there are probably not a dozen men of the regiment who ever knew him by any other. He was a cream-colored fellow, loosely hung together, lanky and long drawn out as to figure, and with a physiognomy the sides of which were as distinct, one from the other, as the tones of "Orator Puff,"—one being normal, and the other disfigured by a scar which had drawn up the wing of the nose, given a cock to the eye and a twist to the corner of the mouth, and imparted to his countenance on that side a sinister cast, suggesting the Mephistopheles of the operatic stage. But "handsome is as handsome

to the casual resemblance above noted. Of the culinary corps of the gallant —th, he was *facile princeps*, and ruled the roast without a rival, for he embodied those qualities to which mediocre men invariably yield homage. The fact that he was the henchman of an officer had little to do with this pre-eminence, for the colonel's valet was a personage of far less significance—with the cook-boys; Bill Doin's ranked him badly. It is true that the latter inspired a certain degree of awe; but he did not kindle enthusiasm. Like his master, he had come to the regiment a stranger, and not by the popular choice; there was a flavor of West Point about him, so to speak, which did not suit the taste of these citizen soldiers of African descent. Bill was not exactly to the manner born; he had drifted into the regiment—and, indeed, into the Confederacy—by an accident of his peace-time avocation,

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which he himself would have defined, in a general way, as "follerin' the water." He had been a hand before the mast aboard a Chesapeake craft in the oyster trade, which, being in Virginia water at the time of the state's secession, lost her entire crew by the prevailing epidemic, from the captain down to Bill Doin's. But Bill was a cook-boy before he was a soldier, and the handy ways acquired in the caboose now stood him in good stead in the camp, and, notwithstanding his foreign derivation, he went rapidly to the front rank of his profession in the new field. For a while, his fame did not extend much beyond the limits of his company; but true genius will not long brook obscurity, and the chances of active campaign soon developed Bill's knack of compensating for paucity of material by fertility of resource.

The hard-fought battle of Sharpsburg was just over, and McClellan had sustained a sufficient check to secure the Confederates in unmolested retreat across the Potomac. In anticipation of this movement, the trains had already been sent over; but the troops were still in line of battle on the Maryland side, awaiting further development of the intentions of the enemy, before they followed. In this situation of affairs, an order was received by the subsistence officers with the wagons of the —th to prepare immediately an issue of cooked rations, and to send them over to the regiment. Now, it so happened that the transportation had gotten rather "mixed," owing to the haste and confusion of crossing the river in the darkness; so that, while there was flour in abundance at hand, the wagon containing the "cooking tools" had gone on some miles further. To look it up before daylight, in the throng of others filling the roads and fields beyond Shepherdstown, would have been as hopeful as hunting for a needle in a hay-stack, and even if found, the utensils would have been quite insufficient for the preparation of so large a provision at once. By loss, breakage, and other accidents of the arduous campaign just concluded, the number of serviceable pots and skillets had dwindled to a minimum. Bill's company claimed proprietorship in a single implement—an old *hoe*, which served in lieu of other oven. But Bill, though bereft of his legitimate "doin's," was equal to the occasion. A man who had often tossed up a meal in the cuddy of a pitching "pungy," in a head wind, was not to be daunted by difficulties; and he marshaled his forces with a confidence which was contagious. No time was lost in bringing the wagons down from the high bluff overhanging the river by the winding road which led to the ford below; the barrels were unloaded and rolled down to the water's edge, where Bill and his satellites were ready to receive them. A substantial fence skirted the road, and, as an act of military necessity, Bill promptly commanded this to be fired, while he unheaded a barrel, and without breaking bulk of its contents, proceeded, with water from the river, to work them into dough. It was rude bakery, certainly; but the question of the moment was of quantity and speed, rather than of quality; and Bill kept his assistants busy running to and fro between the river and the fires, fetching the water in canteens, and carrying off the "pones," as he rapidly turned them out, to be baked. The headings and staves, as each barrel was emptied, were used first for baking the bread, hoe-cake fashion, before the fires, and as fuel for the latter, as the dry rails burnt out.

Bill's genius not only solved the problem of provisioning the gallant —th, but also made a close shot at the perpetual motion; once started, the flour, so to say, cooked itself. And when the last batch was baked, the bread was packed in bags and shelter-tents, and borne high and dry on the heads of Bill's brigade, across the river and up to the hungrily expectant line of battle on the Maryland side. To have given check to McClellan was all very well, though on this point authorities differ; but whoever won or lost Sharpsburg, this chronicle claims a Confederate victory of which official reports make no mention, and bespeaks the honor, too long withheld from Bill Doin's, who then and there trumped a stronger card than "Little Mac,"—to wit, General Starvation!

From this time forth, Bill's abilities found a more extended scope for their exercise, and he became a regimental character, in the capacity of caterer for a mess comprising some of the "field and staff." In that much-harried territory skirting the upper Potomac, which supported one army or the other without respite, from the beginning to the close of the war, he seemed to divine by a species of intuition the farm-houses where there was any prospect of prog. Rarely was his foraging bootless. Commissaries, though armed with the power of impressment, might sally forth and return with empty rattling wagons at night-fall; the trust which was vain when reposed in chariots and horses ripened into assurance when Bill Doin's hove in sight, and one mess at least felt secure from

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the necessity of going supperless to bed. In these operations, he was much hampered by other agencies than the mere scarcity of provisions. The flagrant evil of straggling which had resulted from the incessant marching and fighting of some weeks before, had necessitated the most stringent measures for its suppression, and Bill was perpetually getting into trouble with patrolling provost-guards who, deceived by his bright complexion and straight hair, insisted upon reversing the decree which had consigned him to the maternal caste and claiming him as a man and a brother in arms, out of bounds without leave. But Bill was up to every move on the board, and soon found a way to flank the provost. By some mysterious convention, a cavalry man might roam at large without let or hindrance, when an infantry soldier dared not venture beyond the limits of his brigade camp unless fortified with a pass, and Bill lost no time in taking advantage of this immunity by providing himself with a mount. His old sorrel nag, bearing the distinguished name of "Stonewall," was the complement of himself, affording not only the means of extending his explorations over a wider field than he could cover afoot, but also providing the necessary transportation for supplies when achieved. The early history of this remarkable steed is involved in obscurity; there are reasons for believing that he was of Southern origin, though the brand on his fore shoulder attested that, like his namesake, he had begun his military career in the service of "Uncle Sam;" for Northern horses, when put upon Confederate fare, were rarely capable of the endurance which he manifested. This argument, however, is open to objection, since, under the auspices of his provident master, Stonewall may have been as independent of quartermasters as was Bill's mess of commissaries. In common with his owner, Stonewall possessed the quality distinctive of a "singed cat,"—of being better than he looked; though, as for that, there was seldom much of him visible, when on duty, except his head and tail, the intermediate space being obscured by various edible and potable forage, and by Bill Doin's. It was wonderful what an amount of vitality was bound up in that frowsy and sun-burnt old sorrel hide, for in those stirring times which tried men's soles, it was no light work, quartering miles of country and keeping abreast of the foot-cavalry. But whether because he had touched the limit of equine endurance, or that in virtue of his presumably Southern derivation he was averse to the policy of aggression, Stonewall could not be induced to accompany the advance into Pennsylvania, and when within a day's march of the Potomac, he incontinently "nullified." To his credit it should be stated, that he still manifested his usual willingness of spirit in spite of the infirmity of his flesh, and though his last legs declined to carry him forward, they went through the motions by executing a species of pantomimic gallop in their tracks, like a soldier "marking time"! Persuasive and coercive measures proving alike vain to move him further, Bill reluctantly sold him to a passing farmer for eight dollars in Confederate currency,—the actual cost of a new set of shoes with which Stonewall had been equipped that morning.

But Bill's enterprising spirit was not to be put down by so trifling an accident of war, and Stonewall had numerous successors. But from the date of the latter's retirement from public life, his master exhibited a marked inconsistency in the matter of his steeds, changing from one to another with the facility of a circuit preacher. For quartermasters had an unpleasant notion that captured animals should be turned in to their department, and Stonewall had only escaped confiscation because superficial examination had failed to detect his merit, and he had been passed as not worth claiming. Occasionally Bill would appear mounted as became a bold dragoon; but for obvious reasons, as above stated, these seasons of glory were brief and far between; more frequently the animal was some castaway "plug," wounded in action or abandoned on the road because of lameness or of some incorrigible saddle-gall—"the last of many scars" which invalidated his gallant back. These disqualifications for military duty in the strict sense would, for a while, secure Bill in undisputed possession of his prize. But as soon as by careful nursing and provident foraging he had converted the waif into something like a serviceable nag, some officious assistant quartermaster would be sure to spy out Uncle Sam's trade-mark, and Bill would be summarily reduced to an infantry footing again. Between the quartermasters and the provost, he had "a hard road to hoe"; and whether mounted or afoot, he was alike beset, until, at length, disgusted with service in the line, he went over bodily to the enemy by entering the commissary department, and so vanished from the field embraced in these annals.

Our next subject, who was thorough-

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bred beyond dispute, proved more steadfast and enduring. "Gin'ral Boeygyard" was an *attaché* to Company "C," heretofore mentioned in these memoirs, of which Mess No. 5 was not disposed to view uncharitably so venial and general a failing. It has even been intimated that much of the general's popularity with his mess was won

PERPETUAL MOTION.

organization he followed the fortunes and shared the misfortunes, to the bitter end of its career. Concerning his official title, —retained here for reasons which concern the writer personally, and would not interest the reader,—it is sufficient to say that it related to services lying altogether outside of the line of duty, as defined by those claiming authority over the bearer. Notwithstanding the scriptural declaration that no man can serve *two* masters, the general yielded obedience to six, such being the number, by the actual count of mouths, of the mess over whose culinary destinies he presided. But Boeygyard's generalship was more than a match for the outside odds against him. He could not pretend to any superior skill in his art, and his personal habits were scarcely such as would pass muster in a well-ordered *ménage;* but in the Confederate cookery-book the most significant clause of each recipe was, "First *catch* your fish," and estimates of proficiency in the *cuisine* were characterized by a studious attention to this principle. Moreover, as to the rights of property, the general was, like most of his race, a little vague; but, as he drew the line vigorously around the military family in whose service he was retained, in ways that were dark, and that his talent of acquisitiveness covered a multitude of sins, in more senses than the orthodox one; that there are yet living those who, if put upon oath, might testify concerning certain "turns" of fire-wood, conveyed by night and under stimulus of liberal reward and no questions asked, to a particular bell-tent sacred to the privacy of the mess,—all this at or near Fredericksburg, Va., at or about the end of the winter of 1862–3, when fuel was "as scarce as hen's teeth" in the camps of the A. N. V. In the spirit of strict confidence which should govern the relations of writer and reader, it is competent to admit a declaration, however seemingly irrelevant, which may still serve to cast some light upon the matter under consideration, and which may be relied upon as authentic. This was originally offered, in plea of an increase of tariff, by Boeygyard himself, and was as follows:

"Y' all gwine git me killed yit, some o' dese nights; dem da men ober in de —th" (another regiment of the same brigade) "done got wile as hawks!"

The writer, who happened to be within earshot, distinctly heard the words above uttered in a grumbling tone, as the general slipped

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away in the darkness to his blanket, there to revive, perchance, his

"Hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach"

of—let us say the rules of military etiquette.

But if the luster of the general's fair fame was not altogether undimmed by the breath of detraction within the pent-up Utica of a winter-quarter camp, where gossip was the one relief from enforced inaction, all tarnish was speedily rubbed off when the army broke up from the Rappahannock and began its march northward, and universal admiration succeeded factious caviling, as the chances of the campaign developed his abilities, while affording a larger scope for their exercise and in more legitimate directions. The policy and conduct of the Gettysburg undertaking have formed the subject of more criticism, perhaps, than have all the other operations of the war combined. A host of commentators of every class—soldiers and civilians, pedagogues and parsons, from the Congressional committee to the Comte de Paris—have ciphered and cross-questioned, the pages of Early, while the "Later Rambles" of Professor Jacobs may delight the readers of romance. But it is not among the purposes of the present paper to discuss a matter which was settled in the most definite way sixteen years ago; these jottings from memory may, or may not, serve as material for the "future historian"; but, while we are taking evidence for that much talked-of personage, upon whom either faction relies to give a final verdict in its favor, due weight should be allowed to the testimony of General Boeygyard. From the Confederate point of view, it is to be regretted that the vexed question could not be decided thus, for the writer undertakes to pronounce on the general's behalf that the Pennsylvania invasion of 1863 lacked nothing of complete success. From the passage of the Potomac, his progress was a series of triumphs, each eclipsing the other in brilliancy. At the first notes of the "drummer's call," before reveillé in the morning, he would disappear, to be seen no more of his associates until the end of the day's march. But the general's ramblings, however devious, had a definite

BILL DOIN'S AND STONEWALL.

spouted and scribbled, over the famous battle-field; Batchelder has reduced it to rods and perches, and Bret Harte to rhythmic feet; those who fancy facts and figures may ponder end and purpose continually in view. When the troops, having refreshed themselves from the heat and burden of the day by release from harness and by copious ablutions, were

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beginning to think of other refreshment, then the general's visage glowed with mingled pride and perspiration, as he shucked off his plethoric haversacks and weighty canteens, and read, "Well done, good and faithful servant," in the speaking looks of the

done got my dinner, dey tuk me in de dine-room an' sot me down at de table, an' gin me jis all I kin eat, and de white ladies dey wait on me,—ef dey didn't, hope I may nebber eat nuther moufful long's I lib. Den when I done eat all I want, I tell

OTIUM CUM DIGNITATE.

mess. Highway and by-way were alike explored, that nothing might lack to grace the banquet; and now were deployed before appreciative eyes the callow chicken, the odoriferous onion, with bland buttermilk in abundance as a corrective; loaf bread,—"salt riz," of that heroic mold known only to Dutch farmers,—flanked by appetizing apple-butter, snowy smear-kase, and dulcet honey, while, with the spirit of a true epicure, the purveyor of all this bounty did not omit to heighten the zest of those who were to be partakers of the same, by recounting the difficulties under which it had been procured, and his own address in overcoming them:

"Dese yer sart'n'y is funny people 'bout here, but dey *does* lib well, an' dey don' 'pear to keer 'bout vittles, no mo'n nuffin, long 's y' all don' bre'k too many limbs off 'n de che'y trees and don' sturve de hosses. Dat dar house wid de big red barn whar I um I mus' git on to camp now and dey fill my haversock chock full and tell me dar sumpen for my supper. So de nex' house; I leab dat dar one out in de fence corner and takes in de em'ty ones, an' when I done got all on 'em full den I come on 'long. I till 'em I aint gin'ly hungry much tell I git done travelin' 'n' go back to camp, 'n' no mo' I wa'n't 'ca'se I done eat so much I mos' ready to bus' open."

In the course of these wanderings, Boeygyard's allegiance was more than once put to the proof, and to fortify the arguments brought to bear upon him he was frequently assured that utter disaster awaited the invading force. Not only was his virtue sufficient under temptation, but he was also duly mindful to exercise a reciprocal moral influence for the enlightenment of those to whose enticement he consented not; and he related, with the enjoyment which comes of the consciousness of having deserved

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well of one's country, how he had repelled such an advance of the enemy by a countercharge:

"'Twas one ole man wha' I seed to-day 'lowed 't wa'n't none on y' all gwine git back 'cross de 'Tomac no mo'; 'lowed Gin'l Hooker gwine be here fo' long wid a million o' men. I till him y'all don' gin'ly start out wid nutten less 'n *two* million, 'sides de artillery; tell him dese here what he been see ain' no mo' 'n de 'vance gya'd, no way—de tail eend o' de column ain' nuver bim got cl'ar o' Richmon' yit, an' de calv'ry done gone on a raid up 'long tow'ds Philidelfy an' New York! I tell you dat ole man open he eyes *wide*,—nuver say no mo' 'bout Gin'l Hooker 'n' he little ole million men—yah."

Such arduous services in the line of duty might well merit occasional seasons of repose, and such release from care was all the sweeter because it came just when less provident purveyors were busy preparing rations for the next day's march. Then Boeygyard's triumph culminated, as he reclined at full length before the fire, and while enjoying his pipe, threw out sundry gratuitous remarks of sympathy or of counsel:

"Is y' all niggers gwine set up all night foolin' long o' dat dar ole bull beef an' spider-bread? How come y' all don' lay down 'n' res' yo'sif some?—'pears like yo' gwine cook *all* de time! I ain' keerin' so much 'bout cookin' myse'f dese days, and I gwine sleep soon eber I done smoke out disher pipe an' cool off little bit; mus' be gittin' up soon in de mornin'—done 'gage some warm light bread for breakfas' down dar at de house; my men 'low dey won' eat none o' dat ole truck, like y' all wuckin at, an' I has to 'commodate 'em. Well—ef yo' *will* set up, far *you* well!"

Boeygyard's popularity was not at all impaired by his sarcastic habit of speech, in which there was indeed no trace of ill-nature. The cook-boys of Company "C" acknowledged him as their head, and as such he showed a marked talent for organization; during the long season of inactivity comprised within the winter months, he was rigorous in the exaction of drills and parades of his force, which numerically and otherwise bore close resemblance to the army of Bombastes. But in those times, "skeleton" commands were not anomalous, and there were stars which shed their luster over territory of little greater extent than that illuminated by the humble imitation in the shape of a pair of plated buckles, which our general sported on his jacket collar. Concerning these insignia, delicacy forbids to say further than that they had originally and fundamentally been associated with the order of knighthood with which Britain rewards only her most deserving lieges, and in bar of any misgiving in the reader's mind, the writer begs to add a somewhat musty proverb as not quite inappropriate—"*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*" It is to be regretted that Boeygyard's performances in the field did not add the force of example to the principles which he labored to inculcate, and that, as has been the case with other generals, his fine array refused the test of actual service. Such a miscalculation was the cause of some trouble to Mess No. 5, which by the defection of its cook, while in the trenches was reduced for eight days to a diet of onions supplied by a peripatetic sutler, at the moderate figure of twenty-five cents apiece; a certain heat which characterized the next interview between Boeygyard and the mess, may be fairly referable to so prolonged a subsistence upon so pungent a pabulum. But by degrees the general became more accustomed to the sight of blue coats, and while the armies were confronting each other in the fortified lines about Richmond, the project formed itself in his mind of capturing "one o' dem Yankee niggers" and selling him for his personal profit. One snowy day, while he was upon the errand of conveying rations to one of his mess on vidette duty, he was reminded by the latter that the chance was favorable; only a few yards separated him from the Federal vidette—a medium-sized "chattel" whom the general might have "toted" on his shoulder.

"Now's your chance, General," urged the mischievous man of war; "yonder's 'Corporal Dick' by himself; you can gather him right in."

Boeygyard hailed his intended victim, and proposed to go over and have a talk with him—who, guileless as to the Punic character of the treaty, assented, and the would-be enslaver made a few cautious steps into the narrow belt of neutral soil between the lines. At this juncture the vidette began to stamp his feet violently to restore the circulation. Boeygyard's fears misconstrued the movement as indicative of an advance of the enemy, and he promptly reversed the policy of his campaign, and, as a preliminary to defensive measures, took to his heels, without once stopping to see

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if he was pursued, until he was safe behind the breastwork, a good quarter of a mile in the rear.

The following incident, related by a friend of the writer who was an eye-witness, and introduced here with his sanction, seems to define in epitome the military status of the branch of the service under consideration:

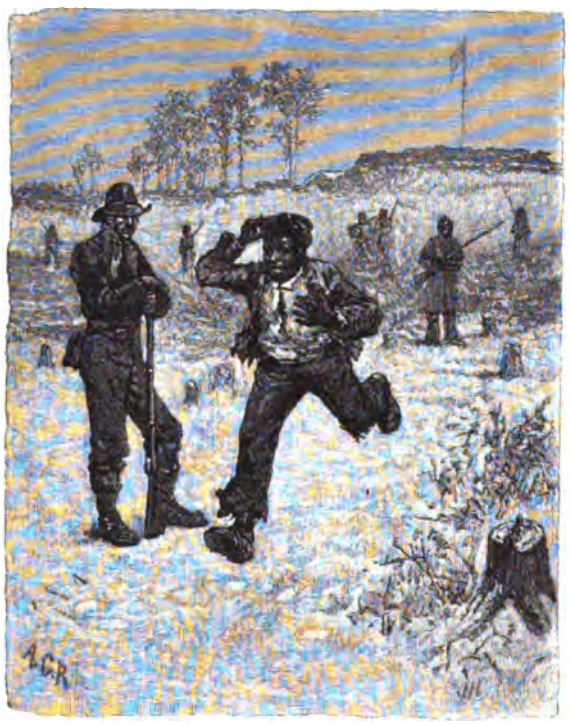
At a railroad station in Mississippi, shortly after the war, a negro vender of peaches was holding forth to some others engaged in similar traffic to this effect:

"I tell y' all, niggers, yo' donno nuffin, An' me an' Gen'l Forres' we formed de line, dar, right on de ribber sho', an' we fit dar clean till de sun went down, an de ribber was run red wid blood an' dead men. I tell you what—I'd a-gi'n a *million* dollars dat day ef I'd 'a-knowed I was gwine be here now, sho!"

An old negro who had been listening with an incredulous air, here put in.

"What all dat you talkin' on 'bout? You an' Gen'l Forres'—reckon anybody gwine b'leab all dem lies, boy?"

"So did," rejoined the first speaker.



BODYGVARD'S CHANGE OF BASE.

y' ain' bin nowhar! When I was up dar dat time on de Tennessee Ribber, time all dat dar fightin' was a-gwine on dar, I tell yo' ef I'd a-knowed I'd be hyar sellin' peaches to-day I'd a-gi'n a thousan' dollars. Dar was Armstrong on de right; Ross, he hilt de lef', an' Gen'l Forres' an' me, we was in de center, an' de Yankees dey come ober de hill in *seben* lines o' battle, till de whole place was jis blue wid 'em—an', Lord, how we did fit dat day! But dey was too many fur our men, an', bimeby, de white men, dey couldn't stan' it, and dey 'gin to gib way, dey did, an' Gen'l Forres' he rid up to me, he did, an' he say, 'Jim, stop dem men!'—

"What you know 'bout it, any way? is you ebber bin in de army?"

"Yaas," replied the objector, "I was in de army too—in Gen'l Lee's army, up in Ferginny. I went dar wid my young marster in de ole 18th Mississippi rigiment soon arter de wau bruck out, an' come back 'long 'bout May arter the s'render—fo' yea's or sich a matter. An I bin hear um say dey was *some* fightin' done up in dat part o' de country, too; hear some talk 'bout it, but I dunno how dat was, myse'f, 'cause dar whar we was, when dey was formin' lines o' battle, an' fightin' an' sich, t'wa'n't no niggers *nowhar 'bout dar.*"

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JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

WHITTIER'S BIRTHPLACE, NEAR HAVERHILL, MASS.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER is in some respects the most American of all the American poets. To say that there are no traces of other literatures than our own in his writings, is to say too much; but it is safe to say that he has been less influenced by other literatures than any of our poets, with the exception, perhaps, of Bryant. When he is least original, as in his early Indian poems, we still feel that he is more than imitative; he reflects the books that he has read, but the impression which they leave on his mind is no more permanent than the shadow of a cloud on a mountain lake. Of his genius there never was any doubt; what was doubtful was the direction which it would take, and which would lead him to the kingdom of which he was to be the lord and master. It was not long before he discovered that he possessed a personality of his own; but it was only after many days, and much intellectual groping, that he discovered whither it was leading him. I have, I believe, a tolerably clear idea of the place that he occupies in American literature, and if the reader will follow me carefully, I hope to point out the steps by which he reached it. It was no royal road which he pursued, but a succession of tangled paths and by-ways in which he was often bewildered, but through which he went on manfully—

"Beating his wings toward the golden bough."

The life of Mr. Whittier has not been a remarkable one, though it has not been devoid of incidents and stormy mental struggles. If he had been born in the goodly state of Pennsylvania instead of Massachusetts, the burden of ancestral tradition would probably have rested more lightly on his shoulders. A Friend of Friends, he inherited centuries of Puritan aversion and persecution.

We are indebted to the Puritan Fathers for many things, but religious toleration is not among the number. One would have thought this the one virtue above all others which would have warmed their rugged natures; but it is the curse of persecution that it makes its sufferers persecutors in turn, the exceptions to this gloomy rule being few and far between. They have generally been found among the pietistic, non-resistant sects, notably among the fol-

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lowers of Fox and Penn, who have generally been reprobated by the church militant, which has now confronted them with the standing army of Episcopacy, and now harassed them with the free lances of Dissent. If liberty of conscience came over in the *Mayflower*, it was a portion of her perishable cargo, and was soon disposed of, and never afterward imported, or, if imported, was confiscated before landing. Nowhere were moral revenue laws more strictly enforced than in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, and against none with more rigor than against the Quakers. The drab coats and broad-brimmed hats were as hateful to the colonists as the feathers and the war-paint of the Indians. They were not to be exterminated, however, for there was an invincible strength in the doctrines of peace which they professed and practiced, and in the simple goodness of their lives. Shunned at first, it was not long before they were tolerated, and before their influence was felt in the milder manners of their Puritan neighbors, who gradually forgot the senseless animosities of their ancestors. Such I conceive to be the early colonial history of the Quakers, who succeeded in establishing themselves in Massachusetts and elsewhere; one family, in particular, on the banks of the Merrimac.

theory of heredity obtains a foothold among us, it is likely to be applied to them by our children. We have been told since Bryant's death that his mother was a descendant of John Alden, and I have somewhere read that Mr. Longfellow is an offshoot of the same vigorous stock. Of the ancestors of Mr. Whittier I know nothing, except that they were Friends, as I have intimated, and that they settled on the banks of the Merrimac. That they were men of probity and principle, goes without saying, for it was the characteristic of the peculiar people to which they belonged, and which frequently made them a standing rebuke to those about them. He was born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, on the 17th of December, 1807. He resided at the homestead of his family until his twentieth year, getting as much education as was then thought necessary,—a simple course of study in which the three R's were prominent, and the "higher branches," as they are now called, were conspicuous by their absence,—and making himself useful on the farm. As might be expected in a secluded rural district of New England sixty years ago, he had little aid from books. There were then no public libraries, no lyceums, reading clubs, nor debating societies. His father's library, as he tells us in

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE, HAVERHILL, MASS.

This family was of no more consequence, in the eyes of its contemporaries, than the family of Shakspere, a couple of centuries before, or the family of Burns, a century later; but it is of importance now, because it has produced that bright, consummate flower of the race—a poet.

We have not hitherto manifested much curiosity in regard to the genealogy of American men of letters; but if Dalton's

"Snow-Bound," consisted of only about a score of volumes, mostly relating to the doctrines of his sect and the lives of its founders. There was a single novel of a very harmless character, which was carefully hidden from the younger members of the family and

> "Of poetry, or good or bad,
> A single book was all we had,

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Where Ellwood's meek, drab-skirted muse,
A stranger to the heathen Nine,
Sang, in a somewhat nasal whine,
The wars of David and the Jews."

One year of academy life was all the education he received, apart from that obtained at the district school, which was open only about twelve weeks in midwinter. Mr. Whittier's poem, "In School Days," gives a good description of the school-house.

THE WHITTIER HOUSE, AMESBURY, MASS.

It was not as a writer of verse that Mr. Whittier became known, outside of his limited circle of readers in the "Haverhill Gazette," but as a writer of prose in the columns of the "American Manufacturer," a journal in which tariffs and other questions of political economy were discussed, and of which he was the editor. He must have had some reputation as a thinker to have been intrusted with a paper of this character at the age of twenty-one—a paper which was likely to raise controversies in which no rustic pen could engage successfully, least of all a poetic one. It was published in the Athens of New England—Boston; and it must have increased his reputation, or he would not have been selected as the editor of the "New England Weekly Review," which was published in Hartford. It was a paper of some note at the time (1830), which had been edited by that clever journalist, George D. Prentice (who fancied all his life that he was a poet), and, later, if I am not mistaken, by J. G. C. Brainard, whose early death was a loss to American literature. Mr. Whittier's first publications were a little volume of prose and verse (selected, I presume, from his contributions to the "Review"), entitled "Legends of New England" (1831); and "Moll Pitcher," the date of which is not given. I have not seen the latter, which is said to have been a poetical tale, of which Mistress Mary Pitcher, the famous old witch of Nahant, was the heroine. Neither of these productions is of any importance, I imagine, though they are interesting as being the earliest of Mr. Whittier's recorded works, and as showing the bent of his mind at that period, and the class of subjects with which it sympathized. The first attempts of men of genius are always indicative of their powers, suggesting, as they do, possibilities which, in time, and under the influence of favorable stars, ripen into potent actualities. The child is father of the man, in literature as in other and less glorious careers, though we cannot always forecast the horoscope of the man from his nativity; for he may die young, like Chatterton, or live, like Dermody, and Maginn, and Mangan, and Poe.

It was the era of unsuccessful journals, daily, weekly, and otherwise; so I take it for granted that the "New England Weekly Review" lingered, and died a natural death. Mr. Whittier, at any rate, severed his connection with it, and engaged in other undertakings, and during the next five years he was alternately a biographer, a politician, a farmer, and a legislator. He published in

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1832 a Memoir of Brainard, which was prefixed to the second edition of his "Literary Remains," and in 1833 an essay entitled "Justice and Expediency, or Slavery considered with a View to its Abolition." There was something about the young Quaker that commended him to the respect of his fellow-townsmen, who elected him their representative in the State Legislature. He had made his mark, in a certain sense, and had ventured in two intellectual paths in which he was hereafter to walk,—the neglected, shadowy by-way of early legendary lore, and the dangerous road of political controversy, in which few were courageous enough to be seen. He was a bold man forty years ago who dared avow himself an abolitionist. Love of justice in the abstract, pursuit of politics in the concrete, and journalism in its various departments, are all excellent things; but, with due respect to the men of letters who have distinguished themselves therein, they are not literature. Mr. Whittier had made his mark, as I have said, but, strictly speaking, he was not yet an author. The work that he had hitherto performed was experimental and tentative; what would he do next? what was wanted? what could he do best? That he put these questions to himself is extremely probable, and that they were soon answered, in a measure, is certain.

American literature was in the formative stage of its existence half a century ago. No one could say exactly what it was, or what it was likely to be. That it should differ from English literature was admitted by all, but wherein should it differ? What element of thought was peculiar to the New World? What did it possess, either in the present or the past, out of which a characteristic and distinctive literature could be builded? American poetry, which chiefly concerns us now, had busied itself at intervals with the aboriginal inhabitants of the Continent. Freneau was among our earliest writers of verse who felt that there was, or might be, poetic possibilities in the Indian, and that he did not develop them into a poem of any length was doubtless owing to the fact that he was rather a political singer than a poet. He was read by Campbell, who was not above stealing from him, and who also detected the poetic side of the Indian nature. "Gertrude of Wyoming" is a pathetic poem, though it is absurd in its want of local coloring, and the Oneida chief who figures in it,

"The stoic of the woods, the man without a tear,"

is, indeed, a vigorous and life-like sketch, which ranks among the happiest creations of Campbell's genius. This poem was at once reprinted here, and was immediately popular, being, as it was, a revelation of the poetic value of certain episodes in our Colonial history. The next Indian poem of any account was the "Yamoyden" of Sands and Eastman, which attracted a fair share of attention and received more praise than it was entitled to from patriotic critics. Bryant, then, as now, the first of our poets, was the first to perceive the proper poetic place of the red man, and his relation to the white race by whom he had been conquered. The few Indian poems which he

THE POET'S STUDY AT AMESBURY.

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had written were exquisite, but they were too quiet, I suspect, to strike their readers, who looked for narratives instead of suggestions and reflections, and who wanted to be interested in historical incidents. They were ready to welcome any one who satisfied, or seemed to satisfy, their uncritical demands, and our poets and versifiers were anxious to accommodate them. The recognition of this expectancy, rather than a natural inclination to gratify it, beguiled Mr. Whittier into the writing of his third volume, "Mogg Megone," which was published in his twenty-eighth year, 1835.

It is founded on fact, as the saying is,—at any rate as regards the existence of its hero, Mogg Megone, who was a leader among the Saco Indians in the bloody war of 1677 (I am following Mr. Whittier's notes), who attacked and captured the garrison at Black Point, October 12th of that year; and cut off, at the same time, a party of Englishmen near Saco River. Besides Mogg Megone, who is the average Indian chief of colonial records,—brave, suspicious, revengeful, and drunken,—we have John Bonython a white outlaw, his daughter Ruth, whose lover Mogg Megone has slain and scalped, and a Jesuit priest, of whom Père Ralle, one of the most indefatigable French missionaries, was the original. These four shadows, the murder of Ruth's lover by the Indian, the murder of the latter by the maiden, and her subsequent remorse,—given these, it is not difficult to work out the story of "Mogg Megone," which is hardly a tragic one, though it is based upon deeds of violence, and is certainly not a poetical one, in spite of the metrical form in which it is cast. It is easily though carelessly written, and is noticeable for the affluence of its descriptions.

The material and spiritual life of Mr.

VIEW FROM THE PORCH AT OAK KNOLL, DANVERS, MASS.

Whittier, at this time and later, is not so clear to me as I wish it were, and as it would have been if he had arranged his poems in the order in which they were written, and not under arbitrary headings and classifications. "Mogg Megone" was followed by "Lays of Home," in 1843; by "The Stranger in Lowell," in 1845; and "Supernaturalism in New England," in 1847, the two last in prose. While these works were in progress Mr. Whittier changed his residence, and enrolled himself as an active worker among the abolitionists, in 1838–9. He edited the "Pennsylvania Freeman," an anti-slavery journal published in Philadelphia, and so little to the satisfaction of those who were opposed to its teachings that his office was sacked and burned by a mob. He afterward acted as one of the secretaries of the Anti-Slavery Society, and edited the "Anti-Slavery Reporter." His last editorial connections were with the "Lowell Standard," and the "National Era." To consider Mr.

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Whittier at this period simply as a poet, would be as unjust as to consider him simply as a moralist; the fact being that he was both a poet and a moralist, the former by virtue of his genius, the latter by virtue of his Quaker ancestry, his social surroundings and proclivities, and the condition of his country.

His anti-slavery poems, which were collected by him under the title of "Voices of Freedom," cover a period of fifteen years, the earliest bearing the date of 1833, and the latest

UNDER THE OAKS AT OAK KNOLL.

that of 1848. The majority of them (there are thirty-eight in all) come under the head of occasional poems. They are earnestly written, but as the events which suggested them were of a temporary character, one has to stimulate an interest to read them now, and this not so much because the vexed question which so fiercely agitated the poet is happily an obsolete one, as because in grappling with it he forgot to be a poet. There is no unconquerable antagonism between poetry and morality, but the perfect fusion of these intellectual qualities demands a kind of genius which Mr. Whittier did not at this time possess. Whether it be of a higher or lower order, need not be discussed; that it is of a different order, sufficiently explains the poetical deficiencies of his early anti-slavery poems. He was carried away by his indignation, which was righteous enough, but unfortunately it was not inspiration. I should except, perhaps, from this critical condemnation, the "Farewell of a Virginia Slave Mother to her Daughters sold into Southern Bondage," and "Massachusetts to Virginia." A stanza of the former will show its quality, and recall the poem itself to the memory of our older readers:

"Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp, dank and lone.
Where the slave-whip ceaseless swings,
Where the noisome insect stings,
Where the fever demon strews
Poison with the falling dews,
Where the sickly sunbeams glare,
Through the hot and misty air,—
Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!"

If I were writing as a moralist, I should, of course, take a moral view of Mr. Whittier's anti-slavery poems, and should, no doubt, find much to praise in them. Animated by the spirit of freedom, they are vehement, but not intemperate, in expression, and there is no gainsaying the justice of the cause they maintain. That they accomplished much or little toward the abolition of slavery is no reason why they should not have been written, nor why they should be passed over in silence. Holding the opinions that he did, and having the temperament that he had, Mr. Whittier could no more have stifled his fiery denunciations of slavery than the old Hebrew seers could have stifled their dark and fateful prophesies. We all have convictions, and honest men follow them, no matter whither they lead. We can afford to let health and wealth and fame miss us; but we cannot afford to neglect our duties. Least of all can the poets, for they, above all other men, are dedicated to the worship of the implacable goddess,

"Stern daughter of the voice of God."

Granting this, as I must, I cannot bring myself to admire Mr. Whittier's anti-slavery poetry. I do not so much wish it unwritten as that the time spent in writing it had

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been spent in more delightful tasks. I speak for myself, of course, as a critic and a lover of poetical poetry.

If the moralist was strong in Mr. Whittier during the fifteen years that he allowed himself to support the anti-slavery cause by his verse, he by no means slumbered as a poet. His poems written during that period, published under the name of "Lays of Home," more than confirmed the favorable impression that had been created by "Mogg Megone." If the original editions of his writings were before me, I could speak of these poems with more certainty than at present, when I have to content myself with his "Complete Poetical Works" (1876), in which I know not where to look for them, though I presume they are to be found under the headings of "Legendary" and "Miscellaneous." What first strikes one in reading are four ballads, if I may call them such, which stand out among Mr. Whittier's early productions as specimens of his objective art. I refer to the pathetic story of "Cassandra Southwick;" the tragic episode of "St. John;" the adventure of Goodman Macy and the fugitive Quaker celebrated in "The Exiles"; and the strange spiritual study of "The New Wife and the Old." We feel, in reading these poems, that we are in contact with creations: we have escaped abstractions, and have embraced human beings. We feel the individuality of Cassandra Southwick, who is a veritable woman, noble in her tribulations, and glorious in her triumph, which is simply that of womanhood. It is she who relates her story and not her poet, who has no more to do with it than the chorus of a Greek tragedy with the actors of the tragedy

THE HOME AT OAK KNOLL.

them is the positive and admirable growth of their author, who has now thoroughly mastered the *technique* of the poetic art.

The motive of these poems, and of "Pautucket," is partly natural description, and partly historical recollection. The Indian element, which crops out in the last, underlies "The Funeral Tree of the Sokokis," and "The Fountain," which are imaginatively suggestive. Belonging to the period itself; he is an on-looker and infrequent expositor, but not an actor. "The New Wife and the Old" is a remarkable poem, which has for its theme the profoundest of mortal relations, and which clutches at the relations and sympathies of the worlds of life and death.

The poems which Mr. Whittier has arranged under the head of "Miscellaneous" in the collected edition of his Poetical

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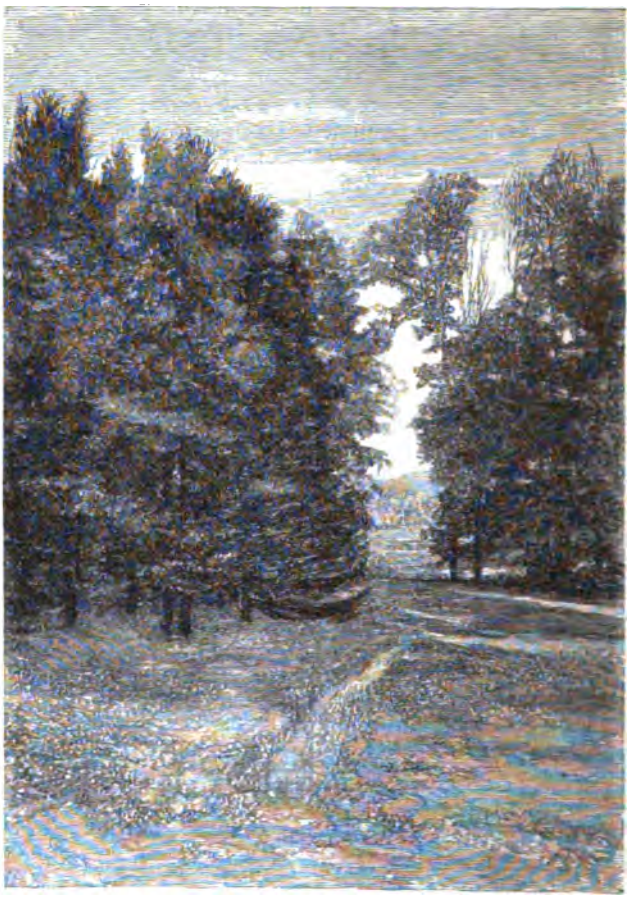
Works exhibit all, or nearly all, the qualities by which his ripest poetry is distinguished. "The Knight of St. John" is at once a ballad, and a study of spiritual experience, such as Tennyson presents in "St. Agnes" and "Sir Galahad." It is followed by a group of seven poems, the inspiration



THE VISTA VIEW AT OAK KNOLL.

of which is drawn from Hebraic writings and associations. Two of them, "Ezekiel," and "The Wife of Manoah to her Husband," are valuable and permanent additions to English sacred poetry.

The transition from poems like these to "My Soul and I" was a natural one, and, to a genius like Mr. Whittier's, inevitable. Mr. N. P. Willis, when a young man, attempted Scriptural poems, and had been greatly overpraised for his attempts, which missed all that was characteristic in the Biblical writings, for which he substituted a kind of poetic elegance that could well have been spared. He sauntered about the sacred places in a domino, which was mistaken for the prophetic mantle. This fell upon the shoulders of another, who inherited a serious nature, and was not afraid to question himself in regard to his relations to his Maker.

I am not theologian enough to have an opinion other than a poetical one concerning "My Soul and I," but, poetically speaking, it seems to me a noteworthy production,—a solemn canticle in which the religious nature of the writer struggles to express itself, and does so, though neither so clearly nor so forcibly as in similar poems of a later date. I know of nothing in American poetry which it resembles, and which could have suggested it. (The question of originality,—let me say, once for all, —never occurs to me in reading the poetry of Mr. Whittier, who never reminds me of

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any other poet, living or dead, being at all times and on all subjects, his own simple, natural, manly self.)

The affectionate simplicity of Mr. Whittier's nature is seen in the poems which he addressed to his personal friends, and to those whose life pursuits ran in the same channels as his own moral sympathies. Among his miscellaneous poems of this period are one addressed to Follen ("On reading his Essay on the Future State") and another to the poet Pierpont, whose "Airs of Palestine" delighted his childhood, and whose song, he says,

"Hath a rude martial tone, a blow in every thought."

The largeness of his genius was manifested in "Randolph of Roanoke," a magnificent tribute to the memory of that great man, and all the more so in that it was wrung from the lips of an opponent. As a piece of character-painting I know not where to look for its equal, and the marvel is that the portrait of this great slave-holder should have been drawn so justly by such a partisan as Whittier. Great men recognize each other, however, and never more readily than when the differences between them are radical and conscientious. The Quaker poet saw the Virginia slave-holder as he was —a man to be known and respected.

The Portuguese poet Camoëns wrote some of his poems in two languages,—Portuguese and Spanish,—or, to speak more exactly, occasionally employed both those languages in the same poem. He compared this intellectual feat to walking with one foot in Portugal and the other in Spain. I am reminded of this curious literary freak by the early poems of Mr. Whittier, which illustrated the life of the Present and reproduced the life of the Past. It is not easy to say which had the stronger claim upon his sympathy, for Cassandra Southwick, dead generations before, was as vital in his song as John Randolph, whose dust was scarcely cold. Drawn from the beginning to the legendary lore of New England, he could not be made to see that its aboriginal lore was not equally valuable for poetic purposes. He discarded in "Mogg Megone" the romance which poets and novelists had thrown around the Indian; but the Indian and his belongings still interested his imagination, and would not be laid until made the subject of another poem. He selected an episode which was in itself poetical, or at any rate which might be made so; and proceeded to write his second Indian story, "The Bridal of Pennacook." His thesis, which he found in Morton's "New Canaan," is thus stated by himself, in one of the notes to this poem:

"Winnepurkit, otherwise called George, Sachem of Saugus, married a daughter of Passaconaway, the great Pennacook chieftain, in 1662. The wedding took place at Pennacook (now Concord, N. H.), and the ceremonies closed with a great feast. According to the usages of the chiefs, Passaconaway ordered a select number of his men to accompany the newly married couple to the dwelling of the husband, where in turn there was another great feast. Some time after the wife of Winnepurkit expressing a desire to visit her father's house, was permitted to go, accompanied by a brave escort of her husband's chief men. But when she wished to return, her father sent a messenger to Saugus, informing her husband, and asking him to come and take her away. He returned for answer that he had escorted his wife to her father's house in a style that became a chief, and that now, if she wished to return, her father must send her back in the same way. This Passaconaway refused to do, and it is said that here terminated the connection of his daughter with the Saugus chief."

There is, I think, a poem in this prose statement of "The Bridal of Pennacook," but Mr. Whittier has somehow missed it; possibly because he has indulged too largely in external description. He has divided the subject into eight parts, or sections, and has expended his strength upon each, instead of subordinating them to their proper places, and to the general harmony and unity of the poem. The details of these sections, picturesque and otherwise, occupy us too much in the reading, and prevent us from concentrating our attention upon the story itself. We have a feeling, too, that the poet obtrudes himself (unconsciously, of course) and that the manifestations of his personality are as unnecessary as they are unartistic. He does not allow the story to tell itself, but insists upon telling it in an arbitrary fashion of his own, and dwells so long upon insignificant points that when the chief point—the wifely devotion of his heroine—is reached, it has lost all importance. He has bestowed too much care upon some parts of his narratives, and too little upon others, and by so doing has shaken our confidence in his judgment. He vexes us, in short, for he has done justice neither to himself nor to the old story which he undertook to tell.

The primitive colonial and aboriginal life which Mr. Whittier failed to reproduce in "The Bridal of Pennacook" and "Mogg Megone," was thoroughly mastered by him

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in his next volume of prose, "Margaret Smith's Journal." It purports to be the writing of a young English maiden on a visit to the Province of Massachusetts Bay, in 1678–9, and who jotted down in her journal whatever struck her as being likely to interest her friends in England. She seized the salient points of colonial life, and described the social and religious condition of the colonists, who were much exercised by Quakers and witchcraft. Mistress Margaret contrives to impart her personality to her writing, which is delightful reading,—simple, unaffected, womanly, preserving everywhere the local color of the period and the antique flavor of the old colonial records. "Margaret Smith's Journal" is one of a bookshelf of modern antiques, and one of the best, I am inclined to think, being as faithful a reproduction of a by-gone time as "Lady Willoughby's Diary," or "The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell."

The writings of Mr. Whittier have hitherto confined themselves to three phases of our national life and history, *viz.*: to the picturesque savagery of the red men, to episodes of the colonial life of the Puritans and Quakers, and to the consideration of the evils of slavery. His Indian poems are not remarkable, though they are as good as any we have, with the exception, perhaps, of some of Bryant's, which hardly rise above the level of lyrics. His legendary poems are glimpses of the struggle between a set form of faith and the freedom of conscience; and, while they are poetically just to both sides, they leave no doubt in the mind on which side the poet's sympathies are ranged. (What part could a Quaker take, pray, but the part of the wronged and the oppressed —the part of his ancestors and brethren? I say brethren advisably, for the New England Quaker of forty years ago was rather a tolerated than a respected member of the community.) His anti-slavery poems were earnest and indignant; earnest in their maintenance of the freedom of all men without regard to color, and indignant at the persecutions of those who sought to restore the rights which had been wrested from them. It was not necessary to be an abolitionist to be moved by these anti-slavery productions of Mr. Whittier; but it was necessary to be a very ardent one in order to find them, or make them, poetical. They were wrung from his heart—torn from his soul; but, strange to say, they made no mark in our literature; they contained no unforgetable verse—no line which the world would not willingly let die. The poet was so overpowered by his inspiration that he forgot to deliver his message.

Mr. Whittier understood the merits and defects of his poems quite as well as, if not better than, most of his critics, and he took an accurate measure of himself in a "Proem," which was written in November, 1847, and was, without doubt, the prologue to one of his volumes of verse, and probably to a collected edition of his poetical works. He loves the songs of Spenser and Sidney, he tells his readers; but he tries in vain to breathe their marvelous notes. They must not expect these, for he has nothing to offer them but the jarring words of one whose rhyme had beaten the hurried tune of labor, and the rugged and stormy march of duty.

"Of mystic beauty, dreamy grace,
No rounded art the lack supplies;
Unskilled the subtle lines to trace,
Or softer shades of Nature's face,
I view her common forms with unanointed eyes.

"Nor mine the seer-like power to show
The secrets of the heart and mind;
To drop the plummet-line below
Our common world of joy and woe,
A more intense despair, or brighter hope to find.

"Yet here at least an earnest sense
Of human right and weal is shown;
A hate of tyranny intense,
And hearty in its vehemence,
As if my brother's pain and sorrow were my own.

"Oh Freedom! If to me belong
Nor mighty Milton's gift divine,
Nor Marvell's wit and graceful song,
Still with a love as deep and strong
As theirs, I lay, like them, my best gifts on thy shrine!"

Mr. Whittier's next collection, "Songs of Labor and Other Poems" (1850), marked a change in his practice, if not in his theory, of poetry. He had succeeded in emancipating himself from himself, and had become a writer of objective poems—poems, that is, which were written for their own sake, and not for the sake of any emotion in his own mind. He had mastered his powers, which willingly obeyed his creative impulses, and had set them to work upon material themes, which concern us, and ought to concern us, in spite of all that subjective poets may urge to the contrary. Schiller was the first modern poet who perceived the poetry of common things, and in his "Song of the Bell" he struck the key-note of a succession of similar songs which have not yet celebrated all the employments of this work-a-day world of ours. This impassioned lyric

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was the model of Mr. Longfellow in his "Building of the Ship," and of Mr. Whittier in his "Songs of Labor," though it is less apparent in the last, which deal with the poetic capabilities of seven different kinds of labor, instead of one, and in a manner which was original with Mr. Whittier, who is a better artist, I think, than the German master, in that his work is more obvious, more picturesque, and more generally intelligible. The human associations which cluster around ship-builders, shoe-makers, drovers, fishermen, and the like, are more definite than those which cluster around the molders and casters of bells.

Mr. Whittier was wiser than he knew, I think, when he resolved to be the poet of Labor. A lesser poet would not have ventured to do so, for he would not have considered it poetical, and even if he could have persuaded himself that it was, he would not have been able to distinguish its poetic from its prosaic element. It belongs to a class of subjects which are not in themselves poetical, though they are made so when the imagination is brought to bear upon them. There is nothing poetical in the act of making shoes, or of driving cattle. Let us see what Mr. Whittier finds in these laborious facts, and what they suggest to him. What does he say to you, disciples of St. Crispin, and fellow-members of the gentle craft of leather?

"For you, along the Spanish main
A hundred keels are ploughing;
For you, the Indian on the plain
His lasso-coil is throwing;
For you, deep glens with hemlock dark
The woodman's fire is lighting;
For you, upon the oak's gray bark,
The woodman's axe is smiting.

"For you, from Carolina's pine,
The rosin-gum is stealing;
For you, the dark-eyed Florentine,
Her silken skein is reeling:
For you, the dizzy goatherd roams,
His rugged Alpine ledges;
For you, round all her shepherd homes,
Bloom England's thorny hedges."

The alchemy which has extracted these stanzas from sole leather, waxed ends, and pegs, ought at least to extract sunbeams from cucumbers.

The associations which cluster around the labors of mankind the world over are poetical, though poets are required to detect them, for they are never found on the surface. They differ among different races, and at different times, but they are substantially the same, nevertheless, for they attach themselves to humanity. They are detected by poets, as I have said, but not by poets of the highest order, who cultivate the idealities and sublimities of their art, and with whom song is literature rather than inspiration. They appeal to the born singers, who never lose their sympathy with the people from whom they spring, no matter how lettered they may afterward become, nor their power of seeing beauty in common things, but who preserve to the end the vision and the faculty divine. Such a poet is Mr. Whittier, who is thoroughly at home in his "Songs of Labor," which have always seemed to me the most characteristic of all his productions, and those by which foreign readers would most readily recognize him as an American poet. They would select, I think, as distinctive of his genius and his country, "The Drovers," "The Fishermen," "The Huskers," and "The Lumbermen."

The "Songs of Labor" are followed (in the complete edition of Mr. Whittier's poetical works) by upward of fifty poems which are ranged under the head of "Miscellaneous." They are divided into classes or groups, "The Angels of Buena Vista," "Barclay of Ury," "The Legend of St. Mark," and "Calef in Boston" ranking among legendary poems; "Worship," "Lines Accompanying Manuscripts Presented to a Friend," "Channing," "To the Memory of Charles B. Storrs," and "Memories," among personal poems; and "The Reward," "To Pius IX," "The Men of Old," "The Peace Convention at Brussels," and "Seed-time and Harvest," among didactic poems. There is a ripeness of thought about these productions which I do not find in Mr. Whittier's earlier verse, and a noticeable grace and beauty of expression which leave nothing to be desired. "Hampton's Beach," for example, is one of Mr. Whittier's faultless poems, its indication of outward nature and its suggestion of a spiritual mood being alike perfect. If one wishes to see how the sea from shore has affected two poets, and to feel at the same time their dissimilarity of genius, he should read "Hampton Beach" before or after reading Shelley's "Stanzas Written in Dejection Near Naples."

The poets of America are distinguished from the poets of Europe by the reserve which they have always maintained in regard to themselves. It is not impossible that the future historian of our literature may detect their personality in their writings, but he will never, I think, find their writings autobi-

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ographic. They held such and such opinions, he may declare, as such and such poems show; but if he is wise, he will abstain from determining what manner of men they were, and by what emotions they were governed. I do not pretend to account for their reticence, which can hardly be considered a national trait. I merely mention it to deplore it, for I am interested in knowing the inner lives of men of genius. Mr. Whittier's poetry does not help me to an understanding of this concealed life of his, but he hints at it, if I am not mistaken, in the poem entitled "Memories," which lies like a pearl among the lesser jewels scattered over his legendary and didactic poems, and which is inexpressibly beautiful and pathetic. It is like a palimpsest whose original writing has been effaced that something later might be copied in its stead, present pains of memory over the departed pleasures of hope, lamentations in place of canticles. To those who can read between the lines, where the mystery is, it is a passport into the uncreated, or destroyed, world of possibilities.

Mr. Whittier is given to the writing of occasional poems, and, if he is not so successful in this journalistic walk of verse as some of his contemporaries it is because his cleverness is not equal to his genius. When he does succeed, as in his lines on "Randolph of Roanoke," and in "Ichabod," he ranks among the greatest masters of poetic portraiture. A great man sat for his portrait in "Ichabod,"—a man whom New England still delights to honor for his great intellectual endowments, but who fell from his high estate because he dared to differ with New England in a question of political morals. How far he was right, and how far he was wrong, is a problem which does not concern me. I leave it to the Muse of History, who is less hasty in reaching conclusions, and in pronouncing judgment, than the more impassioned Muse of Song. I content myself with saying that Webster disappointed the moral sense of New England by the stand he took about the Fugitive Slave Law, and was sternly and sadly reprobated, even by his admirers. Mr. Whittier grieved over his defection, but with a noble manliness that was as honorable to Webster as to himself. He was too great to revile and insult him, though he lamented him as we lament the dead.

"Of all we loved and honored, naught
Save power remains,—
A fallen angel's pride of thought,
Still strong in chains.
All else is gone; from those great eyes
The soul is fled;
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead!

"Then, pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame;
Walk backward, with averted gaze,
And hide the shame!"

I hardly know how to characterize some of Mr. Whittier's poems, such, for example, as the leading poem in his next collection, "The Chapel of the Hermits and other Poems" (1852). "The Chapel of the Hermits" is based upon an incident related in a note to St. Pierre's *Études de la Nature*:

"We arrived at the habitation of the hermits a little before they sat down to their table, and while they were still at church. J. J. Rousseau proposed to me to offer up our devotions. The hermits were reciting the Litanies of Providence, which are remarkably beautiful. After we had addressed our prayers to God, and the hermits were proceeding to the refectory, Rousseau said to me, with his heart overflowing, 'At this moment I experience what is said in the Gospel: "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." There is here a feeling of peace and happiness which penetrates the soul.' I said, 'If Fenelon had lived you would have been a Catholic.' He exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, 'Oh, if Fenelon were alive, I would struggle to get into his service, even as a lackey!'"

I am not prepared to say that this little incident is too slight to base a poem on; but I think that no poem based on it is likely to make a mark in literature, for, no matter how it may be treated, it still remains a trifle. Its strongest suggestion is the contrast afforded by the characters of Rousseau and St. Pierre, and the dramatic propriety of the opinions which they utter, and which certainly ought to be rememberable. I do not feel this contrast as I could wish in Mr. Whittier's poem, and I am not impressed by the conversation of his theologians. The art of saying things, which is so conspicuous in "Ichabod" and "Randolph of Roanoke" is as absent here as it is gloriously present in the poem which succeeds it,—"Questions of Life,"—and which abounds in felicitous thoughts and expressions. The poet questions nature in regard to himself, but obtains no answer. He questions men; but they are silent:

"Alas! the dead retain their trust;
Dust hath no answer from the dust."

Nothing answers him, for his heart, like that of the prophet, hath gone too far in this

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world, and he thinketh to comprehend the way of the Most High.

> "Here let me pause, my quest forego;
> Enough for me to feel and know
> That He in whom the cause and end,
> The past and future, meet and blend,—
> Who, girt with his immensities,
> Our vast and star-hung system sees
> Small as the clustered Pleiades,—
> Moves not alone the heavenly choirs,
> But waves the spring-time's grassy spires;
> Guards not archangel feet alone,
> But deigns to guide and keep my own;
> Speaks not alone the words of fate
> Which worlds destroy, and worlds create,
> But whispers in my spirit's ear,
> In tones of love, or warning fear,
> A language none beside may hear."

The ethical or moral element which is the motive and inspiration of such poems as "The Chapel of the Hermits," is never absent for any length of time from Mr. Whittier's poetry. I do not place it among high poetic endowments, though it may be allied to them; nor do I think it is always wisely employed by Mr. Whittier. If there ever was a time when poets were moral teachers, that time has long since past. They are at most lay preachers now, and that not of set purpose, but by indirection. Mr. Whittier did not perceive this as clearly as could be wished, and his poetry has suffered in consequence. "The Hermit of the Thebaid" —a little apologue in his next collection, "The Panorama, and Other Poems" (1856) —is an example in point. The poem is too long by seven stanzas, the stanzas in question being those which open the poem, to which they are prefixed by way of text, stating in different forms the thesis which the poem is expected to prove,—in other words, the meaning of the apologue. Mr. Whittier should have trusted entirely to his subject, which contained within itself all his readers should know; their understanding of it did not concern him, but themselves. I find this overmuchness of explanation in other American poets, but never in Bryant, whose greatness as a poetic artist has never been fully understood.

"The Hermit of Thebaid" is one of a particular class of Mr. Whittier's poems which are nearly faultless, and which are permanent additions to the ethical poems of all nations. They lend such value as they possess to the writings of the mystics and the poets of the East; and lucky is the poet who finds them and perceives their poetic significance, as Mr. Whittier does. A new element appears in this collection of Mr. Whittier's verse, in "The Barefoot Boy," an exquisite character study which, as far as my recollection goes, has no parallel in English poetry. The old anti-slavery element is here in a new form, in the poem entitled "The Haschish," which is an admirable piece of humorous sarcasm:

> "The preacher eats, and straight appears
> His Bible in a new translation;
> Its angels negro overseers,
> And Heaven itself a snug plantation!
>
> "The man of peace, about whose dreams
> The sweet millennial angels cluster,
> Tastes the mad weed, and plots and schemes,
> A raving Cuban fillibuster!"

It is not given to many poets to know what they do best, and the few who possess that knowledge are seldom content to be guided by it. The weakness of modern poets,—or one of their weaknesses,—is the desire to write long poems, as if poetry were measured by quantity and not quality. Another weakness is a studied avoidance of simple every-day themes. Mr. Whittier has mistaken his powers as little as any American poet, but he has not always cultivated them wisely, or he would have written ten narrative poems where he has written one. I use the word narrative in a large sense as covering a class of poems of which story-telling is the chief motive, and which directly appeal to the human sympathies of their readers. Such a poem (to draw an illustration from Mr. Whittier) is the touching ballad of "Cassandra Southwick." Another is "Barclay of Ury." Mr. Whittier is the first American poet, I believe, who was deeply impressed by the inspiration of subjects like these, and they have amply rewarded the poetic pains he has bestowed upon them. I am not sure, indeed, that his fame will not ultimately rest upon some three or four of them. Say upon "Maud Muller," "Skipper Ireson's Ride," and "Telling the Bees." They had no prototypes in American poetry, and if they have had successors, these successors have come from the pen of Mr. Whittier, who is never so much himself as when writing narrative and legendary stories.

Mr. Whittier is one of the few American poets who have succeeded in obtaining the suffrages of the reading public and of the literary class. Men of letters respect his work for its sincerity, simplicity, and downright manliness, and average readers of poetry respect it because they can understand it. There is not a grown man and woman in the land who does not readily enter into the aspiration and discontent of "Maud

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Muller," and into the glowing patriotism of "Barbara Frietchie." Whether the incident which is the inspiration of the latter ever occurred, is more than doubtful; nevertheless, the poem is one that the world will not willingly let die. The reputation of such poems is immediate and permanent, and beyond criticism, favorable or otherwise; the touch of nature in them is beyond all art. I should never think of comparing "Barbara Frietchie" with Bryant's "O Mother of a Mighty Race," but I am sure that it has a thousand readers where Bryant's poem has one. Bryant seldom reached the hearts of his countrymen, but his best poems appealed to what was loftiest in their intellects.

If I wished to give an intelligent foreigner an idea of Mr. Whittier's genius, and an idea of the characteristics of American poetry at the same time, I should ask him to read Mr. Whittier's "Snow-bound" (1865). This exquisite poem has no prototype in English literature, unless Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night" be one, and it will be long, I fear, before it has a companion-piece. It can be fully appreciated only by those who are New England born and on whose heads the snows of fifty or sixty winters have fallen. One must have been snow-bound in order to recognize the faithfulness of Mr. Whittier's pictures of winter life and landscape, and to enjoy the simple pleasures of a country homestead in a great snow-storm. There was nothing to do, while it lasted, but to keep in-doors, and nothing to do, when it had ceased, but to dig one's way out into the little world of the village again. The snow-bound family whom he describes was his father's family, who are clearly set before us in their different individualities, and their conversation is such as they no doubt indulged in, for it is thoroughly in keeping with the time and the place. Father Whittier told stories of camping on the wooded side of Memphremagog, of idyllic ease beneath the hemlock trees of St. François, and of moonlight dances to the sound of a violin, and similar pleasures of memory. Mother Whittier (who ran the new-knit stocking heel) told how the Indian hordes came down on Cochecho, and how her own great-uncle bore his cruel scalp-mark to fourscore. Then the uncle spoke of what he had seen and known in the lore of woods and fields, of which he was a loving student. The unmarried aunt had her tales of huskings and apple-bees, of summer sails and sleigh-rides. And the poet's sisters were there, snow-bound now, alas, in "death's eternal cold." There, too, was the village school-master, whom everybody liked, and who could turn his hand to anything. They were a pleasant company, and pleasantly situated, all things considered. For while the north wind roared without, the red logs blazed before them, and the flames roared up the great throat of the chimney, while the house-dog laid his drowsy head on his paws, and the dark silhouette of the cat was drawn on the wall.

> "And, for the winter fireside meet,
> Between the andiron's straddling feet,
> The mug of cider simmered slow,
> The apples sputtered in a row.
> And, there at hand, the basket stood
> With nuts from brown October's wood."

The materials upon which "Snow-bound" is based are of the slightest order, and the wonder is that any poet, even the most skillful one, could have made a poem out of them. I should not say that Mr. Whittier was a skillful poet, but he has made a poem which will live, and can no more be rivaled by any winter poetry that may be written hereafter than "Thanatopsis" can be rivaled as a meditation on the universality of death. The characters in this little idyl are carefully drawn, and the quiet of the homestead during the storm is in striking contrast to the out-door bustle which succeeds it. There is no evidence anywhere that the poem cost a moment's labor; everything is naturally introduced, and the reflections, which are manly and pathetic, are among the finest that Mr. Whittier has ever written. "Snow-bound" at once authenticated itself as an idyl of New England life and manners.

In "The Tent on the Beach and Other Poems" (1867), we had Mr. Whittier in his character of a story-teller again, with a wider range than he had hitherto shown in his choice of subjects. He added variety to the tales that were told in "The Tent on the Beach," by a frame-work of verse, similar to that employed by Mr. Longfellow in his "Tales of a Wayside Inn," but he added nothing to the poetic value of the tales themselves by this frame-work, or by the conversation which his summer guests held in the intervals of narration. It is not difficult to recognize three of them, Mr. James T. Fields being the "lettered magnate" who could

> "well the market value tell
> Of poet and philosopher;"

Mr. Whittier himself being the dreamer,

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"Who, with a mission to fulfill,
Had left the Muses' haunts to turn
The crank of an opinion mill;"

and Mr. Bayard Taylor, the gentleman whose Arab face was tanned by tropic suns and boreal frost, and who

"In idling mood had from him hurled
The poor squeezed orange of the world."

The literary workmanship of Mr. Whittier has improved, I think, from year to year, and in reading his last volume we may be sure that we have the best art of which he is capable. I do not rank him high as an artist, though he has art enough to answer his purposes generally. Poetry seems never to have been a pursuit with him, but a charge which was entrusted to him, and which he was to deliver when the spirit moved him, well or ill, as it happened, but honestly, earnestly and prayerfully. He has a noble vein of sacred poetry in his nature, and, had he chosen, might have enriched the world's store of hymnology as no other living poet could have done. His seriousness of soul, the intense morality of his genius, accounts, I think, for his defects as a poetical artist, in such poems as "The Chapel of the Hermits," for example, in "Among the Hills, and Other Poems" (1868), in "Miriam, and Other Poems" (1870), and in "The Pennsylvanian Pilgrim, and other Poems" (1872). The motives of these poems, especially the last, seem to me too slight for the superstructures which he had builded upon and around them. I question indeed whether he would have selected Francis Daniel Pastorius as a hero if he had not drawn up the first protest made in America by a religious body against negro slavery. That Mr. Whittier has written a charming poem about him I admit, but I see nothing heroic in him, though he was a remarkable man.

What I like best in Mr. Whittier's poetry I have endeavored to indicate, though I have by no means consulted my liking alone. It has been my aim, as it was certainly my business, to judge his work from his own point of view,—in other words, to put myself in his place. I fear I have not succeeded at all times. I know I have not succeeded as well as he would have done had he analyzed the poetry of Mr. Longfellow, say, or Mr. Lowell. He is a remarkable critic of character as he proved in his "Randolph of Roanoke," in "Ichabod," in "Summer," and in the poem entitled "My Namesake," a keen, searching examination of his mental qualities and of the intention and scope of his poetry. It is more accurate and more comprehensive than any criticism on his genius that I can hope to write, and it states, I am inclined to think, what will be the just verdict of Posterity. No living poet—certainly no living American poet—can more safely trust his work and his memory to the keeping of that august Power than John Greenleaf Whittier.

SHADOW-EVIDENCE.

Swift o'er the sunny grass,
I saw a shadow pass
With subtle charm;
So quick, so full of life,
With thrilling joy so rife,
I started lest, unknown,
My step—ere it was flown—
Had done it harm.

Why look up to the blue?
The bird was gone, I knew,
Far out of sight.
Steady, and keen of wing,
The slight, impassioned thing,
Intent on a goal unknown,
Had held its course alone,
In silent flight.

Dear little bird, and fleet,
Flinging down at my feet
Shadow for song:
More sure am I of thee—
Unseen, unheard by me—
Than of some things felt and known
And guarded as my own
All my life long.

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LINCOLN'S IMAGINATION.

CONSIDERING the affectionate curiosity with which the American people dwell on the traits of Lincoln's character, it is unfortunate that so much prominence has been given to his humor, his jokes and his little stories. Lincoln undoubtedly took great delight in a good story, and his sense of humor was quick and responsive. During his life-time, however, he was compelled to protest that many anecdotes and quaint sayings were unwarrantedly attributed to him; and, now that he is gone, the last of the Lincoln stories is yet to be invented. I have sometimes wondered how many of those who seize with delight on every reminiscence of Lincoln, ready to break into laughter, remember that he had many pleasant traits of character which do not strongly appear in Lincoln the statesman and politician, or Lincoln the story-teller of the White House.

It does not seem that Lincoln had a nimble fancy; his imagination was not fertile; if it was, he took pains to keep it under; but there was a vein of poetic sentiment which appears in many of his earlier writings and speeches. When the poetical tastes of Lincoln are mentioned, immediately there comes to mind that depressing and bilious poem, "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" Those verses, with their lugubrious and sentimental refrain, undoubtedly affected Lincoln strongly on the tragic side of his nature; but they have received a somewhat fictitious value as the expression of his literary taste. It is true, however, that he inclined toward the poetry which dwells on sad and pathetic themes. It has been said that this was a sort of prophetic indication of the tragical ending of his own life; and some have thought that they detected in "the far-away look of his eyes" the gaze of one who was destined to a violent death. It is not likely that such thoughts occurred to any of us while he was yet alive; they are, however, the most natural of afterthoughts.

Like many men who have a keen sense of humor, Lincoln was easily moved by the pathos which is so nearly allied to jocularity. This is the reason, I suppose, why he liked best the minor poems of Thomas Hood and Oliver Wendell Holmes. Of the latter's works, "The Last Leaf" was one of his special favorites, and it readily can be understood how the subtly mingled pathos and humor of those verses should captivate the fancy of one of Lincoln's peculiar temperament. Few men ever passed from grave to gay with the facility that characterized him. He liked, too, sad and pensive songs. I remember that, one night at the White House, when a few ladies were with the family, singing at the piano-forte, he asked for a little song in which the writer describes his sensations when revisiting the scenes of his boyhood, dwelling mournfully on the vanished joys and the delightful associations of forty years ago. It is not likely that there was anything in Lincoln's lost youth that he would wish to recall; but there was a certain melancholy and half-morbid strain in that song which struck a responsive chord in his heart. The lines sunk into his memory, and I remember that he quoted them, as if to himself, long afterward. His powers of memory were very great. It was no evidence of his special delight in any poem, or bit of prose, that he was able to repeat it from memory without having the words before him. He once recited to me a long and doleful ballad, something like "Vilikins and his Dinah," the production of a rural Kentucky bard, and, when he had finished, he added, with a laugh, "I don't believe I have thought of that before for forty years."

Lincoln's reading, it would seem, was discursive. He could not have pursued any systematic course of study except that of the law; but, with a fine sense of fitness, he picked up whatever came in his way, reserving that which suited his purpose and leaving the rest. He never seemed to lose his hold upon what he liked in literature; when a young man he studied Shakspere, and some parts of the plays he involuntarily committed to memory; these he repeated with surprising verbal accuracy. It is related of him that, spending a few days at Fortress Monroe, he took up a volume of Shakspere and read aloud to General Wool's aid, who chanced to be near him, several passages from "Hamlet" and "Macbeth;" then, after reading from the third act of "King John," he closed the book and recalled the lament of *Constance* for her boy, beginning:

"And, father cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again."

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These words, he said, with deep emotion, reminded him of hours when he seemed to be holding communion with his lost boy, Willie, yet knowing, the while, that this was only a vision. Consider the pathos of this incident. The worn and grief-burdened President was waiting for the results of a movement against Norfolk, then in possession of the enemy; and it was thus he beguiled the heavy hours.

Lincoln seldom quoted poetry in his letters or speeches, although in conversation he often made an allusion to something which he had read, always with the air of one who deprecated the imputation that he might be advertising his erudition. Occasionally, as in his farewell speech to his neighbors and friends in Springfield, he employed a commonplace quotation, with due credit to the unknown author. In that address he said, "Let us believe, as some poet has expressed it, 'Behind the cloud the sun is still shining.'" In a speech in Congress, on so unpromising a theme as internal improvements, then one of the issues of the time, he quoted Robert Herrick's lines:

"Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out."

Another example occurs in an address made to a delegation of colored men who had waited on him to obtain an expression of opinion on the subject of colonization. The President spoke at great length, and concluded by saying that he hoped that his visitors would consider the matter seriously, not for themselves alone, nor for the present generation, but for the good of mankind, and he added:

"From age to age descends the lay
To millions yet to be,
Till far its echoes roll away
Into eternity."

Amid all his labors, Lincoln found time to read the newspapers, or, as he sometimes expressed it, "to skirmish" with them. From their ephemeral pages he rescued many a choice bit of verse, which he carried with him until he was quite familiar with it. I am bound to say that some of these waifs would not receive the hospitality of a severe literary critic; but it was noticeable that they were almost invariably referable to his tender sympathy with humanity, its hopes and its sorrows. I recall one of these extracts, which he took out of his pocket one afternoon, as we were riding out to the Soldiers' Home. It began:

"A weaver sat at his loom
Flinging his shuttle fast,
And a thread that should wear till the hour of doom
Was added at every cast."

The idea was that men weave in their own lives the garment which they must wear in the world to come. I do not know who wrote the verses; but the opening lines were fixed in my mind by their frequent repetition by the President, who seemed to be strongly impressed by them. During the evening, he murmured them to himself, once or twice, as if in a soliloquy.

I think it was early in the war that some public speaker sent Lincoln a newspaper report of a speech delivered in New York. The President, apparently, did not pay much attention to the speech, but a few lines of verse at the close caught his eye. These were the closing stanzas of Longfellow's "Building of the Ship," beginning with:

"Thou too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!"

To my surprise, he seemed to have read the lines for the first time. Knowing the whole poem as one of my early exercises in recitation, I began, at his request, with the description of the launch of the ship, and repeated it to the end. As he listened to the last lines:

"Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears," etc.,

his eyes filled with tears, and his cheeks were wet. He did not speak for some minutes, but finally said, with simplicity: "It is a wonderful gift to be able to stir men like that." It is quite possible that he had read the poem long before the war for the Union gave to the closing portion that depth of meaning which it now holds for us.

Though Lincoln does not appear to have used much imagery in his letters and speeches, his innumerable good sayings were pregnant with meaning; as Emerson has said, his fables were so wise that in an earlier time he would have been a mythological character, like Æsop. His parables were similes. His figures of speech, used sparingly, were homely and vigorous, the offspring of an uncultivated imagination, rather than of a mind stored with the thoughts of the great men of all ages. The

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simplest incidents of every-day life furnished him with similes. In one of his speeches in the famous campaign with Douglas, he said, referring to the suppression of political debate, "These popular sovereigns are at their work, blowing out the moral lights around us." This figure of blowing out the lights is not only a simple one, but highly suggestive of the homely incident which was in the mind of the speaker; an affected or fastidious person, would have weakly said, "extinguishing." In the same way, Lincoln insisted on retaining in his first annual message to Congress the phrase "sugar-coated pills"; and when remonstrated with by the printer, who was a personal friend, he defended his use of the figure by declaring that the time would never come when the American people would not know what a sugar-coated pill was. In like manner, too, representing the incipient stages of reconstruction in the lately rebellious states as an egg which might be crushed, but which should be hatched, he adhered to his homely illustration, in spite of all criticism. Such sayings as these became, in time, incorporated into the current speech of the people.

Lincoln's earlier addresses showed, perhaps, more imagination than did his later ones. Criticising that part of President Polk's message which referred to the Mexican war, Lincoln, then a representative in Congress, compared it to "the half-insane mumbling of a fever-dream." In the same speech he described military glory as "the attractive rainbow that rises in showers of blood; the serpent's eye that charms to destroy." I do not now recall a more striking picture, drawn by Lincoln, than this description of the helpless state of the American slave in 1857: "They have him in his prison-house," said he. "They have searched his person and have left no prying instrument with him. One after another, they have closed the heavy iron doors upon him, and now they have him, as it were, bolted in with a lock of a hundred keys, which can never be unlocked without the concurrence of every key; the keys in the hands of a hundred different men, and they scattered to a hundred different and distant places; and they stand musing as to what invention, in all the dominions of mind and matter, can be produced to make the impossibility of his escape more complete than it is."

Lincoln was a close observer of nature, as well as of men. He used natural objects to complete his similes. Into the wonderful alembic of his mind everything was received, to be brought forth again as aphorism, parable, or trenchant saying. In woodcraft, for example, he was deeply skilled, his habit of close observation leading him to detect curious facts which escaped the notice of most men. Riding through a wood in Virginia, he observed a vine which wrapped a tree in its luxuriant growth. "Yes," he said, "that is very beautiful; but that vine is like certain habits of men; it decorates the ruin that it makes." At another time, when we were in Virginia together, just after a fall of snow, I found him standing on the stump of a tree, looking out over the landscape. He called attention to various subtle features of the view, and said, among other things, that he liked the trees best when they were not in leaf, as their anatomy could then be studied. And he bade me look at the delicate yet firm outline of the leafless tree against the sky. Then, pointing to the fine net-work of shadows cast on the snow by the branches and twigs, he said that that was the profile of the tree. The very next day, somebody was discussing with him the difference between character and reputation, when he said,—with a look at me, as if to remind me of what he had been talking about the day before,—perhaps a man's character was like a tree, and his reputation like its shadow; the shadow is what we think of it; the tree is the real thing. The President was at that time weighed down with anxieties; it was a few weeks before General Hooker's crossing of the Rappahannock, at Fredericksburg; and he was daily expecting to hear of an attack on Charleston. I remember that it seemed to me a marvelous thing that he could unfix his mind from all these great cares long enough to consider such trifling things.

In his letter declining an invitation to attend the Illinois Republican Convention, in 1863, Lincoln made use of two or three striking figures. Reviewing the military events of the past year, which had been favorable to the cause of the Union, he said: "The Father of waters again goes unvexed to the sea." And, referring to the fact that Southern Unionists and ex-slaves had done something to help on the good work, he said: "On the spot, their part of the history is dotted down in black and white." There was something in the phrase "dotted down in black and white" which mightily tickled the popular fancy. At the time, however, criticism was provoked by this odd figure

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employed by the President: "Nor must Uncle Sam's web-feet be forgotten. At all the watery margins they have been present not only on the deep sea, the broad bay, the rapid river, but also up the narrow, muddy bayous, and wherever the ground was a little damp, they have been and made their tracks." Lincoln was amused by the discussion in the newspapers to which the use of the phrase "Uncle Sam's web-feet" gave rise. He explained that the remarkable feats performed by the gun-boats, in making their way through sloughs and bayous, heretofore considered unnavigable, reminded him of the stealthy passage of water-fowl. The pleasantry concerning light-draught steamers going where "the ground is a little damp" is familiar to everybody.

It will be a long time before our people will forget Lincoln's homely simile of "elder-squirts charged with rose-water," as applied to the conservative programme for prosecuting the war. This was used in a letter addressed to Cuthbert Bullitt, of New Orleans, in which letter he also said that the conservatives were like complaining passengers on a ship—"The mutineers must go untouched, lest one of these sacred passengers should receive an accidental wound." His imagination was powerfully stimulated by any reference to the history of the republic. His address at Gettysburg, now one of the great historical speeches of the world, suggests, rather than expresses, a crowd of images. To Lincoln's mind, apparently, American history was filled with noble and pathetic figures. In some of the loftier flights of his eloquence may be found traces of a strong poetic fancy—an imagination fired by love of country, and inspired by the contemplation of the stirring events that have marked its history. No more striking example of this can be found anywhere than in the memorable words which closed his first inaugural address:

"The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearth-stone, all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

LALAGE.

PART I.

TEN o'clock of a burning summer morning. Ten o'clock in an Indian jungle. A tangle of rich green vines and many large-leaved shrubs and bushes, feathery palms, and the quaint huldoo, with its superb drooping branches, making heavy masses of shade. Velvety undergrowth of long, rich grass, strangely crushed and beaten down, as if by some struggle, or as if some heavy body had lain there. The tree trunks are worn and polished near the ground, as if by the whetting of a cat's claws; but what a gigantic cat! The sun is dripping down in golden flecks and patches through the interlacing boughs. On the right is a tree loaded with white, waxy blossoms, whose heavy sweetness fills the whole warm air. On the left, another tree, the semal with its red cup-shaped blossoms flaming among its glossy leaves. In the center, a saul-tree, whose trunk was cleft while young, and which now stands apart in two well-defined trunks. There is no cry of cockatoo or gay paroquet, no noisy chatter of nimble black monkeys running along the boughs. Everywhere a death-like quiet reigns. Everywhere the air quivers with heat, and the sky burns blue and intense. Everywhere is that strange crushed look to the grass, and that polished look to the tree-trunks. What does it mean? Every Indian sportsman knows. This inclosed bit of jungle is a lair. Just before the cleft tree, lying along in splendid length in the rich, warm grass, is a royal tigress. Her tawny golden sides, marked with black velvety bands, swell slowly in and out; her tail sweeps from side to side with a slow motion, making the grass rustle under its weight; her noble head is drawn back slightly between her shoulders; she does not move it; her great, velvety fore-paws rest lightly before her; her mouth is slightly open, showing a gleam of strong white teeth; her cat-like whiskers move softly back and forward, back and forward; her great gray-green eyes look steadily, with an intense, level gaze, at one spot; their pupils are narrowed to mere black lines. At what are those wonderful, glittering eyes looking? On the opposite side of the lair is a man, whose smooth young face is browned by the fierce kisses of the Indian sun,—a tall, slight fellow, in full hunting gear. One hand pushes

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back the bushes, the other is unslinging his rifle. He stands utterly still, his dark, magnetic eyes fixed full on those of the royal beast. The only sound that breaks the stillness of the warm, shady lair is the switch of the tigress's tail to and fro in the long jungle grass, and the strange, low, purring noise that comes from the brute's half-open lips. For a few long moments the silence continues; man and beast gaze, each fascinated by the other; then a strange thing happens. The tigress begins to move her head and shoulders uneasily from side to side; she stirs and thrills all down her superb length; her great green eyes open and close in an odd, dazzled way. The man's eyes never flinch. The tigress trembles, half rises, draws back, rises, turns, and, with a splendid velvety tread, winds slowly off through the grass, crushing it under her softly cushioned feet, and leaving behind her a winding path. Once or twice she pauses and looks back, half turning, then she goes on with her voluptuous, sinuous motion, until the long grass and undergrowth hide her, and the man stands alone in the silence of the Indian jungle.

PART II.

BRITTANY. Brittany and Dinan. Dinan, with its quaint, pointed roofs, its narrow streets, stone-paved courts, and old houses, rich with dark carving; its dusty calf-market, its shady chestnuts and blossoming limes. Dinan, with its clattering sabots, and shrill market-day cries and calls, and the squares, filled with the high confusion of English, Irish and French voices. A warm market-day in June; but neither noise of sabots, nor market-day cries, nor dust, nor heat, can penetrate into the shady stone-paved court, through the closed venetians, and into the charming little *salon* of Madame Raymond, an English invalid in Dinan for rest and enjoyment, with her daughter Clare, and her niece Lalage. Madame Raymond's little *salon* is dim and cool; sweet with the breath of flowers, and musical with the splash and murmur of the fountain, falling into the old stone basin in the garden. The closed venetians admit no heat, but allow the faint breeze to enter. There are great fans scattered here and there; books half open; a filmy trifle of work in a basket of sweet grasses woven cunningly; but the room seems to be left to the shrinking Venus in her shadowy niche, standing still, white, cold, with that slow, faint, sleepy smile upon her lovely face, which has lived there unchanged for so many years.

But the room is not quite deserted, for, on a low, wide lounge in a dim alcove, Lalage is lying. She is lying at full length, showing all the gracious, rounded curves of her figure, a sleepy languor expressed by her position and her soft half movements. Her thin white sleeves fall back, showing her rounded arms as she clasps them above her head; her long green eyes, green as beryl, are half closed; her teeth gleam white between her parted lips, her bosom rises and falls with full, slow grace; not asleep, but in the sort of half-sleep, which is her delight. She does not move when the bell at the gate rings sharply, and a firm, quick step crosses the hall. It is only Jack,—Jack Macorie, the young British officer, home from India on sick leave. Idling through Brittany in general, and lazing in Dinan in particular. Clare Raymond's playmate in childhood, almost her accepted lover now, why should Lalage make herself uncomfortable for him? As he enters, she looks up with a faint, sweet smile, a smile with a vague suggestion of cruelty somewhere about it. Macorie seats himself by a table, and begins to spoil some of Clare's dainty work with his clumsy fingers.

"What have you been reading?" he asks, glancing at the little volume that has dropped to the floor.

"The 'Lotos Eaters,'" she answers. "What else could one read, on such a day as this?"

"It seems to me," he says bluntly, "like carrying coals to Newcastle. I should prefer to read it in winter; to-day is too warm."

"But you know," says Lalage, "I like the heat myself. I luxuriate in it, it is like life to me; besides, no heat that we have here in Brittany seems like heat to me. I seem to have known a greater at some time; a heat where man sleeps in the day, and only dares come out when the sun sets; a heat where the very air is white and quivering."

"And yet you came from England here, Miss Raymond?"

"Yes, from England here, as you say. It must have been in some other sphere and cycle that I knew this heat I speak of."

Macorie gazes curiously at the beautiful face. For his life he could not tell you what his real feeling is for Lalage. At times she is almost repulsive to him, and again he half fancies himself in love with her. Usually when he has just found

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her most fair and charming, most wonderful in her beauty and her strange, slow grace, just then comes that strange sense of repulsion, and he can in no way explain what it is. Presently comes the click of little boot-heels, and the swish of long skirts on the bare oak stairs, and Clare comes into the room. Pretty Clare Raymond, with her fair, high-bred face, her gentle ways, her quiet, brown eyes! Lalage calls her cold. Perhaps only Macorie knows how her eyes can flash and her face brighten.

"Jack," she says in her pretty, pleased way, "how good of you to come over in all this heat! I hardly expected you until evening. Babette shall bring us some tea. Mamma has one of her bad headaches to-day and will not be down."

Babette comes in,—a sturdy, cheery Breton woman, in black worsted petticoat plaited to ugly fullness on the hips, and kerchief pinned across her broad chest. Her face, under the snowy Breton cap, looks like an apple left all winter on the tree,—brown, and wrinkled, and crabbed, yet somewhat spicy and sweet withal, when once thawed out. Clare looks very gentle and womanly to Macorie, as she sits at the little round table and pours into the tiny cups the clear amber liquid, with bits of ice tinkling against the sides, and circles of golden lemon-peel floating on top. She is a pleasant contrast just now to Lalage, lying indolently on her low couch, yawning and smiling. For the first time, Macorie notices how rough her tawny hair is, and how crushed and tumbled her gown. Clare's gown is fresh and dainty, her pretty head as sleek as a robin's. Presently Lalage rises and leaves the room.

"I am tired of watching you two drinking Russian tea; you weary me. I am going to dress."

She yawns as she speaks, and allows herself to stretch luxuriously, as a cat does when it awakens. Macorie watches her departure with no shadow of regret in his handsome eyes. One of the revulsions of feeling of which we have spoken comes over him, and he is by no means averse to an hour's *tête-à-tête* with Clare.

In the evening, however, his state of mind is changed. Clare is seated at the piano, in a dim corner, softly playing the tender, wonderful music of the "Moonlight Sonata." Lalage rises slowly and passes out through the glass doors standing open, into the moonlit garden beyond. The fountain is falling with low cadence into its old stone basin, the glossy-leaved trees rustle and whisper in the cool, light wind, a silver-voiced nightingale is singing her heart out in the shrubbery, and Macorie, scarce knowing why, rises and follows the glint of Lalage's white gown, along the garden walks. He finds her leaning on the old stone parapet that bounds the garden; she is bending forward, looking down upon the gleaming Rance which winds below, like a glittering serpent, between its shadowy banks.

"I came out here for a picture to accompany Clare's music," she says. "Only look at it!"

She bends slightly toward him as she speaks, her beryl-colored eyes expanded. The pupils of Lalage's eyes are always dilated at night, like those of a cat; at high noon they narrow to mere black lines. The air is full of the sweet, intoxicating odor of the lime blossoms. Macorie catches the subtle fragrance of some Indian perfume; his cool, clear head swims; his eyes are fixed on Lalage's fair face.

"Don't look at me so," says the girl, turning her head uneasily away from the steady gaze of Macorie's clear, keen eyes. "I cannot bear that steady way you have of looking at me; why do you do it?"

The music within has ceased. Babette's high shrill voice is heard:

"Mamzel! mamzel! the *maman* wants you!"

"She is always working," says Lalage, with slow scorn. "She does not know the meaning of repose—Clare."

"Poor little Clare!" says Macorie, gently; "she is sorely tried with her mother. I fancy she has little time to rest, even if she would. I have always thought," he continues, idly watching the flow of the river below, "that Clare is a woman for whom love will do much; she has lived thus far a life of repression; but I fancy I know what love would do for Clare."

Lalage turns her head slowly toward Macorie. Probably this woman has never made a rapid movement in her life.

"What love would do for Clare?" she says, softly. "What would it do? Give her rest and peace, perhaps; freedom from the fretful demands of her mother. Do you know what it would do for me? Clare is cold and calm; her blood is like water, pure and cold; mine runs like fire in my veins. Love would save me from something worse than death, Macorie—worse than death!"

She turns and walks away behind the trees.

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"Lalage! Lalage!" cries Macorie. "What do you mean?"

But no sound comes to him of voice or footstep. The river flows on through the moonlit night; the nightingale has fallen asleep in the thicket; but Macorie stands alone in the quiet beauty of the slumbering night.

The summer waxes and wanes and grows late, and still Macorie lingers at Dinan. The long days slip by, full of work for the sturdy Breton peasants,—toil by sea, and labor by land; full of idle and dreamy enjoyment or energetic sight-seeing to the summer visitors in Dinan. Not of the latter class are the young people at Madame Raymond's. Their days are passed lounging in the dim, pretty *salon;* idling in the old garden, listening to the rustle of the trees and the cool splash of the fountain. Macorie reads aloud, Clare sews busily, and Lalage, as usual, does nothing. There are whole evenings spent upon the moonlit Rance, rowing through the gleaming water, stopping opposite Lehon Abbey, and the flight of steps where of old the Lehon monks used to bathe. Often, when Madame Raymond's head troubles her, Clare has to stay at home, and it is Lalage alone who floats down the river in the tiny boat with Macorie.

One warm, still morning, Macorie comes in to Madame Raymond's, springing lightly up the stair, humming "Casta Diva" beneath his breath; Fanchette, Lalage's white Angora cat,—a sleepy, vicious animal,—steals along beside him. When he reaches the half-open door of the *salon* he pauses a minute. He has been away from Dinan for a day, and wonders how Lalage will greet him; he recalls just now the picture of Lalage as he last saw her, sitting at the piano in the evening. He recalls her beauty; the glimmering tints of her gown; the gleam of her red-gold hair; the soft, rounded curves of her figure; the low, sweet Spanish song she sang, with its tender rippling accompaniment; the sweet, strange perfume about her hair and dress; the rounded whiteness of her perfect arms.

"Do you ever," she had said, laughing, "feel tempted to set your teeth in your own flesh? I do. Clare, now, does not tempt me, she is too brown; but look, am I not white?" She bit her arm gently with her short white teeth; then she laughed at Macorie's puzzled face. "I vex you now," she said. "I will not vex you any more; besides it hurts my arm to bite it, and I do not like to be hurt."

Macorie's hands are filled with flowers he had brought, not to Clare; Clare Raymond has no fancy for flowers like these,—heavy-scented, glossy-leaved, brilliant blossoms, tropical in their rare warmth of color. He stands a moment unobserved looking at Lalage. There is a tiger-skin rug spread on the dark-shining floor,—a huge skin, tawny gold, with rich black markings; and on this rug Lalage is reclining, her head supported on her bare white arms, which are thrown above it. She has drawn the rich skin about her, and rubs her cheek caressingly against it; a sort of thrill of pleasure passes down her figure; now and then she utters a low, strange sound, almost like a cat's purr. She is simply perfect, as a picture of sensuous enjoyment, but as a woman——Macorie turns away with a sudden cold qualm, a faint thrill of half-defined disgust and personal revulsion. The rich flowers drop from his careless hand; he cannot stay; he would not see Lalage now for worlds. "She is not like a woman," he declares to himself; "she is half brute. I never saw any one like her!" and that day Lalage waits in vain for Macorie. She found Fanchette, however, asleep on the rug in the hall, among the scattered flowers.

"I wish, Lalage," says Macorie one day, "that you would move your chair from that rug. I hate a tiger-skin!"

"But you sent it to Clare yourself," says Lalage, wonderingly; "you sent it home from India on the *Harpy*, with Major Devine; have you forgotten?"

She moved her chair, however, and came and seated herself beside Macorie on the low lounge.

"I know that I sent it," he says; "but I wish I never had. I never wish to see one again; they are not fit for Christians to use; they are fit only for some barbaric Indian princess. I hate them!"

"And I love them," says Lalage, softly and slowly; "they remind me of pleasant things; they bring lovely pictures to my mind; shall I draw one for you? Shall I tell you what I see?"

"Yes," says the young man, softly.

Lalage sits bending slightly toward him. He can feel her warm breath on his face; her slender hand is on his wrist; her wonderful glittering eyes are fastened upon his; the pupils of them are narrowed to upright black lines.

"I see," says the girl, speaking slowly and under her breath,—"I see a little open space in an Indian forest, a jungle, Macorie

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—an Eastern jungle! The air trembles and quivers with the intense white heat; the sky blazes blue and fierce overhead. There is grass in the jungles;—long, warm, tangled grass, all torn and crushed and beaten down, as if some struggle had taken place, or as if some heavy body had lain there. Everywhere are rich tropical trees and shrubs; they make the place shady, though it is high noon. On the right, there is a tree loaded with white waxy blossoms; they have a heavy intoxicating odor, like orange blossoms. On the left, another tree with red cup-shaped flowers and an odd buttressed stem. In the middle of the open space is a tall tree with glossy, dark-green leaves. I do not know its name; but the trunk has been cleft while the tree was young, and it has grown up tall and graceful, but with two distinct trunks; and all the trees are marked and polished near the ground, as if some great cat had been sharpening her claws upon it, just as Fanchette does upon the acacia. It is a strange place, Macorie,—a strange, warm, shady, luxurious place."

"Lalage!" cries the young man, "what do you mean? You never were in India! You have always lived in the North—you never can have seen that place!"

"No," says Lalage, softly, rising and bending down toward him, an odd light in her eyes, "I have always lived in the North, as you say, but I have dreams sometimes!"

"Do you think it's a possible thing, Kotzchmar?" says Macorie, as the two friends sit together after dinner.

Kotzchmar is lighting his pipe—a deep-bowled meerschaum; the first deep drawings and the clouds of blue smoke prevent his speaking at first. Lighting one's after-dinner pipe is no small and idle task, but one to be entered upon with due care and solemnity. Kotzchmar lifts his fair German face from his pipe.

"All things are possible, Macorie. There are brutes endowed with almost human intelligence, and there are human beings of no more than brute intelligence. You ask if I think it possible for a brute to become, through long generations, human—human through its desires and longings. I answer, that I cannot tell. Strange things have happened. You can class this idea of yours with those rather unpleasant beliefs of the middle ages,—the Berserker rage, for instance, and the were-wolf superstitions of France and North Germany. Your theory is a sort of inversion of the old heathen doctrine of metempsychosis; the transmigration is inverse, you see, from brute to human. However, Macorie, if your theory be a good one, it must admit of the converse. If a brute can be raised to human form and level by superior intelligence and by some great human passion, why, certainly, the transformed brute would at once lose its human form by yielding to any of its brute instincts. Æsop, you know, has a fable of a young man who fell in love with a white cat, and prayed the gods to change it to a woman. His prayer was granted; but you remember that something strange and most disagreeable occurred when, while holding his bride in his arms, the sound of rats came from the wainscot—*voilà!*——"

"*Voilà!*" says Macorie, coolly; "my cigar has gone out; good evening!" and he saunters up the street to Madame Raymond's. Clare is at the piano, playing softly in the dusk.

"You are tired to-night," says Macorie, gently.

"A little," she answers quietly. "I was up last night with mamma, and I did not sleep much; but it is nothing."

"Is it nothing, Clare," he says tenderly, "that you are wearing out your sweet young life, working and watching and caring for others, with no one to care for you? Clare, my darling, will you come to me? Will you let me care for you, my dearest, all my life? I am not half good enough to dare say all this to a saint like you; but I love you, Clare; that is my only excuse."

"You must never, never talk that way, Jack," says Clare, her eyes shining with happy tears; "never talk as if you were not a thousand times wiser, and stronger, and better than I."

And neither of these two happy young people know that Lalage, behind the heavy window-curtains, has heard and seen all this, and stands looking at them fiercely; her glittering green eyes half closed, her nails cutting the tender clenched hands.

An hour later, there comes a low, terrible cry from the old garden, where Clare has gone to breathe the cool night air, while Macorie is with old Madame Raymond, lying ill and querulous on her couch. Babette hears the cry, sitting on the stone bench outside her kitchen door, knitting and smelling the lime-blossoms,—hears the cry, and runs through the court-yard, her long gold ear-rings rattling like castanets.

"Ah Monsieur! Monsieur Jacques, come

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very quickly! Ah! the sacred lamb! the pure white chicken! Holy Maria! what is this thing? Some beast has done it—*cruelle!* The wicked Fanchette! she has done it with her claws and teeth! Oh! the naughty beast, what big claw marks! Yes, yes; bear her in gently, monsieur, gently, and do not let the *maman* see!"

Clare is lying by the fountain, with marks of cruel teeth and claws about her tender throat; but surely it was done by larger, keener claws than those of sleeping Fanchette!

"What was it, my darling?" begs Macorie, trying to silence the voluble Babette. "For God's sake, my dearest, tell me what terrible thing has happened."

"Jack," says Clare solemnly, with the shadow of a great horror in her deep, clear eyes, "if I live to be a thousand years old, I never will—I never can tell you what strange, awful thing happened to me in the garden!"

The morning sun shines gayly on Dinan; over the pointed roofs and quaint windows and chimneys; over the narrow streets, the old gardens and the shining river. Clare Raymond is lying on a couch by the open window; the slight fresh breeze blows from the curtains, and lifts the light hair on Clare's forehead. She is not dead,—not even dying, thank God! Her mother sits beside her, forgetting for once her own ills, now that Clare can no longer foster them. As for Lalage, she is nowhere to be seen; she has a habit of going across to the neighbors if anything unpleasant happens at home.

"Monsieur, come here," beckons Babette mysteriously to Macorie. "I must show you something."

In the garden, the grass is long, beyond the old fountain.

"Look there," says Babette, pointing with her thin brown hand.

Through the long rich grass, wet and glistening with the night dews, runs a sinuous path, where the grass is crushed and bent as if some heavy body had dragged itself along there to reach the chestnut grove.

"Pierre Latour told me, that at one o'clock this morning, when he and his cousin were coming down the river in their boat, with fruit and vegetables,—to-day is market-day, monsieur knows,—just below our garden, a strange animal came softly out from the chestnuts, and stole along the bank. It was a large dark beast, says Pierre; they could see its sides in the light of the moon, marked with black stripes and bands like velvet. It kept its shining eyes on the men, but did not offer to swim out to them, and walked along the bank as softly as the juggler who danced on eggs last fête day; but it left behind it a trail in the long grass, like this, monsieur, in our garden. What do you make of it? you who are wise, what manner of beast is this, with velvet-striped sides, and shining green eyes, and a step like a great cat? Perhaps you will know, monsieur; as for old Babette, she must run round to the English neighbors, and see where the selfish Mamzell Lalage spent the night. Wicked, selfish one! she fled away when my white lamb was hurt, and not a soul has seen her since!"

INFLUENCE.

THE fervent, pale-faced Mother ere she sleep,
Looks out upon the zigzag-lighted square,
The beautiful bare trees, the blue night-air,
The revelation of the star-strewn deep,
World above world, and heaven over heaven.
Between the tree-tops and the skies, her sight
Rests on a steadfast, ruddy-shining light,
High in the tower, an earthly star of even.
Hers is the faith in saints' and angels' power,
And mediating love—she breathes a prayer
For yon tired watcher in the gray old tower.
He the shrewd, skeptic poet unaware
Feels comforted and stilled, and knows not whence
Falls this unwonted peace on heart and sense.

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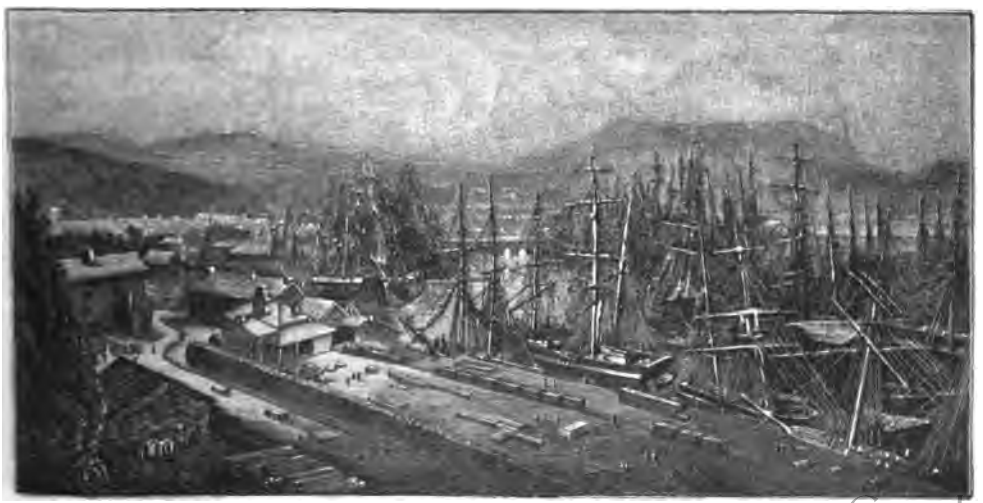
OVER THE NARROWEST NARROW GAUGE.

MADOC sailed out and discovered America, rather behind the Norsemen, but some hundreds of years before Columbus had an opportunity to do so. He penetrated to southern Missouri, as stated by Southey. There are Welshmen who believe that his descendants are still to be traced, speaking a purer Welsh than remains in the mother country.

By way of returning the compliment, an occasional American drops down and discovers the little port of North Wales from which Madoc sailed. More likely than not he is an engineer from Virginia, the Rio Grande, or Venezuela, come to see its principal curiosity for practical purposes at home. The European visitors comprise a formidable list of celebrities. The Duke of Sutherland came down in 1870, piloting an imperial Russian commission with *attachés* from all the continental powers and the East Indian government. "I wish I had known of it before," said he; "it would have saved me a million dollars in my estates."

This curiosity is the line, less than fourteen miles in length, from Port Madoc to the Festiniog slate district, known as the Festiniog Railway. It is nominally two feet wide, but really one foot eleven and a half inches, and enjoys the distinction of being both the oldest and the narrowest narrow gauge in the world. It was the war cry—and the basis, in fact—of the second of the violent modern controversies known as the battles of the gauges. The first of these, it will be remembered, was between the gauges of seven feet and upward, supported by the noted Isambard Kingdom Brunell, and the standard gauge of four feet eight and a half inches. Brunell proposed to attain unheard-of speed, retaining stability as well, with eleven-feet tracks, ten-feet driving-wheels for locomotives, and carriages hung between, instead of upon, the wheels. I have conversed with a pupil of his, now a distinguished supporter of the extremely opposite views, who shared his experiments, and rode with him at close to eighty miles an hour, after eight-feet driving-wheels, on his Great Western road. He mentions a violent and dangerous lateral jar in the suspended carriages as the cause of their abandonment. The Great Western itself, as late as 1874,—the Waterloo, it might be called, of the first struggle,—was relaid to the standard gauge, all comfort and profit in the use of it having been destroyed by the necessity of transhipment at points of contact with others.

The second battle, the bombardments



PORT MADOC.

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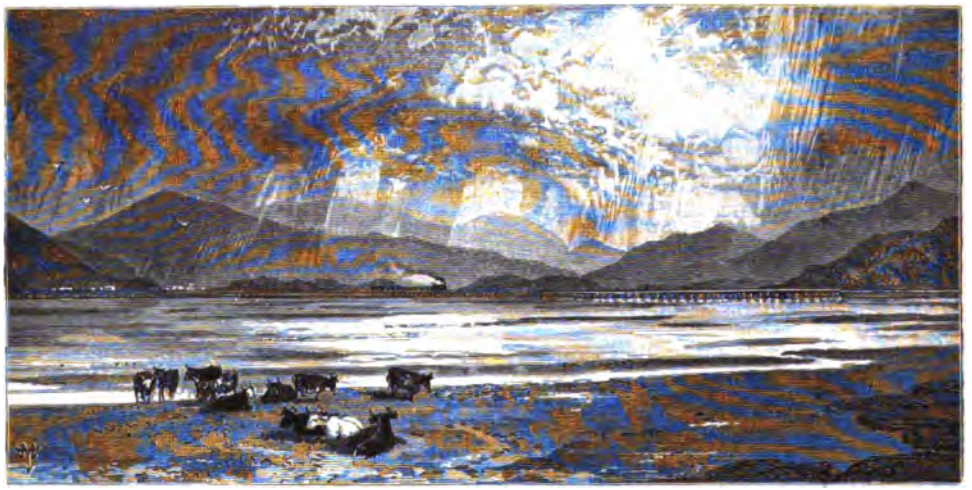
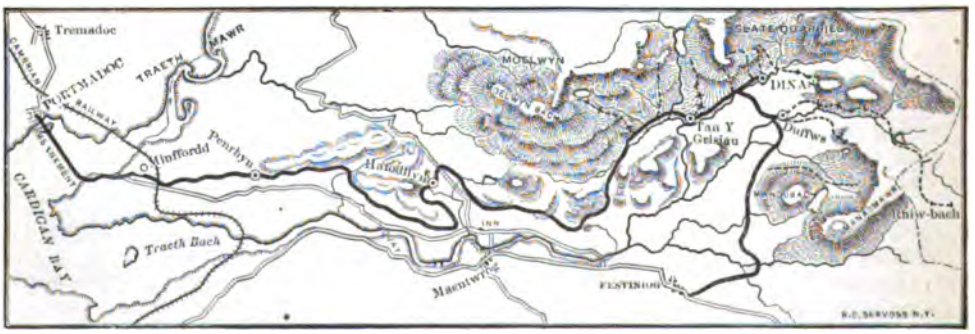
and hand-to-hand conflicts of which are still far from having come to an end, was begun by the favorable report of a government inspector on the opening of the Festiniog Railway to passengers in 1865. It was accelerated by other reports still more favorable on the placing on the track of a peculiarly constructed engine, the Fairlie, demanded by its increasing business in 1869. In the meantime a way of looking at railways from the point of view of their profits more than for striking feats had set in. They had not paid as was expected of them. The idea was broached and eagerly caught at, from the new information at hand, that they were extravagantly large, instead of stingily small, according to the reproach of Brunell.

The Festiniog Railway has lost its exclusive prominence as an example, and is no longer the Mecca it was, now that some twelve thousand miles of narrow gauges have been laid down in other parts of the world. Most of them are among ourselves, however, —there are estimated, eight thousand miles for the United States and Canada,—and the circumstance adds more than it detracts from the interest to the transatlantic visitor, who may promise himself entertainment in seeing what this fourteen miles of road, parent of twelve thousand, is actually like. It was the Christmas season of the last year when I came up to it, by roundabout ways, from the yellow gloom of London. The Severn was frozen for skating in Shropshire. In the Welsh country the oldest inhabitants were telling each other that it was a time quite remarkable in their experience.



FROM MADOCKS' EMBANKMENT.

Nothing remains of Prince Madoc. It is not even certain that it is his name Port Madoc bears, since it was founded early in the present century by one William Madocks, who may only have intended to commemorate himself. He expended half a million dollars in building an embankment a mile long across an estuary of the sea which formerly ran back nearly to the foot of Snowdon, and



THE FESTINIOG RAILWAY. (SHOWN BY THE BROAD BLACK LINE.)

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thus redeemed seven thousand acres of land, which he left, a fine property, to his creditors, having ruined himself in the undertaking. The Snowdon range is the center of the district. It is not stupendous, as mountains go, but the stern dark color and the volcanic nature of the upheaval give an impressiveness beyond the size.

Port Madoc is a town of four thousand inhabitants. It has a notably staid and respectable air. There is a long principal street, of heavy two-story stone houses, broken by an ambitious market and a station for the district police. The trading in the neat small shops is entirely in the hands of Evanses, Lloyds, Griffiths, Owen and John Joneses. The houses climb a steep hill on one hand, and stretch out to the flat on the other. There are monotonous rows of them, each with a pretty bay-window, not unlike the dwellings of Washington clerks, except that they are not of brick. No sounds of revelry come out of the Quarrymen's Arms. "Temperance" signs prevail, and chapels are so numerous as to be a special feature. They are chiefly of the dissenting sects, the Church of England having never recovered the hold upon the people which it early lost by a neglect of the national language.

There is an equal seriousness in the port, among the neatly piled palisades of slates awaiting removal. The waterside inns are temperance inns, too. One would say they were kept by the deacons of the chapels. A jolly tar is never seen by any chance staggering under other than his legitimate burdens. The slate wagons, numerously scattered in the yards, are small vans of iron lattice work, standing but eighteen inches above the track, carrying a couple of tons, and easily pushed about by hand. The line is seven hundred feet higher at one end than at the other, having an average gradient of 1 in 92, and a maximum of 1 in 69, and they come down mainly by gravity—by their own impudence, I have heard it called.

The shipping is of sufficient extent to make an impressive tangle of mast. From an elevated point one would say that buildings, ships, quays, and the black little island hills in William Madocks' redeemed land—Madoc is said to have sailed from one of them—had drifted in together, and were held in an eddy, under a protecting angle of the shore.

SLATE BOATS AT LOW WATER.

The first and only level mile of the railroad crosses Madocks' embankment. There is a vast, bare stretch of sands from it when the tide is out, with a real charm in its character of simple desolation. From another point the black slate boats lie stranded, with Mount Snowdon showing through their rigging. When the storms beat in, lines of Ossian come naturally to one, on these high northern coasts so near to where they had their origin. The heroes rise like the break of a blue rolling wave, and the ghost of Crugal retires with the darkened moon in the whistling blast.

The Festiniog road was founded by the

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BRON-Y-GARTH.

Spooner family, and the third generation is now taking part in the management of it. Their attractive, ivy-clad homestead, Bron-y-garth, hangs on a picturesque hill above it, where all its goings-out and comings-in are under the eye. It is a family of quite the traditional British hardihood, if the accounts be true. Its list of accidents and hair-breadth 'scapes is too long to set down here; but the small road, innocent enough for others and without a case of fatal damage in its annals, has certainly subjected its responsible heads to severe proofs. The senior member is a hale, dignified gentleman of sixty. His son, a young man of energetic and companionable traits, my guide in the subsequent explorations, assures me that he is not beyond the ability to turn "cart-wheels" yet with the agility of youth.

From the Spooners I heard the story of the road at first hand, with something of the romance of Madocks and the antiquities of the neighborhood. James Spooner came into the country from Yorkshire on a pleasure excursion. He hunted rabbits over most of the site where the town and docks now are. There he fell in with ordnance surveyors, was pleased with the business, became an engineer, and returned to assist Mr. Madocks in his projects. The slate quarries in the mountains were being tediously and expensively served by boats down the river Dwyryd (Doorid). He secured in 1832 the laying of a horse tram-road to them. There was a brilliancy in these improvements at that time that caused people in the early part of the century to congratulate themselves on their progress and look forward to extraordinary things. One horse on the rails could do the work of forty.

James Spooner advanced to the idea of steam on his track, but was unable to realize it, and left it as a legacy to his son. The difficulty was to find locomotives that could be guaranteed for the peculiar conditions of narrowness and curvature. The son succeeded in carrying out the bold conception in 1863, putting on tank engines, of the type of the "Little Giant" and "Welsh Pony." The shoulder easily overtops these small locomotives as they stand on the track. Their driving-wheels are but two feet in diameter. Their cylinders are a trifle over eight inches, with a twelve-inch stroke. Instead of the thirty, forty-five, and even seventy tons of standard gauge locomotives, they weigh, the first seven and a half, the other ten at most.

No change was made in the track, except to replace the original sixteen with thirty-pound rails. A two-foot gauge it had been, winding around all the convolutions of the hills, and a two-foot gauge it remained. After a couple of years more development of trade and population, there was a crying demand that it should carry passengers. This was against the law. The inspector who was to give it celebrity came up, saw what it could do, and made his report. The permit for passengers was secured, but with a restriction of speed to twelve miles an hour.

As business grew, continually increasing loads were piled on carriages and capacities were thus developed that had not been dreamed of. Toward 1870 traffic had so outgrown the limited provision, that it seemed necessary to double the track. As a possible alternative, experiments were first tried with the Fairlie locomotive. It proved

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to furnish such a satisfactory increase of power that the idea was abandoned and has never since been renewed. The "Little Giant's" prestige was blotted out by a twenty-ton "Little Wonder." The next step demanded in this gradual progress upward was a stronger support for the new crushing weights. The weight of the rails was made nearly forty-nine pounds to the yard, and even these are now being replaced with steel

TAN-Y-BWLCH STATION.

of fifty. The restriction as to speed was withdrawn, the employés were handsomely uniformed, and the whole became and remains as like as possible in miniature to the ordinary European railway.

The small wooden station at the end of Madocks' embankment has hardly more than the look of a sentry-box. One rather expects to find the tickets diminished in proportion, and the company's servants stunted in their growth. But the former are of the usual size, and porters, guards, and brakemen bustle about with as important an air as if they had never been out of the service of Isambard Kingdom Brunell.

All the steps of the historical development are read in the varied patterns of the rolling stock. The earliest is the quarrymen's car. It is a mere rude box, eight feet by six, by four and a half, perhaps, painted dark red, and provided with two openings for doors. The next period is typified by a car for six persons, with the usual door and flanking windows in each side. It has a palanquin or sedan-chair effect. It might be considered the germ or a single cell of the foreign carriage, which consists of a number of compartments united in the same structure for the different classes. There are others of two cells. There is a variety with longitudinal seats. Others again are open, with stout leather aprons for protection from the weather.

The latest model is a handsomely finished car, with the peculiarity of being very much larger instead of smaller than its broad gauge contemporaries. It is thirty-seven feet long, has seven compartments, and carries fifty persons. The best Cambrian or North-western carriage on the journey hither had but four, with room for thirty-two. This latest Festiniog car rests on two pivoted trucks or "bogies" of four wheels each, while those of the regular foreign pattern run stiffly on four fixed single wheels, after the manner of our street-cars. There is a disposition to make a good deal of the bogies as a striking original feature, though from the first days of railroading they have been part of the American system to the entire exclusion of the other. A few are lately being introduced on the Midland and South-western railways of England.

Among the rest, a peculiar conveyance like the section of a boat on wheels, inscribed: *Ni l'un ni l'autre*, known as "the Boat," is for the use of the manager and his family.

The goods wagons weigh eighteen hundred pounds, and carry two and a half tons. A pair of timber wagons coupled, weighing thirteen hundred each, carries nine tons. For stability, all the floors are kept as near the ground as possible. In the passenger cars,—whose wheels run inside, and for oiling are reached from doors in the seats,—

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they are but a single step above the track, a feature which allows platforms to be dispensed with at the stations.

The transportation rates are quite tolerable: for a passenger, slightly less than three and a half cents a mile, first class; two and a tenth cents, second class; for a ton of goods, five and a half cents. On field days, before assembled magnates, the "Welsh Pony" has drawn up trains of nearly seventy-four tons, and the "Little Wonder" of two hundred and six. On any day the former is to be seen going out on its ordinary work with between fifty and sixty tons, and the latter with nearly a hundred and thirty.

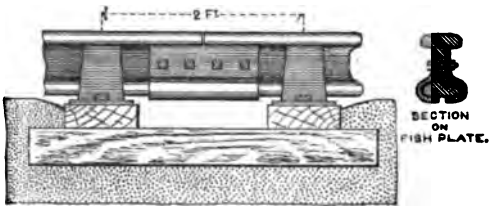
Enthusiastic observers of the performances of the Fairlie engine here have staked their reputation on being able with them to run the whole traffic of the London and North-western road on a gauge not to exceed two feet and a half. Fairlie, the inventor, an indefatigable controversialist and undoubtedly the most strenuous narrow gauge advocate in the world, declares that without it, narrow gauge, *per se*, is not worth a straw. Singularly enough, it is very moderately used on the American narrow gauges, which content themselves with the "Consolidation," "Mogul," and more ordinary patterns.

As the slate wagons go up empty and come down with so little effort, the trains are often of great length. They are frequently a thousand feet, and sometimes a full quarter of a mile. The interminable line of small units, as flexibly jointed as a trailing chain, moves around the curved route at from twelve to fifteen miles an hour. It is sometimes on three or four curves at once.

Passenger trains have been run as fast as thirty and even forty miles an hour. The traffic for the year ending with June, 1878, reached 233,000 passengers, and 165,000 tons of freight, returning an income of $133,000. Its rate of traffic even six years ago was fifteen times greater than that of the three existing Indian railways, and was made an argument to show that for the future they should be narrow gauge.

The track over which this is done demands particular attention before any inferences can be drawn for use elsewhere. Here is something, too, very different from what is said abroad to be the American plan of "building cheap and running dear." It is of this section:

The rail, as has been said, is of nearly forty-nine pounds weight, and will shortly be fifty of steel. The American narrow gauge rail is from thirty to thirty-five pounds, and that of our standard gauge, fifty-six. The larch cross-sleepers, but two feet apart at the joints, are framed to longitudinal sills as shown. The fish-plate grips the lower flange, as well as the web of the rail. The whole way is carefully drained by depressions under the track, at regular intervals. Examination shows the ballast to be without a crack of subsidence or shrinkage. One is not in the least inclined to dispute the account which has pronounced it "a perfect road-bed."



CONSTRUCTION OF TRACK AND ROAD-BED.

II.

We had agreed, in order to witness one of the more unusual phases of the life of the road, to go by the quarrymen's train. It starts only once a week, at six o'clock Monday morning. In part through lack of accommodations above, and partly to have access, in case of need, to work elsewhere, large numbers of the men keep their homes and families below, and return to them on Saturday afternoons. It was naturally much before daylight, at this hour of a mid-winter morning. Snow-flakes fell thickly at intervals. The quarrymen came trooping out of the silent streets with their kits of supplies in canvas bags knotted across their shoulders. They stamped the snow off their heavy boots in the station, and talked softly together in their strange tongue.

MONDAY MORNING PASSENGERS.

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Among them—the one touch of brighter sentiment in the scene—a rugged man, stiff in the joints from toil, had beside him a pretty child, a girl of ten, who carried in a satchel a part of his provisions. She was shabbily dressed, as became a quarryman's daughter; the small face was rosy with the storm, and the unkempt blonde hair had a genuine interest even apart from her circumstances. His only reply to compliments was the common *dim Saesnach* (no English) impassively spoken.

The engine at the head of the long train of red-painted boxes slipped on the icy tracks and did not easily get under way. While it fumed and shrieked in the rage of ineffectual efforts, telegrams came down the line countermanding the train. It would be useless to proceed till the way was cleared above. The next in regular order was also stopped. In the middle of the forenoon, a single engine drew up in charge of Williams, head of the machine-shops, and

FAIRLIE ENGINE AND TRAIN.

the most trusted mechanic on the line. We jumped up beside him and found ourselves embarked for the journey on the Fairlie engine, "Little Wonder," which justified the accounts of the easy gliding motion and absence of oscillation attributed to it, as we flew out over the embankment.

This engine has an odd, aggressive-looking build. It is really two locomotives framed together. With double boilers, smoke-stacks and pairs of cylinders, ready to start either way, one end is as much the front as the other. It seems to defy gods and men to catch it napping. It bears lightly on the track by having all wheels driving-wheels, and the weight distributed equally on them. The bogie or pivoted truck is here again a leading feature. The rolling gear is simply one of these at each end. Its difference from two locomotives coupled to work together is in this, that, in turning a curve, the stiff frame acts as the chord of the arc. The leading bogie is securely held to the track by the other.

The first stoppage is at the shops at the other end of the embankment. They are of some size, and well furnished with what is necessary for building and repairs. Ingenious American screw-cutters are among the tools. One is called upon to note that the smallness of the parts to be dealt with, and of lifting tackle and apparatus in general, is one of the economies of the plan. At the shops we take up a burly individual walking in a leisurely way on the track. This is the "strongest man on the line." "It may be convenient to have him along farther up," says the young superintendent, as the Samson stows himself comfortably, and lights his pipe, on the buffer beam.

At Minffordd, the junction with the Cambrian line, is a stone station,—the only one,—

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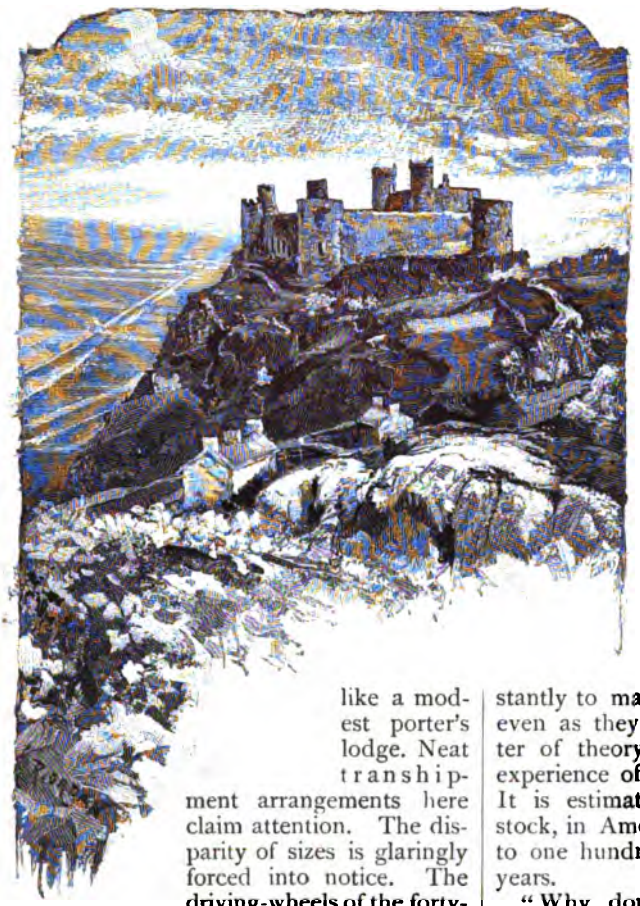


HARLECH CASTLE.

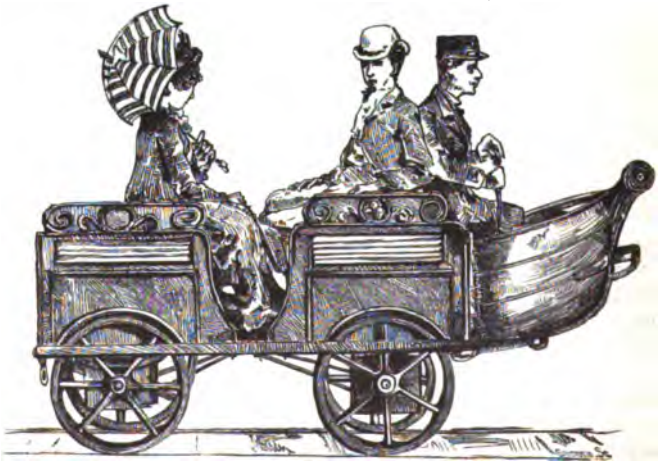
like a modest porter's lodge. Neat transhipment arrangements here claim attention. The disparity of sizes is glaringly forced into notice. The driving-wheels of the forty-ton Cambrian locomotive are not far short of the top of the smoke-stack of the other. Its goods truck is three times the length and twice the height of the smaller one. The two are brought side by side to a level, the smaller trucks being run upon raised platforms. Mr. Spooner estimates the damage of his break of gauge at not more than the threepence to sixpence a ton charged on the 25,000 tons interchanged at this point.

There would be a much greater disparity of sizes were there parallel systems of construction. The broad gauge takes its loads more like an elephant its castle, while the widely overhanging narrow gauge is like a donkey with its paniers. The freight cars of the latter are more than twice, and its passenger coaches more than three times, the width of its track.

"With a proportion like ours," says my companion and guide, "the standard gauge carriages would be fifteen feet wide instead of eight or nine. They cannot adopt it. It would crush their tracks in no time. If that were not reason enough, it would destroy the necessary mid-space between tracks and require the alteration of all tunnels and standing fixtures, adapted to the present width."

There is another reason, it occurs to one to reply,—the added liability to destruction of the cars themselves. The tendency is constantly to make them stronger and heavier, even as they now are. It is not a matter of theory, but of policy, derived from experience of the customary wear and tear. It is estimated that the weight of rolling stock, in America, has increased from fifty to one hundred per cent. in the last twenty years.

"Why don't they take a gauge where they can get all out of themselves they are worth, then?" he says, being naturally an enthusiast for the system whose working he has witnessed to such advantage.



"THE BOAT."

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The delicate question of the ratio of dead to paying weight is involved in this, and indeed the whole perplexed question. Our talk becomes, in the intervals of the failure of special objects of attention along the line, a sort of narrow gauge symposium.

There surely are not many controversies in which two positions oppose each other with such an apparent completeness. If more cuttings and tunnels and heavier rolling stock are adduced against the broad gauge, more miles of track, sheds and sidings, longer trains more difficult to pull, and diminished speed are retorted on the narrow. Mr. G. B. Bruce, in the noted deliberations for the benefit of the East Indies, estimates the saving by use of the narrow at £200 per mile, General Strachey at £2,000, while Mr. R. Price Williams (all are authorities of the highest consideration) believes it will be an actual extra expense of £300 per mile. In Norway a broad gauge road is being turned into a narrow because it does not pay. In Sweden a narrow is being changed into a broad for the same reason. The evidence in the vital matter of break of gauge has equal range. It varies from the petition of the people of South Wales to the Great-western, setting forth that break of gauge is a curse, and prohibitory of their principal traffic, to the opinion of a superintendent of the Erie road, who declares it a positive benefit, as saving the damage to empty returned cars.

The solution is not facilitated as much as might be thought by the increase of examples. The narrow gauges are still on their trial. It is certain that any railroad is better than none, but perhaps time enough has not elapsed for the oldest of them to allow it to be determined that another than the policy pursued might not have been better. The cynical broad gauge advocate is not afraid to account for their late multiplication by asserting that speculators obtain money for their projects by the specious new arguments which could not be got in the regular way. He refuses credence to the brilliant financial showings of roads whose bonds are still in the market.

Away from the bustle of its business at the stations, the small single track assumes its essential character. Let it be imagined that it is one-third narrower than the miniature railway at the Centennial, narrower than the track-ways on which casks are rolled in breweries. The two dark lines are drawn on the snow between low walls, like the trace of a single sled down a country lane. Larch, oak and yew are scattered in the estates, and sometimes lovely holly trees close by the track relieve their scarlet berries against their glossy dark leaves.

THE "PRINCESS" IN DIFFICULTIES.

A wide view opens from the top of Penrhyn point. Backward it reaches to two ancient castles, Harlech and Criccieth, flanking the stretch of Cardigan bay. Any Welsh pianist will play you a stirring martial air—the "March of the Men of Harlech"—from the history of the farther one, whose ruin is particularly striking. Forward it embraces the valley whose windings the railway follows. It has vestiges of a charming rural beauty even now, when the climbing trees are but a gray and brownish fringe, and the river down in the bottom

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is as black and metallic as a strip of polished iron.

The road is scarped into the hill-sides, and follows every convolution of them like a bridle-path. It has been compared to a random juxtaposition of letters S. A long train appears to be playing the boy's game of "snap the whip." There are places from which it moves to all points of the compass at once. The winding plan, besides saving cuttings, results in easy gradients. But there are obstacles which the most circumlocutory of narrow gauges cannot dodge. If they be ravines it crosses them on dry stone masonry embankments. One

"THE STRONGEST MAN ON THE LINE."

is sixty feet high, and from its slenderness —it is but ten feet wide at the top—it seems more. If they be spurs of the mountain, it has of course to cut through them. It cuts so narrowly that the person must be carefully kept within the engine cab for fear of collision. The margin is but a few inches. To enter the eight-feet tunnels is like plunging into a cellar door. There are two of these, one of 73, the other of 60 yards, neither lined. A dismal crackling is heard as we traverse the large one; it seems that [illegible] of the roof are falling; on the light they prove to be

The sharpest of the interminable curves is of but 116 feet radius. It turns a headland known as Tyler's Cutting. To dash around it at speed with snow in one's face, and the engine careening over on account of the super-elevation of three inches in the outer rail, is a highly spirited experience.

At Tan-y-gresiau one of the smaller pattern of engines, the "Princess," was off the track. The snow was not of the depth we had been led to expect, nowhere more than two or three inches; but the wet clinging quality of it, and the deficiency of the line in other snow-plows than old brooms tied to the engine's head, made it embarrassing. The "Princess's" head was being lifted with small jack-screws, while a number of men mounted on the side, with their backs braced against the boiler, pushed against the wall, just as one might try to help a road wagon out of a rut. Here was an opening for the Strongest Man on the Line. I observed that the method of employing his herculean powers which seemed to him the most telling was the holding of an umbrella over the artist while a hasty sketch of the scene was made.

The accident gave rise to reminiscences, when we were again under way. None of them were tragic. Williams recollected a case of collision in which a horse in one train was pitched exactly into the place of one in the other, while the latter was thrown many yards into a field.

A slight whistle which must have meant incredulity proceeded from somewhere on the engine.

"It's thrue for me as I'm a living Welshman," said Williams.

Near the upper villages children were running in procession, tracing letters in the snow. The people who came to the doors to look out at us were of a well-conditioned aspect. The dwellings are of coarse masonry but well glazed, the wood-work painted, sometimes a muslin curtain and often a geranium pot in the windows.

There is no brilliancy about the slate, the sober treasure of the region, but it keeps times tolerably good and the population well at home with sufficient employment. Still there are adventurous spirits, and young people from here, as elsewhere, make their way up to London. They do well in trade in virtue of a natural thrift. They learn English without the unpleasant cockney accent. The best people, indeed, speak it quite in the best American manner.

On the other hand, possibly sixty per cent.

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of the lower orders do not speak it at all. It is one of the surprises of the visit to find the ancient Gaelic speech, substantially what it was before the Roman conquest, enjoying in this long-time principality of England, fully the vogue of Flemish in Belgium. It is a speech full of alliterations and permutations, straining after impossible refinements. The pains might be bestowed in part, an observer thinks, on the original structure. If you wished to cry murder, you would have to compass *Hai wchw!* Avaunt is *ffwrd*, which has the air of an explosion after holding the breath to the point of suffocation. It is a language in which the too much offsets the too little. There is no present tense, and no distinction of sex by genders. On the other hand there are four different ways of saying *I*, graduated according to emphasis. One of them is impossible in English, but the others may be translated: I, I also, I also indeed. Some peculiarities of the resulting dialect are thus exhibited in a late comic paper:

OWEN—That will pe the coot whuskey, David.
DAVID—She is the pest I never tasted.
OWEN—So did I too, also, never no more.

The heart of the slate country is treeless and desolate, like the top of an Alpine pass. The imaginative discover fantastic resemblances in the jagged mountain outlines. From a point on the road to Snowdon the profile of Wellington is thought to be made out, and from another, the head of Pitt.

The quarries are vast abysses, gloomy as the pictures in Dante's Inferno. Slate is everywhere. It strews the slopes with débris, turning the light with slight bluish reflections; is set into the tops of walls instead of broken glass; and stands in irregular slabs like tomb-stones, for fences around outlying houses.

There are inclined planes striped on the slopes, rising to successive levels. At the top of each a small "drum-house" contains the drum, by means of which with its wire rope, the full slate wagons are lowered, pulling up the empty ones. Black water-wheels are seen turning slate-trimming machinery.

IN THE SLATE COUNTRY.

The homes of the quarrymen are for the most part in barrack-like structures on the heights. They are little given to revelry, and there is little in the villages to attract them down if they were. We passed the yellow van of a traveling show at one point, lying deserted in a field, melancholy as a grasshopper in winter. Both horses and proprietor had turned out to work in the quarries. Tired with the labors of the day in the shafts, or in the shops where the slates are split on the bare damp ground, they sit around the fire, telling one another stories (possibly of the mysterious knockers, which haunt mines and point out the way to hidden treasures), and await the coming of the welcome Saturday afternoon.

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Dinas, the upper terminus of the road, is an inconsiderable hamlet. The real metropolis is Duffws (Duffoos), a place of perhaps three thousand people. Festiniog, considerably smaller, is four miles further, but is reached by a branch which follows the hills on the other side, back toward Port Madoc. It has a charming view over the vale of Maentwrog, besides Roman remains and picturesque waterfalls of its own in the Cynfael. A hundred years ago, when it was more secluded, a traveling lord, who is there much quoted, praised its salubrity, and said that with the woman he loved, the friend of his heart, and a good library he could spend a life-time there. It is not extreme praise, since it would not be difficult to get on tolerably under the circumstances in many another place as well; and it deserves more. In all the settlements new buildings are going up; there are comfortable goods in the shops; the same characteristics prevail as below, including the frequent chapels.

The down journey is made with only steam enough to keep the cylinders in good condition. There is less novelty now, and it is a time for summing up. The small railroad pays, it is gratifying to know, a dividend of seven per cent. on its present, and of nearly seventeen on its original, capital, which has been increased by earnings from £36,000 to £86,000. It meets all the demands upon it without trains before eight or after six o'clock, or on Sundays. The propriety of this statement as a proof of extraordinary capacities in small widths of track, is unquestionable.

Still—so one's reflections run, if they do not appear so openly in the symposium—it has the regulation of its own tolls, and is without a particle of competition. It runs safely with light carriages, but on a magnificently expensive road-bed, without pressing necessity for speed, and without the battering of its property by a system of exchanges. It has sharp curves, but not a monopoly of them, and not the sharpest, while its shortest radius is 116 feet. The New York elevated roads, of standard gauge, are running their innumerable daily trains over four curves of ninety feet radius and one even of forty-five.

Profitable as it is, too, the last three semi-annual reports show a ratio of from sixty-three to sixty-nine per cent. of receipts devoted to working expenses, while forty-eight is looked upon as fairly liberal for English roads. There seems almost margin enough in the large returns, too, to have paid for a full gauge road. It has never been needed, to be sure; but at the present time it might be rather useful to have. The competition from roads of the standard gauge, which must be expected sooner or later by every narrow gauge road not placed in the most exceptional circumstances, appears at hand. Both the Northwestern and the Great Western are coming in with branches to its upper terminus. It

AT THE UPPER TERMINUS.

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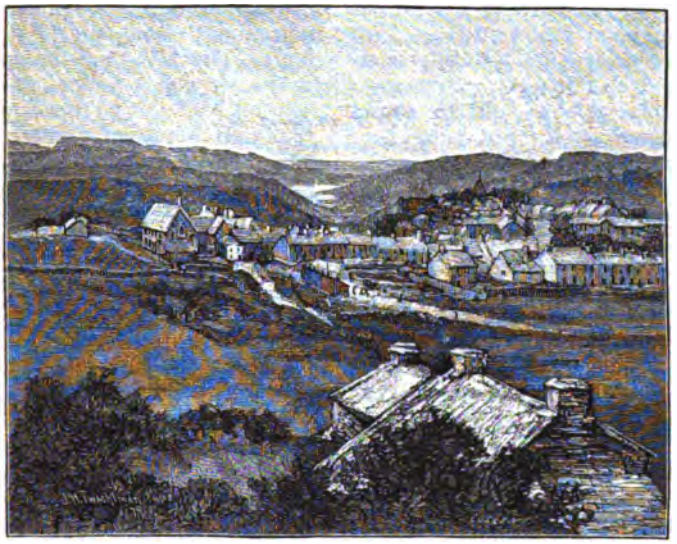
looks as though the slates must turn and go the other way in good part, leaving the neat platforms and tipping tables, at Minfordd at least, with little to do.

On the whole, it is difficult to accept it as an argument for anything but itself. A novel idea in railroading has extreme difficulties in its way. If it cannot subvert the existing system or isolate itself forever, it must suffer at every point of contact. In the United States, it is possible that the narrow gauge owes its propagation to the wide-spread railroad embarrassments since the panic of 1873, more than to the convincing nature of its proofs. But were its theory of benefits much more undisputed than it is, the tendency of the information is to show that any honest difference of cost by reason of gauge was so overtopped by vicious methods of financiering and bad judgment in the projection of the embarrassed roads, as to be an insignificant feature of their troubles.

We came down to find the Christmas preparations advancing apace. A curate and ladies were decorating a pretty parish church, passing in and out under a gate-way covered with armorial bearings. A festivity known as a "tea-eating" was announced from one of the chapels. The band of the local volunteer rifle company played "waits" in the evening in the principal quarters of the town. The parlor of the inn was festooned with holly and starred with oranges. The mistletoe, with its charming, waxen white berries hung in the center, and the bar-maid wore a conscious air. For Christmas day itself there was a local *eisteddfodd*, or bardic contention. There are bards still, after the rights and institutes of the bards of Britain, duly initiated in the *gorsedd*, with its mystic circle of stones and drawn sword.

They are quiet little men, as I saw them in their shops, far enough from the rhymers who stirred the blood of Llewellyn and Owen Glendower. One William Roberts, styled Gwyllym Eryri, or William of Snowdon, a sail-maker by trade and thrice the recipient of the chief honors at the national *eisteddfodds*, was good enough to furnish me with an original ode, or *awdl*, of his own, on the Festiniog Railway. It is probable that the merit of these compositions consists considerably in the versification, which is of a difficult kind. The consonants in the first half of the line must be repeated in the second, while the vowels are appropriately varied.

"Thou art," says William of Snowdon, addressing the Narrowest Narrow Gauge, "a monument to man's ingenuity. But more wonderful than man's masterpieces are seen around us, the towering mountains, the river and the valley. To the courteous director, Spooner, also, deserved praise is hereby offered. Without doubt he has been the occasion of great benefit to this our native town."



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THE MAN WITH A HOBBY.

THE editorial head lay in suggestive nearness to a phenomenal cabbage which some elated country subscriber had "left upon our table," and the editorial brain was dozing over an unfinished struggle with the prices of grain as affected by the charges for transportation, when the Man with a Hobby stepped in at the open office-door. He was a little old man in a long linen coat turned back at the wrists, with blue eyes and a broad, beaming face, fringed by thin gray whiskers,—a frosty sunrise sort of face,—and he carried over his shoulder an unbleached cotton bag. His tread was soft, but steady, and as he lowered his burden to the floor beside him, he said in a pleasant though slightly impetuous tone:

"My name is Joshua Craybill; I live in Burr Oak Bottom, where John Brown stayed the last night he was in Kansas."

The editor had frequently heard of Mr. Craybill, he said with a yawn; had once made mention of him, he believed, in the "New Era"; and was very glad, indeed, to meet him. He was also familiar with the fact that Old Osawattomie had tarried overnight in Burr Oak Bottom on his way to Harper's Ferry. "An age ago, that seems," added the editor, musing.

"Yes—thank you—yes," said the little old man, slipping into a chair, and pushing the hair from a forehead sphered like that of Horace Greeley. "I'd like to show you my Classification of Credit—my key to the solution of the great financial problem—and explain it to you, briefly." After a short pause, "If you'll listen?" he queried, with a blush and a touch of urging sadness.

Then he drew forth from his cotton bag—"my pillow-case," he called it—a large roll of yellow oil-cloth, which being spread out, displayed upon its creased and glaring surface a series of diagrams, as Joshua Craybill was pleased to term them, painted in aggressive colors and emphasized by sundry mottoes, quotations and caricatures. This was his Classification of Credit, figuratively represented,—a bewildering invention at first glance, but yet having a latent method in its tangled lines and its gaudy, grotesque emblems, that Craybill pointed out with confident fondness, and in the rather hurried manner of one impatient to bestow a favor.

There were three separate, but cognate, "plans" in the classification. The first he named "the ash-hopper" plan, or banking upon a specie basis, shown by an inverted pyramid (*py*-ramid, the little old man pronounced it), having at the bottom a bright round red spot labeled, "devil's nest-egg." The next was "the store-box" plan, or banking upon bonds, shown by a square, with various queer inscriptions about "centralization," "monopoly," "sepulchers," and so on. The last was "the corn-crib" plan, Joshua Craybill's hobby, shown also by a pyramid (he insisted upon pronouncing it *py*-ramid), but a pyramid standing upon its natural and fixed base, and denoting, as the little old man earnestly put it, "the honest dollar as opposed to the rascally dollar,"—a currency issued directly to the people upon real estate mortgages, drawing a nominal rate of interest, renewable at pleasure, and to be redeemed "only when the base ceases to cover the issue," he explained—"which will be never!" he called out in a raised and peremptory voice, while a big exultant smile overspread his face; and then he stood gazing at the diagrams in rapt, oblivious silence.

The editor had given careful heed, but somehow he did not altogether comprehend the corn-crib doctrine. People seldom did,—at first,—the little old man innocently remarked. And yet there was evident thought, and perhaps logic, in Mr. Craybill's giddy diagrams, the editor was free to confess. Most persons, no doubt, would have dismissed such contrivances with the pitying idea that the fashioner thereof was slightly out of gear about the head. But he did not so strike the editor. On the contrary, that estimable person was sure he had in his time heard far more incoherent financial theories advanced by men of conceded and applauded levelness of brain, whose talk evinced much less reading than Joshua Craybill's, and who could not on the forfeit of their lives have made tangible profert of their whimsies with half the success achieved by this little old man with his chart and his pillow-case.

Really, Craybill interested the editor. It was the year of "reform" in Kansas,—the off-year in politics, so to speak,—and men resembling Craybill, men with plans and theories and hobbies, men who let the weeds and mortgages take their farms while they watched with strained vision for the coming of the millennium, were in the van of affairs.

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The shadow of the Grange was over the land; the Patrons of Husbandry were abroad with banners and regalia, resolutions and basket picnics. Men of all classes caught the spirit of the time like an infection, and it began to look as if the only thing left worth living for in this buffeting old world (if talk counted for anything) was the serene, objective content of the lucky individual in shirt-sleeves and overalls who leans picturesquely upon his pig-sty in the cool of the evening, and forecasts the next day's weather. It was noticeable, also, that the number of aspirants for office bore almost an exact proportion to the number of those who claimed to have found the grand catholicon for the cure of all existing, or imagined, political disorders; every would-be John the Baptist wanted likewise to play Moses. But to this rule, Craybill appeared to be an exception, and this it was, perhaps, as much as anything else, that commended him to the editor. He wanted no office, he was proselyting for no party. The most that he desired was an audience, and a new set of diagrams "painted on rolling canvas." He did not disguise the feeling that he regarded his key to the solution of the currency riddle as "worth at least $10,000 for the purposes of a lecture to the Granges;" and yet he was willing to take as an equal partner in this lecture enterprise any reputable person who would advance funds to pay for the new rolling-canvas diagrams. He wished to let his light shine, that was all—"and pay my debts," he said with a shrug.

They talked an hour or more together, Craybill and the editor, mainly with regard to getting the corn-crib doctrine thoroughly before the public; and at length the conclusion was reached that, all things considered, the best way would be for Craybill to go forth among the yeomanry of the county and seek their votes. He must go in an independent *rôle*, of course, "scorning the party lash," and all that sort of thing, and asking favor only upon the genuine merits of the corn-crib policy as opposed to the ash-hopper and the store-box devices. It took considerable argument to win Craybill over to the idea of striving for converts to his reform by soliciting votes for himself; but finally he agreed to make the trial. "If only they'll listen to me," he sighed; and the editor said they'd be sure to when once he got fairly started. And then arose a new question: to get votes he must be a candidate, and what should he run for? It will never be known, I suppose, whether or not the editor was serious in his suggestion of the office to which Craybill ought to look; but at any rate it was settled that the next "New Era" should announce him a People's candidate for coroner. And upon this understanding, they shook hands warmly and parted.

All nature was a gladdening harmony to Craybill as he trudged along the bottom road that evening on his way home. He had found a chance, at last; and it re-created the world for him. His inner joy, new-born and exalting, went out from him like a benediction, and blessed everything,—so little does it require to satisfy us with life when that little is just what we want. He lifted his hat and walked with uncovered head under the branches of the clustered elms, and in among the great gnarled sycamores that overlooked the bluff behind them like so many giant sentinels. For the first time, the songs of the birds seemed to him not entirely aimless or useless. He even stooped and plucked a casual bunch of wild daisies, they looked so unaccountably bright and fresh to him; and he carried them along with him as indifferently as though he had been doing the like all his life, never once thinking how odd it made him appear, until he reached home and saw the look of surprise and questioning in the face which confronted him at the door and brought him suddenly back to himself.

It was not a pretty face, this woman's. It was of the pinched and juiceless kind, giving an impression of its having been blown upon always by a north wind. The eyes were gray, full, and vaguely engaging, but there were curious little creases about the corners of them, like "gathers" in a piece of muslin; the chin asserted itself prominently over a narrow white collar fastened with a small, intensely scarlet carnelian pin. And the form, like the face, also lacked the conventional plumpness, though certain cunning amenities of dress—which women learn, I wonder how?—did considerable to soften and disguise this unhappy fact.

The woman was Miss Abigail Munger, a kind of amateur governess in the family,—her sister's family,—though ostensibly a boarder there, as Craybill was. She was strong-minded, after a fashion, and kept a scrap-book, and was of that equivocal age which courtesy puts at twenty-three. She had no confidence in anything unless it

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could be demonstrated, as she expressed it. She reckoned seriousness (which she confounded with honesty) among the first of virtues; and when she smiled, which she did but rarely, it was with the precision of a spirit-level. Still she was kind, considerate, and, in her way, tender, and I make no doubt that many a night her sleep was touched with splendor by those dreams of apocryphal cavaliers on incredible steeds which unmarried women are said to go on dreaming to the end of their days.

Unlike most of her sex, she was a good listener, and this was probably her strongest point in Craybill's estimation; for, of all things in human nature, Craybill most liked a good listener. And then, Miss Munger had a predilection for figures and problems, and Craybill furnished them in abundance. She understood, too, or seemed to understand, everything he said, which pleased and encouraged him; and, furthermore, had she not with her own willing hands made that unique pillow-case in which he kept his diagrams? Yes, they were very good friends, and when he stood there in the door-way with his pillow-case on his shoulder and the bunch of daisies lying at his feet where he had dropped them, and told her in hasty, general terms of his interview with the editor,—"such a nice, reflective man," he said,—she actually looked almost delighted enough to laugh; and then, at her suggestion, they went into the house and sat by the center-table, to discuss the good news in detail.

The next "New Era" contained the announcement of Craybill's candidacy, as promised, and the editor thoughtfully directed attention to it in a neat local paragraph (which Miss Munger cut out and pasted in her scrap-book), saying, among other things, that "the office of coroner being so closely connected with the most solemn and tender episodes of human life, it ought not to be made a football of the party caucus or a perquisite of the ordinary political trickster." This stroke was intended, the editor privately assured Craybill,—with what sincerity I cannot say,—"to capture the Grangers," and at the same time, if possible, "head off nominations by the County Conventions." But in the latter respect, at least, it failed. The opposition paper promptly came out with a scathing column article denouncing what it felicitously termed "this solitary horseman nonsense" as an insult to the intelligence of "a people whose fitness to select their own standard-bearers was their pride and security." And so two other candidates were duly put into the field against Craybill,—one an eclectic physician of limited practice, and the other a dealer in furniture, whose stock included "a full line of ready-made coffins."

Craybill was a good deal dismayed by these movements, and it required all of the editor's knack of persuasion, re-enforced by the efforts of Uncle Clif Tompkins, a well-known local wire-puller, to prevent him from beating a retreat. By degrees, however, he regained his composure, and Uncle Clif volunteered to assist him in managing his canvass. "This doctor," said Uncle Clif, "is what the Grangers call a non-producer, you know. He don't raise anything, and you can turn the farming element all against him on that showing. And the coffin-fellow, he's a middle-man; he don't raise anything either. He lives on the hard earnings of the laboring population, and you can upset him with that. And then those diagrams, that store-box, that ash-hopper——"

"And the corn-crib," Craybill prompted.

"And the corn-crib," echoed Uncle Clif. "How are they going to get over those, I want to know? They just can't do it—not this year, Mr. Craybill, when labor is up in arms and going forth to drive the money-changers from the temple."

If anything more was needed to confirm Craybill's restored confidence, it soon came in the form of an invitation to address Sodcorn Grange, No. 1,001, over on Militia Creek. The neighborhood was a patient and kind-hearted one, and they listened to him attentively through a two-hours' discourse upon his hobby, and, according to custom, gave him a vote of thanks at its close. To say that he was gratified would but faintly express it; his state of mind was nearer rhapsody. It was his first set speech, and they had thanked him for it! "If only I could have had my diagrams painted on rolling canvas," he thought the next day, with a lingering fear that after all he might not have made the matter entirely plain to them; and then it suddenly occurred to him that he had not said a word about himself or his opponents for coroner. He was tempted to remedy this oversight by supplementing his speech with a letter to the good people over on Militia Creek; but Uncle Clif would not tolerate the idea for a moment.

"Don't you do it," said Uncle Clif,—"don't you do it. Don't give yourself

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away in any such style. A man don't dare to write anything when he's up for office, not even a few lines to his mother. Mind what I tell you; I've been there, and I know. It don't make much difference what you say with your mouth, for you can turn round and deny it, if you need to; but when you put it down on paper it's there, and they've got you." So it was decided that Craybill should write no letters, but go on with his speech-making.

And what a summer that was for speech-making in Kansas! The Grange, though meeting in secrecy and operating through silent grips and laconic pass-words, unloosed tongues like a miracle. The appearance in active politics of the usually backward and taciturn tiller of the earth, hedged about by that indefinite but potential something known as "balance of power," seemed to have agitated the average intellect and set the average jaws agoing to an extent that would have been appalling, had not the method of the infliction been so assuasively clear: most of the speakers were after office. All classes were more or less affected; but the burden of the speech-making, from obvious motives, was flattery and glorification of the "sovereigns of the soil." All history, sacred and profane, was ransacked for instances of the esteem in which workingmen had been held, and the signal things they had at various times accomplished in politics, in the arts and sciences, and upon the battle-field. Men talked glibly of "the dignity of labor" who had seldom tried any more serious exertion than the manipulation of dominoes, and bawled themselves hoarse over "the tyranny of capital," while they adroitly shifted their property to their wives' names to avoid the payment of their honest debts. Meetings were held almost daily in the several townships; every school-house had its Grange; in every shady corner lounged a group of fatigued patriots, in their Sunday clothes, evolving opinions about "the hard times." A few captious persons were disposed to question, in a mild and hesitating spirit, the wisdom of neglecting the crops to purify the politics of the county; and, certainly, the grain-yield of the season fell short considerably. But the great cause of reform went grandly forward.

In this pervasive and clattering chorus, Craybill's voice was heard as frequently as occasion offered, piping the virtues of his corn-crib theory, and calmly, though pointedly, denouncing the ash-hopper and store-box iniquities. That he would succeed, he had no longer a hint of doubt; as soon would he have distrusted one of his own diagrams. But Miss Munger, much as she would have liked to share this view of the situation, was yet unable to smother her misgivings. She believed in Craybill's doctrines thoroughly; but she was skeptical of the popular intelligence in the matter of choosing a coroner. Her uppermost desire was to have him beat the opposing candidates. She was as anxious as he that his scheme of reform should prevail; but still more did she long to see him coroner. The man had become more to her than his hobby,—that was the truth about it, I conjecture,—and between her faith on the one hand and her fears on the other (like most women, she mixed her emotions with her convictions, and could not readily separate them), it was impossible for her to strike a balance; but when she took occasion—once only, and guardedly—to speak this mood to him, he merely smiled in a knowing manner, and said, "It's all right, it's all right."

And so, when, a few days later, a mass-meeting for general discussion was advertised to take place at the county-seat, with the numerous candidates of all kinds for speakers, and the editor informed him that an address was expected from him the same as from the rest of them, he speedily sought Miss Munger to show her that here was definite proof of a ruling desire to hear him, and to compare his opinions with conflicting ones; the result of which could not but be the utter confusion and defeat of the ash-hopper and store-box parties. He pictured it minutely, and talked with her about it a long time; and far removed as he always was from such a thing as vanity, he could not altogether get rid of a little throbbing of secret pride as he thought of the speech he would make. "I wish I had my diagrams painted on rolling canvas," came into his mind for a moment, but it was for a moment only. His confidence rose superior even to the diagrams.

This mass-meeting at the county-seat was the event of the campaign. "Every school-district in the county was represented," the "New Era" said, "and there were more teams in town than we have seen in one day since Barnum's show was here." There was a procession, with numerous banners and martial music; a dinner in the grove down by the ford; an afternoon of speeches in the public square; and in the evening a bonfire of tar-barrels and dry goods boxes. Craybill told Miss Munger all [illegible] that

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night, she having waited anxiously for his return. He talked somewhat slower than was his wont, and would stop occasionally in a reflective way, like one under oath, and now and then she fancied there was a shade of suppressed bitterness in his voice; but his round, unruffled countenance gave no sign that it did not always wear, and when he talked or when he was silent, he looked straight into her eyes.

It seemed from his account that Craybill was not called upon to speak until far in the evening,—there were so many orators, he explained, and so much music. When at last his turn came, he spoke from a wagon in the street near the bonfire; and the audience greeted him with a merry shout—"late as it was," he remarked to Miss Munger, encouragingly. But hardly had he got beyond a brief general statement of his doctrines, he went on to relate, when some one in the crowd called out, "Pull down your vest!" and the cry was taken up and repeated all around him from a hundred throats.

"My vest *is* a bit short for public speaking," he said, after a pause, giving the garment a little twitch, "and I suppose it did look odd to them when I was gesturing. I forgot about it." And then, presently, "The tar-barrels made everything so light," he suggested, in a soft, indulgent tone.

Miss Munger moved uneasily in her chair, but said nothing, and he proceeded:

"After that, though, they listened quietly, until I unrolled my diagrams; but at sight of the diagrams, and before I had time to say a word about them, several asked at once, 'Does that chromo go with the story?' —meaning by the story my speech, I inferred,—and I had to stand there while they all laughed, and laughed, and tossed their hats around, and crowded up to the wagon to look closely at the diagrams and shake hands with me, a dozen of 'em at a time; and then, all of a sudden, somebody cried, 'Shoot it, shoot it!' and——"

"Oh!" screamed Miss Munger, starting to her feet and trembling.

"It was all in fun," he assured her with a wan smile; "I never saw folks seem to enjoy themselves more."

"It was shameful," she returned, as she took her seat again,—"it was shameful!"

"Pretty soon," he continued, "they became still again, and appeared to grow interested, and I was demonstrating to them how a currency based upon real estate would do away with the issuing of bonds of any kind to raise money,—as it certainly would, —when some of those standing nearest the fire began to halloo, 'Hire a hall, old man, —hire a hall!' and then the laughing started again, and they all came crowding up to the wagon to shake hands with me again, and the men with the drums beat them as hard as they could. It was an awful racket."

Miss Munger drew a long breath and was about to speak; then checked herself and sat staring at him, bewildered and wondering.

"It was all good-humored—the hand-shaking," he hastened to say, "but embarrassing," he added, with another faint smile. Then, buttoning his queer old coat across his breast, "I think myself the meeting ought to have been in a hall,—the evening meeting, that is,—for the air was quite cool, notwithstanding the bonfire."

He seemed lost in thought for a little while, and did not speak again until Miss Munger moved her chair, and the noise aroused him.

"Well," he resumed, "I got their attention once more, after a few minutes, and they were very patient, only they would cheer so frequently, until finally, just as I was making ready to sum up, with the diagrams held out before them, two or three voices in the edge of the gathering shouted, 'Give us a rest,' and I stopped; and at that they all surged up to the wagon to shake hands with me again, one after another. And then they seized hold of the wagon and went running with it up the street so fast that I could scarcely keep my feet; and when they halted in front of the court-house, I thanked them for their kindness, and climbed down and came away."

He assumed a reflective aspect again, observing as he did so, more in soliloquy than otherwise, "It would have been ill-bred in me to try to talk to them any more;" and a minute later, he said, in the same musing, absent manner: "If only I could have had my diagrams painted on rolling canvas!"

Then he was silent and his head dropped; and when, directly, Miss Munger arose and started toward the door, and passing him, stopped to bid him good-night, she saw that his eyes were shut, and his mind in dream-land. She did not wake him; she only touched his shoulder with the tips of her fingers.

"Bless his old heart!" she said, under her breath, and went softly out.

The next morning, Uncle Clif called to congratulate Craybill upon his speech, and

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to declare to him that if they did not "spring something very smart at the last moment," his election was as good as settled. "We can't figure dead-sure on Sandy precinct," he said, "for they're a slippery lot down there; several of 'em have lately moved in and don't talk, several of 'em are on the fence, and several of 'em can be bought; so it may go three or four either way. But the town's for you, after that speech; and most of the country precincts, except Sandy, will do to tie to, unless there's been some job put up that we haven't dropped on,—and I don't reckon there has," and with a parting injunction to Craybill to "keep a stiff upper lip," he mounted his horse and rode away.

"A man of parts," said Craybill, watching him till he passed out of sight,—"a man of parts!"

Later in the day, Craybill made a trip to town to see his friend the editor, who assured him, with a profusion of adjectives, that everything was "working like a clock." And when he returned home, after sunset, in the sparkling October starlight, there was Miss Munger by the front window waiting for him,—or at least she was alone, and apparently waiting for him,—and he noticed that her hair, ordinarily so plain and smooth, was combed in droll puffs over her forehead, with "beau-catchers" on either side; and there were some honeysuckle-blossoms at her throat. She had knots of ribbon curiously pinned to the cuffs about her wrists, too; and her scrap-book lay opened in her lap, and she was fumbling over a little bunch of newspaper clippings, several of which escaped her fingers and fluttered to the floor as he came in.

"I'm glad you've got back," she remarked at once, in a tone that was low and unusual with her; and then, as she gathered up the fugitive clippings, she added, with an affectation of girlish chirping which was a melancholy failure, "The stars are very pretty to-night."

"I'm going to be elected!" Craybill interposed, bluntly unregardful of her speech, and leaning over toward her eagerly, his face aglow and his voice bold and positive. "I'm going to be elected!" he repeated, still more emphatically, and he wondered why she did not clap her hands and tell him how happy she felt about it.

"Don't be too certain," she replied presently, in a quiet and kindly manner, as if solicitous to avoid wounding him; and when the radiance left his face, and a sort of dismay settled over it, and he would have told her all the uplifting things Uncle Clif and the editor had been saying to him, she simply raised her hand like one admonishing an over-talkative child, and he lowered his eyes and kept silence.

"But no matter," she said quickly and in an evident flurry; "let's not talk of it any more, at present. Do you like poetry?" Then she nervously fumbled over her little bunch of scraps again, and picked out one, saying, "Here's something"—this with averted face and a pretense of hearkening to some possible noise—"something that I think's real good."

He did not look up, and so she read the verses to him. They were commonplace enough, with feet that limped and tripped, and rhymes that were excruciations of verbal surgery; but they related to the sea, the much-sailed and everlasting sea, and to a supposititious girl with blown hair and beseeching arms, standing upon the beach and singing to her unapparent lover, "in his ship so brave and gay," somewhere out "on the waves so high and gray;" and this, I take it, was what made it "real good" to Miss Abigail, for a man of half an eye for feminine artfulness could have seen that she was trying in her unpracticed way to read to him between the lines a secret of her own.

But Craybill had not even half an eye for such pranks. He could not help observing that she read with a disturbed air, very different from the direct, arithmetical manner which was her common habit, but he attributed it, if he thought of it in a critical sense, to the novelty of her reading poetry; she had never read poetry in his presence before. The verses had no hidden meaning for him. In fact, he was unable to see any meaning at all in them (which was no great wonder), and after sitting a few moments with his hands to his head in a reverie that made her heart beat very fast, he raised his blushing face, and said slowly and debatingly:

"I—can't—make—it—out."

"I'll read it for you again," she responded, promptly suiting the action to the words, with a little more deliberation, in certain places, than before.

It was very kind of her, but the second reading left him yet mentally groping.

"It's the primary postulate I can't fix in my mind," he informed her, and with pitiable sheepishness, he forced himself to add: "I never saw a sea."

"Nor I," she replied, "except in pictures; but it's not a hard thing to imagine;

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and any way, in this case, it isn't the sea that signifies, so much as some other things,—the ship, for instance, and the poor girl on the bank." Then she went on to interpret the verses to him, line by line, as she understood them, dwelling specially upon the lonesome maiden with disheveled hair and wide-spread arms venturing her heart out to sea in a song; but the effort seemed to tease her, for several times she paused and bit her lip as if at a loss for the right word, and at last, with something like desperation, she turned her eyes full upon him and said rather precipitately, though earnestly:

"May be the bother is that you don't understand what being in love means?"

"I'm afraid I don't grasp poetry very well," was all the answer he made; and if he had looked closely he would have seen manifest signs of discomfiture in her countenance as she folded the little paper and sat silently twirling it between her rapid fingers, watching him furtively, and glancing now and then at the ceiling. But he saw nothing of her annoyance. He was not thinking now of her, nor of the verses, nor of anything she had been saying. His mind was busy once more with the financial problem,—with the *py*-ramid, the store-box and the ash-hopper, and the "diagrams painted on rolling canvas." And so he soon recurred to the matter of the mass-meeting, the election, and his conversations with Uncle Clif and the editor, and kept on talking in this strain, apparently forgetful of all else, until a late hour, and ceased his discourse, at length, only when Miss Munger complained, as pleasantly as she could under the circumstances, of the chill night air, and said she must beg to be excused.

During the next week, the closing week of the campaign, Craybill industriously pursued his speech-making in the country precincts; but when election day came he was not to be found; indeed, he did not show himself until after the voting was all over. It was nearly ten o'clock at night, in fact, when he slipped into the "New Era" office with fidgety tread and a pale attempt at his customary smiling, and was received with sundry embarrassing exclamations of interest and favor by the crowd there collected to hear the returns from the various polling-places. Uncle Clif was there, bland and loquacious, with his elbow upon the editor's table and his feet among the exchanges—the central figure, as usual; and grouped about him, on the few precarious chairs, the empty coal-box, the imposing-stone, and the dampened pile of paper for next week's "New Era," were all the local politicians, cracking their rude jokes and rehearsing their well-worn reminiscences of former elections. Craybill drew apart from the crowd and stood in the corner where the daily accumulations of office dirt and rubbish were swept with rigid method every morning. His coat was buttoned closely and his hat pulled down over his forehead, and there was a scared, apprehensive look in his eyes, which deepened to a species of awe as he listened to the editor calling out the figures from the arriving returns. He was so concealed from view, and so reserved, that his presence was soon lost sight of, or was recalled only at intervals and in brief lulls of the conversation; and during the excitement that followed the announcement of the final summing up,—an announcement which told him that in a total of over twelve hundred votes, just two (Uncle Clif's and the editor's, presumably) had been cast for him and his hobby!—he stole quickly and unobserved out of the office, and down the creaking stairs, and out beyond the town, on the road homeward, the fatal news ringing in his ears at every step like the challenge of some pursuing ghost.

It was a superb night, and wretched as he was, Craybill could not wholly resist its abundant charm. Possibly his very heartache helped him in some occult way to see and feel with more than passing acuteness: certainly the scene aroused, interested, and even comforted him. He slackened his pace as he passed over the bluff that shut out all sight of the town behind him; and gradually, there in the moonlit wood, among the many-shaped and flitting shadows, the fact of his defeat somehow took the form of a presentiment in his mind, instead of an experience, and he said to himself:

"She knows; yes, she knows."

He was thinking of Miss Munger, and her discouraging "Don't be too certain," when he had sought to assure her he was going to be elected. Then he stopped, and stood listening to the subdued and tremulous flow of the river, borne to him like music on the clear, eager air; and when he walked on again, he went cautiously and slower than before, as if fearing he might break the grateful spell.

Miss Munger opened the door for him as he came along the little path from the main road to the house, and her woman's swift instinct read his failure in his face. He was spared the necessity of saying he had met

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defeat; she could see that plainly enough; but it was no easy task to tell her how poignant and how crushing the defeat really was. In time, however, he disclosed it all; not without marks of deep grief, which he did not seek to hide, nor yet omitting to declare his belief that the result might have been entirely different "if only he could have had the diagrams painted on rolling canvas." And then, with bowed head, he awaited her reproach.

But Miss Munger did not reproach him, did not so much as remind him that she had half predicted just such an ending. She merely gave him to understand, in a few fervent words, how very, very sorry she was, and then changed the subject from a personal to a general character, and began talking to him about courage and fortitude and the chance of finding balm for the worst of wounds. "Clouds only hinder the light," she remarked; "they do not put it out, and it is liable to break through any moment,"—which was quite a neat way of putting it, she flattered herself.

He did not comprehend her, however, except in a theoretical sense, as she could readily see; and so she made bold to grasp other tactics, and assert in plain and direct terms what she had vainly aimed to betray to him delicately and by inference.

"This is all for you," she said, "and your good. You are throwing your life away. You brood too much; you are not enough like other men. And it's all wrong. You need a home of your own,"—she spoke less firmly now, and in a persuasive fashion,—"a home, I say, and somebody to think about. It wouldn't be any trouble at all for you to find a woman to love you, and understand you, and be your wife—I know it wouldn't. Why don't you get married?"

"Yes—thank you—yes," Craybill stammered, hardly knowing what he was doing, the situation was so new and so confounding.

She could restrain herself no longer. She started from her seat and walked briskly across the room; then she whisked round and retraced her steps in the same impulsive, hastening manner, and stood erect before him, her hands clasped, and her eyes red with repressed tears.

"Joshua Craybill," she exclaimed, "you're a goose!"

He did not reply at once, and did not look up until he heard the window raised and the shutters thrown open violently; and then he saw her leaning against the window-side, with her arms resolutely folded, and her face concealed from him in the ruffled curtains.

"I guess I am," he presently observed, and dropped his head again and was silent.

She stood gazing through the window at the heavens, and longing to have him speak. But he said no more, and did not stir. The stars shone feebly, she noticed, and the moon was dim and unsteady, and all at once the surrounding clouds closed upon it and shut it from sight. Then she turned away, and went stealthily back to Craybill, who still sat there with bowed head and silent. She called him gently by name, but he gave no response; she took his hand in hers an instant, and released it suddenly, and he murmured something in broken accents, of which she caught only the words, "diagrams—rolling canvas," and then his chin sunk upon his breast, his limbs relaxed slowly, and he made no further sign.

The Man with a Hobby was sound asleep.

NELLY.

Not long ago—perhaps—not long—
My soul heard no discordant tone,
For love and youth's sweet matin song
It hearkened to, and that alone;

But now the song is hushed,—it hears
Strange music, in a harsher key,
For every sound a dirge appears
Since Nelly died, who lived for me.

The summer of my life is past—
Eternal winter reigns instead—
For how, for me, could summer last,
When she, my only rose, is dead?

Sweet Nelly! would thou couldst be yet,
As once, my day, my only light!
But thou art gone—the sun has set—
And every day, to me, is night.

Yet, be the darkness e'er so deep,
Let no more suns arise for me:
For night can soothe my heart to sleep,
And, Nelly, then I'll dream of thee!

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WILD CLEMATIS.

WHERE the woodland streamlets flow,
Gushing down a rocky bed,
Where the tasseled alders grow,
Lightly meeting overhead;
When the fullest August days
Give the richness that they know,
Then the wild clematis comes
With her depth of tangled blooms,
Reaching up and drooping low.

And her fresh leaves only shade
That which is within her bower,
Like a curtain, lightly made,
Half to hide her virgin flower,
None too close to let the wind
Find a place to breathe between,
Where the wild bee cannot miss
All the sweetness that there is
Underneath her tent of green.

And the sunlight flickers in,
So to touch her maiden breast,
And between her twists of vine
Sings the wood-bird to his nest;
And the air is wondrous sweet,
And the twilight lingers long,—
And the young birds learn to fly
In among her greenery,
And she hears their earliest song.

But when Autumn days are here,
When the woods of Autumn burn,
Then her leaves are black and sere,
Quick with early frosts to turn!
As the golden Summer dies,
So her silky green has fled,
And the smoky clusters rise
As from fires of sacrifice,—
Sacred incense to the Dead.

THE CASCARONE BALL.

IT was the evening of Shrove-Tuesday, and we were expecting a box of violets by the stage from San José. There is no connection between these two facts, but that is the way it is in California,—a number of interesting things claiming one's attention, with no visible thread on which to join them. The middle of February would seem rather early to set violets in the ground in our climate, but the air was soft and spring-like on the lower foot-hills, the rains had prepared the ground for the tender, groping roots, and a sun as warm as our sun of June welcomed the opening buds.

About six o'clock, I went up the trail to meet Alec and the violets. He presently appeared, coming round the corner by the carpenter's shop with the fragrant box on his shoulder. He set it down on a pile of logs before the door of the shop, and stepped inside to speak with Pedro, the carpenter. Pedro stood with his back to the light, leaning over a broad red-wood plank, and making measurements on it with a rule and pencil. He wore a white cotton cap or "gorro," as he would have called it, pulled tightly down over his black curls, and a sheep-skin apron tied about his waist. While Alec began some explanations, with rapid pencil diagrams on the plank, and Pedro listened, exclaiming, "*Bueno! bueno!*" at intervals, I waited outside, pulling apart the violet leaves to find the blossoms. There were a good many blossoms, for the plants were large and vigorous; their perfume recalled a certain broad, bright street in a gay city, thousands of miles away, where the snow is trampled into miry slush under the endless procession of wheels; where the chill of the February fogs is softened by a breath of sea-wind, and the scent of violets, faint as the vapory spring sunshine, haunts the street, wandering from one flower-stall to another. This was very different, but the violets were just as sweet.

Two little girls, coming down the trail from the camp, espied my small private joy and came to share it.

"Oh, smell they vi'lets! Aint they sweet ones?"

"Susan 'Odges, keep th' 'ands off the lady's flowers!"

"Us 'as vi'lets at 'ome," said the unembarrassed Susan, "but they doant smell none."

I presented Susan with a small bunch of the coveted flowers. The elder sister showed her scorn of my weakness by walking on slowly down the road. Susan looked after

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her triumphantly, and then confidentially at me, saying:

"See 'ere! I've got some cascarones!"

She opened her apron, which was gathered into a bag in one hand.

"Manwell's Horaya give 'em to me!"

I could not imagine at first what she meant, but in a moment it occurred to me she was speaking of the Mexican Emanuel's daughter Aurelia, whom I had often seen passing up the trail with her little brother Jesus (for so he was devoutly named), and driving before her a small donkey loaded with brush-wood.

The cascarones looked very pretty huddled in the hollow of Susan's blue-checked apron. They were egg-shells, emptied of their contents by means of a small hole in one end, over which was pasted a patch of bright paper, cut into various forms,—a star, or flag, or many-pointed sun. The egg was painted in gay colors with spots, or stripes, or encircled with bands, like the rings of Saturn. Some of them were colored, one half blue, the other red or yellow. Altogether, they were a gorgeous collection. No sober-minded, respectable hen would have claimed them; she would never have dared to sit on them, for fear of hatching a brood of frivolous chicks, too erratic in their tastes to earn a living by plain scratching.

"Aint they gay?" said Susan. "Look 'ere!" She pushed back her bonnet and smote herself smartly on the head with one of the eggs. It burst with a crash and scattered a shower of bright bits of tinsel paper over her sun-bleached hair. "They's for the ball to-night. The's bar'ls o' them up to the Mexican camp. They's been a-crackin' and a-smashin' up there all day. My mother says it's wicked, and Lent a-comin' so near! To-morrow the priest'll sprinkle ashes on their 'eads. Mother says it's just a-makin' fun o' their own church!" And Susan darted off as Alec came out of the shop.

Alec shouldered the box, and as we went down the trail he told me about the games of the day, which was a carnival among the Mexicans. There had been a "flour-fight" on the high, rolling plain which stretches between the hills of New Almaden and those of Guadeloupe, four miles distant. We were told by a young Spanish Californian that this game originated among the mountains of Spain, where the peasants of neighboring villages met on Shrove-Tuesday and threw snow at one another until one side or the other cried quarter. The custom had wandered, by way of Mexico and lower California, to the colonies of the foot-hills, but in its wanderings had left the snow behind, flour being used instead. Seventy-five dollars' worth of it was thrown away that day by men who earn their daily bread with hammer and drill in the caverns of the hills, and who, in case of a discharge, had scarcely a penny to take them to another camp.

There was some irregularity about the sport that afternoon, but it all ended in the usual scene of wild confusion and gayety, in the midst of which the captain of the Guadeloupe men was taken prisoner after being half smothered with flour, and was brought in triumph to grace the cascarone ball at the camp that night.

"We must go up," said Alec. "It will be rather rough, but it's a thing you ought to see."

So at eight o'clock we started, with a lantern to guide us through the shadows of the live-oak scrub; but on the high, clear profile of the hills above, we needed no other light than the wide arch of starlit sky, the lights of the Cornish camp twinkling below us, and the constellation of the Campo della Mejicana beckoning from above. We kept our lanterns swinging beside us, however, and watched all the other shifting, dancing lights which flickered along the many foot-paths converging at the hostinero de los Mineros. At the Cornish camp, our Spanish friend joined us, and we made three shadows instead of two, flitting diagonally up the trail. We passed many other groups,—sometimes a huddle of shadows talking and gesticulating, with sharp touches of light on bronzed faces and gleaming eyes; sometimes two shadows, lingering very close together. Sometimes a ray of lantern-light revealed a darkly tinted cheek close to the shoulder of a blonde young giant from the "West countrie."

The windows of the hostinero were all alight, and the piazza was thronged with noisy young men when we reached the camp, but the dancing had not yet begun. We crossed the street to the quiet restaurant, kept by a Franco-Mexican family, where there were two pretty daughters. Madame Barique entertained us with that gentle, cordial manner, which makes speech almost unnecessary to the women of her race; but her mind was evidently wandering toward the room, down two steps, and across the passage, from which came sounds of girlish voices and laughter. It

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was pretty to see her face light up with a mother's pride, when the girls came out, arrayed in stiff, ruffled muslins and bright ribbons, with their dark hair piled rather higher than usual. Merced, a child except in height and figure, could not repress her smiles, but Aurelia greeted us with a shy, half-conscious dignity, and glanced at our handsome young interpreter who was repeating our words, with, possibly, more eloquent additions of his own. They needed no "touch of nature" to make them sisters to all the pretty rural maids, of whatever complexion, the world over. They joined their escorts at the door, and now the bursts of music from across the way settled into a steady, inspiring rhythm, and the dancing had begun! Chairs were taken across to the hostinero, as the benches were by no means "reserved," and were also very narrow. Madame Barique put a shawl over her head, and went across with me. She kept her place beside me all the evening, though weariness showed very plainly under her valiant smiles.

The room was long and low, with rows of little windows on either side, like portholes. The walls and ceiling were covered with thin muslin, nailed over the unplastered boards, and whitewashed; there were Mexican and American flags hung about, and colored prints of various patriots, in uniform, who had distinguished themselves in the last Mexican war for independence. The side walls were lined with benches, and here sat the dusky ranks of dowagers, each with two or three little children under her wing, a cigarette at her lips, and a bag of cascarones in her lap, from which her own particular señorita was supplied with ammunition for the fray. In the course of the evening, most of the little ones fell asleep, and made very pretty pictures, reclining in restful abandon, against the weird old crones beside them.

The music was excellent of its kind,—two violins, a guitar, a flute, and one or two brass pieces. During the waltzes one could hear but a single united shuffle, as if all the dancers in the room moved with one pair of feet. Full dress for the young men was a short velveteen coat, black trowsers, white vest, and a bright silk scarf, knotted with particularly happy effect over the shoulders, outside the coat. Some of the young men wore the uniform of the flour-fighters,—red flannel shirts, black trowsers with red stripe down the sides, and a silver star on the breast. The crowd was too great, and the motion too rapid and incessant, for any attempt at study of individuals. One received an impression of extreme vivacity of speech and manner,—bright ribbons, scarfs and serapas,—waving heads and hands, swaying lines of figures joined in the dance, circling lines of figures, winding and separating into couples, waltzing away in a maze of color, music, laughter, and tobacco smoke. The ceiling was dim with smoke from the cigarettes of the dowagers, and the cigars of the loungers on the piazza, who leaned in at the open windows. When the dance flagged, cries of "*Viva, viva!*" sounded from all parts of the room, and gave new life to the music.

Among the company was a young South American, with a high, aquiline profile, and a crest of bushy curls, rising from his receding forehead, like the sculptured manes of the horses on a Greek bass-relief. I noticed him, first, because of his height and sinewy grace, afterward, because he was the partner of such a pretty girl,—a tall, slight, dark beauty, with the most joyous unconsciousness of expression and movement, like a child or a beautiful animal. It was worth coming to the ball to see these two dancing together; it was the very spirit of revelry, without conscience or care. I found the canker in the rose, afterward, when I learned that my joyous girl had been a wife for two years at least, and that while she was dancing at the cascarone ball, her young husband was in prison, awaiting his trial for stabbing a friend in a Christmas brawl at the Guadeloupe.

The war of cascarones did not fairly begin until the *danza del guerro*, at midnight, but there were scattering shots and sallies, and skirmishes in all directions. The cascarones were crushed over the heads of the señoritas, but the young men were soundly clapped on the head, and the shells were well rubbed into their thick black manes. The girls generally hunted in couples or packs, and set upon their chosen victim with shrieks of glee; then a charge of young men to the rescue would scatter them in all directions. The prettiest girls got the most salutes, and looked all the prettier with the tinsel powder sparkling on their dark braids. There were some wild young romps, whose audacious charges upon friend and foe, cost them at last their feminine prerogative;—they were pursued and surrounded and bombarded and battered with shells, until what hair they had left could hardly have been worth combing out in the morning.

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The Mexicans save egg-shells all the year for this ball; improvident as butterflies, they are capable of great forethought where pleasure is the object.

We stayed to see the beginning of the war dance, when the Guadeloupe captain was led into the room and greeted with cheers and a storm of cascarones. He was a tall, black-bearded young fellow, and looked as if he had plenty of fun and fight in him. He waved his hat and called, "Viva Guadeloupe!" whereupon all the girls set upon him with cries of "Viva Nuevo Almaden!" The young men laughed and cheered them on, and supplied them with cascarones. The captive held his felt hat down over his head with both hands and continued to shout "Viva Guadeloupe!" A wild and merry scuffle ensued,—his hat was dragged off, the Philistines were upon him; he darted about the room, pursued by the crowd of girls and the storm of cascarones; at last he threw up his hands, crying: "*Mucho gratias, señoritas,—viva Nuevo Almaden!*" Then the dance began with the vanquished guest as leader. There was no drunkenness, or ill-temper, or intentional rudeness. What the later (or earlier) hours of festivity developed, we did not wait to see. As the fun grew wilder, the lights dimmer, and the smoke more dense, we made our way out of the crowd into the cool night air.

The moon had risen,—it seemed to me I had never seen whiter, stiller moonlight. We took our way along the narrow, shadowy street, and down the hills, while fainter and fainter sounded the music and tumult of the ball. The streets of the Cornish camp, as we passed through, were empty and silent,—two or three young men lingering on the trail above, were singing:

"In the sweet by and by,—
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore."

TWO POEMS BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

I. GABRIEL.

Once let the Angel blow!—
A peal from the parted heaven,
The first of seven!
For the time is come that was foretold
So long ago!
As the avalanche gathers, huge and cold,
From the down of the harmless snow,
The years and the ages gather and hang
Till the day when the word is spoken:
When they that dwell in the end of time
Are smitten alike for the early crime,
As the vials of wrath are broken!

Yea, the time hath come;
Though Earth is rich, her children are dumb!
Ye cry: "Beware
Of the dancer's floating hair,
And the cymbal's clash, and the sound of pipe and drum!"
But the Prophet cries: "Beware
Of the hymn unheard, the unanswered prayer;
For ignorance is past,
And knowledge comes at last,
And the burden it brings to you how can ye bear?"

Again let the Angel blow!
The seals are loosened that seemed to bind

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The Future's bliss and woe!
For a shrinking soul, an uncertain mind,
For eyes that see, but are growing blind,
Your landmarks fade and change:
The colors to-day you borrow
Take another hue to-morrow;
The forms of your faith are wild and strange!
Walking, you stagger to and fro:
So, let the Angel blow!

Ah, shall the Angel blow?
Something must have remained,
Something fresh and unstained,
Sprung from the common soil where the virtues grow:
Nay, it is not so!
Art succumbs to the coarser sense,
Greed o'ercometh sweet abstinence;
Of vices your young men talk,
In scarlet your women walk,
And the soul of honor that made you proud,
The loftier grace your lives avowed,
Are a passive corpse and a tattered shroud:
What you forget, can your children know?
So, let the Angel blow!

Yes, let the Angel blow!
A peal from the parted heaven,
The first of seven!—
The warning, not yet the sign, of woe!
That men arise
And look about them with wakened eyes,
Behold on their garments the dust and slime,
Refrain, forbear,
Accept the weight of a nobler care
And take reproach from the fallen time!

II. SONNET.

WHERE should the Poet's house and household be?
Beneath what skies, in what untroubled air
Sings he for very joy of songs so fair
That in their steadfast laws he most is free?
In woods remote, where darkly tree on tree
Let fall their curtained shadows, to ensnare
His dreams, or hid in Fancy's happiest lair,—
Some laughing island of the stormless sea?
Ah, never such to him their welcome gave!
But, flattered by the gods in finer scorn,
He drifts upon the world's unresting wave,
As drifts a sea-flower, by the tempest torn
From sheltered porches of the coral cave
Where it expands, of calm and silence born.

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TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Scientific Foolishness.

We have been exceedingly amused by an article from the pen of Professor Grant Allen, published in a recent number of the "Fortnightly Review," and entitled "A Problem in Human Evolution." In consequence of the opposition which Mr. Darwin's theory has met with, concerning the causes which, in the course of the development of man from his hirsute anthropoid ancestors, have despoiled him of his hairy covering, Professor Allen says: "It seems highly desirable, therefore, to prop up Mr. Darwin's theory by any external supports which observation or analogy may suggest, and, if possible, to show some original ground-work in the shape of a natural tendency to hairlessness, upon which sexual selection might afterward exert itself, so as to increase and accelerate the depilatory process when once set up." So the writer goes to work in the highly "desirable" enterprise of propping up Mr. Darwin's theory that men were not made, but were developed from a lower form of life, as it was embodied in a hairy animal. The problem to be solved is: "How did men get rid of their hair?" Well, how do you suppose it was done? It was done mainly by lying down on it. The most hairless portion of the body is the back, and the professor thinks that, as man assumed the erect position in walking, he became an animal lying less and less on its belly, and more and more upon its back, so that the growth of the hair was checked, or the hair itself was worn away. The manner of wrapping and protecting the human infant is also supposed to have had something to do with the effect. After a few had got rid of their hair, hairlessness became popular, and what artificial denudation had begun, sexual selection completed. Bare skins were too strong for bear-skins, and the hair wearers were left out in the cold. Now we submit that there never was a speculation more irredeemably nonsensical than this. And it is gravely put forth in a journal of the best class as worthy of respectful reading and consideration! Those who believe that man was created by an all-wise power who gave to the skin the beauty and delicacy which distinguish it from the hairy integuments of the brute creation, are accused very freely by the scientific world of credulity, but there are very few among them who are sufficiently addled to accept Professor Allen's speculations upon this topic as worth the paper they were written on. A child on reading them would naturally ask why, if lying upon the back should produce the results attributed to it, would not lying on the back of the head affect the covering of that portion of the human structure in the same way. Now, it so happens that where the weight of the head rests the most heavily, the hair sticks the tightest. When a man grows bald, he grows bald on the top of his head, where he gets no pressure whatever. Now, not one of our hairy ancestors ever lay down on his back without his head, and the head, with all its weight, was pressed upon the hair. Does it not occur to Professor Allen as strange that pressure, as a depilatory, should be so partial in its operation? Nay, does it not seem strange to him that the same agent which denudes the body of its hair acts as a genuine tightener of that covering upon the head?

Speculation is cheap, so let us indulge in a little. Assuming as sound, the theory that we are descended from a hairy anthropoid ape, we must admit that we started from rather a savage condition. Why is it not possible that the hair was pulled out in fighting? What with active hair-pulling, and the cicatrices of wounds received in combat, it is not difficult to conceive of a hairy man and woman pretty well cleaned off. So, as a hairless skin began to be appreciated as a badge of bravery, it furnished "a ground-work upon which sexual selection might afterward exert itself." Is there any thing unreasonable in this? Isn't it about as scientific as Professor Allen's hypothesis? We take out no patent on it, and "The Fortnightly" is welcome to it.

But we have a better speculation than that one, which Professor Allen went all around without seeing, and the only rational one in the case. If we were writing for the object which inspires Professor Allen's efforts, viz: that of "propping up" Mr. Darwin's theory, we should speak of the probable and entirely natural effect of clothing upon the human frame. Hairy brutes suffer with cold as men do who have no hair. When man began to be man, with the hair on, he began to be bright enough to kill animals and take their skins off. Then he became bright enough to supplement his own hair with the hair he had captured. At last, he began to wear clothes as a regular habit. As soon as he did this, he rendered the hair upon his own person unnecessary, and nature ceased to produce it, as nature ceased to furnish eyes to the fishes that take up their homes in the Mammoth Cave. Nature is full of analogies which teach us that when a function is superseded it ceases. Now, how is that for a theory? Is it not a good deal more rational than Professor Allen's? We state it to show how easy it is to build a theory which shall, in all respects, be as rational as those gravely put forth by men who claim to be scientific. And we do claim that this theory is a better one than Professor Allen's, in all respects, for his own purposes.

Still, we do not believe in it. We have never yet seen anything that looks like proof that we were not created by a direct act of the Almighty. We believe that man was made originally with a hairless skin for beauty's sake, and because he was endowed with the ability to manufacture his own clothing, and with the power to tint and fashion it in correspondence with his ideas of fitness and attractiveness. There is no more reason for doubting that man began to exist by a direct act of creation, endowed with all his present characteristics of form and natu-

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ral covering, than that life began to exist on the earth in any form. Somewhere, behind all the links of causation, exists the causeless cause, incomprehensible to us, but possessing intelligence and consciousness out of which our own consciousness and intelligence are born, and without which they never could have existed.

Marriage as a Test.

If Nature teaches us anything, it is that the life-long marriage of one woman to one man is her own ordination. The sexes, in the first place, are produced in so nearly equal numbers that provision is made for just this. Then the passion of love makes the one woman and the one man supremely desirable to each other, so that to the man or the woman moved by it, all men and women, other than the object beloved, are comparatively of no value or attractiveness whatever. It is the supreme desire of a man in love to possess and for ever to hold the object of his love. On this passion of love of one man for one woman, and one woman for one man, is based the institution of the family, which we regard, in common with the mass of society, as the true social unit. It seems to us that nothing can be more demonstrable than that the family which grows out of what we call Christian marriage is, in all ways, better adapted to secure safety, comfort, happiness, and morality to the community, than any substitute that was ever tried or was ever imagined. The consummation of love is the production of offspring. The family is the institution which protects and rears within an atmosphere of natural affection the children born of love. The care and support of children are thus in the family brought upon the hands of those who are responsible for their introduction into life.

We call this Christian marriage and the family a Christian institution; but in establishing these institutions, as such, Christianity has done nothing more than to re-enact laws of nature written with great plainness. The growth of the family is as natural as the growth of a plant. Mutual love, whose supreme motive is mutual possession, ultimates in the production of offspring, whom it is a joy to rear under a separate roof, subject to the economies of a home. It is in a home, constituted in this way, that the human virtues are best cultivated, that the finer affections are most naturally developed, and that those attachments are formed and those sentiments engendered which make life a beautiful and significant thing. The associations of the family and home, in which a man is reared, are the most inspiring that he knows; and a man whose childhood knew no home, knows and feels that he has lost or missed one of the great satisfactions and one of the most sweetening and uplifting influences of his life. The history of millions of human lives stands ready to attest the salutary influence of home, and the unmeasurable loss that [illegible] all men who are deprived of it. It is a [illegible]uing. We need only to appeal to the [illegible]ciousness. Nothing is better understood, or more widely admitted, than that home, based on the life-long marriage of one woman to one man, and the family that naturally grows out of such a union, is the great conservative influence of the world's best society. Its government, its nurture, its social happiness, its delightful influences and associations, make it the brightest, loveliest, holiest, divinest thing that grows from any impulse or affection of human nature under the sanctions of Christianity.

A few days ago we received a letter from a correspondent, asking us to do for the Oneida Community what we had permitted a contributor to do for the followers of George Rapp,—to write or procure to be written,—a complete exposition of its principles and practices. We respectfully decline to do any such thing. The amount of dirt involved in an exposure of the Oneida Community's views of marriage and the practices that go with them would forbid the enterprise. This community stands condemned before the world, tried simply by the marriage test. It revolutionizes the family out of existence. It destroys home, and substitutes for what we know as Christian marriage something which it calls "complex marriage." We know by the phrase something of what it must be, but its abominations are too great to be spread before the general reader. Into such a sea of irredeemable nastiness no editor has a right to lead his readers.

How remarkable it is that whenever an enthusiast in religion gets new light, and adopts what he considers "advanced views," he almost invariably begins to tamper with marriage! In this tampering he always betrays the charlatan, and sufficiently warns all who are tempted to follow him to beware of him. There is no better test of a new system or scheme of life than its relation to Christian marriage. If it tampers with that it is always bad, and can by no possibility be good. The Shakers form a community built on this rotten foundation. They destroy the family, root and branch. They have no place for love, and enter into a determined and organized fight with the God of Nature, who, by the strongest passions and impulses He has ever implanted in the human soul, has commanded them to establish families and homes. Shakerism is good for nothing if it is not good universally,—if it ought not to be adopted universally. But universal adoption would be the suicide of a race, and a race has no more right to commit suicide than a man. Besides, the damming of one of the most powerful streams in human nature only sets the water back to cover the banks it was intended to nourish and to drain. It is too late to talk about the superior sanctity of the celibate. We have no faith in it whatever. The vow of chastity simply emphasizes in the mind the passion it is intended, for spiritual reasons, to suppress, and fixes the attention upon it. The Shaker, in denying love to himself and all the hallowed influences that grow out of family and home gains nothing in holiness, if he do not lose irretrievably. He is the victim of a shocking mistake, and he disgraces himself and his own father and mother by his gross views of an institution before whose

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purity and beneficence he and his whole system stand condemned.

Of course we do not need to allude to the Mormon. His views of marriage—revealed, of course—are simply beastly. But these new schemes of life, religion and philosophy are constantly springing up. It is very difficult for any system of socialism to establish itself without tampering with marriage, and one of the best arguments against all sorts of communities and phalansteries and what-nots of that sort, is that the family, as a unit, is unmanageable within them. They can take in and organize a miscellaneous mass of individuals, and provide some sort of a dirty substitute for marriage, but the family bothers them. It is a government within a government, that they cannot get along with. So the marriage test is a good one in all cases of the kind.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Southern Civilization—A Southerner's View of the Situation.

THERE has been so much intemperate and angry railing at this magazine on account of a recent article on "Southern Civilization," that we greet the following letter with heartiness, and give it place in our over-crowded columns. One thing, however, we disclaim, viz: that we have written a word on the topic in a sectional spirit, or that we have spoken as a Northerner at all. We have written as an American, about the South, precisely as we write freely about the North—which we are doing constantly—as an American. The argument of our correspondent, formulated in the familiar phrase, "you're another," is, therefore, not legitimate, however just his criticisms of Northern society may be. But as our correspondent does not deny the real point of our charge, neither shall we deny the point of his. It is healthy reading for us all,—this which shows how an intelligent outsider looks upon the criminal outcome of Northern civilization. The difference in the spirit with which the charge was received, and that in which the counter-charge will be received, is, however, suggestive. The North will not get angry about it, as the South has done, but find a lesson or a suggestion in it for its own improvement, as the South should have done. ED. S. M.

TO THE EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY:

THE June number of your magazine, under the department of "Topics of the Time," contains what I suppose to be an editorial article on "Southern Civilization," which I think does great injustice to the South, besides affording what seems to me a very imperfect view of the subjects discussed. The apparent good faith and evident tone of friendliness in which the criticisms contained in the article are offered, as well as the serious character of the charges preferred against the Southern people, seem to warrant—even to demand—some reply to the strictures made therein; I have therefore concluded to solicit the favor of being allowed to suggest some opposing ideas through your pages, and I trust you will do me the justice to believe that what I shall write is dictated by that same spirit of good faith and friendliness which I feel sure animated your own article. In the outset let me say, from a feeling of all liberality and kindness, that I believe that the expressions you have used in commenting on our "civilization" have been read with sincere regret in very many Southern families; for we cannot but deplore the fact that a literary magazine, so justly popular in every cultivated Southern household, should seem to countenance and adopt the irresponsible slanders of partisan politicians and an excited, virulent party-press

It cannot be truthfully asserted that the Southern people, or any considerable or influential portion of them, are disposed to commit crimes, or to defend and tolerate those who do. The records of the criminal courts of every Southern state will show as many arraignments in proportion to crimes committed, and as many convictions in proportion to arraignments, as those of any of the states of the Union.

Texas has always been the subject of special lucubrations to those who are wont to bewail the prevalence of crime in the South and South-west, and perhaps this state has as large a proportion of lawless and violent inhabitants as any other. To the mind of any one disposed to pay a reasonable regard to the circumstances of our population, to our newness in point of age and to our comparative helplessness in point of all those safeguards of life and property which are the result only of time and matured social growth, this will appear neither unnatural nor surprising. And yet in spite of these exciting and aggravating causes, I think the facts will disclose that there are not as many crimes, relative populations considered, committed in Texas as in Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, Massachusetts, or any one of the more populous Eastern and Northern states; and that the ratio of convictions to crimes is as great here as in either of the states mentioned. I mention Texas as an instance, for, in reference to the more notable crime of homicide, it is perhaps an extreme example of Southern "civilization."

The charges you make in regard to murder walking abroad unchallenged, defiant and approved by the ruling sentiment of the South, though stated positively by you, are not sustained by any authentic instance within the knowledge of any responsible citizen North or South. I know they constitute part of the approved political and sectional cant current in these days, but they are false for all that, and I regret that SCRIBNER should seem to adopt and proclaim them as established facts That there have been violent deeds of blood in the South and among reputable men, is an undisputed truth. That there have existed vile passions, lawless instincts, and brutish exhibitions of malice in the history of the South since and before the war, is likewise an undoubted fact; but the same may be said of the North and East with equal truth.

Not only can it be safely asserted that there has been and is as much crime among the people of the states not Southern, and that a comparison of authentic current history will demonstrate such to be the case; but the assertion may be carried further, and it may be positively affirmed that the character and tendency of the crimes prevalent in the Northern states indicate a more depraved, morbid, and dangerous condition of society than is shown to exist in the South.

The subject of crime, its causes and preventives, is not one to be discussed in the light of sectional prejudices. Nor can it be dismissed with a casual homily on prevailing lawlessness as exhibited by a few isolated instances of violence. It is one that involves very much the whole social temper, traditional teachings and moral habits of a people, and, considered in its relation to the North and South of this country, it predicates a comparison between the distinctive features in the civilizations of the two sections. Viewed in this light, I am free to say that I do not think we of the South need to fear the comparison. There has always existed among us, from what causes it is not now necessary to inquire, a morbid public sentiment in reference to what is technically called "the highest crime known to the law"—homicide. The sentimental fancies and Quixotic teachings of Southern chivalry, so-called, combining with the natural violence and impatience of Southern temper, have created a tone of feeling dangerous to society and destructive of law and order. The fatal and corrupting tendencies of this spirit have rendered scenes of bloodshed alarmingly frequent among our people, and have gone very far toward securing clemency and sometimes immunity for the offenders. With us and our neighbors in the far West, the murderer and criminal are usually presented in the fascinating garb of the desperado. The romance of adventure, the charm of reckless daring and the mistaken semblance of heroism surrounding the average desperate criminal of the South and West, have contributed to render him an object of ill-concealed admiration and respectful awe to the terror-stricken public against whom his life and deeds have been deadly foes. Such is, perhaps, a damaging

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admission to make, but, reluctant as we may be to admit it, this feeling has a certain hold on the mind of every man, however civilized and law-fearing. It seems even to bear a natural and necessary relation to the establishment and growth of all new countries. But this covert encouragement of crime and violence is none the less ruinous and debasing in its consequences. It weaves a web of fascination and romance around those who have forfeited every claim to public toleration and clemency, and who, in their defiance of all laws of God and man, merit the unsparing penalties of a violated criminal code. The traditional influences thus fostered have received a vast impetus from the demoralization and lawless passions consequent upon the war. All these circumstances account in great degree for the numerous homicides and for the laxity of public morality on the subject in the Southern states.

The character of crime in Northern and Eastern communities is very different from ours, and its causes by no means so simple or so easily removed. Murder is fully as frequent in the North as in the South, though not usually so conspicuous as to the parties engaged. Moreover, the murders committed at the North, with but few exceptions, are of a far more degraded, diabolical and morbid type than any that have disgraced the South. They are relieved but rarely by any of the mitigating circumstances of mutual provocation and deadly affray. They appeal to not even the weaknesses and passions of savage nature, and are invested with none of the deceitful glamour of bravery, rage, and barbarous vengeance. They stand out, as a rule, in bold relief, as the results of the most abnormal and monstrous sentiments, the most diseased and sickening impulses, the most unaccountable moral obliquity and depraved ingenuity. Where the South furnishes a dozen homicides provoked by family feuds, personal quarrels, or a mistaken sense of wrong and retribution, the North and East may be arraigned for a score of wife-murderers, child-murderers, infant-murderers, fiends dabbling in the blood of their own offspring in the name of religion, to say nothing of parricides, fratricides, abortionists, and all the monsters bred in the maw of a diseased, artificial, spurious public morality. I say this in a spirit of all kindness to that large class of the Northern people whom, following your example in reference to the South, I choose to distinguish from the depraved and criminal orders of Northern society. If the character of crimes and the moral quality of the criminals a country produces be correct criteria of its civilization, then I have no hesitation in preferring the civilization that has produced such examples of bloodshed and violence as the Chisholm, Cox-Alston and Currie murders to that which boasts of such criminals as Pomeroy, Parr and Freeman. For, terrible and brutal as were the former, they exhibited the untamed ferocity and mad passions of savagery, which may be mitigated and removed with time and proper moral restraints; while the latter indicate a monstrous and diabolical criminality that is almost hopeless in its morbid and artificial enormity. Though you may have high military authority for pronouncing a large class of our people "banditti," there are equally high moral grounds for affirming that human depravity and ferocity can reach even a lower depth than that of the lawless highwayman.

In the matter then of this highest offense against penal laws, I think it is safe to claim that there is not much room for Pharasaic boasting by any one portion of the American people as against another. One thing, however, may be said to the great credit of the Northern people as a class,—they are much more prompt in their abhorrence of bloodshed, and much more rigorous in visiting the extremity of the law upon homicides than are we of the South. But can the same be said of other crimes? Is the burden of responsibility so equally distributed in regard to other, and technically less heinous, offenses? I think not; and in a comparison of the two sections on these latter, the advantages seem to me to rest decidedly with the South.

Murder, though rightly considered the most notable of all penal acts, is not necessarily nor reasonably the one by whose frequency or infrequency the true and practical outcome of a people's civilization ought infallibly to be judged. From the time of Cicero, all trustworthy writers on social science and the *rationale* of criminal law have esteemed the true index to the social health and the degree of civilization of a community to consist in the manner in which the every-day, practical moralities of life are regarded and enforced. Accordingly it has been considered that the crimes whose commission is rendered possible and in a degree unavoidable by the necessary domestic, social, business and political relations of life,—or, as they have been conveniently generalized, "the crimes easiest committed and most difficult to guard against,"—are the ones that should be most vigorously punished, and whose frequency gauges most nearly the relative civilization of a people. Compared on this basis, I candidly think the South is immeasurably superior to the North. It is not necessary to particularize, but will suffice to say that in all those offenses against social and domestic order and decency, against the high trusts and sacred relations of private, public and business life, the records of crime, as between the two sections, will stand as twenty to one in our favor. Forgeries, defalcations, social scandals, indecent domestic complications, clerical short-comings, prurient horrors of nameless kinds, fill the pages of Northern papers, and have apparently ceased to excite more than a passing sensation. I honestly believe that there are some offenses of wretched and frequent notoriety in the Middle, Eastern and Northern states, which not only never occur with us, but which are morally and mentally impossible to the native Southern character. What are we to think of the rioters and strikers who, two years ago, burned, pillaged and defied both civil and military authority in at least two of the most populous and civilized Northern states? Are these things in no way exponent of civilization as it grows on Northern soil, and expressive of the real practical outcome of social life at the North? While isolated instances of violence and partisan colorings of desultory crimes are used as arguments to consign the South to barbarism and to the pious commiseration of the nation we are said to be daily disgracing, we have a right to ask that there should be some "mutuality" in this matter of blame and reproach. The South has, first and last, listened to a vast deal of mawkish sentiment and pietistic cant from Northern journals, religious and secular, and even in legislative halls: the most of which has been either too obviously partisan in its tone or too plainly false in its facts to demand our notice. It is time this sort of talk should cease, and that the better classes of the inhabitants of both sections—whom I take to be the larger and stronger class in both—should bring themselves to recognize that in this matter they are confronted by a common enemy and invoked by a common duty.

A great deal has been spoken and written at the North concerning crime—its causes and preventives; but to us there seems thus far to have resulted nothing beyond the production of a brood of spurious reformers and sentimental pietists whose specious sophistry and morbid philanthrophy have contributed to increase and encourage crime, rather than to diminish and condemn it. A few years ago, a gentleman who was presumably a fair exponent of a certain sort of Boston "cul-chah," in an address before a House of Correction for Youthful Criminals,—of whom New England appears to have a goodly number,—took occasion to tell the young reprobates that they were not responsible for their own incarceration: that they were the creatures of social and surrounding circumstances: that society and not the individual was responsible for crimes, and much more of a like mushy and sensational tone. This is a pretty correct sample of the kind of reformatory gospel preached by the "advanced thinkers" of the East. Commenting upon the above remarkable utterance, "The Nation" was led to observe that "it is difficult to watch the field of social reform long without being driven to the conclusion that the desire to improve their fellows carries men constantly along the very verge of the abyss of mental unsoundness." The discussion of this subject of crime has gone very far to confirm that opinion, and the public mind has been gradually emasculated and corrupted by a maudlin sentimentality which has converted it into the driveling apologist for crime.

In thus contrasting North and South in the matter of crime, I have not sought to evade the issue by an *argumentum ad hominem*, nor have I desired to obscure the facts by sectional recrimination. I have rather attempted to indicate what seems to me the true and philosophical aspect of this whole question: that both sections are mutually and equally interested in this great social problem, and that neither has the right to assume a tone of self-righteous pity and blame toward the other. I hope what I have said will be taken in the spirit in which I have written,—a spirit of justice toward my own section and of catholic interest and kindness toward all others.

The evil can be remedied in neither section by anything less than an earnest and honest recognition of the facts as they exist, and a mutual abandonment of theoretical and sentimental morality on the one hand, and of vitiated sentiment and false chivalry on the other. That sectional arraignments and partisan distinctions will ever accomplish anything toward its cure is a flat impossibility. This time-worn antagonism of geographical situation has thrust itself into well-nigh every topic whose discussion and disposition most nearly concern the welfare and social health of the country as a whole, regardless of sections or political beliefs. In this matter of reducing the penury, the crime and the misery of our whole people, which ought to lie near the heart of every good man from whatever section, is it not possible that for once we shall ignore this unnatural and unjust discrimination and address ourselves fairly and impartially, to the disposition of a subject in which we most certainly have a mutual and an equal responsibility to discharge?

To adopt the sentiments of Dr. Holmes, on a different but not entirely dissimilar topic: Argument and effort must not be against isolated examples, nor deal with partial exhibitions of heresy: but should be directed against the false philosophy or the shattered moral and intellectual organization from which they spring. "The splinter of stone at your feet, which you would demolish with your logical hammer, runs deeper under the soil of society than you may at first imagine: it is only the edge of a stratum that stretches into the heart of the blue mountains in the far horizon."

In regard to the "Negro Exodus," which seems to grow

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apace in the Northern mind as the last outcome of Southern violence and oppression, I have this to say: In the first place, there seems to be no reason for putting an evil and partisan construction upon the emigration of any class of American citizens, black or white, when the avowed object of the movement is to better their material prospects. During recent years, the flood of emigration from the Middle, Eastern and Northern states to the South and South-west has been simply immense,—more than 200,000 last year to Texas,—and from the lower and laboring classes, who have represented themselves as wretched in their former homes. Yet it would be folly for us to cry persecution and outrage against the people of those states. Why should the black citizen stand on different grounds from the white one in this matter? But there is, no doubt, a very material factor concerned in this colored movement that does not operate elsewhere. The full and exact causes that have led to it are not yet clearly understood, but the indications are strong, and they are sufficiently familiar to be recognized right readily by the Southern people. When the movement is fully analyzed and its *animus* is disclosed, we feel sure there will be small difficulty in tracing it to the officious influence of those traffickers in a certain sort of spurious humanitarianism that seems to have followed the negro with fatal persistency through all his later history in this country, and which comes mainly from his so-called Northern friends and benefactors.

DUDLEY G. WOOTEN.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, June 1st, '79.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Some New York Fashions in 1814–1830.

I DO not think that the girls of my youth were prettier than girls are now, nor do I give the preference to the fashions of that earlier day. Much of our dress was very absurd,—the short waists for instance, measuring not more than half-a-finger's length below the arm-hole. At one time (somewhere between 1815 and 1820), we wore white cambric dresses, even in the street, in winter, while slippers and silk or cotton stockings were the style, no matter how cold the weather. Many a time have I walked in Broadway when the pavement sent almost a death-chill to my heart. After a time, pelisses became fashionable,—a garment of fine cloth, or velvet, worn outside the dress and nearly, or quite, as long. The first winter, the skirts were flying, but afterward they were closed with buttons up the front. This was a step in the direction of comfort and common sense. By and by moccasins appeared; they were made of some soft leather and quilted silk, and finished with a narrow edging of fur about the top. Though very insufficient, they were a great advance on anything that had been worn before. It must be remembered that merino or raw-silk underwear, or anything resembling it, had not yet been heard of; moreover, there was such a rage for classic slenderness that those who wished to be elegant abhorred all clothing that increased the size and preferred to suffer from the cold rather than to look clumsy. It is wonderful that delicate people, or hardy ones, either, could survive such exposure.

Bonnets, on the contrary, were of more sensible fashion than has been seen for the last thirty or forty years; they really shaded and screened the face. Chip and Leghorn were the favorites for summer wear; white chip always seemed to me the most elegant, and was really the most expensive, as it soon lost its freshness, and could not, at that time, be "done up" like straw. Twenty dollars, or even more, were often paid for an untrimmed Leghorn bonnet: considering the difference in the value of money, and the immense difference in the scale of expenditure everywhere, this was a great price. But then we expected that a nice thing, once bought, would last us a long time; our bonnets were done over and re-trimmed, and came out again as good as new next season—or, if we were of a frugal mind, for several seasons. Lined and suitably garnished outside, they also did duty for winter wear. Our facilities for shopping would probably seem limited at present, though the stores contained many very handsome articles. On this head, I may quote from a letter written in 1826:

"Dear ——: You should have been furnished with handsomer muslin for the promised frock than that which accompanies this letter, but mother shopped for it, and the article of a very fine texture being difficult to get, her patience at last gave over, and she took this. Your work deserves better, I own, and if you have seen or heard of any fine jaconet cambric in town let me know, and it shall be exchanged."

It appears strange that there should be any difficulty about jaconet in stores that could furnish India mull, the most exquisite of cotton fabrics; but so it was. This was the age of white embroidery; we worked our dresses, our collars and our capes, while a frock or cap for "the baby" was a frequent offering of friendship or family affection. In those days, caps were an integral portion of the child. A baby without a cap, what a monstrosity would that have been! And, indeed, the innovation of having them wear only their own little naked heads, though it was a great saving of trouble, was not a movement in the interests of beauty. After I married and left town, in 1828, the letters from home would frequently contain such passages as this: "Elizabeth is getting on nicely with your little frock, and it will be a beautiful piece of embroidery." "I have begun your little cap; the shape is a clock-mutch, and I think the pattern very handsome." "Catherine was here last week; she is working a dress and cap to match for little Edmund; you know how elegant her work is, and it will be a beautiful suit." Alas! the little garments and the workers and the wearers have nearly all passed into oblivion together!

Our toilet-tables I used to consider very pretty; they were of half-moon shape, the top stuffed and covered with white, the frills, reaching to the floor,

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of transparent muslin over some bright color. I cannot remember that there was ever much talk about the colors matching in our rooms or in our dress; such and such things, we used to think, "went well" together; but the subject of correspondences and contrasts was not, I fear, gone into very thoroughly. I can say for our furniture that, if not as elegant as now, it was at least, well and honestly made. There is still in our household a set of chairs which were bought in 1820. A few years ago they were reseated, and if the modern work only holds out as well as the old, they are good for another half-century.

After the close of the war of 1812, a great impetus was given to dress; much was said of the general extravagance, the responsibility for which was laid at the door of the officers' wives! Unless they had something besides their husbands' pay to base their extravagance upon, it would seem as if malice itself could hardly venture on this charge. As an example, Mrs. Commodore P—— was said to have two dresses, the making of which cost $50. One was a jaconet cambric, the skirt made with alternate rows of tucks and inserting (we didn't say *insertion* then), and the other some sort of black dress, I forget what. I give this bit of old-time gossip for what it is worth, not being able either to verify or refute it.

I have been refreshing my memory by the study of a miniature, owned and treasured by one of our household; it is painted on ivory, and was done in 1817. The original was a lovely young lady, often called the Belle of Long Island, and betrothed to a certain gallant commodore then stationed at Sackett's Harbor. The dark hair lies in a single large puff on the summit of the head; a curl falls behind one ear; there are a few twists and tendrils about the temples, somewhat after the present fashion, though the forehead is unobscured, and the parting of the front hair clearly visible. The light-blue dress has no waist to speak of, and is cut rather low, showing a good deal of the plump, pretty neck; a tall, transparent frill of embroidered muslin rises nearly to the ears behind, and tapers gracefully down to the front. The colors of this picture are unimpaired, and the hazel eyes look thoughtfully at you from the fair young face, though the beauty of which it is the image long since departed out of this world. It was intended that her wedding, which took place in November, 1817, should be a quiet one, but the bridal party, on arriving at the church, could hardly find standing-room, the beauty of the bride, and other ornamental circumstances of the affair, proving a great attraction to the public. There were several groomsmen, of whom General Scott, Captain Kearny of the navy, and James G. Brooks, the poet (a cousin of the bride), are all whom I can now particularize. The bride wore white Canton crape; the bridegroom and all the officers present were in full uniform. The bride's toilet for her journey to Sackett's Harbor, consisted of a dark-blue "habit," trimmed up the front with three rows of frogs, and a black Leghorn bonnet, lined and trimmed with black satin, and ornamented with three black ostrich feathers. (These habits were a close-fitting garment of cloth, taking the place of a cloak or other outside wrap. Worn at first as a riding, or perhaps more properly, a traveling, dress, they gradually came into use for street wear, or for informal calls, made when one was out shopping or walking.) The dress-bonnet was of white Leghorn, with white lining and plumes. The wardrobe contained Canton crapes and India muil, but, so far as is remembered, not a single silk.

Silk was at one time cast into the shade as dress-material by Canton, and afterward by Nankin, crape; this last a finer and heavier variety. They made extremely handsome dresses, but so soft and clinging as to require a well-stiffened petticoat. Silk began to be in favor again about 1820, the Bolivar hat and the pelisse being made of it and forming a suit. This Bolivar consisted of a stiff, upright crown, from which protruded a flat, shelf-like brim, perhaps six inches wide in front and gradually sloping away into the crown at the back. Under the brim was a large rose with two or three leaves, the first flower I ever saw inside a bonnet. Merino long-shawls, with a broad border at the ends and a narrow one along the length, came up during the war, and were considered a part of a nice toilette. At first they were white, but black and scarlet soon appeared. Tortoise-shell combs and thread lace were among the desirable possessions of ordinarily well-dressed people; of jewels we heard but little. A person had a set of pearls, perhaps, or sometimes you saw a ruby or a diamond finger-ring, and one or two French girls whom I knew had diamond ear-rings, but precious stones of a high rank were very infrequent. I have kept to this day the slip of my wedding-dress,—white satin, with which an over-dress of lace was worn. It is brought out occasionally as a spectacle and wonderment to the young people, though not so effective in that line as it was fifteen or twenty years ago, when nine breadths of wide silk were considered desirable for a skirt. The waist is an eighth of a yard long below the arm-hole (we had come to the era of quite long waists then, we thought); the sleeves are a large puff, gathered into a band. The skirt measures two yards and a half at the bottom, and is perfectly plain at the waist, with the exception of about three inches in the back, where a few very small plaits are laid. Altogether, the *elegantes* of the present day would probably look with amusement upon our attempts at dress and decoration; but I can assure them that we felt just as well attired, just as absolutely *comme il faut* in our "best things" as they can in any possible combination of French taste and skill.

GORDON BREMNER.

Lawn Tennis.

THE charming illustrations by Du Maurier in the London "Punch," usually indicate the fashions of English society with point and fidelity,—not only in matters of dress, but also in the usages of the drawing-room and the customs of the field. If any particular game is in favor, its popularity is reflected in the pictures; and a consultation of the periodical for last summer would show how general a recreation lawn

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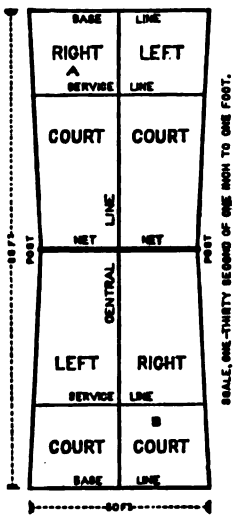
tennis has become. It is portrayed again and again as being played in the pretty suburban gardens with vine-clad walls, by Du Maurier's willowy English girls and languid-looking men; by fair matrons and exuberant children, and by sedate elderly gentlemen,—all of whom are applying themselves to it with obvious interest and enjoyment. The game is also winning favor in America, and it has so much in it that is commendable, that it will, no doubt, supersede croquet as a garden recreation here, as it has already done in England. It brings into requisition all the bodily forces; it exercises the muscles and nerves; it teaches vigilance and promptitude of movement. At the same time, though it is athletic, it is not too violent, and while affording plenty of exercise it is not exhausting, and may be played by women and children.

The outfit necessary consists of four or more bats and balls, two poles, a net twenty-six by five feet; two guy ropes with runners and pegs, and a mallet. All these implements may be purchased in any city for fifteen dollars, and with them you will be fully equipped for the game. The best ground is turf, concrete, or asphalt, which should be eighty feet long, and thirty feet wide at the end or base lines. This forms "the court," which is divided into two sections by the net, which is spread from the two upright posts. A central line again divides the court longitudinally into right and left sections, and two transverse lines twenty-six feet from the net are called service lines. The lines may be defined either by chalk or tape, and they can be more easily understood from the accompanying diagram than from any description.



The balls are of hollow India rubber, two and a quarter inches in diameter, and an ounce and a half in weight. The bats, or rackets, are about two feet six inches long, and are formed of a handle with an oval sort of loop netted with cord. The choice of courts having been decided by lot, the game is opened, and the object is to keep the ball flying from side to side as long as possible. The player who wins the choice of courts has the right of delivering the first ball, and is technically called "hand-in." Holding the bat in one hand and the ball in the other, one foot being planted outside the base-line, he throws up or drops the ball, and while it is in the air strikes it with the bat, sending it, if he is successful, between the net and service line of the court diagonally opposed to him. Thus, supposing that A, represented in the diagram, is hand-in, he must send the ball to B, who is technically "hand-out." If it falls in one of the other courts or between the base-line and service line, "a fault" is scored to the person making it, and hand-in, who is also called the server, repeats his aim unless his adversary strikes or attempts to strike the defective ball, in which case the service is considered good; but, if two failures are made consecutively, hand-in becomes hand-out and hand-out hand-in. This is also the case if hand-in fails to send the ball over the net or knocks it outside the boundary of the court. When the ball has been "served," or, in other words, projected according to the conditions of the game, it falls between the net and service line of the court diagonal to that from which it has been sent, and as it rebounds after touching the ground, hand-out must return it over the net with his bat before it falls a second time; but he must not strike it before it touches the ground under a penalty. On being returned, it may fall without fault at either side of the central line, the divisions marked by which only affect the service and not the subsequent strokes. What hand-out has done hand-in must now repeat, hitting the ball as it rebounds for the first time, and thus it is prettily sent to and fro until it strikes the net or falls within the external boundary line of the adversary's court. If hand-out fails to return a properly played ball, hand-in scores one point, technically called an ace, and serves again, not, however, from the same court, but from the court into which he has been playing, and as often as he scores an ace a similar change of base is made. Again, if when the ball comes to him, hand-in fails to return it over the net within the prescribed limits and in the same manner as before, he becomes hand-out and hand-out becomes hand-in. Hand-in alone is able to score, and hence the advantage of that position. An ace is forfeited by either player who strikes the ball more than once, or if it touches him or his clothing; but, if in attempting to return the ball, he misses it altogether and it falls beyond the external boundary, the stroke counts to him. The game proceeds until one of the players has made fifteen aces, when he is declared the winner; but if both reach fourteen the score is called "deuce," and one must make two aces in succession in order to win. If hand-in only makes one ace, it is called "vantage"; if he then becomes hand-out the score is again called deuce, and so it remains until two successive aces are made by one side or the other.

Here, in brief, are the principles of a single-handed game. It will be seen that it keeps the players constantly alert and absorbs their attention. It is capital exercise for the eyes, and in the hands of experts becomes scientific.

The game may be played by two, four, six, or eight persons, but when it is double-handed the method is varied somewhat. When players of unequal strength engage, the stronger one may give odds in several ways. He may, for instance, undertake to return every ball into one court which he mentions at the outset, and if the ball falls into any other court it counts against him as it would if it

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should fall outside the boundary; or he may give a number of aces as he would give points in billiards, or again, he may allow his opponent to continue as hand-in when he should become hand-out.

As we have said, the game is deservedly winning popularity; in this country there are several clubs, notably the Staten Island Club, which includes some excellent players, and within a few summers the net and posts and the oval rackets will probably be seen as often on the lawns of our country houses as in the gardens of England. A clever young man might construct the implements, but those of the manufacturers are so much more perfect than the productions of an amateur could be, and their price is so reasonable, that an effort of this kind is scarcely worth while. If further information or instruction is desired, the reader will find it in a little manual, price fifty cents, published by Messrs. George Routledge & Co., New York; in a similar volume published by Peck & Snyder, New York, price twenty-five cents, and in a pamphlet published by De La Rue & Co., London, price one shilling, the last being the most perspicuous and intelligible.

ALEXANDER WAINWRIGHT.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Professor Walker on Money.*

WE do not understand the division of the subject of money which Professor Walker attempts to make between his former book and the present one. The present book is the former one rewritten and very substantially improved, whether we consider its rhetorical or its scientific merits. Much of the crude and ill-digested material of the former book is here at least so far developed as to be capable of criticism and discussion. The literary style is also much more chastened, and the tone of the controversial passages is more reserved. We object still to the expression that new gold discoveries give a "fillip" to industry, not only for rhetorical reasons, but also because a mischievous notion is thereby smuggled into the science; and the expression, "differentiation of commodities," which occurs several times in the book, notwithstanding its grand air, is nonsense.

There are passages in the present work in which some of the old familiar doctrines of the orthodox economists are restated with admirable clearness and precision, and there are passages in which certain phenomena of the industrial system are described and explained better than in any other work which is before the public. The last three chapters on banks of issue especially deserve this commendation. The author, however, has presented several novelties on behalf of which he addresses a distinct and confident challenge to "the professional" or "the orthodox economists." There is nothing particularly new in this; the orthodox economists are used to it. Professor Walker, however, brings the authority of official position and considerable acquaintance with economic literature to bear in support of his opinions, and he can force the economists to stop and take notice of him, which is more than the meddlers and the muddlers generally can do. Professor Walker provokes an issue on the definition of money, on the use of the term currency, on the function of money to measure value, on the true limits and use of the term "denominator of value," on the doctrine of legal tender, on the standard of deferred payments, on the relation of legislation to value, on the double standard, the alternate standard and bimetallism, on the theory of fiat money and the law of value of inconvertible currency, on the means of getting the same into circulation, and on minor points under all these heads. The political and practical interests involved in these points, as well as the general and permanent interests of scientific truth, require that these issues shall all be fought out in the proper place and in the proper way. It will then unquestionably appear that Professor Walker is in error in every issue which he raises with the "orthodox economists," that the views which he sustains are only some of the broken and discarded notions which the profounder students of the science have passed by, and therefore that he has only increased the heavy burdens already resting upon their present pupils and successors in their efforts to spread sound opinions, by forcing them to turn aside to convince him of error, and to prevent the mischief which he will succeed in doing. If this seem over-plain language, the defense of it is that the interests at stake are of the highest importance, and that the time for plain language has come. Everybody who writes on economic topics takes a license to refer to the "orthodox economists" with the rebuke impatient, or with the flout supercilious, or with the quip contemptuous, and in the meantime the "orthodox economists" are the only ones who are advancing the science a hair's-breadth, while they are forced, at the same time, to save it from disintegration at the hands of these internal and external foes.

We will notice here only the author's definition of money, and that very briefly. He discards the term "currency" as too vague, but already in the former work it appeared that he had only transferred the vagueness to money,—in other words, that the vagueness lay in the subject-matter, and was not to be avoided by altering definitions. Currency is a word which has won its way into the language, and become established there. This proves the need of it, and is the only test possible of the legitimacy of a

* Money in its Relations to Trade and Industry. By Francis A. Walker. Henry Holt & Co.

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word. It is vague because it is comprehensive. The author's definition of money is vague, for a much worse reason,—scientifically speaking,—because its limits are vague. He cannot frame a definition of it which anybody else can handle. He is forced to fit it to include and exclude categories by special pleading in each case. What he is apparently struggling after is the idea of the German word, *Währung*. It is to be regretted that we have no equivalent for this in our language (the nearest is "current funds"); but it would be a sorry way to get one so to define money. Having cut loose from the notion of commodity value in money, Professor Walker endeavors to extend the definition and yet to find limits for it short of the definition of currency. The first step of extension leads across the chasm which separates commodities from negotiable instruments, or papers which transfer, or promise to transfer, commodities, and of these the line is drawn between checks and bank-notes by the alleged fact that one is subject to recourse and the other not. Now the fact is that there is the same recourse in either case, and the same limit to it in either, viz.: a reasonable limit of time for securing the appropriate redemption.* Even if this were not so, what is the importance of this consideration, especially for one who defines money as the medium of exchange, when millions of value are exchanged by canceling checks?

The notion is revived also that the definition of money should be based on the question whether the medium is to be sold again before touching "money" or not. Bank-notes, even, so soon as they lose immediate and direct convertibility, degenerate distinctly into negotiable securities, and all bank-notes belong to that category. If there is no other medium, the second negotiation is concealed in a general advance of prices. Another great reason, therefore, for insisting on the true classification of phenomena and strenuously resisting the proposal of Professor Walker, is that his proposal would conceal this fact, which it is important to bring to popular apprehension. In his classification, gold dollars and inconvertible notes are in the same category, while the promissory notes of banks and of private individuals are in different categories, and the promissory notes of banks and the checks of individuals, which are only complementary forms of paper for accomplishing the same transfer, are, again, in different categories. Such a classification is unscientific and inadmissible.

The popular use of the term money covers bank-notes and inconvertible notes, but it also covers capital. Nine-tenths of the popular fallacies which are making so much trouble would be dispelled if the term money were strictly limited to currency having commodity value; if other currency which is a substitute for money, and refers back to money, were distinguished from money, and if people, when they mean capital, would talk about capital. All who are educated in political economy, at least, ought to work toward this usage, and not away from it.

*The writer often has been forced to indorse a Bank of England note, which he desired to pass, and has seen one with a dozen indorsements on it.

Froude's "Julius Cæsar."*

DR. YOUNG, the poet, used to say that when Ambrose Phillips conceitedly spoke of Julius Cæsar as a man of his own height and habits, Dean Swift courteously replied: "And I, Mr. Phillips, should take Cæsar to have been a plump man, just five feet five inches high; not very neatly dressed in a black gown with pudding sleeves." Mr. Froude, in his new biography of the greatest Roman, shows a little of this same frivolity, accommodating his hero to the exigencies of some new fashion in European politics. Though he does not represent the Roman conqueror in the dress of an Irish clergyman, he commits the more serious error of comparing him to Christ himself. Cæsar's usurpation in Rome, he thinks, "was a preparation for a kingdom, not of this world," which Jesus afterward established. This must be mere bravado,—not the sober judgment of a writer versed in religious and secular history, as Mr. Froude is. Christianity doubtless profited by the conquests of Cæsar, just as Greek philosophy did by the victories of Alexander; but it is much more in accordance with fact to compare the son of Philip to Plato, than to imagine a resemblance between Pompey's father-in-law, the lover of Cleopatra, and the Son of Man. Mr. Froude is considerate enough not to draw this parallel till the last page of his volume; but he spares none of the common panegyrics of Cæsar in the preceding pages. It has been customary of late years, both in France and Germany, to exalt Cæsar and disparage Cicero, and the English historian now carries a little farther the ideas of Mommsen and of Louis Napoleon, to which, however, he gives an English turn that increases their freshness, if not their value.

Although Mr. Froude calls his work a "sketch," it contains more than 550 pages, and furnishes a full account of Cæsar's principal acts. It is written with force and diligence, and quotes from most of the ancient authors who throw light on the period of Roman history from the rise of the Gracchi to the fall of Cæsar in the Senate-house, under the daggers of Brutus and Cassius. He does not follow Cicero implicitly, as an authority, nor treat Suetonius, Plutarch, Appian, or Dion Cassius, with that respect which has commonly been awarded to their accounts of Cæsar and his contemporaries. For this there is some reason, but not so much as Mr. Froude would have us believe. He writes history always from a partial stand-point, and seems constantly laboring either to pull down or set up a great historical character of some sort. Such, unquestionably, Cæsar was, and we may pardon the excess of Mr. Froude's homage in consideration of his remarks on the last century of the Roman republic, and the general keenness of his analysis, both of character and historical events. He puts his own side of the argument very strongly, and in many cases he is right; but the best historians have more of the judge and less of the advocate in their opin-

* Cæsar. A Sketch. By James Anthony Froude, M.A., formerly Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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ions. It is too late, and quite unavailing, we know, to say this with any hope that Mr. Froude will yet correct his partiality; but the fact is too patent to be passed by in silence. Other famous historians have had this defect, which, when seen by the reader, lessens his acceptance of the author's opinions, but does not necessarily diminish the value to him of what has been so carefully prepared and published.

Tennyson's "The Lover's Tale." *

ALTHOUGH "The Lover's Tale" is supposed to have been suggested by the fourth novel of the tenth day in Boccaccio's "Decameron," it would be more strictly correct to limit the poet's obligations to that source to "The Golden Supper," a so-called sequel which appears in the later editions of Tennyson's collected poems. This early and suppressed "Lover's Tale" has little to do with the pretty story told by Lauretta to the free-spoken and mirthful band which the genius of Boccaccio conjured up. In Boccaccio's tale, the lady was loved by a certain Gentil de' Carisendi: her husband was Niccoluccio Caccianimico, and her own name Catalina. These are the personages represented by Julian, Lionel and Camilla. Boccaccio tells the story off-hand, as an illustration of the height of self-sacrifice to which men may attain. Gentil loved his neighbor's wife, and yet, when fate gave her into his power, he not only did not abuse his opportunities, but made a feast and solemnly restored his wife and child to Niccoluccio, who supposed Catalina was in her grave. This unvarnished tale is taken by Tennyson and embellished with superabundant imagery and rhetoric in "The Golden Supper," the still more strained, rhetorical "Lover's Tale" having, as before remarked, little or no real connection with it. Indeed, a careful perusal of this first part of the poem leads one to doubt whether Tennyson, at that time, had any thought of the story about the wife of Niccoluccio and her unsuccessful lover. It reads like an independent structure whose foundations were as vague as some of those poems by Keats in which he plainly states that he has entered into measures from the pure love of rhythm and rhyme, and is feeling his way toward a plot of some kind. No one knows what the original sequel to "The Lover's Tale" was to be. If Tennyson himself had thought it out, it was, no doubt, very wide of the climax given in "The Golden Supper." The two parts do not adhere either in diction, style, or frame-work. "The Lover's Tale" has a strain of wild passion not real, of course, nor too cleverly simulated, which does not accord with the plain story of the man who restored his resurrected love to her husband. Julian and Camilla are first cousins, playmates, almost brother and sister. Their relations are too opposite to those of Gentil and Catalina to warrant a real derivation or parallel.

It is, in the main, a juvenile production, and exhibits Tennyson in a strained and "forceful" position. His tendency was to make much of one idea, to force a simile too far, and to yield to the fascinations of a rhetoric built upon close study of Shakspere, Byron, Shelley, Keats—and the Bible. Here are lines which justify the cry of affectation raised against the young poet by those who were so wedded to the favorites of the day that they could not detect the high promise in the tyro:

> "Permit me, friend, I prithee,
> To pass my hand across my brows, and muse
> On those dear hills, that never more will meet
> The sight that throbs and aches beneath my touch,
> As though there beat a heart in either eye."

Like other young university poets, he could not do without some goddess to invoke at the opening of his piece.

> "Even now the Goddess of the Past that takes
> The heart, and sometimes touches but one string
> That quivers, and is silent, and sometimes
> Sweeps suddenly all its half moulder'd chords
> To some old melody, begins to play
> That air which pleased her first. I feel thy breath;
> I come, great Mistress of the ear and eye!
> Thy breath is of the pine wood; and tho' years
> Have hollowed out a deep and stormy strait
> Betwixt the native land of Love and me,
> Breathe but a little on me, and the sail
> Will draw me to the rising of the sun,
> The lucid chambers of the morning star,
> And East of Life."

Tennyson had not then learned to subordinate the less important to the greater. His lines are crowded and sometimes halting, as for example in the fourth line of the last quotation. It was all black and white with him—all extremes. An appropriate motto for his "Lover's Tale" would have been these lines from Lidgate and Heywood's "Life and Death of Hector":

> "For Eloquence
> Or Rethoricke, I you assure there's none
> In me, your heads with phrases fine to fill,
> Nor yet haue I in painting any skill
>
> "With colours fresh and gay to please the eie:
> I naught can use, but sad and mournfull blacks,
> And therewithall myselfe will satisfie,
> Which in good part I you beseech to take.
> And so in hope your favours I shall win
> I will proceed the story to begin."

Doubtless it was the recognition on the part of Tennyson that his love passages and white heats of passion were manufactured which moved him to withdraw the poem from the press,—not, however, without a copy having reached the outer world through the hands of a friend, and having been printed in an unauthorized edition, much to the disgust of the poet. And yet there are more beauties than blemishes in "The Lover's Tale." There are passages of remarkable force, exquisite imagery, bold and soaring imagination. Defective as a whole, it is charming in parts and can only do credit to the reputation of its author. The thought is often clogged, the phraseology incoherent; but behind all these blemishes Tennyson's genius shines with effect. The book is a curiosity, taken as a whole, but it will prove a great pleasure to the lover of poetry when read in judicious extracts.

* The Lover's Tale. By Alfred Tennyson. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

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Fisher's "Faith and Rationalism."*

PROFESSOR FISHER'S little volume on "Faith and Rationalism" treats of those great subjects which have occupied the thoughts of earnest men at all times, but which are of absorbing interest to the most thoughtful in our times. These themes are discussed by the author with great simplicity of logic, illustration and diction, and in a style as remote as possible from the scholastic or theological. The author is not only thoroughly familiar with the subjects which he discusses and with the methods in which they have been stated and argued in other times, but he is equally familiar with the aspects in which they present themselves to the cultivated and thoughtful men of our own days. Whether his readers shall agree with him or not they cannot fail to understand him, and, what is more to the purpose, they cannot fail to be convinced that he understands their own difficulties, and, to a certain extent, sympathizes with them.

The prominent themes are the two which the title recognizes, viz., faith and rationalism. In defining faith, the author lays great stress upon the emotional and the voluntary elements in processes which at first sight would seem to be purely intellectual. In this way he provides for the assertion for it of a moral quality and the recognition of moral responsibility in the formation of our religious creed. Rationalism, as contrasted with faith, is characterized as impatient of mystery, and for that reason as by no means limited to the so-called heterodox schools of thought, and as failing to estimate the influence of sin upon our capacity for investigating religious truth. It also ignores partially or wholly the peculiarity of the premises of religious faith, and takes no account of implicit mental processes. For this reason it exaggerates the office of logic in religion. It tends to regard Christianity exclusively as a doctrine, and is prone to seek religious truth for its own sake. From this follow two conclusions: first, that there is a debatable ground bordering upon every great Christian truth; and second, that the believer is not bound to answer every question that may be asked of him, or which he is prompted to ask of himself.

The author proceeds to consider, in the light of the principles established, the leading doctrines of the Christian faith, viz.: the existence of God; the future life of the soul; the doctrine of the Trinity; the Christian doctrines of sin and the Atonement, of the influence of the Divine Spirit, and of the authority and inspiration of the Scriptures, and finishes the discourse with a brief conclusion.

The discourse is an expansion of an address delivered before the Theological Seminary at Princeton. To this expanded address are appended special essays upon the following topics, all suggested by the discussion, viz.: The Teaching of Theology on the Moral Basis of Faith; The Doctrine of Nescience respecting God; The Doctrine of Evolution in its Relation to the Argument of Design; The Reasonableness of the Christian Doctrine of Prayer; Jesus was not a Religious Enthusiast; The Moral and Spiritual Elements in the Atonement; The Unity of Belief among Christians. These essays occupy more than half of the volume, and, as their titles indicate, they present the opinions of the author upon many of the burning questions of the day. In the treatment of all of these themes, the reader will find the statements singularly cool and temperate, while there is no lack of positiveness in the assertion of the usually received truths of the so-called Evangelical system.

It is refreshing to read a volume like this at a time when so much of our so-called religious literature is either scholastically technical in its terminology, or mystically conventional in its sentimentalism, or remote from the language of common life in its associations; or, on the other hand, is flippant in its contempt of all theological discussion, or positive in its scientific rejection of all spiritual verities. We do not affirm that the writer is always satisfying, especially upon the much-mooted point which gives the title to his volume, viz., the relation of faith to reason, but we do not hesitate to recommend the volume, as at once a quickening stimulant to earnest and sober thinking upon the most important themes, and a wise and temperate counselor in the settlement of the many much-vexed questions that are raised in respect to the foundations and the import of Christian truth.

Symonds's "Renaissance in Italy."*

THE scheme of this work embraces much more than the present volume. Mr. Symonds here investigates only one facet of the many-sided jewel in the crown of Italy which goes by the name of *Renaissance*. Companion volumes treat of "The Age of Despots" and "The Revival of Learning," while a fourth book is being prepared which is to have as title, "Italian Literature." No one need look, therefore, to the present volume for a minute record of the Italian architects, sculptors and painters of the 15th and 16th centuries; only the greatest and most typical are introduced, and they only serve to draw comparisons and to point arguments in which their kindred in other arts and sciences figure with almost equal respect. The frame-work, in fact, is so large that the greatest care on the mind of the writer has been to know what to select as most typical, most expressive. Necessarily, Mr. Symonds goes over a great deal of old ground, for, being by his plan compelled to touch on all the best points, he finds himself on pathways already worn hard and smooth by the hundred previous writers on Italian literature and art. He has not adopted the method much in vogue in France and Italy, of embodying what he has to say that is new in a short treatise

* Faith and Rationalism, with Short Supplementary Essays on Related Topics. By George P. Fisher, D. D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Yale College. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

* Renaissance in Italy. The Fine Arts. By John Addington Symonds. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

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and directing his remarks to those who are already posted in such matters, but prefers to make his series a microcosm of the age of the Renaissance in respect to its politics, learning, literature and fine arts. Hence his books are for the wide public of readers, not for the narrow circle of the posted. The latter will have to read many pages they have seen before in other tongues, in other phraseology, perhaps improved now and then by a novel view of a point, but for the most part not. In accord with this conception of his work appears the critical attitude of Mr. Symonds. He is a cool middle or medium critic, who always takes care to ride on the pendulum neither far one way on the side of enthusiasm (unless the world has thoroughly stamped the artist in question as one over whom to be enthusiastic), nor far the other way toward condemnation. He does not believe in going the length that some go in calling the fine arts incompatible with Christianity, and yet finds the early tenets of our faith in their purest form antagonistic to the exercise of the fine arts. He partly agrees with Roscoe in his high opinion of the Medicean princes of Florence and yet finds that Rio has a good deal of truth in his denunciations of the Medicis. "They enslaved Florence; and even painting was not slow to suffer from the stifling atmosphere of tyranny. Lorenzo deliberately set himself to enfeeble the people by luxury, partly because he aimed at popularity, and partly because it was his interest to enervate republican virtues. The arts, used for the purposes of decoration in triumphs and carnival shows, became the instruments of careless pleasure; and there is no doubt that even earnest painters lent their powers with no ill-will and no bad conscience to the service of lascivious patrons." The "lascivious patrons" mentioned by Mr. Symonds, on the strength of a passage in Vasari concerning Botticelli, appear to be those citizens of Florence who got artists to paint on their walls naked women! "Lascivious" is a rather harsh word wherewith to dub indiscriminately the lovers of the beauty of the human form!

Readers of Mr. Black will remember in his last novel the character or caricature of an artist who is reviving in the London of to-day the style of art found in the paintings of Botticelli. The caricature has been fitted to both Rossetti and Burne-Jones. Coming to speak of Sandro Botticelli in the survey of painting in his fifth chapter, Mr. Symonds has the following foot-note:

"The study of the fine arts offers few subjects of more curious interest than the vicissitudes through which painters of the type of Botticelli, not absolutely and confessedly of the first rank, but attractive by reason of their relation to the spirit of their age, and of the seal of *intimité* set upon their work, have passed. In the last century and the beginning of this, our present preoccupation with Botticelli would have passed for a wild lunacy, because he has none of the qualities then most in vogue and most enthusiastically studied, and because the moment in the history of culture he so faithfully represents was then but little understood. The prophecy of Mr. Ruskin, the tendencies of our best contemporary art, in Mr. Burne-Jones's painting, the specific note of our recent fashionable poetry and, more than all, our delight in the delicately poised psychological problems of the middle Renaissance, have evoked a kind of hero-worship for this excellent artist and true poet."

Mr. Symonds cannot be named among the original contributors to the history of the Renaissance, but rather among the painstaking. Yet he is not free from decided errors. In his haste to exalt the already exalted Raphael, he overshoots the mark when he says: "In morals he was pure. Indeed, judged by the lax standard of those times, he might be called almost immaculate." In view of the closeness with which this writer follows Vasari in a thousand other instances, it is strange that he should make a statement that certain gossip given with reluctance by Vasari contradicts. One of Mr. Symonds's methods is to take a chance simile of a former writer and carry it out more elaborately in his own work,—not, be it understood, in a plagiarizing way, but in consequence of his own want of originality. Thus he amplifies the parallels suggested by a previous authority between Raphael and Mozart. Yet, in saying this, the intention is not to belittle the work, only to define its exact position. No one could fail to be benefited by a reading of it; and for persons who require their memory to be freshened in regard to the men and fine arts of the Renaissance, we know of no book more serviceable or entertaining.

Vol. XVI of "L'Art."*

THE late Exposition at Paris has furnished a multitude of topics to the sharp wits and light pens of the French art critics. The newly complete volume of "L'Art" has the services of Louis Ménard and Charles Tardieu as chief dispensers of praise and blame among the English, German, and French painters, the Italian, French, and English sculptors at the exhibition. English art is spoken of with great respect, although the efforts of Burne-Jones and Watts to create a new, distinctively British, school of art do not exactly find favor, nor is Tardieu quite satisfied with Millais; still they are respectfully treated. Italian *genre* sculpture seems to have surprised the French with its vivid realism, and, singular as it appears, with its total absence of any influence from the antique. And yet Italy contains more examples of the classical antique than any other land. French sculpture carries away the palm, both for quantity and quality, yet the best examples of English work could not be seen at the Exposition, owing to the impossibility of transporting large statues and monumental work to France. Ménard will not allow that the French sculpture, as a whole, is remarkable for "limpid virility of thought," or "moving simplicity of expression," as the official catalogue of the Exposition defined it. He objects that many statues and statuettes were mean and obscure in thought, and by no means unaffected or fine in expression. On the contrary, there was in many cases exaggerated and pretentious expression. Coming to speak of Bartholdi, he has this to say about the gigantic

*L'Art. Revue Hebdomadaire Illustrée. 5th Year. Volume XVI. Paris and London. New York: J. W. Bouton.

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statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World,"* a one-sixth reduction of which was to be seen in the vestibule of the entrance to the Exposition building.

"The reduction allows one to appreciate the grandiose character of the statue, the simplicity of its pose, the nobility of its draperies. * * * Let us hope that the spectacle of that beautiful statue will give Americans the taste for sculpture. It is a fine thing to be a grand, rich, and free people, to have immense railways and a good government, but a society which has no art has but an incomplete civilization, and it is time that Americans perceived it."

From these lordly words M. Ménard goes on to criticise Bartholdi for not putting a Phrygian or liberty cap on his giantess, maintaining that as it is she might be mistaken for a Juno or Diana; a Phrygian cap, he thinks, is as unavoidable an attribute of a statue of Liberty as grammar is necessary to language. It is comforting that at last France has awaked to the fact that Italy, England, and Germany have each an art of its own. We see the growing respect with which the artists of these three nations are beginning to be treated by French critics; but it is expecting too much of any save an exceptional French student of history to understand the United States. Fifty years hence we may be discovered; and, till that happens, we must await with resignation a steady fire of snubs.

As the chief of all art periodicals in respect to its criticisms and illustrations, "L'Art" has lately entered into a crusade against the corporations, municipalities or individuals that sell to foreigners those art-products of their respective lands which belong to history, and appeal either to the curiosity of antiquarians or the good taste of critics. A special department embracing a few pages in each number is devoted to this purpose; it is headed "Vandalisme," and both by wood-cuts and sharp text holds up to infamy such spoliators of their own country as these. The sixteenth volume contains a great number of beautiful plates, showing landscapes, marines and portraits by distinguished artists. George H. Boughton can be studied in a series of crayon sketches never before published, and a like honor is accorded Harpignies. The treasures of the National Museum at Munich make a very instructive series of papers, and so does the work of the old court painter, Le Brun, who decorated the ceilings and walls of most of the great palaces in and near Paris with a wealth of fancy that is amazing to contemplate. He employed a regiment of assistants. Both the letter-press and the engraver's work of "L'Art" remain what they have been heretofore—unsurpassed by that of other publications of the kind.

Burroughs's "Locusts and Wild Honey."†

"For contrariwise I herd my selfe a good husbande at his boke ones saye, that to omit studie some time of the daye and some time of the yere, made as moche for the encrease of learning as to let the lande lye sometime falloe, maketh for the better encrease of corne. This we se, yf the lande be plowed everye yere, the corne commeth thinne up, the eare is short, the grayne is small, and when it is brought into the barne and threshed, it gyveth very evil faul. So those which never leave poring on their bokes have oftentimes as thinne invention as other poore men have, and as smal wit and weight in it as in other men's. And thus youre husbandrie, me thinke, is more like the life of a covetouse snudge, that oft very evil preves, then the labour of a good husband that knoweth wel what he doth."

Mr. Burroughs is one of the apostles after the quaint-conceited Toxophilus, his mission being that of awakening in people who are too much absorbed by their daily work a remembrance that they are living only half a life while they neglect the delightful rest of the country. And for those, also, who do not entirely immure themselves in town or village, he writes many charming, suggestive things. How few of us have eyes for the real life of the country when we do get away from our work! How few, indeed, of those who live on farms really see the country as it is! While they walk across the meadow, the small animals—birds and insects—hide themselves before their movements are discovered by unpracticed eyes, and so half the enjoyment of the walk is gone. But take this writer for guide, and every bush reveals a tenant. We must not be in a hurry. We cannot afford to race over the country-road with the firm purpose of doing so many miles, reaching such and such a place before dinner, but must know how to dawdle at the brook, lounge along the rail-fence, and by the purposelessness of our movements insinuate ourselves into the confidence of nature. This is what Thoreau did, and this is what Mr. Burroughs teaches us to do. To read his reflective, contemplative prose is to imagine a man who has nothing else to do but watch the pickerel lying like a slim green leaf near the weeds, or follow the aëronautic adventures of a spider on his sailing web. Mr. Burroughs is an apostle and chooses naturally an apostolic title for his new collection of essays. Are we not to consider him a modern John the Baptist, who finds in the wilderness hard and meager fare, it is true, but at the same time discovers in desert food unexpected delicacies, and learns meanwhile deeper lessons, and sees finer visions than fall to the lot of us well-fed, smug town-bodies?

Known chiefly as an observer of birds,—not, however, as a professed ornithologist,—Mr. Burroughs also extends his field to the bees and wild fruits, to trout-fishing and forest-camping. Yet he still has most to say about the birds. "Sharp-Eyes" is a delightful ramble of reminiscences about birds, and the pastoral essay on "Birds and Birds," together with the little lounging talk headed "Bird's-nesting," speak for the favorite pursuit of the writer. "Is it Going to Rain?" deals with meteorology in the freshest, most unpedantic way, and yet reveals the fact that Mr. Burroughs is a student of books as well as an observer of nature. He understands

* A detailed account of this statue, both as it appeared while being cast, and as it will look when placed in position on Bedloe's Island, will be found in the issue of this magazine for June, 1877.

† Locusts and Wild Honey. By John Burroughs. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

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the laws of storms as they have been formulated by professors and learned seamen, and adds this "book-l'arnin'" to the weather-wisdom of the Ulster County farmer.

An American of the Americans, Mr. Burroughs is not permitted to make literature or even forest-dwelling or farming his life work. He is an example of the fact that a greater amount of energy has to be expended in this country than in Europe in order to produce an equal result, for while in many ways competition abroad is greater than it is with us, it is harder for a man in America to secure the leisure which is absolutely required for perfection in the arts and sciences or literature. Perhaps the prizes are greater after he has reached eminence in any way, but certainly the beginnings here are more difficult. White of Selborne had but little to do besides attending to literature and his pleasant researches in fields and gardens. Thoreau made a hermit of himself at Walden Pond, and left the rest of the world—his own kindred, as well as everybody else—to shift for themselves as best they might. Not so with our observer of the secrets of the country. Although he is not confined at present to a city, such as London, his life is more like that of Charles Lamb. He is a business man, and every year of his life is compelled to go over dusty ledgers, and account for many thousand columns of closely set figures. Is it this dry work which makes him so thirsty for the sound of the wild birds and the streams? Is it the monotony of cash balances and double-entry book-keeping which makes his vision keener than that of the country people in general? It would be an odd contradiction if it should be found that his work has gained greatly in expressiveness and vigor because his natural longing to hold to the country-side has been repressed and centered on itself.

"Wild Life in a Southern County."*

THIS little book, taken in connection with the earlier one by the same author, "The Gamekeeper at Home," brings the reader into closer relations with English field and forest life than any other British contribution outside of White's "Natural History of Selborne." The observation is even more minute and painstaking than in that famous work, though it is quite certain the book will not prove to have the perennial charm of that of the Selborne naturalist. The author makes much more of a dead set at describing things, and at sifting and analyzing the life of field and copse, and of stream and lake, but is not always successful in winning the interest and attention of his reader. Indeed a large per cent. of "Wild Life" is dull and wearisome; things are minutely and elaborately described that are not worth the candle. Cut down to the dimensions of "The Gamekeeper," the book would gain much in interest and effectiveness. It suffers in comparison with the former work also in not having the same tangible motive; the same central figure around which to group its vast mass of details and observations. The author has done what he could to atone for this want by linking his sketches with what he calls Wick farm, and making it as it were the background of the life he portrays. It is not what we would understand by wild life in this country, for it is life that has for centuries been brought directly under the influence of man, while country people and their ways and doings occupy a large share of the writer's attention. His first dozen chapters treat of the following subjects: "The Downs," "A Draught," "The Hillside Hedge," "The Village," "Village Architecture," "The Hamlet," "The Farm-house," "Birds of the Farm-house," "The Orchard," "The Woodpile," "The Home-Field," "The Ash Copse," "The Warren," "The Rookery." Then follow eight more chapters of disconnected observations, mainly upon birds. Indeed the book is a budget of odds and ends, relating to all manner of out-door subjects, and is mainly interesting to the American reader because it affords a ground of comparison between the life of the English landscape and that of our own fields and woods. One of the best and most enjoyable pieces of writing in the book is upon the old-fashioned English farm-wagon (pages 102–5). It is full of humor and quaint description, and is as good as anything of the kind in Thoreau. Here, too, is a lively description of two hares boxing,—a thoroughly English pastime on the part of the hares, and one we have never known American hares to indulge in:

> "They stand on their hind legs (which are very long) like a dog taught to beg, and strike with the fore pads as if boxing, only the blow is delivered downwards instead of from the shoulder. The clatter of their pads may be heard much farther than would be supposed. Round and round they go like a couple waltzing; now one giving ground and then the other, the fore legs striking all the while with marvelous rapidity. Presently they pause—it is to recover breath only; and 'time' being up, to work they go again with renewed energy, dancing round and round, till the observer cannot choose but smile."

As a sample of the odd and minute observation with which the book abounds, take the following:

> "Dogs running carelessly along beside the road frequently go sideways; one shoulder somewhat in front of the other, which gives the animal the appearance of being ever on the point of altering his course. The longer axis of the body is not parallel with the course he is following."

The book as a whole has but little charm, but it is full of that common sense and honest, straightforward writing which is so acceptable to the British public.

Trollope's "Thackeray."*

IT was Thackeray's wish that no memoir of himself should be written, and it cannot be said to have been violated by Mr. Trollope. He gives us, it is true, a few biographic particulars, but as most of them were already in our possession, he has added little or nothing to our knowledge of the man. What manner of man he was could have been conjectured from his books, which were as autobiographic as it is

*Wild Life in a Southern County. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

*Thackeray. By Anthony Trollope. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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possible for fictions to be, and which indicate a wide and tolerant, though somewhat sorrowful, familiarity with the world. It was the misfortune of Thackeray, critically speaking, to be compared at first with Dickens, whose genius exercised a spell over his readers second only to that of Shakspere; but the longer this comparison existed the better it was for him. That he was the larger man of the two, and that his literary art was of a higher order, was at length admitted; justice was done, and to-day he is the acknowledged successor of Fielding. That Dickens became at once a popular writer while Thackeray struggled for years in obscurity, was as much due to the temperament of each as to the character of his work. Dickens was steadfast, industrious, full of purpose, never doubting himself, always putting his best foot foremost, and standing firmly on it when he got it there. He was a firm, reliant man, very little prone to change, who, when he had discovered the nature of his own talent, knew how to do the very best with it. Thackeray was the reverse of this. Unsteadfast, idle, changeable of purpose, aware of his intellect, but not trusting it, no man ever failed more generally than he to put his best foot foremost. There is a touch of vagueness in all his early work which indicates that his pen was not firm while using it. He seems to have been dreaming of some high flight, and to have told himself, with a half-broken heart, that it was beyond his power to attain it. His modesty was as great as his genius. He was a long time in discovering the extent and direction of his powers, and the writings by which he first became known are by no means worthy of them. A lesser writer might have created his "Yellow-plush" and his elaborate system of bad spelling, which will not for a moment compare with that of Hood. Only a great writer, however, could have written his "Barry Lyndon," which is as masterly as "Gil Blas," or the less pathetic "Hoggarty Diamond," which was so little to the taste of the editor of "Fraser's Magazine," that he was obliged to shorten it! "There are none of us," says Mr. Trollope, "who want to have much of his work shortened now."

As we have already said, Mr. Trollope has added little or nothing to our knowledge of Thackeray's life; moreover, he has added nothing to our knowledge of his writings. He has told us what he thinks of some of them, as, for example, of "Henry Esmond." "I told Thackeray once that it was not only his best work, but so much the best, that there was none second to it. 'That was what I intended,' he said, 'but I have failed. Nobody reads it. After all, what does it matter?' he went on, after a while. 'If they like anything, one ought to be satisfied. After all, Esmond was a prig.' Then he laughed and changed the subject, not caring to dwell on thoughts painful to him." Mr. Trollope's book will have many readers, no doubt, partly on Thackeray's account, and partly on his own. It will interest the admirers of both, who may naturally be supposed to be curious to know what one man of genius thinks of another; but it will satisfy neither. That he admires Thackeray as a man is more certain than that he understands him as an author. His estimate of his genius is lacking in delicate perception; it is unimaginative, hard-headed, obtuse,—the judgment of one with whom fiction has been a business, and not a profession, and who is critical because he is expected to be, and not because it is his calling.

"The Colonel's Opera Cloak."*

THE second "No Name" series has a much more auspicious beginning than the first. What silly stuff there was in "Mercy Philbrick's Choice"! what overdrawn, hysterical matter in "Hetty's Strange History"! what an absurd straining after big thoughts in "A Modern Mephistopheles"! But among the last of the first series was "Gemini," a little story which showed either that the editors of the series were being educated, or that the series had begun to attract the attention of good writers, amateur or professional, and to inspire them with confidence in the liberal judgment of the publishers. "Signor Monaldini's Niece," which opened the second series, on the whole, outranked all its predecessors for beauty of descriptive and imaginative passages, and for the interest and the lively presentation of the plot. This may be said in spite of certain unadvisable dramatic turns in the climax of the story. Upon "Signor Monaldini's Niece" follows "The Colonel's Opera Cloak." It has the quality that brought "Gemini" head and shoulders above the other more pretentious novels of the first series. It is simple and direct, using an odd garment in the possession of a hand-to-mouth Southern family as a leading thread, and setting out neither to instruct nor to astonish, but simply to amuse. It is also a character-sketch of shiftless Southern people in a Northern city. Their characters are sometimes pushed to the verge of caricature, but hardly too far for examples of exceptional people that one meets at the sea-side and in the large city hotels. The relations between Mrs. St. John and Pomp, the faithful house-servant, are amusingly true to life, and so are Mrs. St. John's alternating patronage of and contempt for Northern people. The little St. Johns belong merely to the genus boy, either North or South, but their slipshod mother and continually absent father—a speculator in land and mines—have given no check to their natural propensities to torment and destroy. The steady-going Northerners, the family of Dr. Douglas, are touched off well, but are not interesting. Leslie St. John, the heroine, sets out to be nothing more than a sweet, affectionate little maid, and, in being that, satisfies the reader, as well as Tom Douglas. There is a well-told, moving scene where a little black boy, playmate and friend of the small St. Johns, dies in the arms of Leslie. Mr. Cavello, the rich Cuban, is nothing but a shadow that vexes the course of Leslie's love for Tom, and Miss Gertrude Henderson, heiress, plays the same trivial part in Tom's love for Leslie. The novel is,

* The Colonel's Opera Cloak. No Name Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

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in fact, a little play drawn out into a story, in which the gorgeous opera-cloak of the absent Colonel St. John plays pranks somewhat like those of the piece of paper in that much applauded modern theater-piece called "Pattes de Mouche." The cloak has a sort of life of its own, and the two families begin to be superstitious; the Douglases allude to it as O. C. St. John, Esq., and when Tom slyly takes it out of pawn, and leaves it on the steps of the St. Johns' hired house, Pomp says: "Massy gracious, Miss Leslie, what yer t'ink? Dat ar op'ra-cloak's done come ob hisself; paid his own pawn-ticket, an' done rung de bell! I see his brass knobs a-wigglin' when I opened de do'. De days ob mir'cles am returned." One feels that more might easily have been made of this cloak; it might have gone through many other adventures; but in that case there would have been too much loss of naturalness. As it is, we follow the ins and outs of the cloak, with a healthy contempt of probabilities and a grateful sense of being amused. In this connection may be noticed what the author makes Tom say in respect to the pictures of a friend of his—one Bob Simpson. "I wish I could show you his pictures. They are very funny,—many of them. He's making money fast. Funny pictures sell,—people like to be amused."

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Improved Method of Insulating Underground Wires.

Of the many methods that have been tried to make a cheap, durable, and well-insulated telegraph line or cable for placing under streets and under water, the latest and most promising employs a wrought-iron tube containing the wires and filled with a cheap oil. The wires are of copper (copper having seven times the advantage over iron as a conductor at only three times the cost), and covered with cotton woven on by machinery. Dry cotton makes a good insulating material, a very thin layer being sufficient to keep the wires apart and well insulated. The wires laid in a bundle in a pipe underground would be insulated for all practical purposes as long as kept in dry air. Moisture is taken up by the cotton, and this destroys the insulation, and to exclude moist air and water the pipe in which the bundle of wires is placed is filled with kerosene. In a new line or cable laid across the Delaware, twenty wires are laid in a pipe 3.8 cm. (1½ in.) in diameter and laid across the bed of the stream. The ends of the pipe are brought to the shore and bent upright to form two stand pipes, one at each end. The wires nearly fill the pipe, and oil is poured in till it rises to the top of the two stand pipes, thus securing sufficient pressure to keep the pipe full to the exclusion of air and moisture. The experiments made with this form of underground cable lead to the hope that it will take the place of the unsightly and dangerous telegraph poles and wires in our streets and thus lead to the suppression of the only objection to the continuous spread of telegraph and telephone wires in our cities.

Progress in Metallurgical Science.

The progress of commerce and manufactures is now almost wholly governed by the progress of science. Important steps in scientific discovery lead to immediate and equally important changes in the practical methods of manufactures and the routes and facilities of trade. The telephone has created a new branch of telegraphic business, and the Bessemer converter overturned the manufacture of iron and steel and created new uses and new markets for steel. Within a short time has appeared another important scientific discovery that, by the use of a new material in an old process, makes a change in the manufacture of steel and modifies the commercial position of whole districts and trades. The Bessemer converter, though a comparatively recent invention, has already made a very great change in the relative positions of iron and steel, increased and cheapened the manufacture of steel, and thus created new markets for it. The last step has been to apply to the interior of the converter, or vessel in which the steel is "blown" in the process of extracting the phosphorus and sulphur, a lining prepared from lime in place of the linings hitherto employed. This new lining is found to produce a more complete elimination of the phosphorus and sulphur, and making it possible to use ores of an inferior quality and ores hitherto thought to be valueless for steel-making. A modification of this application of lime in the Bessemer is also used in the Siemans-Martin steel-making process and with the same results, a widening of the range of ores suitable for steel-making. The chief interest in this discovery lies in the fact that ores thought to be valueless for steel are now made available. The districts producing these inferior ores will find a new market for their material; the quantity of steel made by these processes will be largely increased and the price undoubtedly lowered, both of which will tend to increase its usefulness and sale. This invention is English in its origin and is to be tried at once in France, Germany and this country. All metallurgical interests will be undoubtedly greatly changed, iron becoming of less use and steel more and more taking its place, from this comparatively slight change in steel-making processes.

Improved Locomotive Fittings.

The necessity of suppressing the noise of the engines used on elevated roads has led to two valuable improvements that should be applied to all engines passing through city streets. The exhaust steam, instead of being thrown into the smoke-stack,

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thus producing a loud puff at every stroke, is taken directly from the cylinders into large tanks or cylinders of iron standing upright on each side of the stack. Each of these tanks has about ten times the capacity of the cylinder below it, and within it the steam expands freely. It then escapes through a pipe directly into the stack, escaping upward through an annular nozzle. It here acts as an injector, giving the smoke-stack a powerful and steady blast, in place of the usual intermittent blast. The fire, as a result, is urged evenly and at a nearly uniform rate without puffs and starts as in the ordinary engine. From personal observation of this useful invention, it is found that the noise of the blast is virtually suppressed, being only faintly heard in the cab and quite lost in the street below. The engine steams equally well, the steam-gauge remaining at an almost uniform position during a run. The fire being driven steadily, it is thought the boiler will be saved much of the wear that attends the intermittent action of the blast, and at an economy of steam, fuel and material. The second device is designed to suppress the noise of the blast from the vacuum brakes. This is accomplished by turning the jet of mingled steam and air into a small iron vessel filled with glass beads. These beads are kept in place by wire netting, and the steam and air passing through the minute spaces between the beads escapes at the top in a diffused cloud without noise. The noise caused by the escape of steam from the safety-valve is reduced by taking the steam through a pipe back to the water tank in the tender, or by turning it into the expanding tanks over the cylinders.

Gas and Steam Motor.

THE gas engine, at first a noisy, unreliable motor of only one or two horse-power, has within the past few years been greatly improved, and in its latest forms becomes a reliable and useful machine having a power equal to eight horses, and is gradually finding a place in small manufactories wherever a cheap and easily managed motor is required. The most important step in this improvement was in the suppression of the noise, and in the new silent gas engines this great objection to these motors is removed. The latest form of gas engine goes one step further and becomes a combined gas and steam engine, the consumption of the gas producing the heat needed to make the steam and without the aid of a separate fire. There is no boiler, in the ordinary sense, the boiler being contained in the engine and the steam being used in the cylinder in which the gas is burned, the combustion of the gas at the same time producing more steam. Like other gas engines, this motor employs one single-action cylinder and depends on the momentum of a fly-wheel to continue the stroke and restore the cylinder to its acting position. The motor consists of two upright cylinders placed side by side in an iron frame that carries at the bottom and beneath the cylinders the shaft to which the connecting rods of both cylinders are directly connected. The smaller of these cylinders is the compressor for mixing and compressing the air and street gas that are to be burned in the longer or motor cylinder. On turning the balance-wheel the piston of the cylinder is drawn down, forming a vacuum into which the air and gas are admitted in the right proportions. The return of the piston compresses the mingled air and gas, and as they are prevented from escape by the way they entered, they pass through other connections into the large motor cylinder. There they meet a lighted gas-jet and take fire, and in burning force the piston downward and thus impart motion to the machine. On the up-stroke of the piston in this cylinder, the burned-out gas, still retaining nearly all its heat, passes upward into a reservoir or boiler placed on top of the cylinder. Each of the two cylinders has a water-jacket that communicates with the water in this boiler and by extracting heat from each assists to raise steam in the boiler and at the same time keep the cylinders cool. Suitable slides governed by eccentrics on the shaft control the movements of the gas from one cylinder to the other and thus make the motion continuous. A governor is also supplied to regulate the supply of gas to the engine. After one or two turns the engine becomes self-acting and runs continuously as long as the gas supply is maintained. In a short time after the engine has started, the heat of the burning gas, escaping through the exhaust into the boiler, raises steam, and this steam is taken to the motor cylinder and admitted at the same instant that the compressed air and gas enter and are flamed. The steam assists in driving the engine without in any way interfering with the burning gas, and after being used passes on with the productions of combustion to the boiler to assist in raising more steam. In its other parts, the device of maintaining a lighted jet of gas, etc., the motor resembles the former styles of gas engines. Its chief interest lies in the combination of a gas and steam engine in one, without the aid of an extra fire. The steam is said to act as an excellent lubricant in the cylinder and to prevent the soiling of the parts occasioned by the burning gas. Motors of this style have been made up to eight horse-power and are reported to be easily started and to be efficient in action.

New Steam Condenser.

A NEW form of condenser, for condensing the exhaust-steam of engines without the aid of an air-pump, has been brought out. It consists, essentially, of tanks for holding the cold water, a condensing chamber and a pipe placed vertically under it, designed to carry off the water of condensation, and at the same time to produce a vacuum in the condenser. The condenser is a circular vessel of iron, resembling two broad-lipped bowls, bolted together at the edges. The steam enters the chamber at the top, and the pipe for the cold water enters just below it, the steam and water meeting within the condenser. A small tank for cold water is placed just above the condenser and another and larger tank is placed beside or below it, as may be convenient, and pipes are arranged to give access to

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the condenser from either tank at will. On board ship, or beside streams, the sea or river water takes the place of the larger of these tanks. The escape-pipe for the water of condensation is fitted to the bottom of the condenser, and is made as long as convenient, in order to get a fall for the water and to create a vacuum in the condenser. The operation of the apparatus is simple, and when once started it works automatically so long as the steam flows. The inlet for the cold water from the upper tank is opened and the water flows downward into the condenser, spreading over a disk inside in the form of an annular sheet, and filling the condenser about one-third full when it overflows a funnel-shaped opening below and escapes into the waste-pipe in a vortex, dragging the air after it, thus making a vacuum in proportion to the height of the fall. The steam enters the top at the same time, and meeting the cold sides of the condenser and the film of falling water is condensed and escapes as water below, assisting to maintain the vacuum. As soon as the operation is started, the upper tank of water is shut off and connection is made with the lower tank (or the sea) when the apparatus acts as a syphon, lifting its own water as fast as needed. The apparatus is reported to work well and with economy. Its use is, however, limited to places where the fall of water is sufficient to secure a good vacuum, the best results being obtained where the discharge pipe is 9.75 m. (32 ft.) long. The fact that the air-pump is dispensed with and thus the power of the engine is saved would seem to make the apparatus useful in many situations where economy of space and power must be considered.

Some Electrical Novelties.

BY a new arrangement of the parts, a common form of electro-magnet has been made into an electro-dynamometer, or apparatus for measuring the strength of electrical currents. A hollow coil or spool of wire is placed upright on a base. Just above it is hung upon a spring a core of iron, the weight of the core stretching the spring to the zero-mark on a graduated scale. This makes a spring balance or weighing apparatus, precisely as if designed to measure weights placed on the suspended core. On passing a current through the coil, the core is drawn downward into the coil, stretching the spring balance and showing the strength of the currents upon the scale. By a simple arrangement the apparatus may be made self-recording and reporting by the varying pull or attraction on the core, the varying strength of the electrical current.

A new form of receiving telephone, entitled the rotophone, and employing mechanical force. as in the motograph, though on an entirely different plan, has been brought to practical use on telephonic lines. A bar electro-magnet is passed through a coil connected with the line, resting on bearings at each end so that it may be turned (rotated) inside the coil by means of a crank on one end. A U-shaped armature rests upon the magnet, embracing the coil and touching the magnet on either side of the coil. At the bend of the armature, half-way between the ends, is secured a telephonic plate of the usual size and form and provided with the proper mouth-piece. On passing a current through the coil, the armature is attached to the magnet. Now, on turning the crank, the armature is pulled slightly out of shape (drawn inward) by the rotation of the bar combined with the magnetic attraction which tends to make it cling to and follow the movement of the magnet. On breaking the current the bar is demagnetized, the armature is released and the electricity of the plate draws the armature back, the plate resuming its normal position and the armature sliding freely (less the friction) on the rotating bar. It will be readily seen that intermittent currents, as in speech over the line, are reproduced on the plate in intermittent vibrations that reproduce on the air the sounds given to the transmitting device at the other end of the line. It will be observed that this interesting form of receiver resembles the motograph described in this department in the May number of the magazine, yet it is in principle quite unlike it. In the motograph, the vibrations are imparted to the plate from a rotating cylinder by the destruction by an electrical current of the friction between the cylinder and a spring resting upon it. In the rotophone, the armature clings to the rotating bar by magnetic attraction when the bar is magnetized, and released when it is demagnetized, the friction between the bar and armature being apparently of no consequence. Like the motograph, the rotophone is of American design, and is reported to give excellent results in practice.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Mr. Whistler's Personality.

The following facts and anecdotes concerning Mr. Whistler will be read with interest in connection with the opening paper of this number:

James A. M. Whistler was born in St. Petersburg, whither his father went in 1842 from this country, where he had had wide experience as an engineer, to superintend the works of internal improvement pro- by the Russian government. He came to Amer- as his father had been, was educated at West Point. In 1855 or 1856, he went to England and soon after to Paris, where he resided for two or three years and studied with M. Gleyre. After leaving Paris he returned to England and took up his residence in London, where he has since lived. "The White Girl," sent to the Paris *Salon*, first brought him the marked attention of the public. He has continually exhibited at the Royal Academy, his first contribution being the "At the Piano." A number of his etchings were exhibited at the Hague,

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unknown to himself once, and obtained him a gold medal. There is also a collection of them in the British Museum. He exhibited at the Dudley Gallery, and in 1877 sent eight pictures to the first Grosvenor Gallery Exhibition at the special invitation of Sir Coutts Lindsay, which were those that aroused Mr. Ruskin's celestial ire. "Jehu Junior," who writes of him in "Vanity Fair" as "Men of the Day—No. CLXX." says:

"Mr. Whistler—'Jimmy,' as his friends call him—is personally one of the most charming, simple, and witty of men. He touches nothing but he embellishes and enlivens it with startling novelty of conceit. His hereditary white lock of hair is a rallying point of humor wherever he goes, and his studio is the resort of all who delight in hearing the new thing."

It is evidently not difficult for the newspaper correspondent to approach him, and much has been written about his charming house and spacious studio in Chelsea. He is so thoroughly an artist that material seems indifferent to him. His famous "peacock room," which he did for Mr. Leyland, showed his genius as a decorator, and conservative opinion is fond of believing that "he is even greater as an etcher than as a painter." He has engraved, too, and painted in water-colors, of course; and his attire, from his 'top-coat" to his shoe-strings, is made from his own designs. Apparently he chafes under the academic tyranny of even the tailor. And of his powers in mimicry and in character-acting his friends never tire of talking and of telling anecdotes which illustrate it and indicate that even in drollery his art is as subtle as in work of seriousness and dignity. "Dickens was not a patch on him," said some one recently, who had seen the pantomiming of both. Anecdotes of his wit and originality abound.

"Isn't it nice," said a young lady to him at a dinner, "that such a universal artist as Mr. Leighton is the new president? He is something of an architect, you know, and his sculpture is wonderful, isn't it?"

"Yes," returned her listener, "and he paints, too."

Two painter-critics—very hostile to Mr. Whistler in their successful days, and very outspoken in their hostility—had got on the wrong side of the world, and were finally reduced to form a kind of partnership in drawing figures and landscapes on the sidewalks with colored chalks, dependent upon the pennies of admiring but uncertain passers-by. The object of their *quondam* reprobation was narrating their unhappy state to a friend. "They were doing their sidewalk pictures," said he, and added, with generous critical magnanimity, "and did them well, too."

Such a "character" must of a necessity be something of a quiz.

"Have you sat for any one lately?" he asked of a model he had just employed.

"Oh yes," she replied.

"Who?"

"Oh, Mr. Leighton, Mr. Poynter, Mr. Burne-Jones, Mr. Rossetti, ——."

"Heavens, what a lot!" broke in the painter, with charming ambiguity.

Visiting the studio of a fellow-painter, where there happened to be one of his own pictures, long before sold, his eye fell on it, and after looking at it critically for a moment, he seized a palette and brush and began to paint on it.

"How will the owner like it, do you suppose?" inquired his friend with some trepidation.

"Good gracious," was the reply, "you don't fancy a man owns a picture simply because he has bought it!"

"Do you see that bit there?" he asked one day of a visitor to his studio, indicating with a caressing gesture a spot of a canvas he had just been painting. "That sir,—that—by Jove, the man who could do that could do anything;" with a humorous twinkle, half delighted with his success, half amused at his conceit in recognizing it; which recalls to one's mind the anecdote of Thackeray writing "Vanity Fair," when after writing the sentence, "She admired her husband standing there, strong, brave, victorious," he struck his fist upon the table, as he says, and exclaimed, "By —— that's a stroke of genius!"

An arrangement for some sight-seeing or other had been made between the painter and some of his acquaintances one day, and they were to meet at his studio. When they had repaired thither, Whistler remarked it was a fine day for the expedition, and forthwith began to paint the portrait of one of the party—a lady. An hour or two went by and nothing was said of the projected object of the visit. Finally, one of the gentlemen, somewhat miffed, made some remark of dissatisfaction, and the painter, recalled to the programme arranged, expressed regret at his forgetfulness with *naif* courtesy, and made further excuses needless, by adding:

"Indeed, it's not every man in England that I'd paint a picture before."

My Little Wife.

BY H. W. AUSTIN.

SHE isn't very pretty
(So say her lady-friends):
She's neither wise nor witty
With verbal odds and ends.

No fleeting freaks of Fashion
Across her fancy run.
She's never in a passion—
Except a tender one.

Her voice is low and cooing;
She listens more than speaks;
While others talk of doing,
The duty near she seeks.

It may be but to burnish
The sideboard's scanty plate,
Or but with bread to furnish
The beggar at the gate.

So I who see what graces
She sheds on lowly life,
To Fashion's fairest faces
Prefer my little wife.

And though at her with pity
The city dames may smile,

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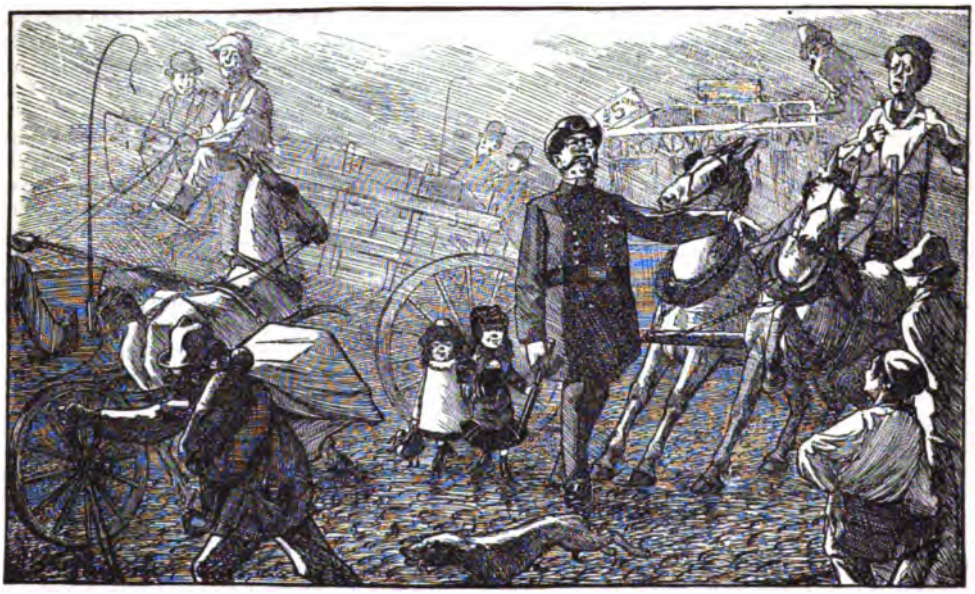
Who deem her hardly pretty
And sadly out of style:—

To me she seems a creature
So musically sweet,
I would not change one feature—
One curve from crown to feet.

And if I could be never
Her lover and her mate,
I think I'd be forever
The beggar at the gate.



"LET THE LADIES PASS!"

Larry's on the Force.

BY IRWIN RUSSELL.

WELL, Katie, and is this yersilf? And where was you this whoile?
And aint ye dhrissed! You are the wan to illusthrate the stoile!
But niver moind thim matthers now—there's toime enough for thim;
And Larry—that's me b'y—I want to shpake to you av him.

Sure, Larry bates thim all for luck!—'tis he will make his way,
And be the proide and honnur to the sod beyant the say—
We'll soon be able—whisht! I do be singin' till I'm hoorse,
For iver since a month or more, my Larry's on the foorce!

There's not a proivate gintleman that boords in all the row
Who houlds himsilf loike Larry does, or makes as foine a show:
Thim eyes av his, the way they shoine—his coat, and butthons too—
He bates thim kerrige dhroivers that be on the ·e!

He shtips that proud and shtately-loike, you'd think he owned the town,
And houlds his shtick convanient to be tappin' some wan down—
Aich blissed day, I watch to see him comin' up the sthrate,
For, by the greatest bit av luck, our house is on his bate.

The little b'ys is feared av him, for Larry's moighty shtrict,
And many's the litthle blagyard he's arristed, I expict;
The beggyars gets acrass the shtrate—you ought to see thim fly—
And organ-groindhers scatthers whin they see him comin' by.

I know that Larry's bound to roise; he'll get a sergeant's post,
And afther that a captincy widhin a year at most;
And av he goes in politics he has the head to throive—
I'll be an Aldherwoman, Kate, afore I'm thirty-foive!

What's that again? Y'are jokin', surely—Katie!—*is* it thrue?
Last noight, you say. *he—married?* and Aileen O'Donahue?
O Larry! c'u'd ye have the hairt—but let the spalpeen be:
Av he demanes himsilf to *her*, he's nothing more to me.

The ugly shcamp! I always said, just as I'm tellin' you,
That Larry was the biggest fool av all I iver knew;
And many a toime I've tould mesilf—*you* see it now, av coorse—
He'd niver come to anny good av he got on the foorce!

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A COUNTRY CLOTHES-LINE, BEFORE THE ARRIVAL OF THE SUMMER BOARDER.

A Summer Idyl.

We lingered on the farm-house steps,
To watch the young stars twinkle;
A week of country life had smoothed
Away each business wrinkle.

She was the farmer's only child,
Her name was Susan Mower;
She stood upon the upper step,
And I upon the lower.

I talked of music and of art,
Of science and invention;
I felt that I had won her heart,
She paid such sweet attention.

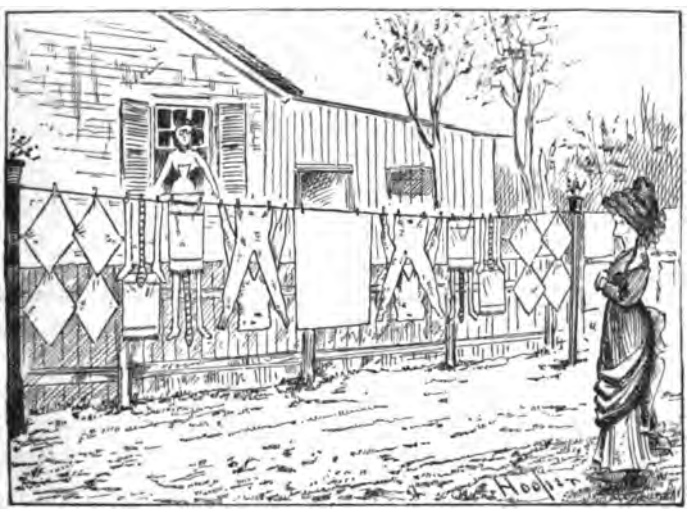
I wondered if my city friends
Would be inclined to tease me,
And if those slightly rustic ways
She would not doff to please me.

Such love must not be trifled with,
So I began: "Dear Susan,"——
Whereat she whispered in my ear:
"O my, there's John Vanduzen!—

"I wonder what has brought him here;
I s'pose I'll have to meet him."
I overheard a word or two
As she stepped down to greet him:

"O dear, I'm awful glad you're come!
I really thought I'd die since
You've been away, I've been so bored,——
John, have you got the license?"

PHILIP MORSE.



THE SAME, AS INFLUENCED BY DECORATIVE ART.

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Coming Home from School.

I HEAR a sweet voice singing;
It is coming from the west,
And I know that it is bringing
My bird home to her nest.

That song is for me only,
Her signal for my ear
(For she knows I'm watching lonely),
To tell me she is near.

Alone she walks and bravely—
For who would do her harm?
Like Una in the story
She bears with her a charm.

In her fair childish beauty,
Though fields and forest dense,
She treads the path of duty
In holy innocence.

My eager eyes are straining
To see beyond the pines—
Where I know the sunlight waning
On her little brown head shines.

I see a blue speck yonder,
It moves,—no, it is still;
Is it her dress, I wonder,
Or the violets on the hill?

It moves, I see it clearer,
I can almost see her feet;
She is coming, near and nearer,
She will soon be here, my sweet!

She is crossing o'er the river;
She is ling'ring on the plank
To watch the sunbeams quiver
Through the maples on the bank.

And now the gate she reaches;
She passes by the mill;
Now through the grove of beeches
She is coming up the hill.

The rocky pathway climbing—
(My happiest hour this is)—
Oh, now she stops my rhyming,
With twenty loving kisses.

ELIZA P. MATHEWES.

Opinions of Captain DeLacey, R. A.

I THINK you fellaws in this land
Go quite too faw in ev'wy notion:
Your "equal wights" I unde'stand,
But 'twouldn't do acwoss the ocean.

You tweat me like a bwothaw here
And make it vewy pleasant faw me—
But yet fwaternity, I fear,
Would nevaw answaw in the awmy.

It would not mattaw much to me
Were all men bwothaws. No. But, mistaw,
Think what a w'etched thing 'twould be
If ev'wy woman were my sistaw!

JOB CASE.

A WITTY Englishman replies to Mr. Mallock's inquiry, "Is Life Worth Living?" that it depends entirely on the liver.

THE LAST WEEK OF SCHOOL.

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SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. XVIII. SEPTEMBER, 1879. No. 5.

SANDY HOOK.

EVERY American knows Sandy Hook by name, and to the voyager from Europe it is the extended right arm, lamp in hand, which offers first greeting to the land of promise. Of itself, it is not particularly inviting. It consists of a long, low, sandy peninsula, of drift formation, the continuation of a sand-reef skirting the Jersey coast, which projects northward five miles into the lower bay of New York, and forms the eastern break-water of Sandy Hook Bay. In width it varies from fifty yards at the Neck, near Highlands Bridge, where jetties of brush-wood form but a frail protection against easterly storms, to a full mile at the point where the main light is located. Those who look upon it from excursion boats or incoming steamers see only a strip of white sand-beach and a thick growth of cedars, broken here and there by light-houses and low buildings; but closer inspection discloses many interesting details by which this outline is filled in.

MAIN LIGHT, SANDY HOOK, AND KEEPERS' HEN-COOP.

The scenery of the Hook is not varied, but it is unique. Situated within twenty miles of America's metropolis, and threatened on every hand by advancing lines of hotels and summer boarding-houses, this isolated spot, owned and set apart by the government for certain special purposes, has resisted every attempted inroad of civilization, and in many places retains the same wildness that it had when its Indian possessors gazed upon their first pale-faced visitors.

A first glimpse of Sandy Hook, discerned dimly upon the horizon of American history, is found in the diary of Robert Juet, of Limehouse, the companion of Henry Hudson during his third

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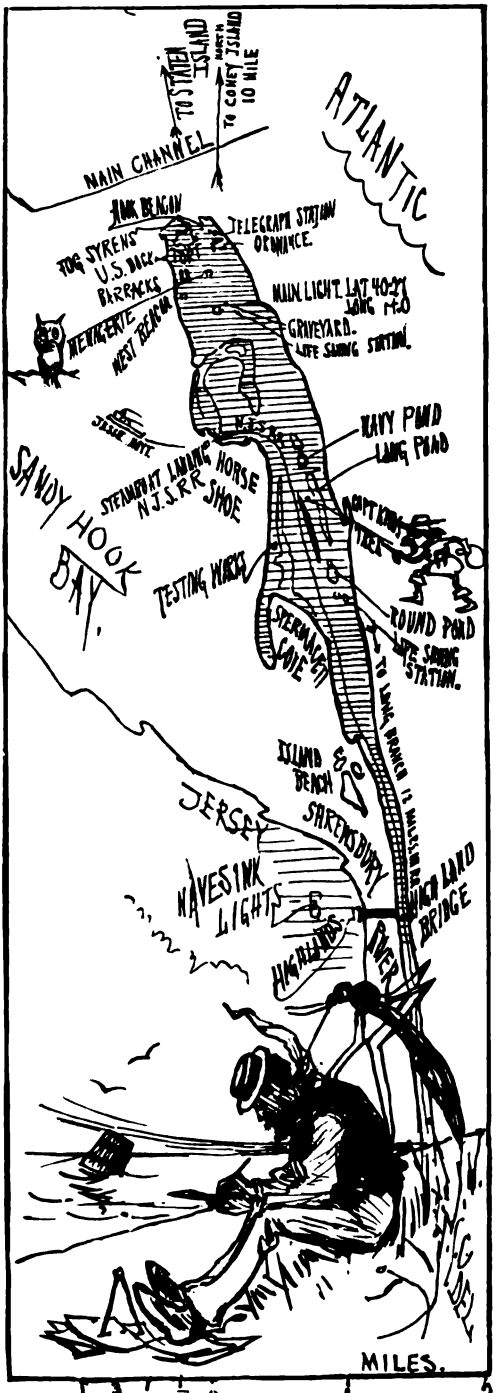

MAP OF SANDY HOOK.

voyage. The name of the "Ancient Man" Juet is rendered infamous by his participation in the mutiny that occurred on the following voyage, which resulted in the great navigator being left, with eight sick companions, in a shallop, to perish miserably in a wintry sea; but Juet showed commendable zeal in keeping a journal, and he has given to posterity a circumstantial and graphic account of the first explorations in this part of the New World which is of inestimable historical value. His journal, first made public in 1625 by Purchase, in "His Pilgrimes," is frequently quoted from; but, lest the reader be unacquainted with it, we reprint below that portion describing his impressions upon entering the lower bay of New York, this extract being the first recorded account of the region we are about to describe.

The diary is dated 1609, and the record shows the *Half Moon* to have been off Hereford Inlet, Cape May, at noon of September 1st, bound north-north-west with a fair wind, favored by which she hove in sight of the lower bay on the afternoon of the following day.

"*The Fourth* (of September, 1609). * * * So we trimmed our Boate and rode still all day. At night the wind blew hard at the North-west, and our Anchor came home, and wee droue on shoare, but tooke no hurt, thanked bee God, for the ground is soft sand and Oze [probably Sandy Hook]. This day the people of the Country came aboord of vs, seeming very glad of our comming, and brought greene Tobacco, and gave vs of it for Kniues and Beads. They goe in Deere skins loose, well dressed. They haue yellow Copper. They desire Cloathes, and are very ciuill. They haue great store of Maiz or Indian Wheate, whereof they make good Bread. The Countrey is full of great and tall Oakes. [There are no oaks on Coney Island, while these are abundant on the Jersey shore, where there were also two important Indian encampments, just south of the mouth of the Raritan River.]

"*The Fifth.*—In the morning as soone as the day was light, the wind ceased and the Flood came. So we heaued off our ship againe into fiue fathoms water, and sent our Boate to sound the Bay, and we found that there was three fathoms hard by the Souther shoare. [Admitting this to refer to Raritan Bay, all the subsequent statements seem clear.] Our men went on Land there, and saw great store of Men, Women and Children, who gaue them Tobacco at their comming on Land. So they went vp into the Woods, and saw great store of very goodly Oakes, and some Currants. For one of them came aboord and brought some dryed, and gaue me some, which were sweet and good. [Probably huckleberries.] This day many of the people came aboard, some in Mantles of Feathers, and some in Skinnes of diuers sorts of good Furres. Some women also came to vs with Hempe. They had red Copper Tobacco pipes, and other things of Copper they did weare about their neckes. At

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night they went on Land againe, so wee rode very quiet, but durst not trust them.

"*The Sixth.*—In the morning was faire weather, and our Master sent Iohn Colman, with foure other men in our Boate ouer to the North-side, to sound the other Riuer, being foure leagues from vs. [This undoubtedly refers to the Narrows, and the Raritan would be distant about the space named.] They found by the way shoald water two fathoms; but at the North of the Riuer eighteen, and twentie fathoms, and very good riding for Ships; and a narrow riuer to the Westward betweene two Ilands [unquestionably Kill von Kull]. The Lands they told us were as pleasant with Grasse and Flowers, and goodly Trees, as euer they had seene, and very sweet smells came from them. So they went in two leagues and saw an open sea [unquestionably Newark Bay], and returned; and as they came backe, they were set vpon by two Canoes, the one hauing twelue, the other fourteene men. The night came on and it began to rayne, so that their Match went out; and they had one man slaine in the fight, which was an English man, named Iohn Colman, with an arrow shot into his throat, and two more hurt. [From this unhappy circumstance, Sandy Hook gained its early name of Colman's Point.] It grew so darke that they could not find the ship that night, but labored too and fro on their Oares. They had so great streame, that their grapnell would not hold them."

ALONG THE BEACH.

History next alludes to Sandy Hook in connection with Richard Hartshorne, an English Quaker, who came to America in 1669 and took up his abode on the Navesink Hills, not far from the Indian encampments. He soon afterward purchased from them a considerable tract of land, including all of Sandy Hook and a portion of the hill-side where the town of Highlands is now located; the latter tract has remained in possession of his descendants ever since. On August 8th, 1678, a second agreement was entered into between Hartshorne and Chiefs Vowavapon and Tocus, wherein, by the additional payment of thirteen shillings by Hartshorne, the Indians relinquished all right to fish, hunt, or gather beach-plums on the territory in question. The Indians appear to have kept faith with this agreement, for we find no record of any further trouble with them.

In 1679–80, Andros suggested to Carteret, governor of East Jersey, the advisability of erecting beacons or "sea-marks for shipping" upon Sandy Hook,—called by him "Sandy Point,"—and advised the purchase of land from Richard Hartshorne for this purpose. This seasonable advice was not, however, acted upon until nearly a century later, and the delay proved expensive, for when the project was revived in 1761, by the merchants of New York, the sum of £750 was demanded by Robert and Isick Hartshorne for the tract of four acres called for, and the soil being about as arid and profitless as possible, the

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BACK FROM THE BAY.

investigating committee very naturally characterized this as "unreasonable." It was, however, decided to make the purchase, and on May 8th, 1761, the Assembly of New York authorized a lottery, not to exceed £3,000, for the purpose of raising sufficient money to pay for the land and to erect a proper beacon. A committee of four New York merchants, Messrs. Cruger, Livingston, Lispenard and Bayard, was appointed to superintend this lottery; and twelve months later they reported that £2,666 15s. 6d. had thus been raised. The Hartshorne deed transferring the "light-house tract" of four acres to the New York representatives is dated May 10th, 1762, and accompanying it is a map of the locality, particularly interesting from the fact that it indicates the original location of the light-house, eight chains and fifty links, or a little over 500 feet from high-water mark north. By this purchase a portion of Sandy Hook was annexed to New York, and it remained in her possession until relinquished to the general government, which afterward purchased from the Hartshorne family all the remainder of the Hook as far south as the mouth of Youngs Creek, the second and third deeds of sale bearing the dates, February 26, 1806, and June 17, 1817. The amount raised by the first lottery proving insufficient, in December, 1762, a second £3,000 lottery was authorized by the New York Assembly for the Sandy Hook fund, which was drawn on June 13th in the following year; and in 1764, the first light-house was completed and put in use. To assist in defraying the cost of maintaining it, a duty of threepence a ton was laid on all ships entering the port, and some idea of the extent of the commerce of those days may be gathered from the fact that this duty realized £487 6s. 9d. during the first twelve months. The "New York Maga-

THE PLUM-GATHERER.

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zine," dated August, 1790, contains an engraving of this first light-house, identical in appearance with the present Main Light, together with a full description of it, wherein we learn that it was built of stone, and "measured from the surface of the ground to the top of the lanthorn, 106 feet." By act of George the Third, dated May 22d, 1762, it was provided that trespasses on Sandy Hook should be actionable in the New York courts. The original of this act is on file in the engineer's office in Washington.

We find no record of any further occurrence of note until the opening of the Revolution, when we learn, from the "Journal of the Provincial Congress," that on March 4th, 1776, the New York Congress resolved upon the destruction of this beacon, the British fleet being daily expected; and two days later instructions were issued to Major Malcom to execute the order, and to be careful to employ secrecy and to save the glass and oil if possible. Fortunately for New York commerce, the major proved tender-hearted; we find no evidence that he destroyed the walls, and the following memorandum from Colonel George Taylor, dated Middletown, March 12th, 1776, enumerates the further salvage: "Received from Wm. Malcom, eight copper lamps, two tackle falls and blocks, and three casks, and a part of a cask of oil, being articles brought from the light-house on Sandy Hook." The light next appears in prominence in the little-known, but invaluable, "Chart of the Bar of Sandy Hook, and Entrance of Hudson's River," made from the surveys of Lieutenant Hills, of the 23d regiment, and published in London, Jan. 1, 1784. This chart we shall frequently refer to further on.

Sandy Hook seems never to have fully determined whether to be a peninsula or an island. It figures in both capacities in the various maps and charts preserved by the New York Historical Society. The oldest of these is a fac-simile of a chart dislodged not many years ago from the Royal

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OUR NATURALIST.

Archives at the Hague, which was presented to the States-General on Aug. 18, 1616; in this, Sandy Hook is called "Sandpunt;" the Highlands of Navesink, "De Rondebergh;" Raritan Bay, "Sandbay;" and two settlements of the "Aqvamachvke" [Hackensack?] Indians are indicated, one at the mouth of Raritan River, and the other a few miles south of that point. "Sandpunt" is here a peninsula as at present, but shorter and broader. The rare old Tiddeman map, printed in London about 1719, and found in 1804 by William De Peyster among his grandfather's papers, also represents it as a peninsula. But when General Howe, in 1778, retreated from the battle of Monmouth by the Navesink road and embarked at the Hook, it is clearly stated that he built a temporary bridge to "Sandy Hook *Island*," a statement that is confirmed by the Lieutenant Hills chart, 1784, where it is shown cut off from the mainland by Shrewsbury Inlet. In 1800 it seems to have been connected again with the mainland, but just previous to 1810 it is again shown as an island, and still again in 1830. It has also changed materially from time to time in its outlines. It is of drift formation, consisting of oblique layers of sand, which have without doubt been thousands of years in accumulating; the lower Hook, just above Spermaceti Cove, was probably once its extremity. Within the memory of those now living it has increased in length nearly half a mile. The Main Light, which in 1762 was located 500 feet from the extreme northern point, is now seven-eighths of a mile distant, which shows that the Hook has lengthened, within the period named, nearly 4,000 feet, or be-

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tween thirty-five and forty feet a year; but how soon the sea may again claim its own, no one can affirm. The rough map given on page 642 shows the present outlines of the Hook, and suggests the situation of the points mentioned below.

FISH-POUND.

Turning our backs upon the steamboat pier of the New Jersey Southern Railway, which tips the point above "Horse-shoe Cove," let us now stroll leisurely southward along the shore of the "Horse-shoe," toward the twin lights of the Navesink beacon with their connecting embattled building, rising from the Navesink Highlands before us, somber and picturesque as a castle of the Rhine. To our right is Sandy Hook Bay, an arm of the lower bay of New York, and a well sheltered harbor, where, when the weather is foggy or the winds contrary, large numbers of fishing boats and coasters lie anchored, counted at times by hundreds. To our left rises a steep sand-bank, from five to fifteen feet high, crowned with cedars, which crowd close to the brink, where the winds sift the sand from their twisted roots until they pitch headlong down upon the beach, dragging their comrades with them.

The first object of special interest that we approach is a wrecked canal-boat, standing erect in the sand, broadside on, twenty feet above high-water mark. A stranger might pass this many times and see nothing more than a wrecked canal-boat; but one summer day as we strolled by, a small window stood open, and a child was looking out of it. Curiosity led us to walk around to the landward side of the wreck, where we found hen-coops, a cow-shed, a pile of drift-wood, and a collection of fishing gear, including nets, eel-pots, and clam-rakes. "Surely, some one must live here," we said, and knocked at a door. A pleasant-faced German woman opened it, and after some preliminaries we asked permission to go inside, which was granted. Here was a furnished dwelling, with four rooms, and occupied by two families. By a few modifications, including the addition of roof, windows, doors and a smoke-pipe, the father had made the boat habitable; and a woman's hands had done the rest. The outer door leads into the kitchen, furnished with a stove, a table and chairs; to the right of this is a store-room; and to the left is the cabin, with bunks against the stern, now converted into a bed-chamber. There are six small windows in this room; its walls are decorated with prints, a clock, and a shelf holding the precious four-volume library: a Bible and a geography, both in German, an English prayer-book, and "Gospel Hymns." The furniture is simple, and most of it was made by the father. In one of the bunks sleep three boys who have never visited a city. Here, one day last winter, a fourth brother was born, and when we went to call upon him in the spring, a new family of ducklings was sheltered by the stove, and the cat presented herself at the window, offering

OLD LANDMARKS.

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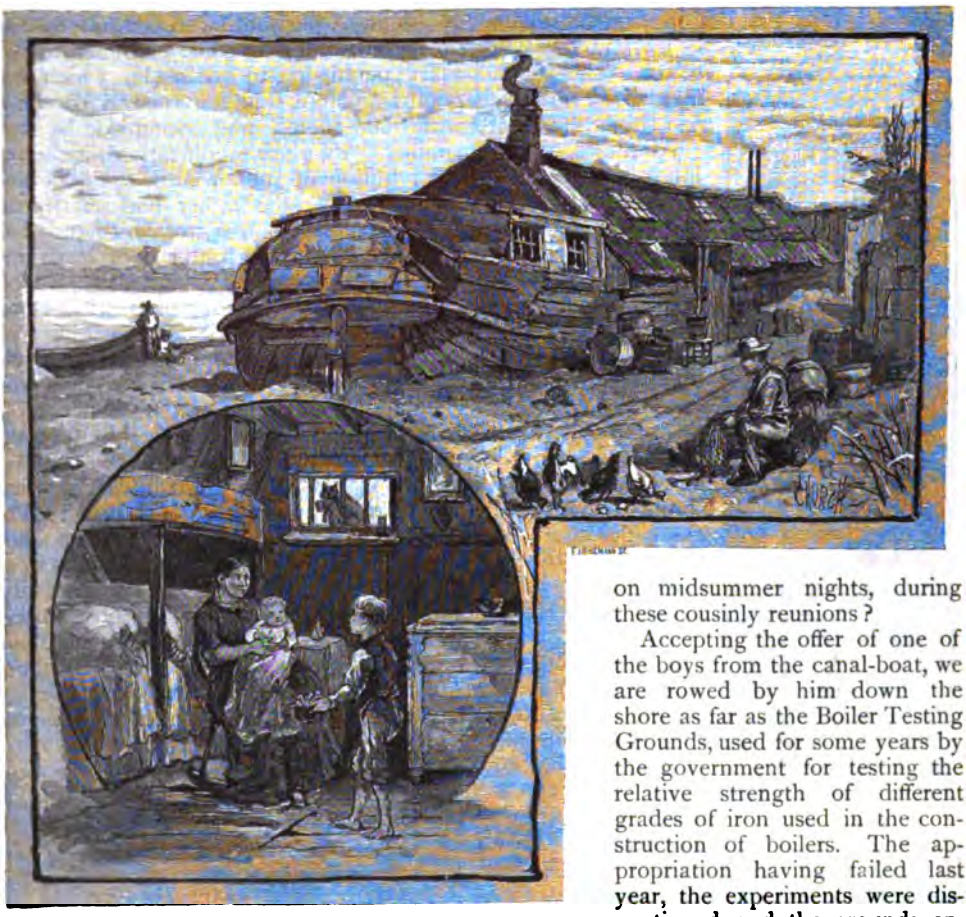

A "RUDDER GRANGE" AT SANDY HOOK.

one of her kittens for inspection. Within, everything is comfortable and clean, and without there is an evident air of thrift. The boat itself still cherishes memories of its youthful days and clings to the mementoes of its former life, as if, like a careful housewife, it anticipated that they might become of use again. The oakum still sticks to its joints, the rudder-post remains firm, and on the stern you may decipher from the faded, weatherworn lettering, the matter-of-fact name by which it was known long ago, when it drifted leisurely up and down the Delaware and Hudson Canal.

Near by is a marshy inlet where the fiddler crabs have formed a colony. They are active little bodies, dragging their uncomfortable fiddles about with them in a most cheery manner. The spider-crabs and horse-shoes occasionally pay them visits; and who shall tell what antics are cut up, on midsummer nights, during these cousinly reunions?

Accepting the offer of one of the boys from the canal-boat, we are rowed by him down the shore as far as the Boiler Testing Grounds, used for some years by the government for testing the relative strength of different grades of iron used in the construction of boilers. The appropriation having failed last year, the experiments were discontinued, and the grounds appear to be abandoned.

A short distance south of the Boiler Grounds is a second inlet, similar in shape to the "Horse-shoe," known as "Spermaceti Cove," so named, tradition tells us, from a whale of that class having once been stranded here. We find no record of the occurrence, but the fact is not improbable, for in the last century whales were frequently taken along this coast.

Leaving the shore, we now strike eastward into a picturesque growth of cedars. To the trunk of one of these is nailed a sign-board with the governmental order: "No Visitors Allowed." A fish-hawk has built a nest on the tip-top of this tree,—the biggest kind of a nest, a landmark for miles around, and here his mate has raised many a brood in security. Some of the cedars found at this point have trunks as large round as a man's body, and as this

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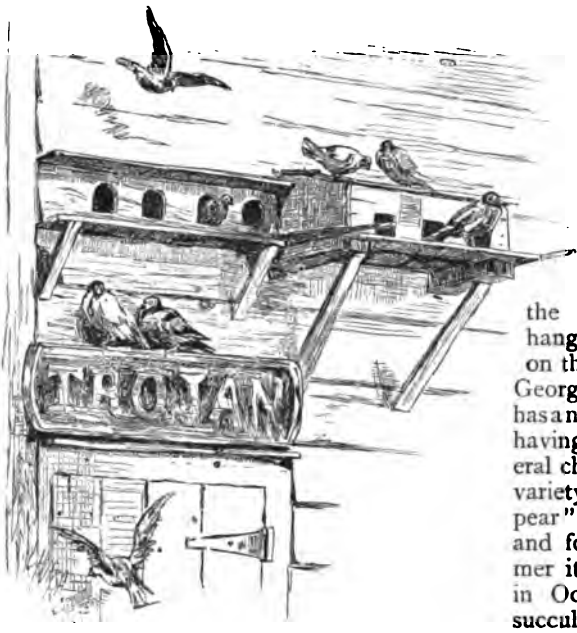
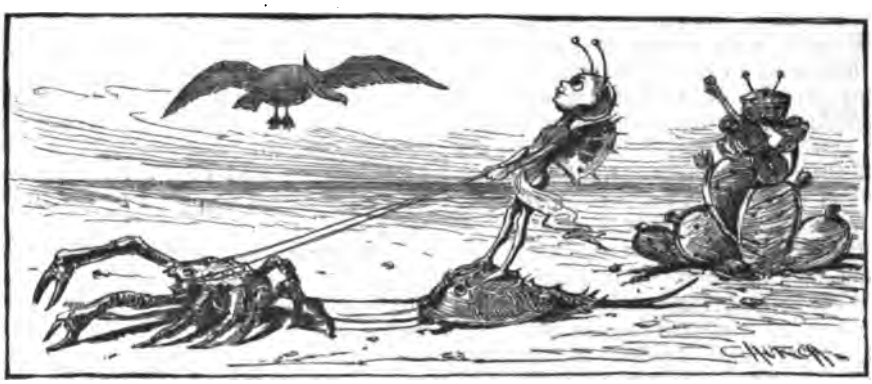


THE DOVE-COTE.

tree is of exceedingly slow growth, they help to prove the antiquity of this portion of the Hook. It has been decided by competent authority that some of these trees must be between 300 and 500 years old. Farther on we pass through several burnt tracts, where brush fires have crept along the undergrowth, killing the trees, but leaving them with every branch and twig intact, to drop their bark in shreds, and to bleach in the rain and sunshine. One of these is called "Captain Kidd's tree." It is the tallest in this region, and is a pine,—not a cedar,—the only one that we have noticed on the Hook. To boatmen approaching from the south-east, this tree is said to present the appearance of a full-rigged ship, and this suggested resemblance is thought to have given rise to the superstition that treasures lay buried beneath it, —a superstition strengthened by Cooper's highly colored and fantastic novel, "The Water Witch," the interest of the plot of which largely consists in the references to Sandy Hook and vicinity. Trenches surround the Kidd tree, and the sand has been well sifted from its roots. In some places the cedars are covered by lichens and hanging moss, vividly suggesting the glades on the Sea Islands off South Carolina and Georgia. Indeed, Sandy Hook as a whole has a noteworthy resemblance to those islands, having the same formation and the same general character of soil and vegetation. That variety of cactus known as the "prickly pear" is found in every part of the Hook, and forms a characteristic feature; in summer it bears bright yellow blossoms, which in October are followed by a red fruit, succulent and pleasant to the taste.

The fish-hawks are common here, and now and then they show an undue appreciation of the benefits of society by confiscating somebody's fat chicken; and the fact is well authenticated that on one occasion the vest of a workman was carried away by one of these pirates of the air. The owner returned just in time to see his property go sailing away in the clutches of the hawk. With celerity and skill equal to the emergency, he brought both down by a well-directed stone. His son afterward had the curiosity to inspect the nest of this bird, which was poised like a bundle of brushwood on the top of a dead cedar, and there he found one of his father's hammers and a motley collection of



A SEA-SIDE TURN-OUT.

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other articles not commonly thought needful to the household economy of hawks.

The study of insect life was diligently pursued by a lady friend, a naturalist, who accompanied us on one of our excursions. To her eyes Sandy Hook was an insect paradise, and we must admit this to be quite true during mosquito season, when it is purgatory to everybody else. Truth compels us also to admit that sand-adders are quite partial to the Hook, and that during the past few years they have increased in proportion to the decrease of the hogs, whose fondness for them proves more fatal than man's hatred. Black snakes are also occasionally seen, much to the terror of the cattle.

Leaving the cedar grove, we now cross the railway track, and suddenly the character of the vegetation changes. Desolate sand-dunes rise before us, blown by the wind and unclothed save by a scanty growth of sand-moss and beach-plums; and, mounting one of the higher dunes, we see the vast Atlantic, streaked by black and purple, or by long lines of sunshine, and specked by white-caps.

We pass the little red-painted house used as a life-saving station, which is provided with a complete outfit. Seven men are stationed here, and from April 15 to September 15 two patrols walk the shore throughout the night. Of late they have seldom had occasion to lend a helping hand, since most of the wrecks have occurred lower down the reef, at Long Branch, Squan, and the still more fatal Barnegat. A mile and a half east of this point is the *Scotland* light-ship, and six miles farther east the Sandy Hook light-ship—red, with two red fixed lights forty-five feet above the sea-level and provided with an automatic fog-horn, whose hoarse voice is familiar to all transatlantic travelers who have had the unhappiness to approach the port of New York during foggy weather.

A two-mile walk northward against the wind brings us to the main light, located half-way between the two shores, or about half a mile from either. This is the light-house that was completed in 1764, and its stone walls are, without doubt, the same that were then erected. Various improvements have from time to time been introduced, including a brick lining, iron stairs in place of wood, and a French lens in place of the copper lamps that Major Malcom carried away; but its outward appearance has changed very little. During the Revolution it played an important rôle, being fortified and occupied for a time by the British and refugees. Previous to recent repairs the marks of cannon-shot were plainly visible on its walls. When introducing the brick lining some years ago, the cellar was excavated, and fourteen feet below the flooring the workmen came upon a ponderous iron door, upon removing which they penetrated into a small room, where a fireplace was found, with ashes still upon it. What this prison-like chamber was intended for is by no means apparent. The lens is ninety feet from the ground. Close beside the tower are the keeper's house and barn, surrounded by shade trees and a flowering garden—an oasis in the midst of sand-hills. Here almost every object offers a suggestion of storm and disaster. That arm-chair on the piazza drifted ashore from the brig *Swett* (Captain George Pendleton), which foundered off the east shore during the winter of 1868. Here is a remnant from the English ship *Clyde*, and there one from the brig *Prosper*, which, during a terrific gale, drove on the bar near the west beacon. Here is a figure-head that once danced over the waves defiant of storms, now warped and weather-stained; and on the side of the barn, just beneath the dove-cote, is a stern-board bearing the name *Trojan*, close to which nestle the cooing doves. The cow-sheds are built of wreck-wood, and one side of the hen-coop is inclosed by a panel from a French brig, elaborately carved with sprays of foliage, which, when it was disentangled in fragments from the sea-wrack upon the beach, was gorgeous with gilding, but which, with the exception of a bright speck here and there, is now bare and brown. Keeper Patterson has been in charge of this light for eighteen years, during which period more than fifty wrecks have occurred within sight of his lantern. When milking-time comes, the keeper's cows are followed to the barn-yard by one of the curiosities of the Hook—an aged goat, of unknown species, the survivor of a large flock descended from a pair left here by pilots many years ago.

The sand-hills that surround the Main Light are covered with a thick growth of the beach-plums so prized by the Indians; these are low shrubs of the pear family, which in May are snowed over with drifts of white blossoms, and in early September droop under the weight of their purplish fruit. The plums are about the size of cherries, having an agreeable flavor, not unlike the cultivated varieties, but with more acidity and a slightly bitter taste. When

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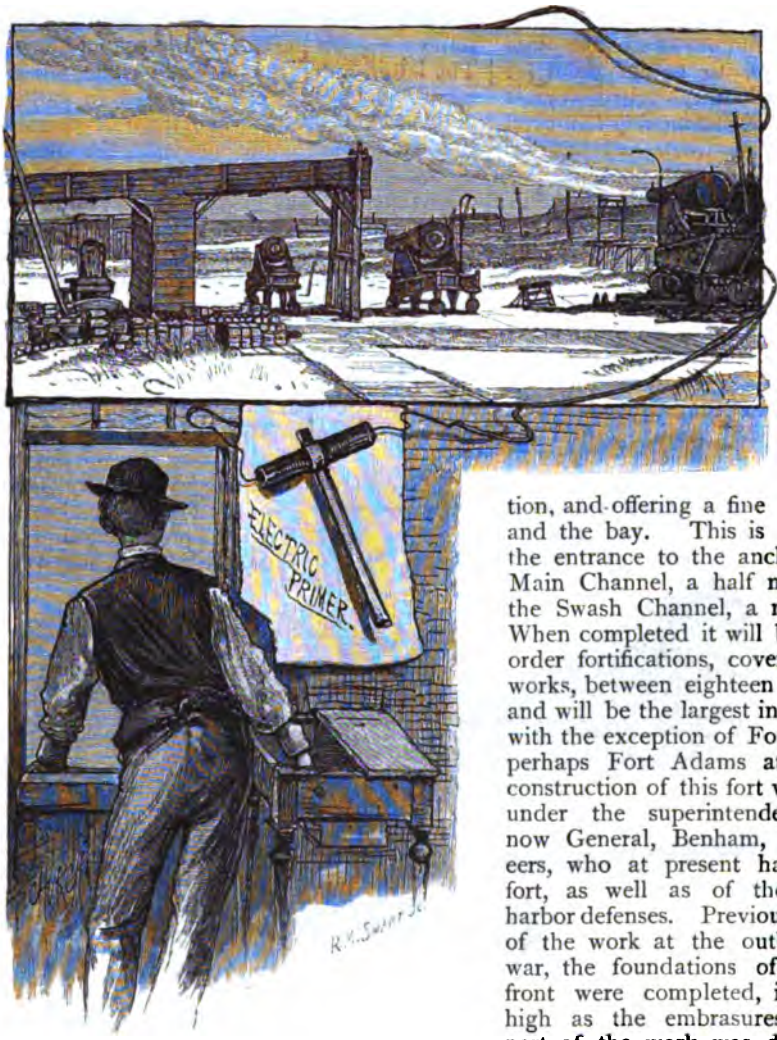
these are ripe the region is frequented by many women and children, who come, often from long distances, to gather them for preserves and marketing. Near by is "Ocean Cemetery," a melancholy half-acre, shadowed by cedars, where, among the sand-grass and brambles, appear a few crosses and wooden head-boards; most of those buried here are shipwrecked mariners, unknown by name, who have been picked up on the adjacent beaches.

The boom of heavy guns grows louder,—we have now approached so near the point and the ordnance department that the east shore is no longer a safe resort. We will proceed the rest of the way by the west beach, where we shall probably find the light-keeper's pigs investigating the contributions of the last tide. One day we happened along just in time to see them under somewhat trying circumstances. A party of gentlemen from New York had just come in from blue-fishing, and landed here for a ramble. After laboriously cleaning their fish, they laid them among the sand-reeds and wandered up toward the light, picking beach-plums as they went. Upon returning they perceived with dismay this company of pigs banqueting upon the blue-fish. The pigs enjoyed the joke, and although they made their next half mile in quicker time, and with less military precision than customary, we met them afterward cheerfully looking for more.

Before us are the barracks,—one of the most picturesque features of Sandy Hook. These consist of two long lines of two-story houses, separated by a sandy road-way a hundred feet wide, in the midst of which stand the town pump and the school-house. The latter contains one small room, where a dozen scholars are accustomed to gather daily. It is here that the three boys from the canal-boat come, leaving the prints of six small feet upon the wet beach. Sometimes the tide crosses their path at the inlet, and they are forced to go around through the cedar grove; or if it is not too deep for wading, the elder boy tucks up his trowsers (or removes them, as the case may demand) and carries the others across on his back. To the outside of the school-house is attached a covered shelf containing six buckets of water,—this is Sandy Hook's fire department. The barracks were built in 1856-7, for the engineers and laborers engaged in building the Sandy Hook Fort, and from two to three hundred men were then quartered here; this number increased to five hundred during the war, when several companies of recruits were also stationed here for drill, etc. Soon after the close of the war work on the fort was abandoned, from lack of appropriations, and most of the buildings are now in a dilapidated condition. Those that are still habitable are occupied by government employés, connected with the ordnance department, the life-saving stations, and the light-house and signal service, or by Western Union Telegraph operators. These men with their families number about fifty souls, and compose somewhat more than half of the population of the Hook, the others being mainly steamboat and railway men, living near the

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.



THE ELECTRIC PRIMER, SANDY HOOK.

"Horse-shoe." These residents are jocosely called "Sand-hillers," and a strangely isolated community they make up, with no post-office, no church, no physician, no policeman, no fireman, and only one store, —that a floating one, moored to the steamboat dock; but as the world goes these people are uncommonly contented, being healthy, well fed, with work to do and regular pay for doing it, and freedom from the interruptions of landlord, tax gatherer, commissioner of jurors, or the insurance agent. Just to the east of the barracks is the officers' quarters, soon to be transferred to the new brick building near by; and in the garden is the so-called "officers' menagerie," containing an eagle, a crow, and an owl,—the remnant of a once happy and much more numerous family, which, after the adoption of the owl, grew beautifully less with each succeeding night.

Having passed the barracks, we find the scenes more conventional. Before us stands the fort, occupying a commanding position, and offering a fine view of the ocean and the bay. This is intended to guard the entrance to the anchorage bay by the Main Channel, a half mile distant, or by the Swash Channel, a mile further north. When completed it will be one of our first-order fortifications, covering, with its outworks, between eighteen and twenty acres, and will be the largest in the United States with the exception of Fortress Monroe, and perhaps Fort Adams at Newport. The construction of this fort was begun in 1858 under the superintendence of Captain, now General, Benham, colonel of engineers, who at present has charge of this fort, as well as of the other principal harbor defenses. Previous to the suspension of the work at the outbreak of the last war, the foundations of the main north front were completed, in some parts, as high as the embrasures. The principal part of the work was done subsequently, under the superintendence of the late General Delafield, chief of engineers, by whom the arches for the main battery, or lower tier of guns, were built. The completion of the fort has since been delayed by the revolution in modern artillery, which, it is thought, may demand changes in its construction and outfit. It is now popularly known as "the Sandy Hook fort," but it has never been duly christened; the name of "Fort Clinton" has been proposed, and seems most likely to be adopted. Its foundation is of drift sand, made within the past century, but it seems firm, and the lines of masonry are as true as when first laid. Near by are several objects of interest, including the machine shop; the "North Light," painted red, which recently took the

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place of the old "dumb beacon," so long a landmark; the two "syrens," or steam fog-whistles, which, when the weather is thick, raise a terrific alarum by their six-second blasts at the interval of every forty seconds; and the head-quarters of the ordnance department, very completely equipped, where the government test new guns and other ordnance material introduced from time to time. The guns are discharged by electricity from the office, two hundred and fifty feet distant. The largest of the practice guns is a twelve-inch rifle, requiring a charge of 115 pounds of powder, and carrying a 700-pound shot.

Lastly, we come to the tower of the Western Union Telegraph Company, seventy feet high, where a lookout now pushes his telescope through one of the port-holes, and slowly scans the horizon. The little chamber in which he stands is ten feet square, furnished with a desk, chairs, lights, spy-glasses, telegraph instruments, and a stove that in winter is kept red-hot, for this is a bleak and windy perch. This station is directly connected with the general office of the company in New York, and also with the Beaver street office of the Maritime Association. It is the business of the lookout to report the approach of incoming ships and steamers. In the day-time he recognizes them by flags displayed at the mizzen mast-head, the topmost, or ensign, to reveal the nationality, while four smaller ones beneath this indicate certain letters, and as soon as he distinguishes these, he seeks the corresponding combination in the "International Code of Signals" at his elbow, and in this book learns name, horse-power and tonnage. For example, Captain Farrell has just sighted an incoming steamer; let us see if we can make out what she is. At the mast-head floats the British ensign. Below this is a square flag, yellow and blue, divided vertically,—that means "K"; second flag square, with blue border, then white, and centered by red,—that means "W"; third, square, crossed diagonally by white lines,—that means "M"; fourth, blue, with white square in center,—"K W M P,"—it is the steamer *Adriatic*, of the White Star Line. At night ships are not reported, but the signals of steamers consist of lights of various colors; thus, the *Adriatic* would be recognized by two green lights burned on deck, aft, twenty feet apart; or a Cunarder by two Roman candles, each throwing six blue balls about 150 feet, with a blue light over the stern at the same time. The name of the line is thus clearly indicated, and it is easy to determine the individual steamer by knowing which one is due. The importance of this telegraph station has somewhat decreased since the ocean cable came into use. Moreover, when the cable came, Dickie's work was done. Dickie was one of the half dozen carrier pigeons formerly attached to this station. When a transatlantic steamer hove in sight, no matter how rough the sea or stormy the sky, Captain Farrell took Dickie with him and rowed out to receive the latest European news. The message, written on tissue paper, was attached to the bird's leg, and with swift flight he returned to his cote upon the tower, where the assistant operator was awaiting him. But Dickie was sometimes obstinate, recognizing his importance very exasperatingly by evading the waiting hand and walking around the tower just out of reach. Now he drew near and looked propitious; "Come, Dickie, come, that's a dear," whispered the telegraph man coaxingly. Now Dickie cooed, as if to say, "What's the hurry! what's the hurry!" and continued to sidle away to the very verge of the roof. And so it sometimes happened that all America, yearning for news from the Old World, waited upon the caprices of Dickie, the carrier pigeon.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF ROME.

PICO DELLA MIRANDOLA. (AFTER ORIGINAL IN THE UFIZZI GALLERY, FLORENCE; PAINTER UNKNOWN.)

THE history of the University of Rome is in many respects representative; it is approximately the history of every Italian university, and the typical features are here displayed in a more pronounced degree than in the annals of the institutions more remote from the seats of authority. Its unedifying career therefore presents a most instructive chapter of history, and teaches a lesson which the Italian government has not failed to take to heart and to apply with exemplary zeal and fearlessness.

Previous to 1870, education in Italy was generally looked upon as the peculiar province of the clergy, and even at the present time, in spite of the professedly anti-clerical policy of the government, the elementary instruction is largely in the hands of the priests. The middle class, and, indeed, many of the highest aristocracy, prefer to intrust their children from an early age to their spiritual advisers, rather than assume themselves the care and the responsibility of their education. Public opinion, at least among the conservative class, sanctions this course, and however much the government may seek to discourage it, the priest will maintain his influence in the family

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and obstinately cling to his traditional privilege of molding the character of the

PADRE ANGELO SECCHI.

rising generation. This is hardly to be wondered at, as far as the priest himself and the Roman aristocracy are concerned: a Borghese or a Barberini is naturally loyal to the church with which his interests and all the splendid traditions of his family are identified; he believes, with a *naïveté* which is sometimes touching, that the Italian government and all the other "abominations" will soon be visited with the vengeance of God, and that the Holy Father will then re-enter upon his just inheritance. He entertains a cardinal at dinner at least once a week, and listens with devoutness to his prophecies of the impending change. He devours eagerly all the gossip from the Vatican, shrugs his shoulders at the mention of King Humbert's name, and hermetically seals his soul to all the "pernicious influences" of the age.

It need not cause surprise, I say, if a grandee of this type sends his daughter to a convent and has his son trained in the worn-out lore and childish superstitions which are taught within the walls of the cloistral schools and the College of the Propaganda. But when one finds liberal and progressive citizens, adherents of the government, playing into the hands of their enemies in exactly the same fashion, one is fairly staggered at the contradictions in the national character. And yet a number of such instances have come to my notice during the last months, and have somewhat shaken my faith in the sincerity of the liberal professions which one hears daily in Parliament, in cafés, and on street corners. One can hardly walk a hundred steps, on a fine afternoon, in any of the principal thoroughfares of Rome (or, indeed, of any Italian city), without encountering a procession of boys in black, gray or blue cloaks, marching in tolerable order under the guidance of one or more priests. It is a sad sight, and augurs ill for the future of Italy. What can be more forced and unnatural than the dreary routine of these cloistral institutes! Boys, removed in their tender years from their homes, which they revisit only at long intervals during the brief vacations, and repressed in their healthful sports by the ever-vigilant eye of the priest, can hardly be expected to make an exemplary use of their liberty when finally they obtain it. Their teachers, themselves the representatives of a defunct civilization, have filled them with sentimental rubbish which has no application to the actual business of life; the expurgated, or, in other words, falsified text-books give utterly distorted views of history, philosophy, science,—in fact, of any discipline with

COPERNICUS (AFTER THE ORIGINAL IN THE UFIZZI GALLERY).

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which they profess to deal; and, what is worst of all, disloyalty to the present government and "the United Italy," which is

COUNT MAMIANI.

an article of faith with the Roman clergy, can scarcely help finding its way into the young minds of the future citizens of the state. Thus many a young Italian spends his boyhood in systematically unfitting himself for the duties which he is to fulfill and the position which he is to occupy in the service of his newly reconstructed country. He passes by a sudden leap from childhood to manhood, without ever having known any intermediate stage of limited freedom and responsibility; he has never been that frank, careless and irrepressible creature whose generic name is "boy." At the age of eighteen, when he is ready to enter the university, he is a young gentleman of painfully decorous demeanor, who spends the greater part of his day in idleness, sipping black coffee or sugar-water and smoking cheap cigars in a fashionable café. Leap-frog would appear to him the height of absurdity, and even base-ball, or the Italian substitute for it, would fail to quicken his languid pulses. If you try to converse with him on any topic of the day, he will bewilder you by the childishness of his opinions; and yet, considering the fact that he has passed his early years in studiously acquiring ignorance regarding all the vital interests of life, it would be wonderful if the result were different.

I should not venture to assert that even a majority of the Italian youth who attend institutions of learning belong to the type I have here described; but that the type is alarmingly common, especially among graduates of private (which in most cases means priestly) institutes, is a matter of experience of which any frequenter of Roman society can easily convince himself. From public schools of all grades, the priests are not legally excluded, but their unwillingness to take the oath of allegiance to the present government or in any way to subordinate themselves to the secular authorities naturally disqualifies them for the service of the state. But for all that they manage to maintain their influence as educators of youth, as the following statistics, taken from the government year-book for 1878, will show. According to this authority there were in the scholastic year 1861–62, 983,336 children, male and female, who were, in all the provinces of Italy,* enjoying elementary instruction in public schools, and 125,888 who were instructed in private institutes; in 1871–72, after the conquest of Rome by the Italians, the numbers were 1,545,890

RUGGERO BONGHI.

and 177,157; and in 1875–76, the last year of which complete reports are found in the

* The papal province not included.

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official register, 1,722,669* and 208,948 represent the relative attendance of public and private schools. It will be seen from this, that while the number of children who receive instruction has been nearly doubled during fourteen years, the patronage of private institutes has increased in about the same proportion as that of the schools supported by the municipalities. Nevertheless, when we consider that the total population of the kingdom, according to the last census (1871), is about twenty-seven millions, of which more than nineteen millions and a half can neither read nor write, it is evident that there is, as yet, a wide field for every one who is disposed to interest himself in the cause of popular instruction. The new government certainly deserves much credit for the energy with which it has prosecuted its measures for the enlightenment of the masses, and the next census will undoubtedly give evidence of a considerable progress. The rich and varied exhibit in the pedagogic museum in Rome and the character of the officials at its head, give further proof that the new secular Italy has a wide mental horizon and is watching with eager sympathy every educational experiment that is made in other parts of the world, being ever ready to profit by the experience of her more advanced neighbors. Especially in the organization of the so-called secondary classical instruction *(Istruzione secondaria classica)*, many important lessons have been learned from Germany, and the Italian *gymnasia* betray plainly enough that they have been modeled after the Prussian institutions of the same name. And yet, according to the testimony of many teachers with whom I have conversed, the working of the system has, so far, not proved very satisfactory. An Italian boy has not the genius for imbibing culture that is native to a German; even long after he has attained the growth of a man, his notions of the world, of society and of his own importance in it, are those of a child. Thus a professor in the University of Rome lately assured me that there were but few among his students (all graduates of *lycea* and *gymnasia)* who had in their minds any idea of the map, or could approximately place a country or a city when it was mentioned.

"Among us," he said, "geography is a science, and not as in Germany, an elementary accomplishment and an indispensable requisite for every one who moves in good society. If you know geography here, you have already a claim to being called learned."

Another professor, in discussing the same subject, complained that his students, in the course of a philosophical lecture or discussion, would ask him questions betraying a *naïveté* and an incapacity for philosophical thought which at times drove him to despair and made him inclined to hand in his resignation to the government. I may be pardoned for reporting part of the conversation in the words of my informant, as they gave me the clue to the whole situation, and explained to me how so much apparently excellent legislation (such as is found in the official code of instruction) could produce such unsatisfactory results.

"Our chief trouble in Italy," the professor observed, "lies in the fact that we have no large class of *cultivated* people, in the sense in which the term is used in England and Germany. We have learned men and ignorant men, but the space between these two poles is but sparsely populated. Our peasants are quick-witted and bright, while the German and the English peasants are slow and stupid. Our common people talk most entertainingly and are naturally gifted with humor and good sound sense. But their talk is all personal; their mental horizon is narrow. The same is the case with the middle class Italian. He is externally polished, and can apply himself easily to anything in which his power of observation can assist him. But he has no turn for abstract reasoning. The children of these people bring with them from home not even the most rudimentary culture, and everything is thus left to the school; the school, however, can only do its work well, or do the best work of which it is capable, when it supplements the culture received at home. Our *gymnasia* are as yet experiments; our educational legislation too is largely experimental, and one minister is apt to undo what his predecessor accomplished. Under such circumstances no system can really be put to a fair test, and accordingly we have to be guarded even in the conclusions we draw from our present experiences."

Nominally, at least, the conditions for admission to an Italian university are nearly equal to what is required for passing the *Abiturienten Examen* in Germany, by which a student there gains the diploma entitling him to matriculation in a university; but

* The province of Rome is here included.

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practically the Italian freshman is far less mature and far less qualified for independent scientific study than his Teutonic brother. Even though he may, in some instances, possess an equal amount of positive knowledge, he does not possess the same power of applying it, but remains abjectly dependent upon the guidance of his professor. If he has any enthusiasm at all for his studies, he is apt to swear *in verba magistri;* in other words, he is a pupil, rather than a student, and is likely to remain so to the day of his graduation. It is very evident that this psychological peculiarity of the race must, to a great extent, frustrate the benevolent intentions of the government and prevent the universities from being *de facto* what on paper they appear to be. As no institution of learning can exist without students, it becomes necessary to adapt the conditions for admission and promotion to the average acquirements of the candidates, and if the law stipulates a higher proficiency in certain branches than the applicants possess, the remedy lies near to evade the law, or rather to interpret it less rigidly than its framers may have intended. The student who upon such a test obtains his degree, be it in medicine, law, civil engineering, or any of the sciences, is not, as in Germany, obliged to pass a second examination *(Staatsexamen)* before he is admitted to practice as a doctor, lawyer, or civil engineer. His diploma of proficiency from the university entitles him to recognition on the part of the state in the profession for which his academical course has prepared him. This official patronage has proved a great benefit to the cause of higher education in Italy and has compelled a numerous class of men to pass through a course of systematic training who perhaps otherwise would have contented themselves with an easier and more superficial preparation. According to the present regulations, the medical course in all Italian universities requires six years of study and the course of law four.

As early as the beginning of the thirteenth century, the popes manifested a strong desire to get the great Italian universities under their direct supervision and control. They were jealous, especially of Bologna, where no less than 10,000 young men were then studying, and disliked to see so many wealthy young Romans repairing thither to attend lectures on secular and canonical law. Innocent III. was the first among the popes who distinctly aimed at making his own capital a center of learning. He called famous teachers to Rome and provided a more systematic instruction to the clergy in grammar and theology. His successor, Honorius III. (1210), with the same desire to emulate Bologna, founded the so-called Palatine School of Theology in the Lateran palace, which was at that time the principal papal residence. Learning was supposed to reflect credit upon the princes or municipalities which gave its votaries shelter, and local pride was gratified by the presence of some great teacher whose very name sufficed to attract large numbers of native and foreign students. Thus the University of Padua, after 1222, rose into sudden prominence, and in 1224 the University of Naples, at present the largest and most prosperous in Italy, received its charter; many other short-lived institutions appeared and again disappeared, crushed by the competition and jealousy of their more powerful rivals. Only in Rome science was yet an exile, and secular scholarship was regarded with distrust; but the exigencies of their own position as secular rulers soon compelled the pontiffs to countenance and even to encourage certain branches of learning. The Roman *Curia* had grown to be recognized as the highest tribunal and court of appeals in Christendom, and in order to sustain its authority, it became necessary to employ none but well-trained lawyers as judges in the pope's behalf. Innocent IV. therefore introduced the study of law in the Palatine school and conceded to it the title and the privileges of a university; but its close and absolute dependence upon the pope prevented it from ever attaining the rank of a real institution of learning. It accompanied him upon his journeys, and sojourned with him wherever he might happen to hold court. Boniface VIII. possibly saw that this peripatetic existence was not conducive to sound scholarship; at all events, without entirely suspending the school, he limited its curriculum to the more strictly theological studies, and in 1303 established in its place a fixed and permanent university, which he named "The Sapienza," and which yet survives under the title of the University of Rome. It was his intention to found an institution which should be a worthy rival of Bologna and Padua, and prevent the annual emigration of young Romans to foreign cities. He therefore gave full sway to the secular sciences, and, as it appears, established no

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professorships of theology, while civil and canonical law were ably represented. The number of students seems also to have been considerable, if we may judge by the fact that two officers were annually appointed whose exclusive business it was to guard them against the extortions of the Roman landlords and to collect a special tax from the latter on that part of their income which they derived from the students. The records of the early years of the Sapienza are very meager. The professors appointed by Boniface VIII. were probably picked up at random, and were not men to whose hands the future of the institution could be safely confided; moreover, their salaries were, even for those times, ridiculously small, and their dependence upon the personal favor of the pope bound their tongues and crippled their intellectual activity. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that after the death of its founder the Sapienza threatened to follow him into the grave. Its slender revenue, however, consisting of the tribute paid by the town of Tivoli and a tax levied on all foreign wines imported into Rome, sufficed to keep it nominally alive, although for many years it failed to give any evidence of active vitality.

The history of the university from this time up to the year 1870 is so closely interwoven with the history of the popes that the one cannot be related without relating the other. But as there is a great uniformity to be noticed in the regular recurrence of revival and decay, the successive chapters, extending over more than five centuries, may easily be condensed into a brief paragraph. At one time there is an amiable and easy-going pope who tolerates learning, who allows the Sapienza to enjoy its revenue and otherwise troubles himself very little about it; his successor, perhaps, is a hot-headed and ambitious man who has worldly schemes to further, and without the least scruple misappropriates the income of the university; by way of encouragement, he administers an occasional kick to it, and flings it a paltry alms when it is on the point of expiring. Ten years later, there sits, perhaps, on St. Peter's throne a pontiff who prides himself on his own learning and aspires to the title of a Mæcenas; the Sapienza again raises its head, famous scholars are called to teach in its halls, and throngs of students again fill its deserted courts and cloisters. It is evident enough, however, that a university which is so absolutely in the power of an individual or a succession of individuals could never permanently flourish. The ever-threatening probability that the benevolent and cultivated pope might be succeeded by one of the opposite characteristics must have prevented the professors from feeling any real loyalty for and pride in the institution; they were obliged to look upon their office as a temporary one and to cultivate friendly relations with potentates or learned corporations who could provide for them when the expected catastrophe should have taken place.

The large and commodious building now occupied by the University was in process of construction for more than one hundred and fifty years, and was finally completed by Alexander VII. during the latter half of the seventeenth century. It is a quadrangular edifice in a barren Renaissance style, surmounted by a tall and curiously proportioned dome. The façade toward the street does not show to good advantage on account of its close proximity to the buildings on the other side of the narrow square; but the cool cloisters and wide, open galleries within the quadrangle have a certain stately mediæval air, and somehow recall the times when scholars were demure, long-robed men of semi-clerical demeanor. It is easy to imagine them walking two by two in the shadow of these *loggie*, discussing with ponderous acumen some gravely whimsical question, such as scholars in the old scholastic times delighted to contemplate. To my fancy the venerable building acquires an added interest, from all the questionable measures to which the pontiffs (most of whom suffered from a chronic impecuniosity) resorted in order to gain the means for completing it. Every block of stone, paid for by the sale of indulgences or by the tribute extorted from the unwilling Hebrews, has its mute, unwritten history, and the massive pillars suggest some mysterious connection with the forgotten sins of obscure, forgotten mortals who hoped to pave their way to heaven with the money they deposited in St. Peter's coffers.

Of all the pleasant corners and retreats in which the Sapienza abounds the most delightful is undoubtedly the spacious, high-ceiled library, with its long rows of white-backed books tempting you from behind their steel-wire netting. Here you can yet get a whiff of the by-gone centuries, and you are half-unconsciously surprised at the modern costumes of the young gentlemen

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who sit scattered along the tables making notes and annotations from some venerable vellum-bound codex. You would rather have expected voluminous robes, square-toed shoes, and hair cut in some quaint, mediæval fashion. It is only the books which have been oblivious of the changes of time and conscientiously adhered to the style of the century which gave them birth. Here, for instance, is a Latin codex of the Bible from the twelfth century, a monument of pious zeal and patience. The initial letter of each chapter is splendidly illuminated with fantastic plants, birds, and beasts of gorgeous colors. In turning the leaves, the corners of which have been well thumbed, you can readily discover which were the favorite passages of the long-dead owner and hence draw your inferences regarding his character; for some of the pages are brown with age and wear and covered with stains (which I fondly believe are tears, shed six hundred years ago), while others are quite fresh and white. No part of the book has apparently been more diligently read than the Apocalypse, and if it be safe to judge by the blackness of the page, the chapter about the angel holding in his hand the seven vials of wrath especially has been lingered over with intense absorption. My dead scholar, whoever he was, was evidently of a sinister type and delighted in contemplating the doom that was threatening his wicked neighbor, rather than the heavenly reward which was awaiting himself and his like. Or possibly he cherished unsatisfied poetic yearnings, and merely delighted in the magnificent sound and exalted imagery of the chapter, without reference to the menacing import of its prophecies.

Among the other curious treasures of the library an illustrated natural history without text, from the seventeenth century, is worthy of notice. It is supposed that it was made by the order of Francesco Maria, first Duke of Urbino, one of whose descendents left it and a great number of other books, as a bequest, to the University. The drawings, representing quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, and fishes, are all made by hand, in some instances copied from the works of Ulysses Aldrovandi. The humble artist, whom I imagine to have been a clerk or tutor in the duke's household, was certainly gifted with a fertile imagination, and it is delightful to think of the grave credulity with which the noble company, for whose delectation these pictures were made, must have discussed the marvelous attributes of his fabulous birds and beasts. Here we have, for instance, a *gallus cauda quadrupedis*, a cock with the tail of a quadruped; the dragon, too, *monstrum horrendum*, is portrayed with the same confidence and minute fidelity as the domestic cat and dog and cow, whose well-known characteristics do not admit of pictorial prevarication.

The library contains in all 235 MS. codices, the majority of which, however, are of small literary value. There is an abundance of illuminated breviaries, with naïve pictures of scenes from the life of Christ; moreover, flayings, roastings, crucifixions, and, in fact, all conceivable forms of martyrdom, portrayed with painful realism. Legends from the sixteenth and seventeenth century, written on beautiful vellum and bristling with miraculous incidents, fill shelf after shelf, and if they were ever read by anybody but their authors, must have appealed very much to the same taste as the dime novels do in the present day. The occasional interlarding of pious reflections hardly suffices to counteract the strongly sensational flavor of the narrative. Nevertheless, however worthless all this ecclesiastical literature may be, when artistically considered, as historical documents or as psychological manifestations from a bygone age, it is certainly not without interest. I cannot help handling with reverence these yellow leaves of parchment containing the sacred meditations of some nameless monk, written in the most pedantic style and in a Latin which would have made Cicero shudder. If Hawthorne had been alive, I should have been tempted to send him the MS.; for I have little doubt it might be purchased. There is a soul-history here which a skillful romancer might unravel, and I suspect that it is capable of yielding rich results. The total number of books in the library is between 100,000 and 120,000.

In order to comprehend more fully what has been accomplished by the Italian government since the administration of the university passed into its hands, it is necessary to review briefly the condition of the higher instruction in Rome, during the reigns immediately preceding. When Napoleon I. had occupied Italy, he took vigorous measures for the establishment of technical and scientific institutes throughout the kingdom. His attention was also called to the Sapienza, which he supplied with more competent corps of scientific teachers; the revenues were increased and

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the religious test, embodied in the oath of allegiance to the Catholic faith, was abolished. When Pius VII. and his ecclesiastical followers regained their power, they took pains to blot out completely every trace of the reforms which the conqueror had introduced. In their reactionary zeal, they came near emulating a certain king, who, when he ascended his throne after Napoleon's downfall, bade his minister reinstall into his former office every man whom the usurper had dismissed. It did not occur to this good Bourbon that about one-half of his appointees were dead. Neither did the worthy Pope Pius comprehend that the footprints of a revolution are not so easily blotted out; there are always some things which never can be brought back. And even though the young men, who had been graduated during the Napoleonic interregnum were compelled to return their diplomas to have them altered, and to swear the oath of allegiance to the church; the stimulating memory of having lived amid great events, and caught glimpses of a larger horizon was not within the reach of papal decrees. The pope, being dimly aware of this, felt that some extra effort was needed to eradicate the seeds of heresy. He accordingly established a professorship of sacred physics (the very name is delightful) for the purpose of bringing science into conformity with the sacred Scriptures. The unhappy man, who accepted this responsible office, received frequent instructions from the Vatican, which was, however, then not yet infallible; and it may be owing to the latter circumstance, that the innovations resulting from this memorable union have not taken a more permanent hold, either upon the scientific or the religious world. I present here the following specimens: All natural science should be divided into six departments, corresponding to the six days of the Mosaic cosmogony. All natural phenomena must be studied in connection with the existence of God. Whether the study of astronomy is to be founded on the Book of Joshua, and anthropological investigations upon the system of Saint Thomas Aquinas is not definitely stated. It rather looks as if the Vatican, after having established a few fundamental and unerring norms, had tired of its scientific activity; for when the first incumbent of the professorship of sacred physics had sunk under the burden of his labors, the pope seems to have felt relieved at his demise; at all events he did not provide for a successor.

The reactionary policy of Pius VII. was faithfully adhered to by Gregory XVI. and Pius IX. The former was fortunately less aggressive in matters of education than most of his predecessors, and allowed the Sapienza to vegetate in a state of peaceful piety and ignorance. Pius IX., after his brief flirtation with liberalism in 1848, had an unhappy ambition to purge the institution of all dangerous elements, and, as might have been expected, succeeded in purging away whatever talent there was left in the faculty and in filling the chairs thus vacated with intellectual nullities of unquestioned loyalty. The Sapienza became a purely political institution,—a kind of hospital for the intellectually infirm who had grown gray in the service of the church. It was, under such circumstances, a difficult matter to arrange the government and the curriculum of the medical school, which was regarded as a branch of the university; but the Jesuitical advisers of the pope were equal to the emergency. In the first place, everything which savored of unregenerate science was carefully removed. The students studied anatomy not from the human corpse, because that might offend their modesty, but from wax models and colored drawings, from which the offensive element was eliminated. Hundreds of doctors and surgeons, most of whom had never smelt blood, far less assisted at a hospital, were thus sent out, armed with a diploma, to prey upon their unsuspecting fellow-men.

It might be questioned whether there was any need at all of physicians in a country where the church was so fully competent to cure ailments of the body as well as those of the soul; where prayers to Saint Leonhard were the approved remedy against typhus fever; where Saint Blasius was warranted to cure diphtheria, and Saint Lucia took precedence before the oculist. There was a time when the Vatican declared that consulting a physician was an impious interference with the ways of Providence; that disease was the just retribution of sin, and that as long as man sinned he ought to suffer. But the stern logic of this argument some of the popes found themselves unable to sustain. The chief difficulty with them was the division of the functions of healing between the saint and the physician. Since experience had proved that the saints were not utterly averse to curing people who had already resorted to worldly science, it was thought safe to have a compromise concluded, according to which the physician

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should apply the remedies, but the cure should be ascribed solely to the intervention of the saint. The papal physician was therefore obliged to refer his patient, in every critical case, to his father confessor, who seldom failed to rob the earthly leech of whatever credit there might be due to him.

After the conquest of Rome by the Italians in 1870, the priests lost all direct influence in the management of the Sapienza. By a law of January 26, 1873, the theological faculty was abolished in all the universities of the kingdom and (this is highly characteristic of the policy of the Italian government) those of the theological professors who possessed literary or philosophical accomplishments were transferred to the faculty of philosophy and letters. It is needless to say that this latter paragraph was intended to conciliate those who, on account of their sympathy with the Vatican, were expected to condemn the measure. The result was that the University has been and is at the present time burdened with a number of teachers who are miserably unfit for their positions—men who have openly sworn allegiance to the government for the sake of the salary which they could not afford to lose, and secretly hate it, and, perhaps, even plot against it.

It is not very long since the project of founding a great national university in Washington was agitated among us, and I believe even advocated in a presidential message. Let those who look hopefully toward the realization of such an idea cast a glance at the history of the Italian universities, and especially of the Sapienza at Rome, and they will gain a vivid notion of what a political university is, and in the present state of the world necessarily must be. In the first place Italy has now twenty-one universities, which is about fifteen more than there is any need of. Every minister acknowledges abstractly that it would be an excellent thing if all these superfluous institutions could be swept out of existence; but where is the man in public life who would stake his popularity on such a utopian scheme? Each town is determined to maintain its traditional rights and privileges among which it counts the support of its university from the public treasury, and woe to the representative in parliament who dares to molest "local interests." The whole Italian parliament is a loose conglomeration of people, each of which is the mouth-piece of some local interest. No one seems as yet to have learned that the united country, as such, has also its interests which must take precedence of those of Sassari or Siena or Catania. And yet when in the year 1860 some one had the courage to move and to carry the suppression of the University of Sassari (a pitiful little school with twenty-seven professors and between fifty and seventy students) such a tumult was raised that the ministry was obliged to have the vote reconsidered, and the suspended institution was by law of July 5th, of the same year, triumphantly re-established.

According to the statistical tables, published by the government, there was in the scholastic year 1870-71 a total number of 11,622 students and 810 professors in all Italian universities, including the four municipal ones (Camerino, Ferrara, Perugia and Urbino) which derive no revenue from the state. In the year 1875-76 the number of students had fallen to 8,894, while that of the professors of course remained the same. Since then no complete statistics of instruction have been published; and it is difficult to determine whether the number has since been still further reduced. The reduction is chiefly owing to the fact that the standard of admission has been uniformly raised, and a large class of aristocratic idlers, who do not choose to submit to the changed requirements, have thus been cut off. Moreover, the University of Naples, which formerly dispensed entirely with an entrance examination and did not even require matriculation, has recently been compelled to accept the regulations governing the other universities of the realm, and its attendance has accordingly diminished from 4,102 to 2,543. The law prescribes that before he can be matriculated in a university, the student shall have acquitted himself creditably at the *Abiturienten examen* from the gymnasium, or rather from the lyceum (which is the name given to the three upper classes of what in Germany is called a gymnasium).

But to return to the Sapienza in Rome. I have already intimated that its reorganization by the present government has not by any means been as radical as might have been desired, and that political motives frequently govern the ministry in filling its professorships. It is not only the occult, unexpressed regard for the Vatican which exerts an unwholesome influence in this respect; every premier has, as a rule, a number of faithful adherents, who are only

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too ready to inflict themselves upon any institution which is dependent upon the bounty of the state, and it is the unhappy lot of the Roman University to be in high favor with the unemployed geniuses of this class. If there are no vacancies, some friend of the ministry, commanding for the moment a parliamentary majority, moves the establishment of a new professorship, usually in some obscure or semi-fantastic study, which suits the tastes of the intended appointee, and a patriotic oration, explaining the importance of the measure to humanity and to science, seldom fails to produce the required number of votes. Thus the Roman University boasted, in 1871, a professorship of "the philosophy of statistics," and another of "practical philosophy," not to speak of comparatively rational chairs, as "the philosophy of history" and "the history of philosophy"; but a chair of philosophy, pure and simple, *i. e.* logic and ethics, did not at that time exist. Judging by the *Annuario* for 1878–79 some of these superfluous professorships have now been abolished, and others, hardly less superfluous, probably established for the benefit of adherents of another ministry, have taken their place. Thus I find the name of a gentleman who teaches "the comparative history of the Neo-Latin languages and literatures"; it would be interesting to know how many students there are among the 648 now attending the Sapienza who cherish an unsatisfied curiosity regarding the Neo-Latin languages and literatures. Again, the university offers instruction in "Latin and Italian grammar and lexicography"; and this, be it understood, is taught apart from the Latin literature, which constitutes another independent professorship.

At almost every higher institution of learning throughout the German empire, the German grammar is annually made the subject of a most interesting course of lectures. The development of every grammatical peculiarity of the Teutonic languages is traced from the Sanscrit down through Gothic, old high German, middle high German, etc., and the etymological relationship between the modern tongues of Gothic origin is clearly demonstrated. I doubt if any Roman professor would venture to penetrate as deeply into the history of his own language; but elementary instruction, I find, is the rule in nearly every department of learning which has no direct application to practical uses. Thus there is in the Sapienza a chair of geography—a science which with us is apt to be relegated to the grammar school. In the faculties of the schools of medicine and of law, there are many excellent specialists whose teaching is clear and logical; moreover, during the last years, the cabinets and museums have received many valuable additions, and much apparatus has been procured for physical experiments and laboratory uses. It is easy to comprehend why these special schools should have escaped comparatively the baneful influence of politics, for you may appoint an ignoramus professor of "the history of statistics" or of "the philosophy of history," and the chances are that he will astonish his students by his fluency and eloquence; but if you appoint him professor of chemistry, or Roman law, or anatomy, you will place him in an embarrassing position by compelling him to unmask his ignorance.

In its organization the Roman University presents a curious mixture of the two systems known as the English and the German. The faculty of philosophy and letters is meant approximately to embody the mediæval idea of the *universitas literarum* whose object is general culture without special reference to the vocation which the student may choose in after life. According to the *Annuario* for 1878–79, only twenty-three students are at present matriculated in this course, or about ½ per cent. of the total number. The other courses, of which no less than fourteen are specified in the catalogue, are all of a practical character and are obviously intended to educate officials and professional men for the service of the state. One course, that of philosophy, is difficult to describe, and no one of the professors whom I have questioned on the subject seem to know exactly what its character was originally meant to be; but as it has at present not a single student, and evidently ought to be classed as a mere subdivision of the course of philosophy and letters, it is not of any particular consequence to know why or how it came to be established as a separate discipline. There are a dozen other points in the *Annuario* which would be likely to puzzle the uninitiated, and concerning which but very unsatisfactory information can be obtained from those who might be supposed to know. Thus there is one course in chemistry and pharmacology which, judging by the fact that no one is studying in it, is obviously superfluous, and another in phar-

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macology in which twenty-six students are inscribed. Even midwifery, or, as the course is called, obstetrics for midwives, is awarded a place within the hospitable walls of the university; and two separate courses are provided for notaries and attorneys *(procuratori)* apart from the school of jurisprudence or law. This latter enigma, however, is explained by the fact that the Italian notaries, occupying a position corresponding to that of our justices of the peace, probably do not require the same proficiency in legal lore as the regular lawyers *(avvocato, giurista)*. The school of law has, during the last decade, become the most flourishing branch of the Sapienza, and has at present 258 students; next comes the medical school with 150, and third the school of engineering, with 60 matriculates.

It is interesting to observe in the Italian system of public instruction the radical and far-reaching effects of the great political events which, between the years of 1848 and 1870, gradually brought about the reunion of the nation. Previous to 1848, and, indeed, during the whole following decade after the return of Pius IX. from his brief exile, the Italians were intellectually under the absolute dominion of France. Their chief source of culture, outside of their own great poets, whom they praised but seldom read, was the yellow-covered literature which poured in so abundantly from the Parisian presses. The literary events in France were discussed in the Roman *salons* no less eagerly than in those of Paris, and Châteaubriand, Lamartine, and all the other French celebrities of the first half of the century could count on their Italian public with no less certainty than on their own countrymen. The cultivated Italian of that time had entirely appropriated the comfortable *chauvinisme* of his Gallic neighbor, and believed with all his soul that nothing worthy of his attention could come from the northern side of the Alps. England and Germany were to him remote and barbaric lands, whose literatures could only be treated with compassionate scorn. The principal educational institutions of Italy were then modeled after the French pattern, and the Sapienza and the Collegio Romano were both feebler imitations of the Sarbonne at Paris. Popular instruction was left to take care of itself, and ignorance and superstition flourished with an incredible vitality. The combined policy of Pius IX. and Napoleon III., however, soon destroyed this intellectual loyalty to France, and when in 1859 liberty of the press was introduced (except in Rome and Venice), English and German books began to find their way into the Italian market. The hatred of the Napoleonic zouaves who by force upheld the tottering thrones of the Pope and the detested Bourbon in Naples was gradually transferred to French literature and manufacturers, and, in fact, to everything French except the fashion-plates. The universal sentiment of the nation, outside of the clerical party, made it impossible for the government to maintain the traditional alliance with France, and when, in 1866, the Austrians were finally compelled to release their grip on Venice aud Lombardy, there was no further obstacle to a friendly relation with the Germans. The German language is now studied in the Italian gymnasia and technical schools, and many reforms have been introduced which have been borrowed from the admirable Prussian system. These reforms, to be sure, have in many instances been hasty and ill-advised, but the fact is nevertheless significant that Italy has at last come into vital contact with the rest of the civilized world and has begun to appropriate the results of the experience of other nations. The book-trade, which during the papal reign was in an antediluvian condition, has kept pace with the progress in other directions, and the whole European world of thought is, through this channel, made accessible to every one who is capable of entering into it. English, French, and German books are now exhibited in friendly juxtaposition in the windows of the book-sellers in the Corso and the Piazza di Spagna, and the circulating libraries are stocked with a veritable Babylonic confusion of tongues.

In the University of Rome, I am forced to admit, many traces of the French *régime* are still perceptible. The Roman professor, as a rule, is terribly rhetorical, and frequently bombastic. On entering the room, he is often received with loud applause. He opens his oration (for it can hardly be called a lecture) with a few elegant, sometimes half-apologetic, generalities, and then proceeds to gesticulate and to shout at the top of his voice. The clearness, the accuracy, and the exact adaptation of the phrase to the fact, which characterize the lectures of the best German professors, would send an Italian audience to sleep. The students, as well as the other loungers who are apt to drop in, especially during lectures delivered in the afternoon, expect to be amused, and they

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demand, first of all, a piquant and entertaining delivery. Ladies are also admitted, and—as I learn from a German authority—expended formerly a vast amount of enthusiasm on the philosophy of Count Mamiani, whom the Teutons smile at as an amiable *dilettante*. But the ladies found his philosophical discourses interesting and amusing. The ex-minister Ruggero Bonghi's lectures on ancient history enjoyed a similar popularity among the outside public. But he, like so many others, has been drawn into the political Charybdis, and his name now figures in the *Annuario* with mere decorative intent. He has twice been minister of public instruction, and in that capacity has made himself responsible for a great deal of well-meant, but unprofitable, educational legislation. He is, however, a man of great culture, a most agreeable talker, and a voluminous author. One is fairly appalled at the number of books he has published, on political, æsthetic, historical, and philosophical subjects. To the Italian mind (of his own party) he is *lucido*, *profondo*, and even *stupendo*; but a foreigner soon learns to estimate these epithets at their real value, when he hears how indiscriminately they are applied. Italy is teeming with *uomini dotti* and *stupendi* whose reputations rarely extend beyond the precincts of their own city. At an early stage of one's sojourn on classical soil, he learns that the Italians are most unscrupulous praisers. I do not wish to imply that Professor Bonghi may not be deserving of praise; but, after having read two of his books ("Saggi e Discorsi" and "Ritratti Contemporanei") I venture to suggest that some disproportion exists between his reputation and his actual merits.

Nominally, there is absolute liberty of expression at the Italian universities; practically, the liberty of expression is very limited. The possibility of a reconciliation with the Vatican hangs like a threatening cloud over every academic *cathedra*; and the minister, who always desires to leave a path open for such a reconciliation, binds the tongue of every teacher who might be disposed to utter a daring thought. Thus, a few years ago, a very excellent and scholarly professor (one of the very few to whom such adjectives could be applied) undertook to lecture on the Rig Veda; and, without going out of his way to draw parallels, could not well avoid showing that there were passages and incidents in the Hindoo scriptures which recalled the Bible. Immediately the minister of public instruction rent his clothes—metaphorically speaking—and tore his hair. What would they say in the Vatican when they heard of this impiety? How would it be possible to conciliate the Holy Father, after having permitted the Roman youth to listen to such ungodly language? You would have supposed, then, that an open circular letter was dispatched to the universities of the kingdom forbidding unscriptural teaching, or rather teaching that might seem to conflict with the Catholic religion. Far from it; such a course would have alienated the radicals, whose support was also well worth having. Accordingly, a notice was *secretly* sent to the professor, warning him to be, in the future, more cautious, and to keep his heretical opinions to himself. The learned gentleman turned in despair to the sacred writings of the Persians, and, if I am not misinformed, repeated his former blunder. Thereupon the minister, to whom it was of primary importance to keep him quiet, *sans cérémonie* changed his professorship into something vague and general, which would, however, prevent him from lecturing on his favorite topics, in the study of which he had spent his whole previous life.

Among the celebrated men who in the past centuries have taught in the halls of the Sapienza, no one is more worthy of remembrance than Copernicus. During the years of his foreign pilgrimages, while he was engaged in the astronomical and mathematical studies which brought law and order into the universal chaos, he also came to Rome, and was persuaded to accept a professorship of mathematics. Beyond the fact that he remained in this position for five years (1500–1505) nothing is known about his pedagogical activity. A number of the instruments which he used in his experiments and a few of his books are said to be in the possession of a gentleman now residing in Rome, and they have lately been offered to the university as the foundation of a Copernican Museum; but the conditions attached to the gift are such that the authorities hesitate to accept it. They have, however, honored the memory of the great astronomer with a mural tablet of marble, recording his virtues and accomplishments in a Latin inscription, bristling with laudatory superlatives.

The renowned humanist, Pico di Mirandola, who visited Rome in 1486, was never officially connected with the Sapienza; but the stir which his presence created, both in learned and in religious circles, could not fail to stimulate the drowsy routine of aca-

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demical instruction. Pico's mission, according to his own statement, was to reconcile Platonic philosophy with Catholic orthodoxy, and with this purpose he offered to defend in public nine hundred theses of the most miscellaneous character, embracing the whole volume of human knowledge, according to the mediæval standard. The fame of his learning, however, was so great that no one ventured to meet him in the public arena, and he returned to Florence with a confirmed belief in his own invincibility.

During the three centuries that intervened between the return of Copernicus to Germany and the accession of Pius IX. to St. Peter's chair, no really great name appears in the annals of the Sapienza; although this pope, as is well known, cherished a conscientious preference for pious mediocrity, he did not escape, in one instance, appointing a man of genius to a professorship in his university. In the case of Padre Angelo Secchi, however, the priestly garment and his membership in the Society of Jesus were probably held to be sufficient safeguards against scientific heresies. A little incident which occurred during my later visit to Rome, throws light upon Padre Secchi's position. The padre was explaining how he had come to invent his machine for registering astronomical observations; it was dire necessity, he said, which had stimulated his imagination, for he could never get an assistant who had sufficient mathematical training to be of any use. His visitor expressed great surprise at this; he would have supposed that a Jesuit, with his powerful society to support him in whatever he undertook, would have unlimited resources. The kindly old priest smiled knowingly at this remark, and after a little meditative pause qualified his previous statement by saying that, of course, he could get assistants enough, but as soon as he had taught them something and they began to be useful to him, they were promptly removed and fresh ignoramuses were sent to supply their places. No one was permitted to remain longer than a year. These revelations led my friend to the conclusion that both Padre Secchi himself and his science were regarded with distrust by his spiritual superiors. When the Italian government assumed the reins of power, it naturally desired to have the great astronomer continue his connection with the university; but as a member of the Jesuit society, he could not very well swear the oath of allegiance, and therefore voluntarily resigned. In spite of this, the use of the observatory on the Capitol was granted him to the day of his death.

Among the present members of the Roman faculty there is hardly one whose reputation extends beyond the boundary of his own country. Count Mamiani, whose political career has secured him a prominent place in Italian history, has not lectured for several years, and has now definitely resigned his professorship. He was born in the year 1800, and spent his early years in philosophical and literary studies. In 1831, when Gregory XVI. was elected pope, he became known as a zealous promoter of the revolution, and was elected a member of the provisional government at Bologna. The Austrian army, hastening to the support of the Holy Father, soon crushed the patriotic movement, and Mamiani was obliged to save his life by flight. For fourteen years he lived in Paris, publishing from time to time poems and essays on patriotic and philosophical subjects. During this period, Mazzini and his adherents made frequent efforts to win him for their cause, but Mamiani, disapproving of their secret and underhand methods, held rigidly aloof. His experience had convinced him that the republic in Italy meant anarchy, and that, for some centuries to come, the constitutional monarchy would offer the best opportunities for the development of the nation and its gradual training for self-government. In 1846, Mamiani refused to avail himself of the amnesty offered by Pius IX., because he did not choose to be classed under the head of "political offenders." He had nothing to regret, and was too proud to stigmatize his own past by accepting a pardon. But Charles Albert, Victor Emmanuel's father, who had a sincere admiration for the ardent patriot, ordered his embassador in Paris to sign his passport, and thus enabled him to return to his country.

My space forbids me to give anything but the briefest possible review of the remainder of Mamiani's varied career. In 1848, he was the most conspicuous member of the liberal ministry of Pius IX., and in this capacity had to suffer for the illiberality and inconsistency of the pope himself and his clerical colleagues. He was then again forced to flee, accepted citizenship in the kingdom of the Sardinias, and became member of parliament from Genoa, and later, minister of public instruction. Since the establishment of the kingdom of Italy, he has occupied various positions of public trust, and has helped to give stability to

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several of Victor Emmanuel's short-lived cabinets.

Personally, Count Mamiani is one of the most delightful embodiments of the type known as "the gentleman of the old school." The elaborate courtesy of his demeanor, his polished and gracious manners, and his finished and elegant conversation (contrasting so strikingly with the slip-shod and haphazard discourse of our own contemporaries), recall the time when conversation was a fine art, and gentlemen studied demeanor as they did mathematics and Latin grammar. In the count's dress, too, one perceives a regretful abandonment of the picturesqueness of former times, and reluctant concessions to the changing whims of modern fashion. On the evening of my first visit he wore ruffles, and I imagined for a moment that I was sitting in a French *salon* of the last century, and thought of the powdered cavaliers, so fastidious in their dress, and so dainty in their manners, who yet hid a heart of steel under their embroidered waistcoats, and could die bravely at the call of duty and honor.

One of the best and most entertaining lecturers in the University of Rome is Fabio Nannarelli, professor of Italian literature and author of several volumes of poems and æsthetic essays. His delivery is simple and quiet, and he evidently shuns that noisy declamation upon which so many of his colleagues rely for their popularity. In those of his lectures to which I listened there was a strong preponderance of the biographical over the critical element. He endeavoured to evolve a poet's works from his life and surroundings, and to place his individuality vividly before his hearers. He quoted copiously, and as the Italian language, with its rolling rhythm and its rich sonorous harmonies, sounds wondrously well in verse, it was a pleasure to listen.

Before concluding, it may be necessary to add that the university is at the present time passing through a severe crisis. It is a notorious fact that almost every Italian minister is sure, during his brief term of office, to make some insane stroke for popularity. A minister who does not attempt some radical change of some sort, is looked upon both by his enemies and his own partisans as a weak, incompetent man. No one has the faintest respect for the laws and decrees, prepared and passed by the efforts of his predecessor; the more critical his attitude toward these, the more attention he is apt to attract for the moment, and the more profound grows the public conviction that he is a *uomo stupendo*—"a devil of a fellow." Mr. De Sanctis, late minister of public instruction, acted apparently on some such principle. After having probably cudgeled his brains in vain in order to invent some destructive scheme, he hit upon the unhappy idea of dismembering the University of Rome, *i. e.*, to divide it into a series of autonomous scientific institutes. First, the school of engineering, constituting hitherto an integral part of the university, was by a royal decree made directly dependent upon the ministry, and the previous dean of the faculty of engineering became an independent rector who could henceforth communicate directly with the government without the intervention of the rector of the university. Secondly, an autonomous school of archæology was founded also by royal decree, and a committee appointed to arrange its course of instruction; but just then the ministry Cairoli was forced to resign, and Coppino, the new minister of public instruction, was in honor bound to disapprove of the wild plottings of his predecessor. Nevertheless his arguments are very sound, and every sensible man, who wishes the university well, must agree with him. The faculty has just had a meeting, in which it protested strongly against the innovations, proposed and partly carried out by De Sanctis. It is plain enough that one or perhaps two professorships of archæology *in* the university would serve the purpose quite as well as a separate school; and it would be incomparably cheaper, a consideration which, in the present state of Italian finances, must be an important factor in every benevolent speculation. The presumptive nominees for professorships in the archæological institute are of course fired with patriotic zeal for the advancement of learning and all that, and cry out against the sordid policy of the new ministry. I have just had a long discussion with one of these patriots, and left him with a dim sense that the very existence of the kingdom of Italy depends upon the establishment of the school of archæology.

At the present writing (February, 1879), the ministry Depretis is exerting itself to counteract the harmful effect of the De Sanctis decrees and to place the university on a firmer footing. Let us sincerely hope that its efforts may not prove unavailing.

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CONFIDENCE.

BY HENRY JAMES, JR.

Author of "The American," "The Europeans," "Daisy Miller," Etc.

CHAPTER III.

LIFE at Baden-Baden proved a very sociable affair, and Bernard Longueville perceived that he should not lack opportunity for the exercise of those gifts of intelligence to which Gordon Wright had appealed. The two friends took long walks through the woods and over the mountains, and they mingled with human life in the crowded precincts of the Conversation-house. They engaged in a ramble on the morning after Bernard's arrival, and wandered far away, over hill and dale. The Baden forests are superb, and the composition of the landscape is most effective. There is always a bosky dell in the foreground, and a purple crag embellished with a ruined tower at a proper angle. A little timber-and-plaster village peeps out from a tangle of plum-trees, and a way-side tavern, in comfortable recurrence, solicits concessions to the national custom of frequent refreshment. Gordon Wright, who was a dogged pedestrian, always enjoyed doing his ten miles, and Longueville, who was an incorrigible stroller, felt a keen relish for the picturesqueness of the country. But it was not, on this occasion, of the charms of the landscape or the pleasures of locomotion that they chiefly discoursed. Their talk took a more closely personal turn. It was a year since they had met, and there were many questions to ask and answer, many arrears of gossip to make up. As they stretched themselves on the grass on a sun-warmed hill-side, beneath a great German oak whose arms were quiet in the blue summer air, there was a lively exchange of impressions, opinions, speculations and anecdotes. Gordon Wright was surely an excellent friend. He took an interest in you. He asked no idle questions and made no vague professions; but he entered into your situation, he examined it in detail, and what he learned he never forgot. Months afterward, he asked you about things which you yourself had forgotten. He was not a man of whom it would be generally said that he had the gift of sympathy; but he gave his attention to a friend's circumstances with a conscientious fixedness which was at least very far removed from indifference. Bernard had the gift of sympathy—or at least he was supposed to have it; but even he, familiar as he must therefore have been with the practice of this charming virtue, was at times so struck with his friend's fine faculty of taking other people's affairs seriously that he constantly exclaimed to himself, "The excellent fellow—the admirable nature!"

Bernard had two or three questions to ask about the three persons who appeared to have formed for some time his companion's principal society, but he was indisposed to press them. He felt that he should see for himself, and at a prospect of entertainment of this kind, his fancy always kindled. Gordon was, moreover, at first rather shy of confidences, though after they had lain on the grass ten minutes there was a good deal said.

"Now what do you think of her face?" Gordon asked, after staring a while at the sky through the oak-boughs.

"Of course, in future," said Longueville, "whenever you make use of the personal pronoun feminine, I am to understand that Miss Vivian is indicated."

"Her name is Angela," said Gordon; "but of cqurse I can scarcely call her that."

"It's a beautiful name," Longueville rejoined; "but I may say, in answer to your question, that I am not struck with the fact that her face corresponds to it."

"You don't think her face beautiful, then?"

"I don't think it angelic. But how can I tell? I have only had a glimpse of her."

"Wait till she looks at you and speaks—wait till she smiles," said Gordon.

"I don't think I saw her smile—at least, not at me, directly. I hope she will!" Longueville went on. "But who is she—this beautiful girl with the beautiful name?"

"She is her mother's daughter," said Gordon Wright. "I don't really know a great deal more about her than that."

"And who is her mother?"

"A delightful little woman, devoted to Miss Vivian. She's a widow, and Angela is her only child. They have lived a great deal in Europe; they have but a modest income. Over here, Mrs. Vivian says, they can get a lot of things for their money that

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they can't get at home. So they stay, you see. When they are at home they live in New York. They know some of my people there. When they're in Europe they live about in different places. They are fond of Italy. They are extremely nice; it's impossible to be nicer. They are very fond of books, fond of music, and art, and all that. They always read in the morning. They only come out rather late in the day."

"I see they are very superior people," said Bernard. "And little Miss Evers—what does she do in the morning? I know what she does in the evening!"

"I don't know what her regular habits are. I haven't paid much attention to her. She is very pretty."

"*Wunderschön!*" said Bernard. "But you were certainly talking to her last evening."

"Of course I talk to her sometimes. She is totally different from Angela Vivian—not nearly so cultivated; but she seems very charming."

"A little silly, eh?" Bernard suggested.

"She certainly is not so wise as Miss Vivian."

"That would be too much to ask, eh? But the Vivians, as kind as they are wise, have taken her under their protection."

"Yes," said Gordon, "they are to keep her another month or two. Her mother has gone to Franzensbad, which I believe is thought a dull place for a young girl; so that, as they were coming here, they offered to bring her with them. Mrs. Evers is an old friend of Mrs. Vivian, who, on leaving Italy, had come up to Dresden to be with her. They spent a month there together. Mrs. Evers had been there since the winter. I think Mrs. Vivian really came to Baden-Baden—she would have preferred a less expensive place—to bring Blanche Evers. Her mother wanted her so much to come."

"And was it for her sake that Captain Lovelock came, too?" Bernard asked.

Gordon Wright stared a moment.

"I'm sure I don't know!"

"Of course you can't be interested in that," said Bernard smiling. "Who is Captain Lovelock?"

"He's an Englishman. I believe he is what's called aristocratically connected,—the younger brother of a lord. or something of that sort."

"Is he a clever man?"

"I haven't talked with him much, but I doubt it. He is rather rakish; he plays a great deal."

"But is that considered here a proof of rakishness?" asked Bernard. "Haven't you played a little yourself?"

Gordon hesitated a moment.

"Yes, I have played a little. I wanted to try some experiments. I had made some arithmetical calculations of probabilities, which I wished to test."

Bernard gave a long laugh.

"I am delighted with the reasons you give for amusing yourself! Arithmetical calculations!"

"I assure you they are the real reasons!" said Gordon, blushing a little.

"That's just the beauty of it. You were not afraid of being 'drawn in,' as little Miss Evers says?"

"I am never drawn in, whatever the thing may be. I go in, or I stay out; but I am not drawn," said Gordon Wright.

"You were not drawn into coming with Mrs. Vivian and her daughter from Dresden to this place?"

"I didn't come with them; I came a week later."

"My dear fellow," said Bernard, "that distinction is unworthy of your habitual candor."

"Well, I was not fascinated; I was not overmastered. I wanted to come to Baden."

"I have no doubt you did. Had you become very intimate with your friends in Dresden?"

"I had only seen them three times."

"After which you followed them to this place? Ah, don't say you were not fascinated!" cried Bernard, laughing and springing to his feet.

That evening, in the gardens of the Kursaal, he renewed acquaintance with Angela Vivian. Her mother came, as usual, to sit and listen to the music, accompanied by Blanche Evers, who was in turn attended by Captain Lovelock. This little party found privacy in the crowd; they seated themselves in a quiet corner in an angle of one of the barriers of the terrace, while the movement of the brilliant Baden world went on around them. Gordon Wright engaged in conversation with Mrs. Vivian, while Bernard enjoyed an interview with her daughter. This young lady continued to ignore the fact of their previous meeting, and our hero said to himself that all he wished was to know what she preferred—he would rigidly conform to it. He conformed to her present programme; he had ventured to pronounce the word Siena the evening before, but he was careful not to pronounce

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it again. She had her reasons for her own reserve; he wondered what they were, and it gave him a certain pleasure to wonder. He enjoyed the consciousness of their having a secret together, and it became a kind of entertaining suspense to see how long she would continue to keep it. For himself, he was in no hurry to let the daylight in; the little incident at Siena had been, in itself, a charming affair; but Miss Vivian's present attitude gave it a sort of mystic consecration. He thought she carried it off very well—the theory that she had not seen him before; last evening she had been slightly confused, but now she was as self-possessed as if the line she had taken were a matter of conscience. Why should it be a matter of conscience? Was she in love with Gordon Wright, and did she wish, in consequence, to forget—and wish him not to suspect—that she had ever received an expression of admiration from another man? This was not likely; it was not likely, at least, that Miss Vivian wished to pass for a prodigy of innocence; for if to be admired is to pay a tribute to corruption, it was perfectly obvious that so handsome a girl must have tasted of the tree of knowledge. As for her being in love with Gordon Wright, that of course was another affair, and Bernard did not pretend, as yet, to have an opinion on this point, beyond hoping very much that she might be.

He was not wrong in the impression of her good looks that he had carried away from the short interview at Siena. She had a charmingly chiseled face, with a free, pure outline, a clear, fair complexion, and the eyes and hair of a dusky beauty. Her features had a firmness which suggested tranquillity, and yet her expression was light and quick, a combination—or a contradiction—which gave an original stamp to her beauty. Bernard remembered that he had thought it a trifle "bold"; but he now perceived that this had been a rather vulgar misreading of her dark, direct, observant eye. The eye was a charming one; Bernard discovered in it, little by little, all sorts of things; and Miss Vivian was, for the present, simply a handsome, intelligent, smiling girl. He gave her an opportunity to make an allusion to Siena; he said to her that his friend told him that she and her mother had been spending the winter in Italy.

"Oh yes," said Angela Vivian; "we were in the far south; we were five months at Sorrento."

"And nowhere else?"

"We spent a few days in Rome. We usually prefer the quiet places; that is my mother's taste."

"It was not your mother's taste, then," said Bernard, "that brought you to Baden-Baden?"

She looked at him a moment.

"You mean that Baden-Baden is not quiet?"

Longueville glanced about at the moving, murmuring crowd, at the lighted windows of the Conversation-house, at the great orchestra perched up in its pagoda.

"This is not my idea of absolute tranquillity."

"Nor mine, either," said Miss Vivian. "I am not fond of absolute tranquillity."

"How do you arrange it, then, with your mother?"

Again she looked at him a moment, with her clever, slightly mocking smile.

"As you see. By making her come where I wish."

"You have a strong will," said Bernard. "I see that."

"No, I have simply a weak mother. But I make sacrifices too, sometimes."

"What do you call sacrifices?"

"Well, spending the winter at Sorrento."

Bernard began to laugh, and then he told her she must have had a very happy life—"to call a winter at Sorrento a sacrifice."

"It depends upon what one gives up," said Miss Vivian.

"What did you give up?"

She touched him with her mocking smile again.

"That is not a very civil question, asked in that way."

"You mean that I seem to doubt your abnegation?"

"You seem to insinuate that I had nothing to renounce. I gave up—I gave up ——" and she looked about her, considering a little—"I gave up society."

"I am glad you remember what it was," said Bernard. "If I have seemed uncivil, let me make it up. When a woman speaks of giving up society, what she means is giving up admiration. You can never have given up that—you can never have escaped from it. You must have found it even at Sorrento."

"It may have been there, but I never found it. It was very respectful—it never expressed itself."

"That is the deepest kind," said Bernard.

"I prefer the shallower varieties," the young girl answered.

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"Well," said Bernard, "you must remember that although shallow admiration expresses itself, all the admiration that expresses itself is not shallow."

Miss Vivian hesitated a moment.

"Some of it is impertinent," she said, looking straight at him, rather gravely.

Bernard hesitated about as long.

"When it is impertinent it is shallow. That comes to the same thing."

The young girl frowned a little.

"I'm not sure that I understand—I am rather stupid. But you see how right I am in my taste for such places as this. I have to come here to hear such ingenious remarks."

"You should add that my coming, as well, has something to do with it."

"Everything!" said Miss Vivian.

"Everything? Does no one else make ingenious remarks? Doesn't my friend Wright?"

"Mr. Wright says excellent things, but I should not exactly call them ingenious remarks."

"It is not what Wright says; it's what he does. That's the charm!" said Bernard.

His companion was silent for a moment. "That's not usually a charm; good conduct is not thought pleasing."

"It surely is not thought the reverse!" Bernard exclaimed.

"It doesn't rank—in the opinion of most people—among the things that make men agreeable."

"It depends upon what you call agreeable."

"Exactly so," said Miss Vivian. "It all depends on that."

"But the agreeable," Bernard went on —"it isn't after all, fortunately, such a subtle idea! The world certainly is agreed to think that virtue is a beautiful thing."

Miss Vivian dropped her eyes a moment, and then, looking up,

"Is it a charm?" she asked.

"For me there is no charm without it," Bernard declared.

"I am afraid that for me there is," said the young girl.

Bernard was puzzled,—he who was not often puzzled. His companion struck him as altogether too clever to be likely to indulge in a silly affectation of cynicism. And yet, without this, how could one account for her sneering at virtue?

"You talk as if you had sounded the depths of vice!" he said, laughing. "What do you know about other than virtuous charms?"

"I know, of course, nothing about vice; but I have known virtue when it was very tiresome."

"Ah, then it was a poor affair. It was poor virtue. The best virtue is never tiresome."

Miss Vivian looked at him a little, with her fine discriminating eye.

"What a dreadful thing to have to think any virtue poor!"

This was a touching reflection, and it might have gone further had not the conversation been interrupted by Mrs. Vivian's appealing to her daughter to aid a defective recollection of a story about a Spanish family they had met at Biarritz, with which she had undertaken to entertain Gordon Wright. After this, the little circle was joined by a party of American friends who were spending a week at Baden, and the conversation became general. But on the following evening, Bernard again found himself seated in friendly colloquy with this interesting girl, while Gordon Wright discoursed with her mother on one side, and little Blanche Evers chattered to the admiring eyes of Captain Lovelock on the other.

"You and your mother are very kind to that little girl," our hero said; "you must be a great advantage to her."

Angela Vivian directed her eyes to her neighbors, and let them rest a while on the young girl's little fidgeting figure and her fresh, coquettish face. For some moments she said nothing, and to Longueville, turning over several things in his mind, and watching her, it seemed that her glance was one of disfavor. He divined, he scarcely knew how, that her esteem for her pretty companion was small.

"I don't know that I am very kind," said Miss Vivian. "I have done nothing in particular for her."

"Mr. Wright tells me you came to this place mainly on her account."

"I came for myself," said Miss Vivian. "The consideration you speak of perhaps had weight with my mother."

"You are not an easy person to say appreciative things to," Bernard rejoined. "One is tempted to say them; but you don't take them."

The young girl colored as she listened to this observation.

"I don't think you know," she murmured, looking away. Then, "Set it down to modesty," she added.

"That, of course, is what I have done. To what else could one possibly attribute an indifference to compliments?"

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"There is something else. One might be proud."

"There you are again!" Bernard exclaimed. "You wont even let me praise your modesty."

"I would rather you should rebuke my pride."

"That is so humble a speech that it leaves no room for rebuke."

For a moment Miss Vivian said nothing.

"Men are singularly base," she declared presently, with a little smile. "They don't care in the least to say things that might help a person. They only care to say things that may seem effective and agreeable."

"I see: you think that to say agreeable things is a great misdemeanor."

"It comes from their vanity," Miss Vivian went on, as if she had not heard him. "They wish to appear agreeable and get credit for cleverness and *tendresse*, no matter how silly it would be for another person to believe them."

Bernard was a good deal amused and a little nettled.

"Women, then," he said, "have rather a fondness for producing a bad impression—they like to appear disagreeable?"

His companion bent her eyes upon her fan for a moment as she opened and closed it.

"They are capable of resigning themselves to it—for a purpose."

Longueville was moved to extreme merriment.

"For what purpose?"

"I don't know that I mean for a purpose," said Miss Vivian, "but for a necessity."

"Ah, what an odious necessity!"

"Necessities usually are odious. But women meet them. Men evade them and shirk them."

"I contest your proposition. Women are themselves necessities; but they are not odious ones!" And Bernard added, in a moment, "One couldn't evade them, if they were!"

"I object to being called a necessity," said Angela Vivian. "It diminishes one's merit."

"Ah, but it enhances the charm of life!"

"For men, doubtless!"

"The charm of life is very great," Bernard went on, looking up at the dusky hills and the summer stars, seen through a sort of mist of music and talk, and of powdery light projected from the softly lurid windows of the gaming-rooms. "The charm of life is extreme. I am unacquainted with odious necessities. I object to nothing!"

Angela Vivian looked about her as he had done—looked perhaps a moment longer at the summer stars; and if she had not already proved herself a young lady of a contradictory turn, it might have been supposed she was just then tacitly admitting the charm of life to be considerable.

"Do you suppose Miss Evers often resigns herself to being disagreeable—for a purpose?" asked Longueville, who had glanced at Captain Lovelock's charmer again.

"She can't be disagreeable; she is too gentle, too soft."

"Do you mean too silly?"

"I don't know that I call her silly. She is not very wise; but she has no pretensions—absolutely none—so that one is not struck with anything incongruous."

"What a terrible description! I suppose one ought to have a few pretensions."

"You see," said Miss Vivian, "one comes off more easily without them."

"Do you call that coming off easily?"

She looked at him a moment gravely.

"I am very fond of Blanche," she said.

"Captain Lovelock is rather fond of her," Longueville went on.

Miss Vivian assented.

"He is completely fascinated—he is very much in love with her."

"And do they mean to make an international match?"

"I hope not; my mother and I are greatly troubled."

"Isn't he a good fellow?"

"He is a good fellow; but he's a mere trifler. He hasn't a penny, I believe, and he has very expensive habits. He gambles a great deal. We don't know what to do."

"You should send for the young lady's mother."

"We have written to her pressingly. She answers that Blanche can take care of herself, and that she must stay at Franzensbad to finish her cure. She has just begun a new one."

"Ah well," said Bernard, "doubtless Blanche can take care of herself."

For a moment his companion said nothing; then she exclaimed:

"It's what a girl ought to be able to do!"

"I am sure you are!" said Bernard.

She met his eyes, and she was going to make some rejoinder; but before she had time to speak, her mother's little, clear, conciliatory voice interposed. Mrs. Vivian appealed to her daughter, as she had done the night before.

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"Dear Angela, what was the name of the gentleman who delivered that delightful course of lectures that we heard in Geneva, on—what was the title?—'The Redeeming Features of the Pagan Morality.'"

Angela flushed a little.

"I have quite forgotten his name, mamma," she said, without looking round.

"Come and sit by me, my dear, and we will talk them over. I wish Mr. Wright to hear about them," Mrs. Vivian went on.

"Do you wish to convert him to paganism?" Bernard asked.

"The lectures were very dull; they had no redeeming features," said Angela, getting up, but turning away from her mother. She stood looking at Bernard Longueville; he saw she was annoyed at her mother's interference. "Every evening," she said, "I take a turn through the gaming-rooms. The last time, Captain Lovelock went with me. Will you come to-night?"

Bernard assented with expressive alacrity; he was charmed with her not wishing to break off her conversation with him.

"Ah, we'll all go!" said Mrs. Vivian, who had been listening, and she invited the others to accompany her to the Kursaal.

They left their places, but Angela went first, with Bernard Longueville by her side; and the idea of her having publicly braved her mother, as it were, for the sake of his society, lent for the moment an almost ecstatic energy to his tread. If he had been tempted to presume upon his triumph, however, he would have found a check in the fact that the young girl herself tasted very soberly of the sweets of defiance. She was silent and grave; she had a manner which took the edge from the wantonness of filial independence. Yet, for all this, Bernard was pleased with his position; and, as he walked with her through the lighted and crowded rooms, where they soon detached themselves from their companions, he felt that peculiar satisfaction which best expresses itself in silence. Angela looked a while at the rows of still, attentive faces, fixed upon the luminous green circle, across which little heaps of napoleons were being pushed to and fro, and she continued to say nothing. Then at last she exclaimed simply, "Come away!" They turned away and passed into another chamber, in which there was no gambling. It was an immense apartment, apparently a ball-room; but at present it was quite unoccupied. There were green velvet benches all around it, and a great polished floor stretched away, shining in the light of chandeliers adorned with innumerable glass drops. Miss Vivian stood a moment on the threshold; then she passed in, and they stopped in the middle of the place, facing each other, and with their figures reflected as if they had been standing upon a sheet of ice. There was no one in the room; they were entirely alone.

"Why don't you recognize me?" Bernard murmured quickly.

"Recognize you?"

"Why do you seem to forget our meeting at Siena?"

She might have answered if she had answered immediately; but she hesitated, and while she did so something happened at the other end of the room which caused her to shift her glance. A green velvet *portière* suspended in one of the door-ways—not that through which our friends had passed—was lifted, and Gordon Wright stood there, holding it up, and looking at them. His companions were behind him.

"Ah, here they are!" cried Gordon, in his loud, clear voice.

This appeared to strike Angela Vivian as an interruption, and Bernard saw the incident very much in the same light.

CHAPTER IV.

He forbore to ask her his question again—she might tell him at her convenience. But the days passed by, and she never told him—she had her own reasons. Bernard talked with her very often; conversation formed indeed the chief entertainment of the quiet little circle of which he was a member. They sat on the terrace and talked in the mingled starlight and lamplight, and they strolled in the deep green forests and wound along the side of the gentle Baden hills, under the influence of colloquial tendencies. The Black Forest is a country of almost unbroken shade, and in the still days of midsummer the whole place was covered with a motionless canopy of verdure. Our friends were not extravagant or audacious people, and they looked at Baden life very much from the outside—they sat aloof from the brightly lighted drama of professional revelry. Among themselves as well, however, a little drama went forward in which each member of the company had a part to play. Bernard Longueville had been surprised at first at what he would have called the approachableness of Miss Angela Vivian,—at the frequency with which he encountered opportunities for sitting near her and entering into conversation. He had expected

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that Gordon Wright would deem himself to have established an anticipatory claim upon the young lady's attention, and that, in pursuance of this claim, he would occupy a recognized place at her side. Gordon was, after all, wooing her. It was very natural he should seek her society; in fact, he was never very far off, but Bernard, for three or four days, had the anomalous consciousness of being still nearer. Presently, however, he perceived that he owed this privilege simply to his friend's desire that he should become acquainted with Miss Vivian—should receive a vivid impression of a person in whom Gordon was so deeply interested. After this result might have been supposed to be attained, Gordon Wright stepped back into his usual place and showed her those small civilities which were the only homage that the quiet conditions of their life rendered possible—walked with her, talked with her, brought her a book to read, a chair to sit upon, a couple of flowers to place in the bosom of her gown, treated her, in a word, with a sober but by no means inexpressive gallantry. He had not been making violent love, as he told Longueville, and these demonstrations were certainly not violent. Bernard said to himself that if he were not in the secret, a spectator would scarcely make the discovery that Gordon cherished an even very safely tended flame. Angela Vivian, on her side, was not strikingly responsive. There was nothing in her deportment to indicate that she was in love with her systematic suitor. She was perfectly gracious and civil. She smiled in his face when he shook hands with her; she looked at him and listened when he talked; she let him stroll beside her in the Lichtenthal Alley; she read, or appeared to read, the books he lent her, and she decorated herself with the flowers he offered. She seemed neither bored nor embarrassed, neither irritated nor oppressed. But it was Bernard's belief that she took no more pleasure in his attentions than a pretty girl must always take in any recognition of her charms. "If she's not indifferent," he said to himself, "she is, at any rate, impartial—profoundly impartial."

It was not till the end of a week that Gordon Wright told him exactly how his business stood with Miss Vivian and what he had reason to expect and hope—a week during which their relations had been of the happiest and most comfortable cast, and during which Bernard, rejoicing in their long walks and talks, in the charming weather, in the beauty and entertainment of the place, and in other things besides, had not ceased to congratulate himself on coming to Baden. Bernard, after the first day, had asked his friend no questions. He had a great respect for opportunity, coming either to others or to himself, and he left Gordon to turn his lantern as fitfully as might be upon the subject which was tacitly open between them, but of which as yet only the mere edges had emerged into light. Gordon, on his side, seemed content for the moment with having his clever friend under his hand; he reserved him for final appeal or for some other mysterious use.

"You can't tell me you don't know her now," he said, one evening as the two young men strolled along the Lichtenthal Alley—"now that you have had a whole week's observation of her."

"What's a week's observation of a singularly clever and complicated woman?" Bernard asked.

"Ah, your week has been of some use. You have found out she is complicated!" Gordon rejoined.

"My dear Gordon," Longueville exclaimed, "I don't see what it signifies to you that I should find Miss Vivian out! When a man's in love, what need he care what other people think of the loved object?"

"It would certainly be a pity to care too much. But there is some excuse for him in the loved object being, as you say, complicated."

"Nonsense! That's no excuse. The loved object is always complicated."

Gordon walked on in silence a moment.

"Well, then, I don't care a button what you think!"

"Bravo! That's the way a man should talk," cried Longueville.

Gordon indulged in another fit of meditation, and then he said:

"Now that leaves you at liberty to say what you please."

"Ah, my dear fellow, you are ridiculous!" said Bernard.

"That's precisely what I want you to say," declared his companion. "You always think me too reasonable."

"Well, I go back to my first assertion. I don't know Miss Vivian—I mean I don't know her to have opinions about her. I don't suppose you wish me to string you off a dozen mere *banalités*—'She's a charming girl—evidently a superior person—has a great deal of style.'"

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"Oh no," said Gordon; "I know all that. But, at any rate," he added, "you like her, eh?"

"I do more," said Longueville. "I admire her."

"Is that doing more?" asked Gordon, reflectively.

"Well, the greater, whichever it is, includes the less."

"You wont commit yourself," said Gordon. "My dear Bernard," he added, "I thought you knew such an immense deal about women!"

Gordon Wright was of so kindly and candid a nature that it is hardly conceivable that this remark should have been framed to make Bernard commit himself by putting him on his mettle. Such a view would imply indeed on Gordon's part a greater familiarity with the uses of irony than he had ever possessed, as well as a livelier conviction of the irritable nature of his friend's vanity. In fact, however, it may be confided to the reader that Bernard was pricked in a tender place, though the resentment of vanity was not visible in his answer.

"You were quite wrong," he simply said.

"I am as ignorant of women as a monk in his cloister."

"You try to prove too much. You don't think her sympathetic!" And as regards this last remark, Gordon Wright must be credited with a certain ironical impulse.

Bernard stopped, impatiently.

"I ask you again, what does it matter to you what I think of her?"

"It matters in this sense—that she has refused me."

"Refused you? Then it is all over, and nothing matters."

"No, it isn't over," said Gordon, with a positive head-shake. "Don't you see it isn't over?"

Bernard smiled, laid his hand on his friend's shoulder and patted it a little.

"Your attitude might almost pass for that of resignation."

"I'm not resigned!" said Gordon Wright.

"Of course not. But when were you refused?"

Gordon stood a minute with his eyes fixed on the ground. Then, at last looking up,

"Three weeks ago,—a fortnight before you came. But let us walk along," he said, "and I will tell you all about it."

"I proposed to her three weeks ago," said Gordon, as they walked along. "My heart was very much set upon it. I was very hard hit—I was deeply smitten. She had been very kind to me—she had been charming—I thought she liked me. Then I thought her mother was pleased, and would have liked it. Mrs. Vivian, in fact, told me as much; for of course I spoke to her first. Well, Angela does like me—or at least she did—and I see no reason to suppose she has changed. Only she didn't like me enough. She said the friendliest and pleasantest things to me, but she thought that she knew me too little, and that I knew her even less. She made a great point of that—that I had no right, as yet, to trust her. I told her that if she would trust me, I was perfectly willing to trust her; but she answered that this was poor reasoning. She said that I was trustworthy and that she was not, and—in short, all sorts of nonsense. She abused herself roundly—accused herself of no end of defects."

"What defects, for instance?"

"Oh, I haven't remembered them. She said she had a bad temper—that she led her mother a dreadful life. Now, poor Mrs. Vivian says she is an angel."

"Ah yes," Bernard observed: "Mrs. Vivian says that, very freely."

"Angela declared that she was jealous, ungenerous, unforgiving—all sorts of things. I remember she said 'I'm very false,' and I think she remarked that she was cruel."

"But this didn't put you off," said Bernard.

"Not at all. She was making up."

"She makes up very well," Bernard exclaimed, laughing.

"Do you call that well?"

"I mean it was very clever."

"It was not clever from the point of view of wishing to discourage me."

"Possibly. But I am sure," said Bernard, "that if I had been present at your interview—excuse the impudence of the hypothesis,—I should have been struck with the young lady's——" and he paused a moment.

"With her what?"

"With her ability."

"Well, her ability was not sufficient to induce me to give up my idea. She told me that after I had known her six months I should detest her."

"I have no doubt she could make you do it if she should try. That's what I mean by her ability."

"She calls herself cruel," said Gordon, "but she has not had the cruelty to try. She has been very reasonable—she has been perfect. I agreed with her that I would

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drop the subject for a while, and that meanwhile we should be good friends. We should take time to know each other better and act in accordance with further knowledge. There was no hurry, since we trusted each other—wrong as my trust might be. She had no wish that I should go away. I was not in the least disagreeable to her; she liked me extremely, and I was perfectly free to try and please her. Only I should drop my proposal, and be free to take it up again or leave it alone, later, as I should choose. If she felt differently then, I should have the benefit of it, and if I myself felt differently, I should also have the benefit of it."

"That's a very comfortable arrangement. And that's your present situation?" asked Bernard.

Gordon hesitated a moment.

"More or less, but not exactly."

"Miss Vivian feels differently?" said Bernard.

"Not that I know of."

Gordon's companion, with a laugh, clapped him on the shoulder again.

"Admirable youth, you're a capital match!"

"Are you alluding to my money?"

"To your money and to your modesty. There is as much of one as of the other—which is saying a great deal."

"Well," said Gordon, "in spite of that enviable combination, I am not happy."

"I thought you seemed pensive," Bernard exclaimed. "It's you, then, who feel differently."

Gordon gave a sigh.

"To say that is to say too much."

"What shall we say, then?" his companion asked, kindly.

Gordon stopped again; he stood there looking up at a certain particularly lustrous star which twinkled—the night was cloudy—in an open patch of sky, and the vague brightness shone down on his honest and serious visage.

"I don't understand her," he said.

"Oh, I'll say that with you any day!" cried Bernard. "I can't help you there."

"You *must* help me," and Gordon Wright deserted his star. "You must keep me in good humor."

"Please to walk on, then. I don't in the least pity you; she is very charming with you."

"True enough; but insisting on that is not the way to keep me in good humor—when I feel as I do."

"How is it you feel?"

"Puzzled to death—bewildered—depressed!"

This was but the beginning of Gordon Wright's list; he went on to say that though he "thought as highly" of Miss Vivian as he had ever done, he felt less at his ease with her than in the first weeks of our acquaintance, and this condition made him uncomfortable and unhappy.

"I don't know what's the matter," said poor Wright. "I don't know what has come between us. It isn't her fault—I don't make her responsible for it. I began to notice it about a fortnight ago—before you came; shortly after that talk I had with her that I have just described to you. Her manner hasn't changed and I have no reason to suppose that she likes me any the less; but she makes a strange impression on me—she makes me uneasy. It's only her nature coming out, I suppose—what you might call her originality. She's thoroughly original—she's a kind of mysterious creature. I suppose that what I feel is a sort of fascination; but that is just what I don't like. Hang it, I don't want to be fascinated—I object to being fascinated!"

This little story had taken some time in the telling, so that the two young men had now reached their hotel.

"Ah, my dear Gordon," said Bernard, "we speak a different language. If you don't want to be fascinated, what is one to say to you? 'Object to being fascinated!' There's a man easy to satisfy! *Raffiné, va!*"

"Well, see here now," said Gordon, stopping in the door-way of the inn, "when it comes to the point, do you like it yourself?"

"When it comes to the point?" Bernard exclaimed. "I assure you I don't wait till then. I like the beginning—I delight in the approach of it—I revel in the prospect."

"That's just what I did. But now that the thing has come—I don't revel. To be fascinated is to be mystified. Damn it, I like my liberty—I like my judgment!"

"So do I—like yours," said Bernard, laughing, as they took their bedroom candles.

Bernard talked of this matter rather theoretically, inasmuch as to his own sense, he was in a state neither of incipient nor absorbed fascination. He got on very easily, however, with Angela Vivian, and felt none of the mysterious discomfort alluded to by his friend. The element of mystery attached itself rather to the young lady's mother, who gave him the impression

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that for undiscoverable reasons she avoided his society. He regretted her evasive deportment, for he found something agreeable in this shy and scrupulous little woman, who struck him as a curious specimen of a society of which he had once been very fond. He learned that she was of old New England stock, but he had not needed this information to perceive that Mrs. Vivian was animated by the genius of Boston. "She has the Boston temperament," he said, using a phrase with which he had become familiar and which evoked a train of associations. But then he immediately added that if Mrs. Vivian was a daughter of the Puritans, the Puritan strain in her disposition had been mingled with another element. "It is the Boston temperament sophisticated," he said; "perverted a little —perhaps even corrupted. It is the local east-wind with an infusion from climates less tonic." It seemed to him that Mrs. Vivian was a Puritan grown worldly—a Bostonian relaxed; and this impression, oddly enough, contributed to his wish to know more of her. He felt like going up to her very politely and saying, "Dear lady and most honored compatriot, what in the world have I done to displease you? You don't approve of me, and I am dying to know the reason why. I should be so happy to exert myself to be agreeable to you. It's no use; you give me the cold shoulder. When I speak to you, you look the other way; it is only when I speak to your daughter that you look at me. It is true that at those times you look at me very hard, and if I am not greatly mistaken, you are not gratified by what you see. You count the words I address to your beautiful Angela—you time our harmless little interviews. You interrupt them indeed whenever you can; you call her away —you appeal to her; you cut across the conversation. You are always maneuvering to keep us apart. Why can't you leave me alone? I assure you I am the most innocent of men. Your beautiful Angela can't possibly be injured by my conversation, and I have no designs whatever upon her peace of mind. What on earth have I done to offend you?"

These observations Bernard Longueville was disposed to make, and one afternoon, the opportunity offering, they rose to his lips and came very near passing them. In fact, however, at the last moment his eloquence took another turn. It was the custom of the orchestra at the Kursaal to play in the afternoon, and as the music was often good, a great many people assembled under the trees, at three o'clock, to listen to it. This was not, as a regular thing, an hour of re-union for the little group in whom we are especially interested; Miss Vivian, in particular, unless an excursion of some sort had been agreed upon the day before, was usually not to be seen in the precincts of the Conversation-house until the evening. Bernard, one afternoon, at three o'clock, directed his steps to this small world-center of Baden, and, passing along the terrace, soon encountered little Blanche Evers strolling there under a pink parasol and accompanied by Captain Lovelock. This young lady was always extremely sociable; it was quite in accordance with her habitual geniality that she should stop and say how d'ye do to our hero.

"Mr. Longueville is growing very frivolous," she said, "coming to the Kursaal at all sorts of hours."

"There is nothing frivolous in coming here with the hope of finding you," the young man answered. "That is very serious."

"It would be more serious to lose Miss Evers than to find her," remarked Captain Lovelock, with gallant jocosity.

"I wish you would lose me!" cried the young girl. "I think I should like to be lost. I might have all kinds of adventures."

"*Je crois bien!*" said Captain Lovelock, hilariously.

"Oh, I should find my way. I can take care of myself!" Blanche went on.

"Mrs. Vivian doesn't think so," said Bernard, who had just perceived this lady, seated under a tree with a book, over the top of which she was observing her pretty *protégée*. Blanche looked toward her and gave her a little nod and a smile. Then chattering on to the young men:

"She's awfully careful. I never saw any one so careful. But I suppose she is right. She promised my mother she would be tremendously particular; but I don't know what she thinks I would do."

"That isn't flattering to me," said Captain Lovelock. "Mrs. Vivian doesn't approve of me—she wishes me in Jamaica. What does she think me capable of?"

"And me, now?" Bernard asked. "She likes me least of all, and I, on my side, think she's so nice."

"Can't say I'm very sweet on her," said the captain. "She strikes me as feline."

Blanche Evers gave a little cry of horror.

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"Stop, sir, this instant! I wont have you talk that way about a lady who has been so kind to me."

"She isn't so kind to you. She would like to lock you up where I can never see you."

"I'm sure I shouldn't mind that!" cried the young girl, with a little laugh and a toss of her head. "Mrs. Vivian has the most perfect character—that's why my mother wanted me to come with her. And if she promised my mother she would be careful, isn't she right to keep her promise? She's a great deal more careful than mamma ever was, and that's just what mamma wanted. She would never take the trouble herself. And then she was always scolding me. Mrs. Vivian never scolds me. She only watches me, but I don't mind that."

"I wish she would watch you a little less and scold you a little more," said Captain Lovelock.

"I have no doubt you wish a great many horrid things," his companion rejoined, with delightful asperity.

"Ah, unfortunately I never have anything I wish!" sighed Lovelock.

"Your wishes must be comprehensive," said Bernard. "It seems to me you have a good deal."

The Englishman gave a shrug.

"It's less than you might think. She is watching us more furiously than ever," he added, in a moment, looking at Mrs. Vivian. "Mr. Gordon Wright is the only man she likes. She is awfully fond of Mr. Gordon Wright."

"Ah, Mrs. Vivian shows her wisdom!" said Bernard.

"He is certainly very handsome," murmured Blanche Evers, glancing several times, with a very pretty aggressiveness, at Captain Lovelock. "I must say I like Mr. Gordon Wright. Why in the world did you come here without him?" she went on, addressing herself to Bernard. "You two are so awfully inseparable. I don't think I ever saw you alone before."

"Oh, I have often seen Mr. Gordon Wright alone," said Captain Lovelock,—"that is, alone with Miss Vivian. That's what the old lady likes; she can't have too much of that."

The young girl, poised for an instant in one of her pretty attitudes, looked at him from head to foot.

"Well, I call that scandalous! Do you mean that she wants to make a match?"

"I mean that the gentleman has six thousand a year."

"It's no matter what he has—six thousand a year isn't much! And we don't do things in that way in our country. We haven't those horrid match-making arrangements that you have in your dreadful country. American mothers are not like English mothers."

"Oh, any one can see, of course," said Captain Lovelock, "that Mr. Gordon Wright is dying of love for Miss Vivian."

"I can't see it!" cried Blanche.

"He dies easier than I, eh?"

"I wish you would die!" said Blanche. "At any rate, Angela is not dying of love for Mr. Wright."

"Well, she will marry him all the same," Lovelock declared.

Blanche Evers glanced at Bernard.

"Why don't you contradict that?" she asked. "Why don't you speak up for your friend?"

"I am quite ready to speak for my friend," said Bernard, "but I am not ready to speak for Miss Vivian."

"Well, I am," Blanche declared. "She wont marry him."

"If she doesn't, I'll eat my hat!" said Captain Lovelock. "What do you mean," he went on, "by saying that in America a pretty girl's mother doesn't care for a young fellow's property?"

"Well, they don't—we consider that dreadful. Why don't you say so, Mr. Longueville?" Blanche demanded. "I never saw any one take things so quietly. Haven't you got any patriotism?"

"My patriotism is modified by an indisposition to generalize," said Bernard, laughing. "On this point permit me not to generalize. I am interested in the particular case—in ascertaining whether Mrs. Vivian thinks very often of Gordon Wright's income."

Miss Evers gave a little toss of disgust.

"If you are so awfully impartial, you had better go and ask her."

"That's a good idea—I think I will go and ask her," said Bernard.

Captain Lovelock returned to his argument.

"Do you mean to say that your mother would be indifferent to the fact that I haven't a shilling in the world?"

"Indifferent?" Blanche demanded. "Oh no, she would be sorry for you. She is very charitable—she would give you a shilling!"

"She wouldn't let you marry me," said Lovelock.

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"She wouldn't have much trouble to prevent it!" cried the young girl.

Bernard had had enough of this delicate play of wit.

"Yes, I will go and ask Mrs. Vivian," he repeated. And he left his companions to resume their walk.

It had seemed to him a good idea to interrogate Mrs. Vivian; but there are a great many good ideas that are never put into execution. As he approached her with a smile and a salutation, and, with the air of asking leave to take a liberty, seated himself in the empty chair beside her, he felt a humorous relish of her own probable dismay which relaxed the investigating impulse. His impulse was now simply to prove to her that he was the most unobjectionable fellow in the world—a proposition which resolved itself into several ingenious observations upon the weather, the music, the charms and the drawbacks of Baden, the merits of the volume that she held in her lap. If Mrs. Vivian should be annoyed, should be fluttered, Bernard would feel very sorry for her; there was nothing in the world that he respected more than the moral consciousness of a little Boston woman whose view of life was serious and whose imagination was subject to alarms. He held it to be a temple of delicacy, where one should walk on tiptoe, and he wished to exhibit to Mrs. Vivian the possible lightness of his own step. She herself was incapable of being rude or ungracious, and now that she was fairly confronted with the plausible object of her mistrust, she composed herself to her usual attitude of refined liberality. Her book was a volume of Victor Cousin.

"You must have an extraordinary power of abstracting your mind," Bernard said to her, observing it. "Studying philosophy at the Baden Kursaal strikes me as a real intellectual feat."

"Don't you think we need a little philosophy here?"

"By all means—what we bring with us. But I shouldn't attempt the use of the text-book on the spot."

"You shouldn't speak of yourself as if you were not clever," said Mrs. Vivian. "Every one says you are so very clever."

Longueville stared; there was an unexpectedness in the speech and an incongruity in Mrs. Vivian's beginning to flatter him. He needed to remind himself that if she was a Bostonian, she was a Bostonian perverted.

"Ah, my dear madam, every one is no one," he said, laughing.

"It was Mr. Wright, in particular," she rejoined. "He has always told us that."

"He is blinded by friendship."

"Ah yes, we know about your friendship," said Mrs. Vivian. "He has told us about that."

"You are making him out a terrible talker!" Bernard exclaimed.

"We think he talks so well—we are so very fond of his conversation."

"It's usually excellent," said Bernard. "But it depends a good deal on the subject."

"Oh," rejoined Mrs. Vivian, "we always let him choose his subjects." And dropping her eyes as if in sudden reflection, she began to smooth down the crumpled corner of her volume.

It occurred to Bernard that—by some mysterious impulse—she was suddenly presenting him with a chance to ask her the question that Blanche Evers had just suggested. Two or three other things as well occurred to him. Captain Lovelock had been struck with the fact that she favored Gordon Wright's addresses to her daughter, and Captain Lovelock had a grotesque theory that she had set her heart upon seeing this young lady come into six thousand a year. Miss Evers's devoted swain had never struck Bernard as a brilliant reasoner, but our friend suddenly found himself regarding him as one of the inspired. The form of depravity into which the New England conscience had lapsed on Mrs. Vivian's part was an undue appreciation of a possible son-in-law's income! In this illuminating discovery everything else became clear. Mrs. Vivian disliked her humble servant because he had not thirty thousand dollars a year, and because at a moment when it was Angela's prime duty to concentrate her thoughts upon Gordon Wright's great advantages, a clever young man of paltry fortune was a superfluous diversion.

"When you say clever, everything is relative," he presently observed. "Now, there is Captain Lovelock; he has a certain kind of cleverness; he is very observant."

Mrs. Vivian glanced up with a preoccupied air.

"We don't like Captain Lovelock," she said.

"I have heard him say capital things," Bernard answered.

"We think him brutal," said Mrs. Vivian. "Please don't praise Captain Lovelock."

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"Oh, I only want to be just."

Mrs. Vivian for a moment said nothing.

"Do you want very much to be just?" she presently asked.

"It's my most ardent desire."

"I'm glad to hear that—and I can easily believe it," said Mrs. Vivian.

Bernard gave her a grateful smile, but while he smiled, he asked himself a serious question.

"Why the deuce does she go on flattering me?"

"You have always been very kind to me," he said aloud.

"It's on Mr. Wright's account," she answered demurely.

In speaking the words I have just quoted, Bernard Longueville had felt himself, with a certain compunction, to be skirting the edge of clever impudence; but Mrs. Vivian's quiet little reply suggested to him that her cleverness, if not her impudence, was almost equal to his own. He remarked to himself that he had not yet done her justice.

"You bring everything back to Gordon Wright," he said, continuing to smile.

Mrs. Vivian blushed a little.

"It is because he is really at the foundation of everything that is pleasant for us here. When we first came we had some very disagreeable rooms, and as soon as he arrived he found us some excellent ones—that were less expensive. And then, Mr. Longueville," she added, with a soft, sweet emphasis which should properly have contradicted the idea of audacity, but which, to Bernard's awakened sense, seemed really to impart a vivid color to it, "he was also the cause of your joining our little party."

"Oh, among his services that should never be forgotten. You should set up a tablet to commemorate it in the wall of the Kursaal!—The wicked little woman!" Bernard mentally subjoined.

Mrs. Vivian appeared quite unruffled by his sportive sarcasm, and she continued to enumerate her obligations to Gordon Wright.

"There are so many ways in which a gentleman can be of assistance to three poor lonely women, especially when he is at the same time so friendly and so delicate as Mr. Wright. I don't know what we should have done without him, and I feel as if every one ought to know it. He seems like a very old friend. My daughter and I quite worship him. I wont conceal from you that when I saw you coming through the grounds a short time ago without him I was very much disappointed. I hope he is not ill."

Bernard sat listening, with his eyes on the ground.

"Oh no, he is simply at home writing letters."

Mrs. Vivian was silent a moment.

"I suppose he has a very large correspondence."

"I really don't know. Just now that I am with him he has a smaller one than usual."

"Ah yes. When you are separated I suppose you write volumes to each other. But he must have a great many business letters."

"It is very likely," said Bernard. "And if he has, you may be sure he writes them."

"Order and method!" Mrs. Vivian exclaimed. "With his immense property those virtues are necessary."

Bernard glanced at her a moment.

"My dear Lovelock," he said to himself, "you are not such a fool as you seem.—Gordon's virtues are always necessary, doubtless," he went on. "But should you say his property was immense?"

"Mrs. Vivian made a delicate little movement of deprecation. "Oh, don't ask me to say! I know nothing about it; I only supposed he was rich."

"He is rich; but he is not a Crœsus."

"Oh, you fashionable young men have a standard of luxury!" said Mrs. Vivian, with a little laugh. "To a poverty-stricken widow such a fortune as Mr. Wright's seems magnificent."

"Don't call me such horrible names!" exclaimed Bernard. "Our friend has certainly money enough and to spare."

"That was all I meant. He once had occasion to allude to his property, but he was so modest, so reserved in the tone he took about it, that one hardly knew what to think."

"He is ashamed of being rich," said Bernard. "He would be sure to represent everything unfavorably."

"That's just what I thought!" This ejaculation was more eager than Mrs. Vivian might have intended, but even had it been less so, Bernard was in a mood to appreciate it. "I felt that we should make allowances for his modesty. But it was in very good taste," Mrs. Vivian added.

"He's a fortunate man," said Bernard. "He gets credit for his good taste—and he gets credit for the full figure of his income as well!"

"Ah," murmured Mrs. Vivian, rising lightly, as if to make her words appear more

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casual, "I don't know the full figure of his income."

She was turning away, and Bernard, as he raised his hat and separated from her, felt that it was rather cruel that he should let her go without enlightening her ignorance. But he said to himself that she knew quite enough. Indeed, he took a walk along the Lichtenthal Alley and carried out this line of reflection. Whether or no Miss Vivian was in love with Gordon Wright, her mother was enamored of Gordon's fortune, and it had suddenly occurred to her that instead of treating the friend of her daughter's suitor with civil mistrust she would help her case better by giving him a hint of her state of mind and appealing to his sense of propriety. Nothing could be more natural than that Mrs. Vivian should suppose that Bernard desired his friend's success; for, as our thoughtful hero said to himself, what she had hitherto taken it into her head to fear was not that Bernard should fall in love with her daughter, but that her daughter should fall in love with him. Watering-place life is notoriously conducive to idleness of mind, and Bernard strolled for half an hour along the overarched avenue, glancing alternately at these two insupposable cases.

A few days afterward, late in the evening, Gordon Wright came to his room at the hotel.

"I have just received a letter from my sister," he said. "I am afraid I shall have to go away."

"Ah, I'm sorry for that," said Bernard, who was so well pleased with the actual that he desired no mutation.

"I mean only for a short time," Gordon explained. "My poor sister writes from England, telling me that my brother-in-law is suddenly obliged to go home. She has decided not to remain behind, and they are to sail a fortnight hence. She wants very much to see me before she goes, and as I don't know when I shall see her again I feel as if I ought to join her immediately and spend the interval with her. That will take about a fortnight."

"I appreciate the sanctity of family ties and I project myself into your situation," said Bernard. "On the other hand, I don't envy you a breathless journey from Baden to Folkestone."

"It's the coming back that will be breathless," exclaimed Gordon, smiling.

"You will certainly come back, then?"

"Most certainly. Mrs. Vivian is to be here another month."

"I understand. Well, we shall miss you very much."

Gordon Wright looked for a moment at his companion.

"You will stay here, then? I'm so glad of that."

"I was taking it for granted; but on reflection—what do you recommend?"

"I recommend you to stay."

"My dear fellow, your word is law," said Bernard.

"I want you to take care of those ladies," his friend went on. "I don't like to leave them alone."

"You are joking!" cried Bernard. "When did you ever hear of my 'taking care' of any one? It's as much as I can do to take care of myself."

"This is very easy," said Gordon. "I simply want to feel that they have a man about them."

"They will have a man at any rate—they have the devoted Lovelock."

"That's just why I want them to have another. He has only an eye to Miss Evers, who, by the way, is extremely bored with him. You look after the others. You have made yourself very agreeable to them, and they like you extremely."

"Ah," said Bernard, laughing, "if you are going to be coarse and flattering, I collapse. If you are going to titillate my vanity, I succumb."

"It wont be so disagreeable," Gordon observed, with an intention vaguely humorous.

"Oh no, it wont be disagreeable. I will go to Mrs. Vivian every morning, hat in hand, for my orders."

Gordon Wright, with his hands in his pockets and a meditative expression, took several turns about the room.

"It will be a capital chance," he said, at last, stopping in front of his companion.

"A chance for what?"

"A chance to arrive at a conclusion about my young friend."

Bernard gave a gentle groan.

"Are you coming back to that? Didn't I arrive at a conclusion long ago? Didn't I tell you she was a delightful girl?"

"Do you call that a conclusion? The first comer could tell me that at the end of an hour."

"Do you want me to invent something different?" Bernard asked. "I can't invent anything better."

"I don't want you to invent anything. I only want you to observe her—to study her

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in complete independence. You will have her to yourself—my absence will leave you at liberty. Hang it, sir," Gordon declared, "I should think you would like it!"

"Damn it, sir, you're delicious!" Bernard answered; and he broke into an irrepressible laugh. "I don't suppose it's for my pleasure that you suggest the arrangement."

Gordon took a turn about the room again.

"No, it's for mine. At least, it's for my benefit."

"For your benefit?"

"I have got all sorts of ideas—I told you the other day. They are all mixed up together and I want a fresh impression."

"My impressions are never fresh," Bernard replied.

"They would be if you had a little goodwill—if you entered a little into my dilemmas." The note of reproach was so distinct in these words that Bernard stood staring. "You never take anything seriously," his companion went on.

Bernard tried to answer as seriously as possible.

"Your dilemma seems to me of all dilemmas the strangest."

"That may be; but different people take things differently. Don't you see," Gordon went on with a sudden outbreak of passion —"don't you see that I'm horribly divided in mind? I care immensely for Angela Vivian—and yet—and yet—I'm afraid of her."

"Afraid of her?"

"I'm afraid she's cleverer than I—that she would be a difficult wife; that she might do strange things."

"What sort of things?"

"Well, that she might flirt, for instance."

"That's not a thing for a man to fear."

"Not when he supposes his wife to be fond of him—no. But I don't suppose that —I have given that up. If I should induce Angela Vivian to accept me she would do it on grounds purely reasonable. She would think it best, simply. That would give her a chance to repent."

Bernard sat for some time looking at his friend.

"You say she is cleverer than you. It's impossible to be cleverer than you."

"Oh, come, Longueville!" said Gordon, angrily.

"I am speaking very seriously. You have done a remarkably clever thing. You have impressed me with the reality, and with—what shall I term it?—the estimable character of what you call your dilemma. Now this fresh impression of mine—what do you propose to do with it when you get it?"

"Such things are always useful. It will be a good thing to have."

"I am much obliged to you; but do you propose to let anything depend upon it? Do you propose to take or to leave Miss Vivian—that is, to return to the charge or to give up trying—in consequence of my fresh impression?"

Gordon seemed perfectly unembarrassed by this question, in spite of the ironical light which it projected upon his sentimental perplexity.

"I propose to do what I choose!" he said.

"That's a relief to me," Bernard rejoined. "This idea of yours is, after all, only the play of the scientific mind."

"I shall contradict you flat if I choose," Gordon went on.

"Ah, it's well to warn me of that," said Bernard, laughing. "Even the most sincere judgment in the world likes to be notified a little of the danger of being contradicted."

"Is yours the most sincere judgment in the world?" Gordon demanded.

"That's a very pertinent question. Doesn't it occur to you that you may have reason to be jealous—leaving me alone, with an open field, with the woman of your choice?"

"I wish to heaven I could be jealous!" Gordon exclaimed. "That would simplify the thing—that would give me a lift."

And the next day, after some more talk, it seemed really with a hope of this contingency—though, indeed, he laughed about it—that he started for England.

(To be continued)

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"HAWORTH'S."*

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Surly Tim, and Other Stories," Etc.

CHAPTER XLIX.

"IF AUGHT'S FOR ME, REMEMBER IT."

BEFORE he left the house at night, Murdoch had a brief interview with his mother.

"I am going to London as *he* went," he said,—"on the same errand. The end may be what it was before. I have felt very sure—but he was sure too."

"Yes," the woman answered, "he was very sure."

"I don't ask you to trust it—or me," he said. "He gave a life to it. I have not given a year, and he was the better man, a thousand-fold. I," he said, with a shadow falling on his face, "have not proved myself as he did. He never faltered from the first."

"No," she said. "Would to God he had!"

But when he went, she followed him to the door and said the words she had refused him when he had first told her he had taken the burden upon his shoulders.

"God speed you!" she said. "I will try to believe."

His plan was to go to his room, pack his case securely and then carry it with him to the station in time to meet the late train he had decided on taking.

He let himself into the Works as usual, and found his way along the passage in the darkness, though he carried his lantern. He knew his way so well that he did not need it there. But when he reached Haworth's room and put out his hand to open the door, he stopped. His touch met no resistance, for the door was wide open. The discovery was so sharp a shock to him that for a few seconds he remained motionless. But he recovered himself in a second or so more. It might have been the result of carelessness, after all; so he turned on his light and went into his cell and began his task. It did not take him long. When he had finished, the wooden case was simply a solid square brown parcel which might have contained anything. He glanced at his watch and sat down a minute or so.

"There is no use in going too early," he said. And so he waited a little, thinking mechanically of the silence inside and the darkness out, and of the journey which lay before him. But at last he got up again and took his burden by the cord he had fastened about it.

"Now," he said, "it is time."

And at the very moment the words left his lips there was a sound outside the door, a rush upon him, he was seized by the throat, flung backward into the chair he had left, and held there. He made no outcry. His first thought when he found himself clutched and overpowered was an incongruous one of Briarley sitting on the roadside and looking up at him in panic-stricken appeal. He understood in a flash what his terror had meant.

The fellow who held him by the collar—there were three of them, and one was Reddy—shook him roughly.

"Wheer is it?" he said. "You know whatten we've coom for, my lad."

Murdoch was conscious of a little chill which passed over him, but otherwise he could only wonder at his own lack of excitement. No better place to finish a man than such a one as this at dead of night, and there was not one of the three who had not evil in his eye; but he spoke without a tremor in his voice,—with the calmness of being utterly without stay or help.

"Yes, I suppose I know," he said. "You came to me for it before. What are you going to do with it?"

"Smash it to h——," said one, concisely, "an' thee too."

It was not a pleasant thing to hear by the half light of a lantern in a place so deadly still. Murdoch felt the little chill again, but he remembered that after all he had one slender chance if he could make them listen.

"You are making a blunder," he began.

Reddy stopped him by addressing his comrades.

"What art tha stondin' hearkenin' to him

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fur?" he demanded. "Smack him i' th' mouth an' stop him."

Murdoch gave a lurch forward which it gave his captor some trouble to restrain. He turned dangerously white and his eye blazed.

"If you do, you devil," he panted, "I'll murder you."

"Wheer is th' thing we coom fur?" said the first man. And then he caught sight of the package, which had fallen upon the floor.

"Happen it's i' theer," he suggested. "Oppen it, chaps."

Then all at once Murdoch's calmness was gone. He shook in their grasp.

"For God's sake!" he cried, "don't touch it! Don't do it a harm! It's a mistake. It has nothing to do with your trade. It would be no hurt to you if it were known to the whole world. For God's sake, believe me!"

"We've heerd a different mak' o' tale fro' that," said Reddy, laughing.

"It's a lie!—a lie! Who told it?"

"Jem Haworth," he was answered. "Jem Haworth, as it wur made fur."

He began to struggle with all his strength. He cried out aloud and sprang up and broke loose and fought with the force of madness.

"You shall pay for it," he shrieked, and three to one as they were, he held them for a moment at bay.

"Gi' him th' knob-stick!" cried one. "At him wi' it!"

It was Reddy who aimed the blow at him,—a blow that would have laid him a dead man among them,—but it never fell, for he sprang forward with a mighty effort and struck the bludgeon upward, and as it fell with a crash at the opposite side of the room, they heard even above the tumult of their struggle, a rush of heavy feet, a voice every man among them knew, and the sound they most dreaded—the sharp report of a pistol.

"It's Haworth!" they shouted. "Haworth!" And they made a dash at the door in a body, stumbling over one another, striking and cursing, and the scoundrel who first got through and away was counted a lucky man.

Murdoch took a step forward and fell—so close to the model that his helpless hand touched it as it lay.

It was not long before he returned to consciousness. His sudden loss of strength had only been a sort of climax body and mind had reached together. When he opened his eyes again, his first thought was a wonder at himself and a vague effort to comprehend his weakness. He looked up at Haworth, who bent over him.

"Lie still a bit, lad," he heard him say. "Lie and rest thee."

He no sooner heard his voice than he forgot his weak wonder at himself in a stronger wonder at him. He was ashen pale and a tremor shook him as he spoke.

"Lie still and rest thee," he repeated, and he touched his head with an approach at gentleness.

"They thought there was more than me," he said. "And they're not fond of powder and lead. They're better used to knob-sticks and vitriol in the dark."

"They meant to murder me," said Murdoch.

"Aye, make sure o' that. They weren't for play. They've had their minds on this for a month or two. If I'd been a minute later——"

He did not finish. A queer spasm of the throat stopped him.

He rose the next instant and struck a match and turned the gas on to full blaze.

"Let's have light," he said. "Theer's a look about th' place I can't stand."

His eyes were blood-shot, his face looked gray and deeply lined and his lips were parched. There was a new haggardness upon him and he was conscious of it and tried to bear it down with his old bravado.

"They'll not come back," he said. "They've had enough for to-night. If they'd known I was alone they'd have made a stand for it. They think they were in luck to get off."

He came back and sat down.

"They laid their plans better than I thought," he added. "They got over me for once, devil take 'em. How art tha now, lad?"

Murdoch made the effort to rise and succeeded, though he was not very strong upon his feet, and sank into a chair feeling a little irritated at his own weakness.

"Giddy," he answered, "and a trifle faint. It's a queer business. I went down as if I'd been shot. I have an hour and a half to steady myself before the next train comes in. Let me make the best of it."

"You'll go to-night?" said Haworth.

"There's a stronger reason than ever that I should go," he answered. "Let me get it out of the way and safe, for heaven's sake!"

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Haworth squared his arms upon the table and leaned on them.

"Then," he said, "I've got an hour and a half to make a clean breast of it."

He said it almost with a swagger, and yet his voice was hoarse, and his coolness a miserable pretense.

"Ask me," he said, "how I came here!"

And not waiting for a reply even while Murdoch gazed at him bewildered, he answered the question himself.

"I come," he said, "for a good reason,—for the same reason that's brought me here every night you've been at work."

Murdoch repeated his last words mechanically. He was not quite sure the man was himself.

"Every night I've been at work?"

"Aye, every one on 'em! There's not been a night I've not been nigh you and ready."

A memory flashed across Murdoch's mind with startling force.

"It was you I heard come in?" he cried. "It was not fancy."

"Aye, it was me."

There was a moment's silence between them in which Murdoch thought with feverish rapidity.

"It was you," he said with some bitterness at last,—"*you* who set the plot on foot?"

"Aye, it was me."

"I could have done the job I wanted to do in a quicker way," he went on, after a second's pause, "but that wasn't my humor. I'd a mind to keep out of it myself, and I knew how to set the chaps on as would do it in their own way."

"What do you mean by 'it'?" cried Murdoch. "Were you devil enough to mean to have my blood?"

"Aye,—while I was in the humor,—that and worse."

Murdoch sprang up and began to pace the room. His strength had come back to him with the fierce sense of repulsion which seized him.

"It's a blacker world than I thought," he said. "We were friends once—friends!"

"So we were," he said, hoarsely. "You were the first chap I ever made friends with, and you'll be the last. It's brought no good to either of us."

"It might," returned Murdoch, "if——"

"Let me finish my tale," he said, even doggedly. "I said to myself before I came you should hear it. I swore I'd stop at naught, and I kept my word. I sowed a seed here and there, and th' soil was just right for it. They were in the mood to hearken to aught and they hearkened. But there came a time when I found out that things were worse with you than with me and had gone harder with you. If you'd won where I lost it would have been different, but you lost most of the two—you'd the most to lose—and I changed my mind."

He stopped a second and looked at Murdoch, who had come back and thrown himself into his chair again.

"I've said many a time that you were a queer chap," he went on, as if half dubious of himself. "You *are* a queer chap. At th' start you got a hold on me, and when I changed my mind you got a hold on me again. I swore I'd undo what I'd done, if I could. I knew if the thing was finished and you got away with it they'd soon find out it was naught they need fret about, so I swore to see you safe through. I gave you the keys to come here to work and every night I came and waited until you'd done and gone away. I brought my pistols with me and kept a sharp lookout. To-night I was late and they'd laid their plans and got here before me. There's th' beginning and there's th' end."

"You saved my life," said Murdoch. "Let me remember that."

"I changed my mind and swore to undo what I'd done. There's naught for me in that, my lad, and plenty to go agen me."

After a little he pushed his chair back.

"The time's not up," he said. "I've made short work of it. Pick up thy traps and we'll go over th' place together and see that it's safe."

He led the way, carrying the lantern, and Murdoch followed him. They went from one end of the place to the other and found all quiet; the bars of a small lower window had been filed and wrenched out of place, Mr. Reddy and his friends having made their entrance through it.

"They've been on the lookout many a night before they made up their minds," said Haworth. "And they chose the right place to try."

Afterward they went out together, locking the door and the iron gates behind them, and went down in company to the dark little station with its dim, twinkling lights.

Naturally they did not talk very freely. Now and then there was a blank silence of many minutes between them.

But at last the train thundered its way in and stopped, and there was a feeble bustling to and fro among the sleepy officials

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and an opening and shutting and locking of doors.

When Murdoch got into his empty compartment, Haworth stood at its step. At the very last he spoke in a strange hurry:

"When you come back," he said, "when you come back—perhaps ——"

There was a porter passing with a lantern, which struck upon his face and showed it plainly. He shrank back a moment as if he feared the light; but when it was gone he drew near again and spoke through the window.

"If there's aught in what's gone by that's for me," he said, "remember it."

And with a gesture of farewell, he turned away and was gone.

CHAPTER L.

AN AFTER-DINNER SPEECH.

At dinner the next evening Mr. Ffrench had a story to tell. It was the rather exciting story of the completion of Murdoch's labor, the night attack and his sudden departure. Exciting as it was, however, Mr. Ffrench did not relate it in his most vivid manner. His nervous ailments had increased of late, and he was not in a condition to be vivacious and dramatic. The incident came from him rather tamely, upon the whole.

"If it is the success he thinks it is," he terminated, "he is a made man—and he is not the fellow to deceive himself. Well," he said, rather drearily, "I have said it would be so."

As Haworth had foreseen, Saint Méran appeared upon the scene again. He was present when the story was told, and was much interested in it as a dramatic incident bringing the peculiarities of the manufacturing class of Broxton into strong play.

"If they had murdered him," he remarked with critical niceness, "it would have been the most tragic of tragedies. On the very eve of his life's success. A tragedy indeed! And it is not bad either that it should have been his master who saved him."

"Why do you say master?" said Miss Ffrench, coldly.

"Pardon me. I thought ——"

Mr. Ffrench interposed in some hurry.

"Oh, he has always been such an uncommon young fellow that we have scarcely thought of him as a servant. He has not been exactly a servant in fact."

"Ah!" replied Saint Méran. "I ask pardon again."

He had been not a little bewildered at the change he found in the household. Mr. Ffrench no longer expounded his views at length with refined vigor. He frequently excused himself from the family circle on plea of severe indisposition, and at other times he sat in singular and depressing silence. He was evidently ill; there were lines upon his forehead and circles about his eyes; he had a perturbed air and started without any apparent cause. A change showed itself in Miss Ffrench also,—so subtle as not to be easily described. It was a change which was not pallor nor fragility. It was an alteration which baffled him and yet forced him to recognize its presence constantly, and to endeavor to comprehend it. Ffrench himself had seen it and pondered over it in secret. When he sat in his private room at the Bank, bewildered and terrified even by the mere effort to think and face the future, his burden was not a little increased by his remembrance of his hours at home. More than all the rest he shrank from the day of reckoning with his daughter. He had confronted Haworth and borne the worst of his wrath. The account of himself which he must render to her would be the most scathing ordeal of his life.

"Some women would pity me," he said to himself, "but she will not."

Truth to tell, he looked forward pathetically to the possibility that hereafter their paths might lie apart. Fate had saved him one fearful responsibility, at least. Her private fortune had been beyond his reach and she would still be a rich woman even when the worst came. He could live on very little, he told himself, and there was always some hope for a man of resources. He still believed somewhat, though rather vaguely, in his resources.

A few days after Murdoch's departure there came to Broxton, on a visit of inspection, a dignitary of great magnitude—a political economist, a Member of Parliament. Above all other things he was absorbed in the fortunes of the manufacturing districts. He had done the trades-unions the honor of weighing their cause and reasoning with them; he had parleyed with the strikers and held meetings with the masters. He had heard of Haworth and his extraordinary stand against the outbreak, and was curious to see him.

He came as the guest of one of the county families, who regarded Haworth and his success a subject worth enlarging upon. He

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was taken to the Works and presented to their master. Haworth met him with little enthusiasm. He showed him over the place, but maintained his taciturnity. He was not even moved to any exhibition of gratitude on being told that he had done wonders.

The *finale* of the visit was a stately dinner given by the county family. Haworth and the member were the features of the festivity, and speeches were made which took a congratulatory and even a laudatory turn.

"I can't go," Ffrench cried, piteously, when Haworth came to his room at the Bank with the news. He turned quite white and sank back into his chair. "It is too much to ask. I—no. I am not strong enough."

He felt himself as good as a dead man when Haworth turned about and strode up to him, livid, and opening and shutting his hands.

"Blast you!" he hissed through his teeth. "You did it! *You!* And you shall pay for it as long as I'm nigh to make you!"

Saint Méran was among the guests, and Miss Ffrench, whose wonderful beauty attracted the dignitary's eye at once. Years after he remembered and spoke of her. He glanced toward her when he rose to make his after-dinner speech, and caught her eye, and was somewhat confused by it. But he was very eloquent. The master of "Haworth's" was his inspiration and text. His resources, his strength of will, his giant enterprises, his readiness and daring at the moment when all was at hazard—these were matters, indeed, for eloquence.

Haworth sat leaning forward upon the table. He played with his wine-glass, turning it round and round and not spilling a drop of the ruby liquid. Sometimes he glanced at the orator with a smile which no one exactly understood, oftener he kept his eyes fixed upon the full wine-glass.

When at length the speaker sat down with a swift final glance at Rachel Ffrench, there was a silence of several seconds. Everybody felt that a reply was needed. Haworth turned his wine-glass two or three times without raising his eyes, but at last, just as the pause was becoming embarrassing, he looked across the table at Ffrench, who sat opposite.

"I'm not a speech-making chap myself," he said. "My partner is. He'll say my say for me."

He gave Ffrench a nod. That gentleman had been pale and distracted through all the courses; now he became paler than ever. He hesitated, glanced around him, at the waiting guest and at Haworth (who nodded again), and then rose.

It was something unusual that Mr. Ffrench should hang back and show himself unready. He began his speech of thanks in his partner's name falteringly and as if at a loss for the commonest forms of expression; he replied to the member's compliments with hesitation; he spoke of the difficulties they had encountered with a visibly strong effort, he touched upon their success and triumph with such singular lack of exultation that those who listened began to exchange looks of questioning; and suddenly in the midst of his wanderings and struggles at recovering himself, he broke off and begged leave to sit down.

"I am ill," he said. "I have—been—indisposed for some time. I must crave your pardon, and—and my partner's for my inability to say what—what I would wish."

He sat down amid many expressions of sympathy. The plea accounted for his unusual demeanor, it was thought. The member himself sought an interview with him, in which he expressed his regret and his sense of the fact that nothing was more natural than that the result of so long bearing a weight of responsibility should be a strain upon the nervous system and a consequent loss of physical strength.

"You must care for yourself, my dear sir," he added. "Your firm—nay, the country—cannot afford to lose an element like yourself at such a crisis."

On the morning following, the member left Broxton. On his way to the station he was moved to pay a final visit to Haworth at the Works.

"I congratulate you," he said, with much warmth on shaking hands with him. "I congratulate England upon your determination and indomitable courage and upon your wonderful success."

There was a good deal of talk about Murdoch during his absence. The story of the attack and of Haworth's repulse of the attacking party became a popular incident. Mr. Reddy and his companions disappeared from the scene with promptness. Much interest was manifested in the ultimate success of the model, which had previously been regarded with a mingling of indifference and disfavor as not "loike to coom to owt." The results of its agreeably disappointing people by "coming to owt" were estimated at nothing short of a million per annum.

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"Th' chap'll roll i' brass," it was said. "Haworth'll be nowheer. Happen th' lad'll coom back an' set up a Works agen him. An' he coom here nowt but a workin' chap a few year sin'!"

The two women in the little house in the narrow street heard the story of the attack only through report. They had no letters.

"I wont write," Murdoch had said. "You shall not be troubled by prospects that might end in nothing. You will hear nothing from me till I come and tell you with my own lips that I have won or failed."

In the days of waiting Christian proved her strength. She would not let her belief be beaten or weighed down. She clung to it in spite of what she saw hour by hour in the face of the woman who was her companion.

"I have lived through it before."

It was not put into words, but she read it in her eyes and believed in spite of it.

He had been away two weeks and he returned, as his father had done, at night.

The women were sitting together in the little inner room. They were not talking or working, though each had work in her hands. It was Christian who heard him first. She threw down her work and stood up.

"He is here," she cried. "He is coming up the step."

She was out in the narrow entry and had thrown the door open before he had time to open it with his key.

The light fell upon his dark pale face and showed a strange excitement in it. He was disheveled and travel-worn, but his eyes were bright. His first words were enough.

"It is all right," he said, in an exultant voice. "It is a success. Where is my mother?"

He had taken her hand as if without knowing what he did and fairly dragged her into the room. His mother had risen and stood waiting.

"It is a success," he cried out to her. "It is what he meant it to be—I have finished his work!"

She turned from him to the girl, uttering a low cry of appeal.

"Christian!" she said, "Christian!"

The girl went to her and made her sit down, and knelt before her, clasping her arms about her waist, and uplifting her glowing young face. At the moment her beauty became such a splendor that Murdoch himself saw it with wonder.

"It is finished," she said. "And it is he who has finished it! Is not that enough?"

"Yes," she answered, "but—but ——"

And the words died upon her lips, and she sat looking before her into vacancy, and trembling.

Murdoch threw himself on the sofa and lay there, his hands clasped above his head.

"I shall be a rich man," he said, as if to himself, "a rich man—and it is nothing—but it is done."

CHAPTER LI.

"TH' ON'Y ONE AS IS NA A FOO'!"

THE next day all Broxton knew the story.

"Well, he wur na so soft after aw," more than one excellent matron remarked.

Mr. Ffrench heard the news from his valet in the morning. He had been very unwell for several days. He had eaten nothing and slept very little and had been obliged to call in his physician, who pronounced his case the result of too great mental strain, and prescribed rest. He came down to breakfast with an unwholesome face and trifled with his food without eating it. He glanced furtively at Rachel again and again.

"I shall not go to the Bank to-day," he said timorously at last. "I am worse than ever. I shall remain at home and try to write letters and rest. Are—are you going out?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Oh." Then, after a pause, he said, "I saw Briarley yesterday, and he said Mrs. Dixon was very ill. You sometimes go there, I believe?"

"Yes."

"Suppose—suppose you call this morning to inquire. It looks well to show a—a sort of interest in them. You might take something nourishing with you."

He flinched when she raised her eyes and let them rest a moment upon him. Her look was strongly suggestive of the fact that she could better rely upon the result of her own calculations concerning him than upon the truth of his replies, if she deigned to ask him questions.

"I thought," he faltered, "that it would look well to evince some interest, as the man has been in our employ, and you have had the woman about the house."

"Certainly," she replied, "it would be well enough. I will go."

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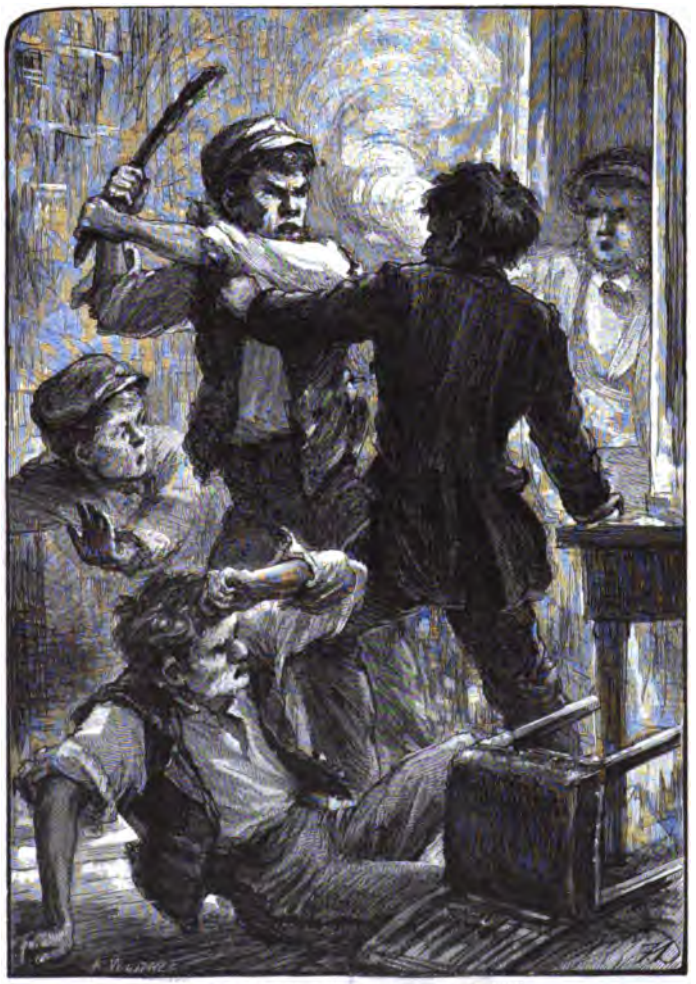
After breakfast she ordered the carriage and went to her room and made her toilette with some care. Why she did so was best known to herself. Nothing is more certain than that she scarcely expected to produce a great effect upon Granny Dixon. The truth was, she would have made her visit to the Briarleys in any case, and was not in the least moved thereto by her father's unexpected anxiety.

But when she reached the cottage and entered it, she began immediately to repent having come. A neighbor woman sat nursing the youngest Briarley; there was a peculiar hush upon the house and the windows were darkened. She drew back with a feeling of alarm and annoyance.

"What is the matter?" she demanded impatiently of the woman. "Why have you darkened the room?"

"Th' owd lass is deein'," was the business-like answer, "an' they're ha'in' some trouble wi' her. She conna even dee loike other foak."



"IT WAS REDDY WHO AIMED THE BLOW."

Miss Ffrench drew back, her annoyance becoming violent repulsion. She turned pale, and her heart began to beat violently. She knew nothing of death, and was not fearless of it. Her inveterate calm failed her at thus being brought near it."

"I will go away," she said.

And she would have gone, but at that moment there arose a sound of voices in the inner room—Mrs. Briarley's and Janey's, and

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above theirs Granny Dixon's, brokenly, and yet with what in the hush of the house seemed terrible loudness.

"Bring her i' here!" she was saying. "Bring her i' here an' mak' her—do it!"

And then out came Mrs. Briarley, looking fagged and harassed.

"I ax thy pardon, Miss," she said, "but she says she wants thee. She says she wants thee to be a witness to summat."

"I will not go," she replied. "I—am going away. I—never saw any one before—in that condition."

But the terrible voice raised itself again, and, despite her terror and anger, held and controlled her.

"I see her!" it cried. "Mak' her coom in. I knowed her gran'feyther—when I wur a lass—seventy year ago!"

"She will na harm thee," said Mrs. Briarley. And partly because of a dread fascination, and partly because the two women regarded her with such amazement, she found herself forced to give way and enter.

It was a small room, and dark and low. The bed was a huge four-poster which had belonged to Granny Dixon herself in her young days. The large-flowered patterns of its chintz hangings were faded with many washings.

"She's been speaking awmost i' a whisper till to-day," explained Mrs. Briarley, under her breath, "an' aw at onct th' change set in, an' It coom back as loud as ivver."

She lifted her hands, beckoning with crooked fingers.

"Coom tha here," she commanded.

Rachel Ffrench went to her slowly. She had no color left, and all her hauteur could not steady her voice.

"What do you want?" she asked, standing close beside the bed.

For a few seconds there was silence, in which the large eyes wandered from the border of her rich dress to the crown of her hair.

"Wheer'st flower?" cried Granny Dixon. "Tha'st getten it on thee again. I con smell it."

It was true that she wore it at her throat as she had done before. A panic of disgust took possession of her as she recollected it. It was as if they two were somehow bound together by it. She caught at it with tremulous fingers, and would have flung it away, but it fell from her uncertain clasp upon the bed, and she would not have touched it for worlds.

"Gi' it to me!" commanded Granny Dixon.

GRANNY DIXON MAKES HER WILL.

She was nothing but skin and bone, and the eyes which stared and shone in the gloom—only these seemed left of her, and the voice, which appeared to have lost nothing of its power.

"Pick it up for her," she said, turning to Mrs. Briarley, and it was done, and the shrivelled fingers held it and the old eye devoured it.

"He used to wear 'em i' his button-hole,"

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proclaimed the Voice, "an' he wur a han'some chap—seventy year ago."

"Did you send for me to tell me that?" demanded Rachel Ffrench.

Granny Dixon turned on her pile of pillows.

"Nay," she said, "an' I'm—forgettin'."

There was a gasp between the two last words, as if suddenly her strength was failing her.

"Get thee a pen—an'—an' write summat," she ordered.

"Get it quickly," said Rachel Ffrench, "and let me humor her and go."

She had noticed the little gap between the words herself, and the next instant had seen a faint gray pallor spread over the old woman's face.

"Get the pen and paper," she repeated, "and call in the woman."

They brought her the pen and paper and called the woman, who came in stolidly, ready for any emergency. Then they waited for commands, but for several seconds there was a dead pause, and Granny Dixon lay back, staring straight before her.

"Quick!" said Rachel Ffrench. "What do you want?"

Granny Dixon rose by a great effort upright from her pillows. She pointed at Mrs. Briarley with the sharp, bony fore-finger.

"I—leave it—aw—to *her*," she proclaimed,—"ivvery penny! She's th' ony one among 'em as is na a foo'!"

And then she fell back, and panted and stared again.

Mrs. Briarley lifted her apron and burst into tears.

"She means th' brass," she wailed. "Eh! Poor owd lass, who'd ha' thowt it!"

"Do you mean," asked Rachel Ffrench, "that you wish her to have your money?"

A nod was the answer, and Mrs. Briarley shed sympathetic tears again. Here was a reward for her labors indeed.

What she wrote Miss Ffrench scarcely knew. In the end there was her own name signed below, and a black, scrawling mark from Granny Dixon's hand. The woman who had come in made her mark also.

"Mak' a black un," said the testatrix. "Let's ha' it plain."

Then, turning to Rachel:

"Does ta want to know wheer th' money come fro'? Fro' Will Ffrench—fro' *him*. He wur one o' th' gentry when aw wur said an' done—an' I wur a han'some lass."

When it was done they all stood and looked at one another. Granny Dixon lay back upon her pillows, drawing sharp breaths. She was looking only at Rachel Ffrench. She seemed to have forgotten all the rest of them, and what she had been doing. All that was left of the Voice was a loud, halting whisper.

"Wheer's th' flower?" she said. "I conna smell it."

It was in her hand.

Rachel Ffrench drew back.

"Let me go," she said to Mrs. Briarley. "I cannot stay here."

"He used to wear 'em i' his button-hole," she heard,—"seventy year ago—an' she's th' very moral on him." And scarcely knowing how, she made her way past the women, and out of the house and into the fresh air and sunshine.

"Drive home as quickly as possible," she said to the coachman.

She leaned back in a corner of the carriage shuddering. Suddenly she burst into wild tears.

But there were no traces of her excitement when she reached home. She descended from the carriage looking quite herself, and after dismissing it went up to her own room.

About half an hour later she came down and went into the library. Her father was not there, and on inquiring as to his whereabouts from a servant passing the open door, she was told that he had gone out.

He had been writing letters, it was evident. His chair stood before his desk, and there was an addressed envelope lying upon it.

She went to the desk and glanced at it without any special motive for doing so. It was addressed to herself. She opened and read it.

"My dear Rachel," it ran. "In all probability we shall not meet again for some time. I find myself utterly unable to remain to meet the blow which must inevitably fall before many days are over. The anxiety of the past year has made me a coward. I ask your forgiveness for what you may call my desertion of you. We have never relied upon each other much, and you at least are not included in my ruin. You will not be called upon to share my poverty. You had better return to Paris at once. With a faint hope that you will at least pity me,

I remain,
Your affectionate father,
Gerard Ffrench."

(To be concluded.)

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AN AMERICAN HOME ON THE AMAZONS.

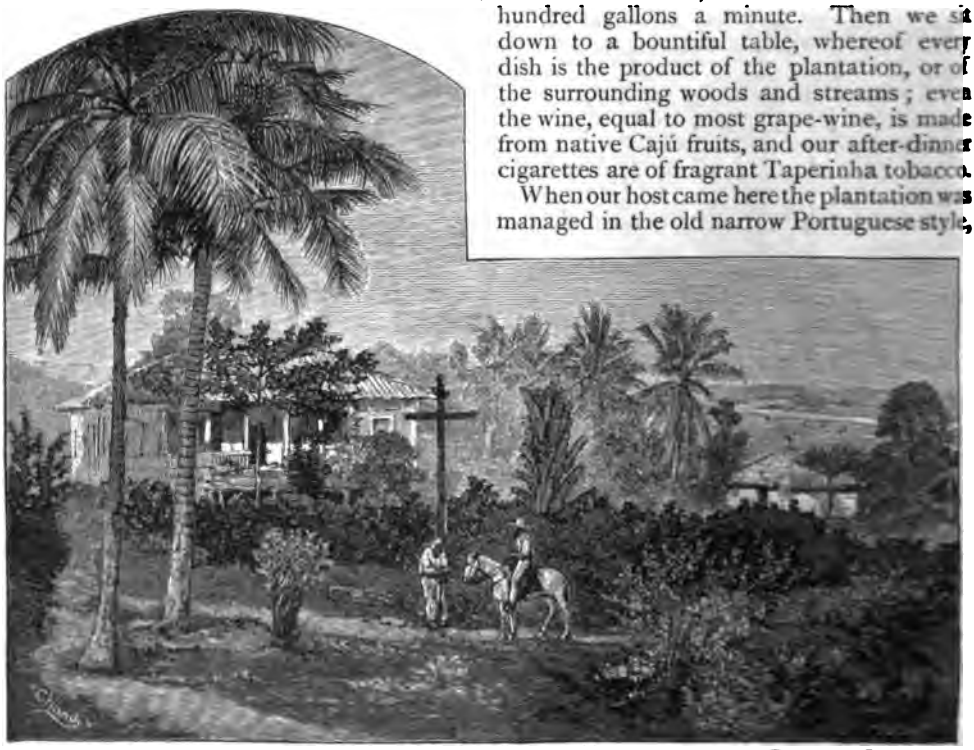
If ten American travelers were asked to give their impressions of Brazil, we should hear ten different opinions, grading all the way from enthusiasm to despair. And I suppose that Brazilians, traveling in the United States, get just as diverse impressions of the country and its people.

When anybody asks me if Brazil is a good field for the American mechanic, farmer, merchant, I can only answer: That depends entirely upon the man. The country is what it is; but you or I describe it imperfectly, because we see it only from our particular angle of vision: we judge of it, as it has treated us well or ill. And after all, our pretty theories are of small value; what is needed is the experience of practical men.

An American gentleman, Mr. R. J. Rhome, for many years had a theory that the Amazonian highlands were fitted for successful farming. So he came here with his family, took the managing partnership of a Brazilian plantation, and put his theory into practice. At the end of twelve years, the estate has become the finest on the Amazons, and American enterprise has built up an American home.

To us, who have been three days tediously canoeing across the river valley, against contrary winds and strong currents, broiled by the sun all day, and tortured by mosquitoes at night, it is small wonder then that Taperinha seems like a haven of rest. Mr. Rhome stands on the bank waving his broad-brimmed hat, and welcoming us as we land with a stout American grip. Friend of four years standing, or stranger of to-day, it is all the same to this overflowing hospitality; so we are seized and marched off to the house, where we get another greeting from kind Mrs. Rhome and the bright-eyed, healthy children. The house-servants scramble to prepare a room for us, and three or four negroes hurry down to the canoe for our luggage. The bath follows, of course: a dip in such cold limpid water as we have seldom seen in the tropics; and Mr. Rhome has a bathing-house where you can swim in the cement-lined basin, and take a shower of a hundred gallons a minute. Then we sit down to a bountiful table, whereof every dish is the product of the plantation, or of the surrounding woods and streams; even the wine, equal to most grape-wine, is made from native Cajú fruits, and our after-dinner cigarettes are of fragrant Taperinha tobacco.

When our host came here the plantation was managed in the old narrow Portuguese style,



THE PLANTATION HOUSE, TAPERINHA.

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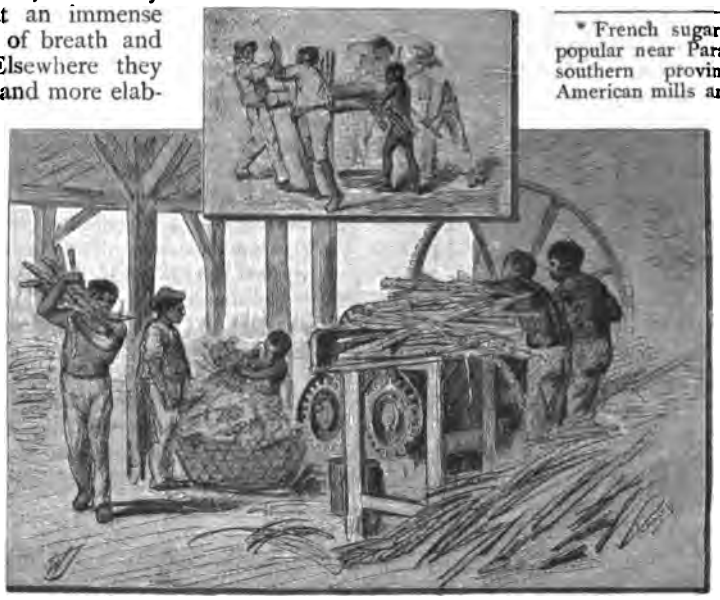
TAPERINHA PLANTATION, FROM THE RIVER.

saving a cent and losing a dollar; much labor was wasted for want of proper superintendence, and the proportion of cultivated land was very small. Since then, improved machinery has been introduced; the great cane-field has been widened year after year, and the plow has turned up rich black land that had not seen the light for centuries. The estate, joint property of Mr. Rhome and the Baron of Santarem, is measured not by acres, but by square miles. There are highland forests and lowland pastures, lakes stocked with fish and turtle, and streams with water enough to turn heavy mills.

In the tile-covered mill-house, half a dozen stalwart negroes are employed in "feeding" the great cane-mill, and carrying away the crushed refuse. At Ereré, we saw the Indian mill—a pair of squeaking wooden rollers, turned by four men at an immense expenditure of breath and muscle. Elsewhere they have larger and more elaborate wooden mills, turned by horse-power, and a few of the better plantations boast of iron ones, made in the southern provinces. But Mr. Rhome assures us that his American mill has effected a saving of at least twenty-five per cent. over the Pernambuco machine that was formerly used here; and of course the daily grinding can be greatly increased with the capacity of the rollers.* At present, most of the cane-juice is distilled into rum, which commands a ready sale along the river. Mr. Rhome has introduced improved sugar-evaporators, and he believes that sugar-making will prove very profitable.

Besides the cane-machine, there is a saw-mill,—one of four or five on the Amazons, for the native carpenters are still content to saw their boards laboriously by hand, or hew them out with an adze. From the blocks and chips lying



THE CANE-MILLS—OLD AND NEW.

* French sugar-machinery is popular near Pará, and in the southern provinces, where American mills are also used.

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PICKING TOBACCO-LEAVES.

around, our host picks out a dozen beautiful woods—timbers that would be a fortune to our cabinet-makers. There is true rose-wood *(Jacarandá)* and iron-like *moirapixuna*, and rich brown *pão d'arco;* most elegant of all, perhaps, the *moiracoatiára*, striped with black and yellow. All these and fifty others will take a polish like glass, and some of them are so tough and durable that they are employed to advantage in the place of brass and iron. The very posts on which the mill-roof is supported are fine cabinet timbers, and the machinery is mounted with woods of wonderfully rich color and grain.

It seems strange that the world has so long neglected this great store-house of timber. As long ago as 1639, quaint old Acuña spoke wise words about it. "The woods of this river," he writes, "are innumerable. * * * In this river, vessels may be built better and at less cost than in any other country, and they may be finished and launched without the necessity of sending anything from Europe, except iron for the nails. Here, I have said, is timber; here are cables made from the bark of a certain tree which will hold a ship in the heaviest gale; here are excellent pitch and tar; here are vegetable and fish oils; here they can make excellent oakum, which they call *embira*, for caulking the ships; here is cotton for the sails; and here, finally, is a great multitude of people,—so that nothing is wanting for building as many ships as can be placed on the stocks." Two hundred years of Portuguese oppression wofully reduced the "great multitude of people": we shall see the remains of their villages around Taperinha. The timber-harvests are yet ungathered, and no bustling ship-yards break the silence of these forests. Sometime, when the Brazilian government shall have abolished its senseless export duties,* another great multitude will come from all lands to exchange their wealth for these treasures. It has often been reported that good timber can be obtained only at a distance from the navigable channels. This is a great mistake. It is true that the lowland woods are, for the most part, valueless; but there are plenty of places where, as at Taperinha, timbers of the finest kinds can be cut almost at the water's edge. The highlands which border the Tapajos, Xingù and Tocantins, are covered with magnificent forests, and can easily be reached from the sea.

The Taperinha mills are run by a turbine wheel,—a machine which is a standing wonder to the country people. As for the artificial canal which furnishes the water-power, that was made long ago by a former proprietor; the banks have been softened down and padded with greenery for years until they rival in richness a woodland stream. If we follow up the canal we reach the thick forest, and just within is a magnificent spring, or rather lake, from which the water flows. I always bless the good sense that has left this place untouched by ax or wood-knife. It is so secluded here that the forest animals come to drink; so quiet that the crack of a broken twig drops back in echoes from the wooded hill-side. A hundred feet above, the palm leaflets tremble with a breath of wind, but the water below is wonderfully smooth; a leaf circling down to the surface sends tiny ripples to the very brim.

* The imperial and provincial export duties on timber amount to about fourteen per cent. *ad valorem*. Woods brought from Peru down the Amazons pay no duty.

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There are plenty of interesting things to see about the house. Fifteen or twenty men and women are employed here in preparing tobacco by the Amazonian process, which is as different as possible from ours. The leaves are picked from the stalks as soon as they are large enough, slightly dried for a day or two under shelter, and brought to the house in great baskets. Here the midrib is removed by boys and women, and the leaves—two, four or eight pounds together—are spread out in layers one over the other, and rolled together and bound with strips of bark. Next, the roll is wound tightly with heavy cord, as thread is wound upon a spool; the strongest workmen are chosen for this part of the process, and one of them can wind no more than fifteen or sixteen *molhos* in a day, twisting the roll with his hands, while the cord, thrown about a post, is held tightly with the foot. In this manner the tobacco is very strongly compressed: the roll, after winding, is left for several days until it will retain its form; then the cord is removed, and long strips of *jacitara*—the split stem of a climbing palm—are wound on in its place. The tobacco goes to the market in this condition, but it is not considered good until it has passed through a fermenting stage, which occupies five or six months. Then the roll is hard and black; people shave it off as they want it for pipes and cigarettes; the Indians make large cigars with wrappers of *tauary* bark, but they are generally satisfied with a few whiffs, and then stick the cigars behind their ears to get them out of the way until they are wanted again. Roll tobacco brings from $1.00 to $1.50 per pound, but the profit is limited because no means have been devised for shortening the process of manufacture and doing away with the heavy manual labor involved in it. And in this, as in everything else, Brazilians object to any new method, because they are so firmly wedded to the old.

Even the commonest labor here gets a touch of warm tropical color and motion. A dozen or more women preparing tobacco on the piazza form a group the like of which would be utterly impossible at the North. Look at that great negro, recalling the Discobolus, with his brawny arms as he twists the tobacco-roll; but the Discobolus is only still white marble; this man is living flesh and blood, with a dash of equatorial glow thrown into his dark skin. Look at that lace-maker. Was ever a *genre* painting made to equal this picture? Yet the girl is plain enough, and her actions are simple. Our host, even, is a Brazilian American,—not by language, nor manners, nor dress, but by an indescribable *tout ensemble* that would disappear in a two-weeks' voyage. I think the most familiar thing about the house is the imported cat,—but then, cats are tropical everywhere.

A stoic would turn enthusiast here. Follow the road that leads up to the great cane-field. The hill-side is all aglow. I am afraid that our frequent stops are less to get up panegyrics on nature than to fan ourselves with our broad-brimmed hats. But on top the breeze is fresh and cool: a breath of the trade-wind coming up the valley from the Atlantic. We are on the edge of the southern table-land; the ground about us is a dead level, sinking suddenly to another dead level five hundred feet beneath. We can look across the flood-plains, thirty miles or more to the blue hills of Monte Alegre and Ereré; down below us the River Uaiaiá* winds like a ribbon through the green meadows; there are a few lakes in sight, but nothing like the spattering of them that we have seen in other places. In their place

* Pronounced Wa-ya-yá.

PREPARING TOBACCO.—1, SPLITTING JACITARA. 2, STEMMING. 3, SPREADING THE LEAVES. 4, ROLLING.

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there are lines of swampy forest, and strips of arums, and clumps of bushes, all running parallel to the channel: seams left by the Amazons in sewing this patch-work together. Back of us the great cane-field stretches half a mile or more in every direction, fresh, green, waving—the prettiest sight a planter's eyes could find. The cane is cut by hand, and brought to the brow of the hill on ox-carts; there it is thrown into a long shoot, which deposits it cleverly in the mill-house. No wonder that the cane thrives here; the ground is a rich black loam, two feet thick; we see it in the road-cuttings, and it spreads away beyond the field far into the thick forest.

It is curious to note what gave this land its richness. The refuse of a thousand kitchens for may be a thousand years together

LOOKING DOWN FROM THE CANE-FIELD, TAPERINHA.

with the numberless palm-thatches, which were left to rot on the ground as they were replaced by new ones. For the bluffs were covered with Indian houses, "so close together," says Acuña, "that from one village you can hear the workmen of another." The people made coarse pottery and marked it with quaint devices. We find fragments scattered everywhere, and for years Mr. Rhome has been making archæological collections, including all sorts of curious things: a whistle, vultures' heads, frogs, and a cock with comb and wattles complete.* The Indians were cremationists: burning their dead and burying them in jars under their floors; and several of these burial-urns have been obtained at Taperinha. Stone implements are not common: a few handsome axes and arrow-heads were picked up here, and below the hill.

Generally this black soil does not extend more than half a mile from the face of the bluff; after that the land is red sandy clay, for mold does not form in the forest as it does at the North: the leaves fall singly and are never packed together by a blanket of snow. Most crops thrive very well on this red land. There is also an important feature of vegetable growth here which has never been fully appreciated. On the Amazons, every plant tends to become an epiphyte. It is not alone the orchids that grow out of the air: many forest trees do so almost entirely; they will continue to throw off new leaves long after they are cut down. Among cultivated plants, tobacco is a striking instance of this. I have seen a strong and healthy-looking plant growing out of a stone wall where a seed had lodged; no doubt deriving a little nourishment from earth and rubbish in the chinks, but getting a vast proportion of its living from the moist atmosphere. I feel sure that the northern provinces must eventually be the great agricultural regions of Brazil, not only because of their productiveness, but because they are nearer to Europe and America, the great markets. Rio de Janeiro is five thousand miles, in round numbers, from New York; Pará about three thousand. Sugar-cane, cotton and corn will all grow better here, and give larger and surer crops than in the southern provinces. I know this, not from the

* Acuña says that the Indians had chickens, descended from Peruvian stock which had been passed from tribe to tribe down the valley.

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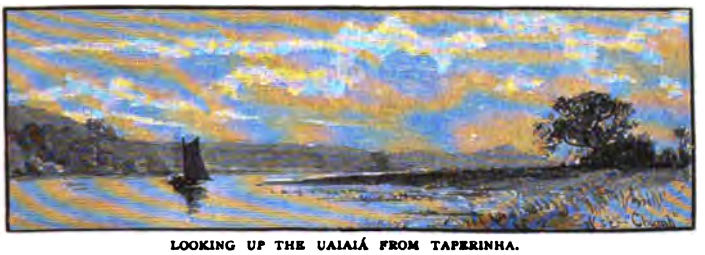
mere prejudiced reports of the planters, but by months of personal observation in both regions. And, strange as it may seem to our merchants, even yet the finest coffee in Brazil grows on the Amazons; formerly it adopted the rule of improving on Brazilian methods of work rather than attempting to introduce novelties; and his produce is all sold in the province, so that it is subject to no duties.



LOOKING UP THE UAIAIÁ FROM TAPERINHA.

was produced in considerable quantities, but the industry was killed by the export duties and the lack of labor. Then there is the further advantage of unrivaled water-channels for internal communication. In fact, the country seems fitted by nature for an agricultural community.

But here man steps in with his stupid laws and bars the garden gate. On the Amazons there are land-grants for settlers, it is true, but they are involved in so much red tape that one never feels sure of his property; and the expenses of surveying, procuring papers, etc., generally reckon up as much as it would take to buy the land outright. Machinery and agricultural implements are admitted free of duty; but the owner is sure to have a vast deal of trouble at the custom-house, because the law is not well understood, or is purposely ignored; and then there is the heavy expense of shipping, to say nothing of the export duties, which will ever remain incomprehensible to a thinking American. Why, for instance, should a duty of fourteen per cent. on timber be retained when the simple fact that there is such a duty keeps every stick of timber from the market? Why should a duty be kept on sugar, cotton, hides, when the only effect of the impost is to kill the industries altogether by preventing competition with other countries? It is like the stingy merchant who insists on charging double price for his goods, and only cheats himself by his meanness. Mr. Rhome has had to work against these and a hundred other obstacles; but he believes that profitable farming can be carried on here, and his own plantation is a striking proof of his position. He has

On three sides of the cane-field the forest rises in solid mass, fully a hundred feet. A distance of fifteen or twenty miles, may be, has been reached by the hunters and sarsaparilla gatherers; beyond that the country is as completely *terra incognita* as the other side of the moon. But so far as we know, with very slight breaks, the whole of the Amazonian highland is covered with this thick growth of trees; there is no other forest region in the world of like extent, and none so remarkable for the variety and richness of its productions. Where the land has been recently cleared we get a kind of section of the forest: hundreds of gray and white columns set close together like the pickets of a fence, and supporting a green roof above. But within, everything is a maze: a chaotic confusion of tree-trunks, and vines, and branches, and leaves. Even on the ocean you are not so weighted with a sense of your insignifi-

A LACE-MAKER.

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cance as when wandering in these pathless solitudes. For at sea there is always the same horizon, a definite boundary to vision; and in the very attempt to reach beyond it the imagination forms an ideal ocean, a limited immensity. The ship carries you on without any bodily exertion of your own: you know that you are moving, as you know that the earth moves, but day after day, there are the same sea and sky to give the lie to your reasoning. In the forest you are forced to measure your own power with the infinite. Guided by the compass, you keep a straight line for days together, but it is not like a woodland walk at home; you must do battle for your right of way, cutting a narrow passage through hedge-like thickets, and mats of woody vines, and interlaced branches. And then, after a day of hard fighting, you lay yourself down at the foot of some giant tree, and look up, up, to where the boughs are all mingled together, and single leaves are indistinguishable, where the fragments of blue sky seem hardly more distant than the tree-tops, as if you saw them through an inverted telescope; and then off through the vague net-work of leaves, and tree-trunks, and rope-like air-roots, and twisted vines, until the vision is lost, you know not where; only you feel in your inmost soul that there is a mysterious, an unfathomable depth beyond; you know that you are hardly within the borders of this wilderness where you could travel for months and never reach the end; you compare your own littleness with the littleness of a single tree, which, standing alone, would be a beacon for miles around; and you bow your head with fear and trembling, with the cry of the human, "Be pitiful, O God!"

At first there is only the overwhelming impression of extent and impenetrable tangle. After a while the eyes grow accustomed to the labyrinth, and we begin to notice its component parts; then we see how different the highland forest is from the pictures we had drawn of it. We get our ideas of the tropics from green-houses, where a great number of broad-leaved, handsome plants are gathered from every quarter of the world, and thrown together without any regard to their distribution in nature; all of them remarkable for their singular forms, or bright colors, or showy flowers. But the high forest has nothing to compare with this; in many respects it rather resembles our woods at home, only it is far thicker and higher. Palms are common in many places, but as their tops are lost in the tangle above, we hardly notice them; only the large stemless *curuás* sometimes form a peculiar foreground. There are no bananas, no callas, no bamboos; even the orchids and bromelias are hidden among the branches, fifty feet over our heads. For the most part the trees look much like northern species. Almost all forest trees are straight and comparatively slender; here the trunks are more buried in foliage, and the upper branches are a hundred, perhaps a hundred and fifty, feet from the ground. Some form fluted columns, or buttresses around the roots; a few are spiny. In the foliage we only notice the curious effect produced by the preponderance of pinnate leaves, as in the acacias and myrtles. But in a northern wood, over large

IN THE FOREST.

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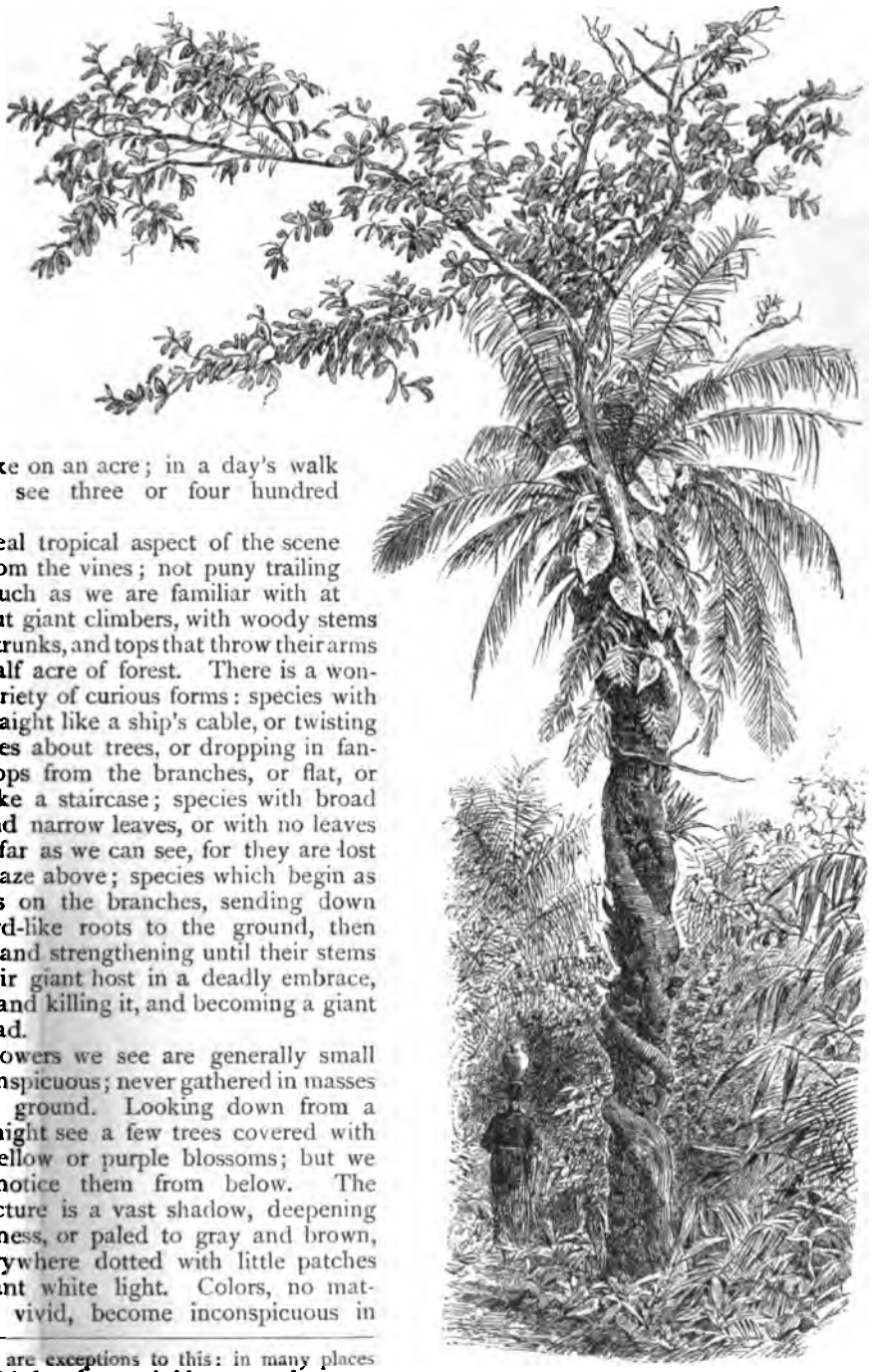
tracts we find only pines, or beeches, or oaks, or at most only four or five kinds together. Here there will hardly be two kinds alike on an acre; in a day's walk we may see three or four hundred species.*

The real tropical aspect of the scene comes from the vines; not puny trailing things, such as we are familiar with at home, but giant climbers, with woody stems like tree-trunks, and tops that throw their arms over a half acre of forest. There is a wonderful variety of curious forms: species with stems straight like a ship's cable, or twisting themselves about trees, or dropping in fantastic loops from the branches, or flat, or zigzag like a staircase; species with broad leaves and narrow leaves, or with no leaves at all so far as we can see, for they are lost in the maze above; species which begin as air-plants on the branches, sending down long cord-like roots to the ground, then growing and strengthening until their stems clasp their giant host in a deadly embrace, choking and killing it, and becoming a giant in its stead.

The flowers we see are generally small and inconspicuous; never gathered in masses near the ground. Looking down from a hill we might see a few trees covered with showy yellow or purple blossoms; but we hardly notice them from below. The forest picture is a vast shadow, deepening to blackness, or paled to gray and brown, but everywhere dotted with little patches of brilliant white light. Colors, no matter how vivid, become inconspicuous in this web, because the eye is dazzled by the light patches. Scarlet, from its contrast to the green leaves, is least subject to this



JUDAS-TREE.

* There are exceptions to this: in many places the ground is largely occupied by two or three species, but not to the entire exclusion of the others.

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THE BEACH BELOW SANTAREM.

rule; but even a scarlet passion-flower may easily escape notice. It is wonderful how well the bright colored birds are concealed among the branches. A universal instinct teaches birds and insects and reptiles to remain perfectly still when they are alarmed. This is one reason, no doubt, why we see so few of them in the deep forest; but in point of fact there is a greater paucity of animal life than would be supposed. Birds gather around the edge of the forest, and on the open plains of the lowlands; insects and reptiles often live out of sight in the tree-tops. As for tigers and anacondas, the traveler may as well give up the idea of having adventures with them. For three years I was in the forest alone nearly every day, and often many miles from the settlements; but my experience of the great cats is confined to meetings with two red panthers, both of whom ran away with the utmost spirit. I frequently saw the tracks of very large jaguars, and I learn from the hunters that these and the black tigers will sometimes attack a man without provocation; but I fancy that the danger incurred from them is no greater than that which we brave in railroad traveling at home. In the woods I never saw a snake even fifteen feet long; there are much larger ones, but they are not greatly feared; in fact it is a common practice to keep the smaller boas about houses to kill bats and mice. Mr. Rhome has had several of them which lived in his roof, and were quite harmless; I have often seen one of these, eight or ten feet long, snugly coiled away under the tiles.

Our every-day life at Taperinha gets its dash of the forest. "By the way," says Mr. Rhome, "have you ever seen a tapir?" And he is reminded that one was killed last night; we are to have a bit of its meat for

FISHING BY TORCHLIGHT.

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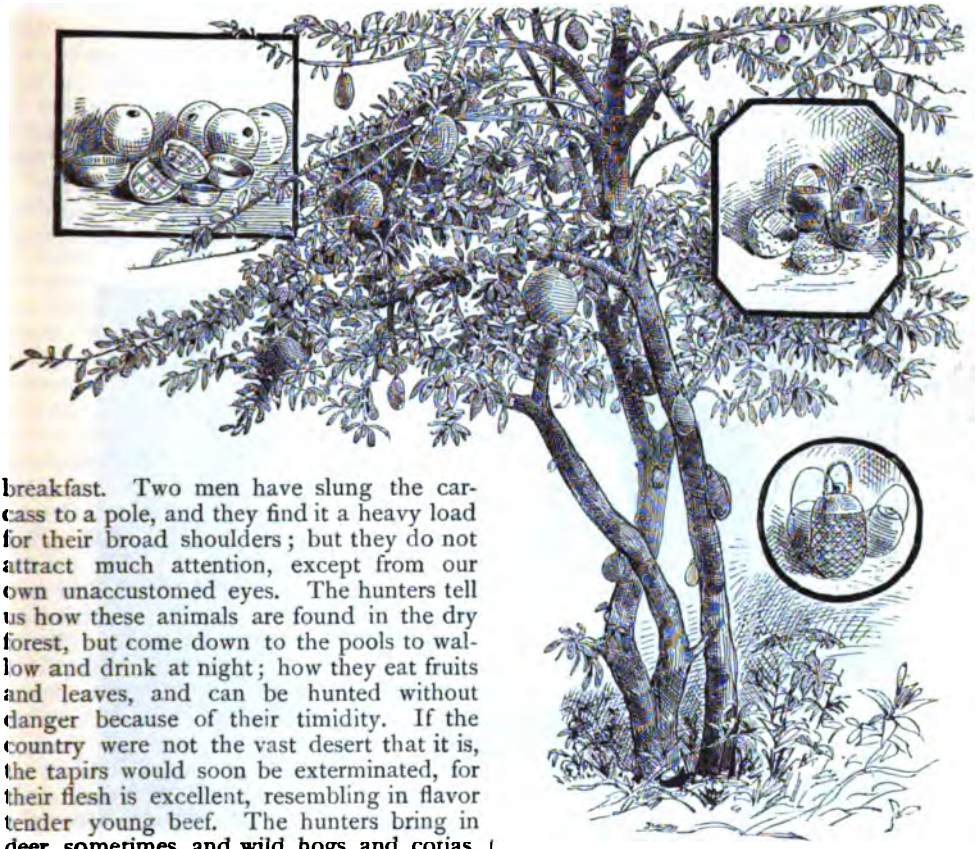

CALABASH-TREE.

breakfast. Two men have slung the carcass to a pole, and they find it a heavy load for their broad shoulders; but they do not attract much attention, except from our own unaccustomed eyes. The hunters tell us how these animals are found in the dry forest, but come down to the pools to wallow and drink at night; how they eat fruits and leaves, and can be hunted without danger because of their timidity. If the country were not the vast desert that it is, the tapirs would soon be exterminated, for their flesh is excellent, resembling in flavor tender young beef. The hunters bring in deer, sometimes, and wild hogs, and cotias, and pacas: Mr. Rhome shows us the skins of half a dozen jaguars and pumas which have been shot about the estate. One might hastily infer that the forest is crowded with game, just as it used to be represented in the geography pictures; but in point of fact the hunters often search for hours without seeing so much as a monkey or a squirrel.

The real provision houses are the lowland lakes and channels. We can go out any evening with the fishermen, who supply not only the proprietor's table, but the people of the estate. Motherly Mrs. Rhome packs away a great basket of provisions for us, and we take care to go with thick coats, for the night air is cool. Thus fortified, we seat ourselves with our host in the middle of a wooden canoe, among heaps of Caraná faggots, which are to be used for torches. The river is still and dark: we see the stars reflected in it, and flickering with the current until we can hardly tell them from the dancing fire-flies above. Nothing is defined; clumps of forest stand out vaguely over the meadows; in the shadow you cannot tell where water ends and land begins. The men paddle swiftly but silently; we can hear fish leaping from the water, night-birds complaining from the solitary trees, frogs and crickets in the marshes, a stray alligator, may be, rippling the surface as he disappears beneath it. Our fisherman lights his torch and throws a ruddy glow over the water. Flap! Already he has speared a fish in the shallows; waving the torch with his left hand, while he uses the trident with his right. Flap, flop! A big carauaná is squirming about in the bottom of the canoe. Flop! There is another fish—and another—a harvest of them; the torch-holder cannot spear them fast enough. We paddle slowly about among the grass-clumps; sometimes startling a bird on an overhanging branch; once the poor bewildered thing comes within reach of a boatman, who catches it in his hand to carry home to the children; finally the torch goes out and we go home to sleep far into the bright morning.

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Nature makes wonderful pictures with the palms. We have seen them about the Breves channels, where the forest is resplendent with their regal processions. But along the highlands are fairy palaces, where their beauty is more quiet, perhaps, but so warm and tender that we forget all about their princely lineage, and grow familiar with them, and form special friendships, just as we would with beeches, and oaks, and elms. Many kinds gather about the swift-flowing streams, for they are delighted to have their roots bathed in the cool water, while their leaves reach up toward the sunshine. There is such a stream at Taperinha,—the Igarapé-assú,—and I think I never appreciated the possibilities of palm-scenery until I went there. The mouth of the Igarapé is lost in floating grass, through which the canoe must be poled for half a mile or more: "a voyage overland," Mrs. Agassiz called it. By and by we enter a narrow stream, bordered on either side by thickets of fan-leaved *caraná* palms and pretty *marajás;* these two grow only on very low, wet land. It is very beautiful, even here; but farther up, the swift stream is all closed in and arched over with trees, and there the *assais* grow in thousands, slender stems throwing themselves fifty or sixty feet into the air, the leaves all alive with that tremulous motion that is seen with every palm, but never so perfectly as in the *assai*. The banks, too, are covered with broad-leaved plants, and there are great philodendrons on the trees, and vines trailing from the branches; but all this tropical splendor is so mellowed and softened down with touches of sunshine and curtains of shadow that it comes back to the heart like strangely familiar music, heard now for the first time, but floating in the memory far away, long ago.

Truly, there is no end to the beautiful places one can find at Taperinha; sunny orange groves, and woodland roads, and clean, bright meadows, and the group of giant *miriti* palms at the spring, and little clumps of forest on the lowlands. And then, by way of change, we have a touch of comedy in plantation life and odd characters about the negro quarters. One evening, Mr. Rhome arranges a rustic dance among the people. It begins in the orthodox Amazonian manner, with a singing prayer-meeting in the little chapel, to which worshipers are called by the monotonous beating of a great drum. Then, when the concluding *Padre-Nosso* is sung, and the saint's girdle is kissed, the leader turns master of ceremonies, and such nondescript dances follow as could only originate in the fertile brain of a negro. There is an indescribable mingling of weird and comic in the scene: the dark faces and arms, set off by white dresses, the octogenarian negro striking his tambourine with a trembling hand, the half-naked babies tumbling about under the feet of the dancers, and the dim,

SANDY CAMPOS (HILL-SIDES).

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flaring lamps, half lighting, half obscuring the moving figures. We sit and watch them until midnight, and then go away as one goes from a theater, dropping out of dream-life into the dark street.

But the time comes when we must say a regretful *adeos* to our kind host, who loads us with favors and presents to the last, and sends a canoe to take us to Santarem with the treasures we have gathered through his kindness. Then there is the long night ride, and the torturing mosquitoes, and the sunny morning and the bright sand-beach by the mouth of the Tapajós, with its clusters of javary-palms. At last we reach the picturesque town where we must wait for three days, until the tardy river-steamboat comes along.

One could spend more than three days enjoyably at Santarem. There are no insect pests here, strange to say, and we can sleep in peace with our windows open at night. Then we get a glimpse of town-life, with its familiarity and ceremony, its indolence and activity. From our house on the water-front we can see strange-looking river-craft constantly passing and repassing, and from morning till night there is a succession of odd pictures along the shore: first the women trooping down at sunrise to fill their water-jars; next the bathers; then the washerwomen, tucking their skirts between their knees and wading out into the water, and spreading the clothes to dry on the sand; later, the fishermen coming in with their loaded canoes, and pleasure-parties of Indians camping on the beach and lighting it at night with ruddy fires.

The country about Santarem is open and sandy, as it is in some other places along the river, for the forest is not entirely unbroken. The *campos* of Ceará and Piauhy have outlying fragments in the very midst of the Amazonian woods. So far as I know, these strips of sandy campo are never very extensive, but, small as they are, they stand out in glaring distinction from the woods around them. The vegetation is utterly different from that of the forest. I do not know of a single plant which is properly indigenous to both. There are plenty of trees on the campo, but they are low, spreading, almost always crooked and gnarled, as if they passed their life in a chronic state of trying to do better, and never succeeding. They are thinly leaved in the dry season, but verdant in a rough way during the winter months. Beneath, scattered tufts of wiry grass grow over the glaring white sand, only half hiding it. The landscape reminds one of a neglected orchard, where the trees have been left unpruned for years, and weeds and bushes have sprung up about their roots.

I cannot see that the limits of the campo depend on any peculiarity of the soil. We find the forest rising like a wall on all sides, but within it there is the same sandy ground, with a substratum of clay. The general level is neither higher nor lower, and the earth is no more abundantly watered. The campo soil is drier and more barren, because it is not protected by a thick roof of foliage; but you will find it just the same in old forest clearings where the thin upper coating has disappeared. I suppose that the campos are remains of an old flora which has been gradually smothered by the encroaching forest. The campo trees are fitted for a hot, dry soil; they cannot grow in the shady woods. Forest seeds, on the contrary, are killed by baking on the hot sands; so new trees spring up only in the shade of the old ones, and the forest wall advances but slowly. In rocky places, as we saw at the Serra of Ereré, the campo vegetation is somewhat changed; it is rougher, and has a more tropical cast from the small palms and sword-leaved plants and giant cactuses.

But, after all, the grand feature of the Amazons valley is its forest, and it is with the forest that Americans will have to do, either gleaning its natural wealth or clearing it away for plantations. So we come to the important question: Is the Amazons an inviting field for American enterprise? Especially, is it fitted for profitable farming? By nature, yes. Perhaps so, even with the present barbarous laws that govern settlers; but, after all, as I said before, it depends on the man. We have seen what Mr. Rhome has done. He has succeeded because he is the man to succeed; very likely, also, because he has found a rich and enterprising partner, with thirty or forty slaves to do his work. I describe one man's success as I see it, but with the express addition that this success is exceptional, almost unique. I have known many good and enterprising men who have failed, or almost failed, on the same ground; I know a few who have succeeded. In general, if a man has no money, I would say to him, keep away from Brazil. Brains and muscle are worth at least as much at home, and if you fail you fail among friends. But if you have a few hundred or thousand dollars to spare on the experiment; if you are content to do without Protestant churches; if you have no

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children to educate, or can afford to take a tutor with you; if you can be satisfied with strange customs and little refined society, then you may go to the Amazons with a clear conscience. But go with a definite purpose. Don't waste your time on some vague idea of riches, to be gained you know not how. Go prepared to do hard work; with knowledge and judgment enough to keep you out of the fever districts, with patience enough to stand the mosquitoes. Then, if you fail, you will at least have gained a valuable test of your own capabilities. If you succeed, you may possibly build up a fortune.

FOUR-LEAF CLOVER.

Down among the orchard-grass,
A happy, careless rover,
Pretty little Margery
Goes hunting four-leaf clover.

Timid little Margery
Gives her searching over,
Startled by a shadow
Darkening the clover.

Kneeling down beside her,
Blossoms arching over,
Martin in the orchard-grass,
Goes hunting four-leaf clover.

Gazing in each other's eyes,
Searching is all over;
There's no longer any need
For hunting four-leaf clover.

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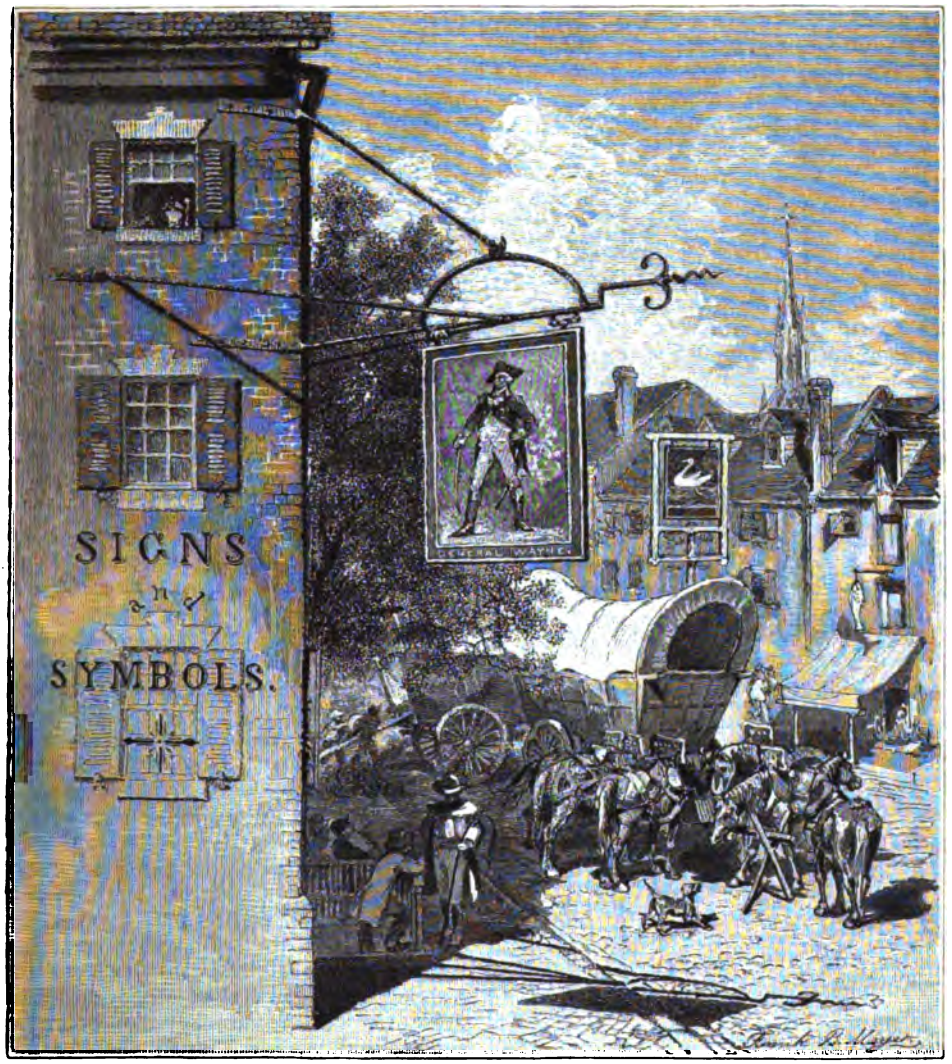
SIGNS AND SYMBOLS.



THE "GENERAL WAYNE" INN, BALTIMORE, IN THE OLDEN TIME.

UNTIL recently we affected to despise the Middle Ages; but a nearer view of that shadowy time gives us vistas of light and color, of graceful and quaint forms, of a people quick to see the beautiful and prompt to put their wits to work in expressing it. No little of this activity was absorbed in carving, forging and limning, and it was during this period that symbols and sign-boards, vanes and weather-cocks, figure-heads and door-knockers, were in their glory; they were indeed the peculiar offspring of the age of feudalism. Then the houses and castles of the nobles were always open to the traveler, and the prominent feature of the family crest or armorial bearings above the door bore fruit of suggestion in such names as the "Blue Boar," the "Red Lion," or the "White Rose."

When the hostelry replaced the hall, the carved scutcheon of the castle was probably represented by a banner bearing the arms or crest of the lord of the manor, which, in its turn, suggested the more permanently

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suspended board or *enseigne*. From a family crest, or some such rude device as the "Vintner's Bush," or the "Cakes and Ale," business rivalry sought advertisement in more conspicuous signs, which, as they grew in size and beauty, required for their support, the elaborate iron-work in which the mediæval artist reveled. They were carved and gilded, and often sustained in a massive frame-work united marvels of the skill of painter, gilder, smith and joiner, and in their redundant ornament became verily triumphal arches in honor of Bacchus. The tradesman, from the simple exposure of the tools of his craft or the best of his wares, emulated the inn-keeper, and each jutted beyond the other his claim to notice; until the useful and picturesque sign became an intolerable nuisance or a mere commonplace; no longer a landmark to the stranger, or the pride of the citizen. At the word of the law, its creaking music

THE SCRIVENER OR BOOK-SELLER. (FROM A MEDIÆVAL CUT.)

ceased. So departed in the Old World historic and commemorative signs; heraldic natic signs; signs of monsters, of owls, fishes and insects, flowers, trees, and herbs; signs biblical and religious; signs of saints and martyrs; emblems of dignities, trades and professions, humorous and comic, even pictorial puns and rebuses. For a while after the projecting or hanging signs were forbidden, similar ones were placed against the front of the house, and many carved in stone; some of these, particularly on the continent of Europe, were truly works of art. The lingering love of art or old associations has preserved or reproduced many of the old devices, but with the general knowledge of reading they are no longer a necessity.

Convivial England has always clung to its old inns, and one may yet feel a genial glow at the mention of mine host of the "Garter," the "Boar's Head in Eastcheap," the "Markis o' Granby," or the "May-pole Inn." Nor has there been lack of effort to celebrate them by pen and pencil; so that in the pages of novelists and poets, the American people have become tolerably familiar with their appearance and their customs.

With old American inns our people can hardly be said to be acquainted,—still less with those whose symbolism was most interesting. New England—whether on account of Puritanism we cannot say—seems to have little to show in this line. Preserved in the historic collection at the "Old South Church" in Boston is a colonial sign in which the generous punch-bowl asserts its independent swing. Nor could this "old continental" have been a solitary example, if we believe the European travelers of those days, who speak of the "insatiable thirst of their fellow-passengers of the stage-coach, who never saw a sign-board but they must halt the coach to refresh themselves with 'grog.'" That these signs were sometimes turned to more spiritual use is evident from a chap-book of the time of Wesley and Whitfield, in which we read that "Sign-boards are spiritualized with an intent that when a person walks along the street, instead of having his mind fill'd with vanity and their thoughts amus'd with the trifling things that continually present themselves, they may be able to think of something profitable." In the old "Middle States," they took a wider range. Our American Vasari, Dunlap, in acknowledging "that many a good painter has condescended, and many a one been glad, to paint a sign," records that in Philadelphia the signs have been remarkable for the skill with which they are designed and executed, and in support thereof cites the testimony of the artist Neagle as

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that of "an excellent artist and judicious man" in his appreciation of the merits of the signs of Matthew Pratt. "I have seen the works of Pratt," says, Neagle "portraits,

COLONIAL SIGNS.*

and other subjects, and I remember many signs for public-houses (now all gone) painted by his hand, and I assure you they were by far the best signs I ever saw. They were of a higher character than signs generally, well colored and well composed, the works of an artist descended from a much higher department. A notably fine piece of work was a game-cock in a barn-yard, which for many years graced a beer house in Spruce street. In the sign of the Federal Convention of 1788,—first raised at the corner of Fourth and Chestnut streets,—Pratt gave excellent portraits of the distinguished men assembled on that occasion, and day after day the streets were filled with crowds occupied in identifying likenesses. The sign must have been painted soon after the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and I remember many a time gazing as a boy at the assembled patriots, especially at the venerable and conspicuous head of Dr. Franklin." Other signs by this artist were a "Neptune" for Lebanon Gardens, an admirable "Fox Chase" with a sunrise landscape, in Arch street, a drover's scene, and others, most of them with verses at bottom composed by himself. Pratt's signs were broad in effect and were loaded with color, and his style and touch were free from "niggling." "I remember

*The writer acknowledges receipt from an unknown friend of the sketch for the lower sign.

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well," says Neagle, "for it was in a great measure they which stirred a spirit in me for art whenever I saw them, which was frequently." Pratt, who was born in Philadelphia in 1734, was a school-mate of Charles Wilson Peale and of Benjamin West, "at Videl's school up the alley, back of Holland's hatter's shop." At ten years of age he wrote twelve different hand-writings and painted a number of marine pieces. As the friend of West and in company with the latter's father, he conducted the betrothed of Benjamin to London, where he became a student and member of his family. He assisted West in painting the whole royal family, and aided Peale in forming the first museum in Philadelphia. He was devotedly attached to his profession, but, feeling that the legitimate path of limner could not support his increasing family, he painted at intervals a number of signs.

"Gallagher," says Dunlap, "in 1800, in Philadelphia, painted portraits, scenes, and signs, but his taste for lounging exceeded his devotion to art, and he met the fate of idlers." Not so a more noted name and a truly American genius, William S. Mount, born at Setauket, L. I., 1807, an orphan, and a hard-working farmer's boy, until the age of seventeen, at which age an elder brother took him as an apprentice to sign-painting. In 1827, however, he returned to the fields and the farm, and under congenial influences painted some charming pictures of rural life and humor. Many of our artists have owed their first lessons either to coach or sign painting, and had the age permitted their development in the wider and higher field of decorative art, they would no doubt have proved as distinguished in that line as at the easel.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. (FROM AN OIL-PAINTING BY F. B. MAYER.)

It was as a pupil of a noted decorator of

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fire-engines that Charles L. Elliott with his fellow-pupil, the late Colonel Thorpe, received his first instructions in art. "This artist was John Quidor, whose shop was in Pearl street, between Elm and Centre,—a large-framed man, with unusually large projecting eyes. He enjoyed a great reputation as a painter of 'backs' of fire-engines, when firemen were especially noted for their frequent fights, and their engines for their decorative display. Quidor also tried his hand at figure subjects."

Philadelphia was not alone in the number or quality of her signs; for among the old towns of Pennsylvania, the German attachment to old ways is shown in the maintenance of the tavern signs, and in Maryland with its English traditions, we recall creditable works of art, where all the operations of the cooper's shop or the forge were faithfully depicted, and particularly the flattering risks of the lottery. We remember with pleasure the old inns of Baltimore, where signs of the "Golden Horse," the "White Swan," the "Black Bear," the "Open Hand," the "Seven Stars," the "Wheatfield Inn," the "Three Tuns," the "General Wayne," the "May-pole Inn," the "Rising Sun," the "Bull's Head," the "Beehive," and the "Golden Lamb," hung amidst groups of immense Conestoga wagons,—great terrestrial arks, drawn by six or eight horse teams, the link between the pack-horses and mules of colonial days and the railroads of our time. In the town, these land-ships crowded the streets, and their horses fed from troughs sustained on the wagon-poles. With the old signs, to the youthful eye such wonders of art, we associate the life of the old turnpike roads: the stage-coach with its lively horses, and the bugle-notes of the driver as he approached the post-office or the inn; the turnpike gate with its overhanging roof and turn-stile for the wayfarer and its keeper, often a rural character; and the long wagon trains with the emigrants to the "Western Country," as all beyond the Alleghanies was then called. Immense herds of cattle passed along these roads to Eastern markets, following the lead of a clanking chain, and the road was alive with horsemen and footmen,—the itinerant preacher, the returning drover or farmer, the peddler and the traveling tinker. Of the inns where these people tarried we recall on the great stage route from Philadelphia to Baltimore, the sign of the "Red Lion," a relic of English loyalty, and the "Heart in Hand," expressing a welcome. In "Baltimore-town," at that time, the Wheatfield Inn (now transformed, as others have been by false pride, into the name and dignity of a "hotel") presented as a sign a luxuriant growth of ripened grain invaded by hungry rats; the "Three Tuns" spoke of unlimited joviality, and the "General Wayne" exhibited, suspended from its iron frame, a full length of "Mad Anthony" in his Continental uniform. This sign, the last of its kind, still hangs in mid-air, faded out of countenance amid street cars and locomotives. Of more pretentious inns, the resort of people of quality, there was the "Globe," with its elaborate sign-board, a golden hemisphere hanging from iron work above its wide door. The "Indian Queen" was noted as "the best kept house of its day, and having accommodations for two hundred guests with bells in every room;" thence rode forth General Jackson in company with the Indian chief Blackhawk, to see and be seen by the town. The "Seven Stars" sparkled in a blue sky, and the "Fountain Inn," with its refreshing sign, was a substantial caravansary after the style of the galleried inns of England, but little modified in plan from "Ye Tabard in Southwark," whence Chaucer's friends set out to Canterbury, or from those inns in whose court-yards Shakspere's fellow-comedians acted in Good Queen Bess's time, amusing our forefathers of summer afternoons with quaint jokes and comic parts.

AN ANNAPOLIS SIGN.

It was built around a court having a refreshing fountain in the center, access to the bedrooms being afforded by shady galleries on each story. Here Washington tarried on his way North from Virginia, and here this little anecdote still clings to its memory: After the fatigues of a day passed

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in the interchange of official courtesies and a review of the troops, the General had retired to his room to seek a much-needed repose, when he was drawn to the door by a gentle tap. Opening it he met the awe-struck gaze of two little boys.

THE FEDERAL COCKADE. FOUNTAIN INN, BALTIMORE, 1794. (FROM AN OIL-PAINTING BY F. B. MAYER.)

"What can I do for you, my little men?" said Washington.

"We want to see General Washington," one replied.

"I am the General," he said, leading them graciously in; and, while he chatted with them familiarly, he observed that one wore a cockade in his hat, but not that of a Federalist. Calling a servant, he sent for ribbon, pins, and scissors, and quietly fashioned a cockade, which he pinned to the hat of the other boy, saying:

"That, my boy, is the Federal cockade, the cockade of the Union; wear it for my sake."

The boy, who lived to be a distinguished jurist, always preserved the treasure.

The origin of Odd-fellowship in America is closely connected with a Baltimore inn. At the "Seven Stars," on the 26th of April, 1819, the first American lodge of Odd-fellows was instituted—by the assembly of the required number of five of the order who had previously been initiated in England—under the name of Washington Lodge, No. 1. Thomas Wildey, to whom a monument is erected in Broadway, Baltimore, as the father of Odd-fellowship in America, was elected Noble Grand. At the "Three Loggerheads," a dismal out-of-the-way tavern, near the docks, and much frequented by sailors and wharf loungers, the organization grew into importance, and received the first warrant ever granted to a lodge in the United States from the order

in the Mother Country. Here the grand lodges of Maryland and of the United States were instituted, and held their first sessions. Its sign, swung from a projecting beam, represented upon each side *two* extremely ugly faces with the legend above them: "We three loggerheads be." The social character of the lodge at the "Loggerheads" is described by a passer-by, who, one summer night, was attracted beneath the open windows by the sounds of mirth. A large room in the second story was well lighted and pretty well filled; a noisy commotion was prevailing, but by three vigorous blows of a mallet orderly silence was produced. All at once, a deep-toned tenor voice sang "Old King Cole," with all the original variations. The vocal imitations of the four-and-twenty fiddlers, fifers and drummers, were loudly given amid thunders of applause. A soliloquy from "Richard III.," in imitation of a great actor of the day, followed. This was also well received. There was then a hubbub of internal commotion which lasted until stopped by the loud-sounding mallet. A sweet, soft voice then executed "The Poor Little Sweep." Entering the tavern, the stranger demanded: "What is the charge to your free-and-easy?" To which mine host indignantly replied, "There's no free-and-heasy 'ere, it's the hodd-fellows' lodge hover 'ead."

The American sign-painter has usually been inspired by national feeling rather than popular humor or local renown, hence the "spread eagles" that have taken flight, alas! to be replaced by the "National" or the "Union" hotel. The heads of Washington and Franklin, with a few of the earlier presidents, remain, but strange to say, that prototype of the Yankee nation, not the Father but the Uncle of his country, the ubiquitous Uncle Sam, has yet to be honored in this class of out-of-door art. We offer his typical portrait in the national bird, that

> "Emblem of Freedom, stern, haughty, and high,
> The gray forest eagle, the king of the sky."

In old Annapolis, as in other colonial capitals and provincial sea-ports, loyalty to the crown and love of the sea suggested the choice of such names as the "Duke of Cumberland," the "King's Head," the "Ship and the Topsail-sheet-block." A famous inn in Williamsburgh was the "Raleigh Tavern," and the Old Dominion must have had many a noted sign-board.

"UNCLE SAM." (FROM AN OIL-PAINTING BY F. B. MAYER.)

In vain we look in modern New York for relics of the signs of the Knickerbockers. Except the "Crowing Rooster," who served so often as the Dutch weathercock, few traditions exist of the sign-boards, with quaint devices and odd verses, which must have guided the Nieuw Amsterdammers to their beloved schnapps. Only the oldest New Yorkers remember the "Uncle Toby"; the "Pewter Mug," the retreat of the old Democracy of Tammany; the "Bull's Head" in the Bowery, or even the "River God" of the Manhattan Water-works. One of the most inviting, perhaps, was an old New York coffee-house, which bore for sign a sirloin steak with the appropriate Shaksperean motto, "If 'twere done when 'tis done, then 'twere well 'twere done quickly."

From signs proper we turn to trade symbols, and recall the "Golden Spectacles," the "Mortar and Pestle" or the "Galen's Head," the "Dangling Key," the "Bell," the "Awl," the "Fish," the "Gun," the "Three Gilt Balls" of "my uncle," the barber's pole and brass basin, and notably the tobacco manikins. The old warehouses with steep-tiled roofs, and dormer-doors with overhanging blocks for hoisting; the low counting-rooms with dingy rows of musty ledgers, tall desks, and a wood fire, with rows of leathern buckets hanging from the beams, were the background to the trader's sign, as the inns were to the more

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conspicuous sign-board. America may claim as peculiarly her own the manikins of the tobacco vender. So conspicuous were these wooden pieces that it is not to be wondered at that a foreigner arriving in this country asked if these were the statues of our great men. Before these objects became an article of wholesale manufacture, the skill and humor of the ship-carver alternated between land and sea, and his amphibious art begot a varied progeny of figure-heads and "tobacco-boys." As one of the family, we present the time-honored remains of one of the oldest of the boys. He is a jolly darky of the olden time, and must have seen the American troops march by after their triumphant repulse of the British from Baltimore in 1814. As a veteran, he has lately been placed on the retired list, and, withdrawn from the wind and weather, he enjoys an honored repose in the interior of the shop he has guarded since his infancy.

BRINGING IN THE BOAR'S HEAD. (FROM AN OIL-PAINTING BY F. B. MAYER.)

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The three uses of the weed were represented by the smoking Dutchman, the Highlander with his "mull" of snuff, and Jack Tar with his quid; and these, with the aboriginal

AN AMERICAN FAVORITE.

American, the son of Africa, and the turbaned Turk, were formerly the chief favorites; but recent ingenuity has devised many more, including "Punch" and his companion "Judy," the "Girl of the Period," the "Fast Young Man," and others. "Vulcan Lighting His Pipe" and "Sir Walter Raleigh" were favorites in Old England, the latter's merits as a commander being merged in his celebrity as the giver to the world of the great narcotic. A sign-board in London proclaimed that

"Great Britain to great Raleigh owes
The plant and country where it grows,"

under which some one wrote grimly,

"To George and North Old England owes
The loss of country where Tobacco grows."

In Holland, curiously enough, the "Dairy Maid" became the sign, *par excellence*, of tobacco shops; the process of sucking or inhaling the smoke having, by a rather remote association, carried back the Dutchman's mind to tender years of innocence and milk diet. "*Troost for Zuigelingen*" (consolation for sucklings) is still seen as a tobacco-motto, and one from a sign in Holland may be translated:

"Tobacco is a wondrous weed, 'tis easy to explain,
Since people who were long since weaned begin to suck again."

And here we may balance our books with Old England, to whom for the many sign-board devices she has given us we have returned the "Indian King and Queen," "Jim Crow," "Uncle Tom," and the "Red Rover," all popular signs of London. "Jim Crow" and "Captain Jinks" are almost the only instances of the hero of a song being promoted to the sign-board. "Uncle Tom" or "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is to be found everywhere, not only in England but on the Continent. The title of Cooper's novel seems to have taken hold of the popular fancy to an astonishing degree, not only as a publican's sign, but also for race-horses, ships, and locomotive engines. The "Indian King" is due to a visit to London, in 1710, of four Indian kings from America "who had audiences of Queen Anne and were a good deal talked about." Publicans have a strange fancy for Indian kings, chiefs, and queens, thus bearing out Trinculo's assertion of the nation at large: "When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian." There is a sculptured sign of an Indian chief at Shoreditch having all the appearance of an old ship's figure-head, and in Dolphin Lane, Boston, Lincolnshire,

AN ENGLISH FAVORITE.

there used to be a sign intended for the "Three Kings of Cologne," but by the vulgar called the "Three Merry Devils."

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Eventually, by a strange metamorphosis, it became a quaintly dressed female called the "Indian Queen." The "Black Boy" seems to have been a tobacconist's sign from the first; for in Ben Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair" we find: "I thought he would have run mad o' the Black Boy in Bucklersbury, that takes the scurvy roguy tobacco there." In Jews' row or Royal Hospital row, Chelsea, a sign which greatly mystifies the maimed old heroes is "The Snow-shoes." It is the sign of a house of old standing, and was set up during the excitement of the American war of Independence, when snow-shoes formed part of the equipment of the troops sent out to fight the battles of King George against "Mr. Washington and his rebels."

The "Brood Hen and Chickens," an old English rural sign, the prevalence of which may be accounted for by the kindred love for the barley-corn in the human and gallinaceous tribes, is probably the origin of the "Blue Hen and Chickens," so famous in our Revolution as the sobriquet of Delaware.

A new claimant to sign-board honors in our day, the only sovereign who in our republic asserts his prerogative of popular homage is his majesty "King Gambrinus," liege lord of lager-beer. His origin is mythical, and probably, like Old King Cole, of fabulous existence. But with the universal consecration of the sign-board to Bacchus, it would be unfair to neglect the mention of the Holly-tree Inns, established in the interests of temperance and economy, and setting as admirable an example in their interior conduct as in the adoption of the old-fashioned sign-board.

We owe to Messrs. Jacob Larwood and John Camden Hotten, the London antiquaries from whom we have occasionally quoted, a most interesting book in their "History of Sign-boards," which calls up many a picture of the olden time. There is a peculiar pleasure in pondering over these old houses and picturing them to ourselves as again inhabited by the busy tenants of former years; in meeting the great names of history in the hours of relaxation; in calling up the scenes which must often have been witnessed in the haunt of the pleasure-seeker: the tavern, with its noisy company; the coffee-house, with its politicians and smart beaux; and, on the other hand, the quiet, unpretending shop of the ancient book-seller, filled with the monuments of departed minds. America offers no such extensive store of interest as the older lands of Europe, but the field is not altogether barren, and it is to be hoped that much more will yet find record concerning our old inns, shops, and taverns.

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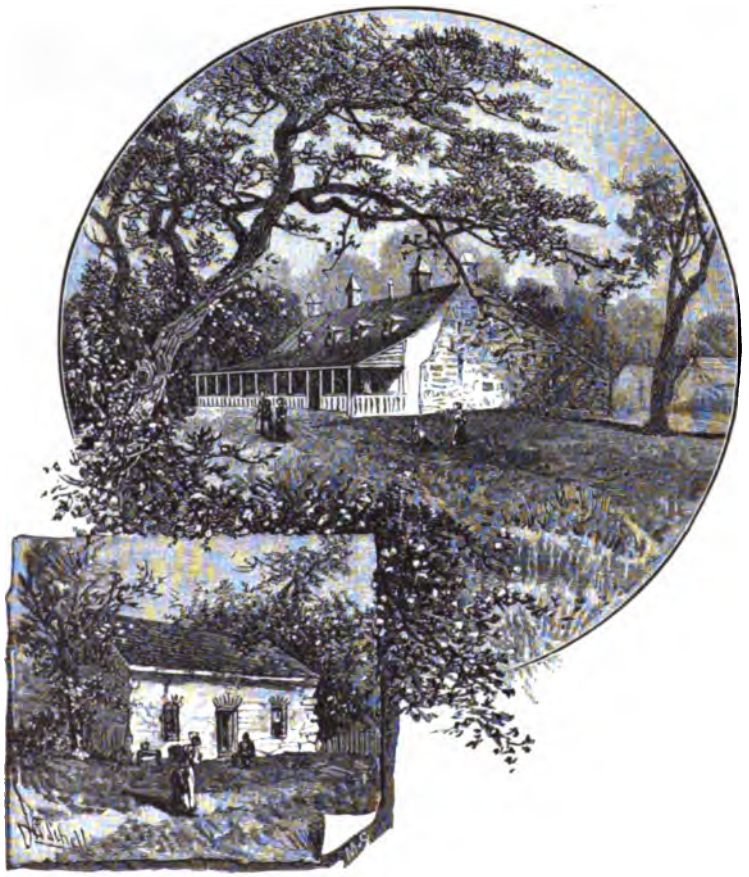
MY LORD FAIRFAX, OF VIRGINIA.



GREENWAY COURT, VIRGINIA, THE RESIDENCE OF THE SIXTH LORD FAIRFAX.

Not many years ago, some children in Virginia, playing in the garret of a deserted dwelling, came upon a musty parchment. The writing, faded as it was, mildewed and stained almost beyond recognition, was yet, to careful eyes, decipherable; it proved to be a marriage contract, drawn in England when George the First was king, and made ready for the signatures and seals. The upper margin of the parchment was cut in a sinuous line; the name of the lady and the date were carefully effaced; the man's name was left solitary, in grim defiance of fate. And this little stray witness of that man's ruined life and shattered hopes had remained to drift down the current of years, when he and she were dust.

The children went back to play, the sun shone, and the swallows twittered around the eaves of the old falling house, itself well representing the tottering glories of the family from whose hands it had passed away, in the county which bears their name. The old vellum indenture was carefully preserved, and served to unlock the mystery that hung around the life I am about to sketch.

One December day in 1781, an old man lay dead on a rude couch within a cabin perched upon the slope of one of the great spines of the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia. And thence a horseman rode some seventy-five miles away, to deliver a letter, part of which I transcribe from the original sheet, now of a saffron color, sealed with a large black spot of wax bearing an historic coat-of-arms:

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To BRIAN FAIRFAX, Esq., Towlston:
His Lordship died December the 7th. Messrs. Jones and Peter Hog(e) are daily expected here, who, in conjunction with me, his Lordship has appointed his Executors. I shall send a Messenger on purpose to acquaint you with their sentiments.
I am, Dear Sir, your affecte. Humble Servt.
B. MARTIN.

"His Lordship," dying, as he had lived during over thirty years of self-imposed exile, amid the solitude of the primeval woods, was Thomas, sixth Lord Fairfax, Baron of Cameron in the peerage of Scotland, Custos Rotulorum of the county of Frederick, vestryman of the little parish church in the town of Winchester, friend and earliest patron of George Washington, and lord proprietor of the northern neck of Virginia—the territory bounded by the Rappahannock and Potomac rivers, and by the line connecting the head-waters of those streams.

Brian Fairfax, to whom the express containing the announcement of his Lordship's death was sent, was his kinsman; after him, head of the Fairfax house in Virginia; and, ultimately, upon the death (in England) of Robert, seventh Lord Fairfax, the eighth possessor of a title both honorable and ancient. The writer was Colonel Martin, nephew of Lord Fairfax, who had come out from England to share the loneliness of that nobleman's declining days, and to whom was devised the manor of Greenway Court.

One finds it difficult to associate anything like a love-tale with this grim old bachelor lord—a sad and solitary figure niched in the history of our colonial days. And indeed, what has been heretofore told on that point is so scant a story that, if there were nothing more to add than that his was the name in the unexecuted marriage contract found recently in Virginia, this sketch would be brought to a speedy close. It has been suggested that Thackeray, in depicting the retirement into the wilds of Virginia of his favorite, Colonel Esmond, and the enduring influence of the fascinating but wayward Beatrix upon Esmond's life, bore in mind the history of the sixth Lord Fairfax. The great novelist had the power, indeed, to confer upon the decline of his hero's days a serenity widely different from the barren desolation which closed in the life of Fairfax. But we may read the legend of the recluse of Greenway Court with new interest in the light of family archives and traditions.

To follow up the fortunes of the stock from which he sprung in English history, one has to pass in review a long line of brave and stately men, of fair and virtuous women. Extreme gentleness of demeanor, reticence of speech, profound reverence for God, combined with an utter recklessness of personal safety where honor led the way,

THOMAS, SIXTH LORD FAIRFAX. (FROM AN OLD PAINTING IN THE POSSESSION OF THE WASHINGTON LODGE, ALEXANDRIA, VA.)

have ever been the distinguishing characteristics of their race. Truth to tell, one sees most of the Fairfax men through the mists of battle-smoke. Fighters arose among them, strong, sinewy, and dauntless, to swell the ranks of all the heroic armies where Englishmen were to be found, from the days of the Crusaders to the wars of the Reformation. Italy knew them many centuries ago, when the gallant knight, Sir Nicholas Fairfax, of the order of the Brotherhood of St. John, hewing a pathway through the encompassing Turks, led his hardy band of followers into the little island city of Rhodes, and carried aid and comfort to the besieged. To a Fairfax, too, Italy owes the best translation into English of the lofty, martial stanzas of her Tasso. This Edward Fairfax, poet and scholar, was founder, with Spenser, of the modern school of English rhythmical verse; and the lessons taught by him from history and romance exercised an influence, stirring as a bugle-blast, over

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early life of his great nephew, the third d, who was destined to develop into the nous general, "Fighting Tom," or "Fiery ung Tom," as he was then indifferently lled in Yorkshire.

The Fairfaxes are an ancient Saxon fam- and have long been known in Yorkshire nicles. In 1204, Richard Fairfax owned anor of Askham. One of his descend- was made Lord Fairfax, Viscount . From Richard came also Sir Guy, of the judges of the Court of King's h in 1478, who built for himself a cas- pon Steeton Manor, thenceforward for years the principal family seat.

the annals of that time we find all sorts dd entries, such as the will of one Rev- d John Fairfax, LL.D., who leaves sixty n and twenty sheep for his funeral dinner, ing an expectation that much strong ishment would be immediately needed stain his disconsolate survivors. This leman had three sisters; one was the ress, the others nuns, at Sempringham. re is another Sir William, of whom it is ten: "He had no children by his first e, Agnes, daughter of Lord George Darcy; but she brought him a wrought silk carpet, bordered with crimson velvet." And that seems to have been regarded as a full equivalent!

Coming to the reign of King Harry VIII., —who certainly set a bad example in the matter of hasty marriages,—a pretty love-story falls like a sun-burst upon the dusty canvas of the past. To Sir Guy had succeeded Sir William, Recorder of York, and Judge of Common Pleas in 1509. His son was a dashing young knight,—another Sir William,—loving and beloved by fair Isabel Thwaites, a famous Yorkshire heiress, placed for safe keeping under the care of Anna Langton, abbess of the Cistercian Nunnery on the River Wharfe. Discovering the romance that, like the shoot of an ivy, had penetrated her convent walls, the abbess, who had designs of her own upon the fortune of her charge, warily opposed Sir William's suit by denying him an opportunity to press it. He found that even an appeal to a higher tribunal was in vain; and so, adopting Queen Katherine's motto: "Truth loves open dealing," he stormed the nunnery, and captured and carried off in triumph to Bolton Percy Church the lovely Isabel, who then and there became his wife. The Ainsty region rang with rejoicings at this "bold stroke for a wife." Lady Isabel lived for many happy years with her husband in great beauty and renown; and it is to be hoped that the grief his will bespoke for himself was half, at least, for her. That instrument made this provision:

"First, I will and bequeath my soul to our Lord Jesus Christ, and our Lady St. Mary, His blessed

NUN-APPLETON (SEAT OF THE THIRD LORD FAIRFAX).

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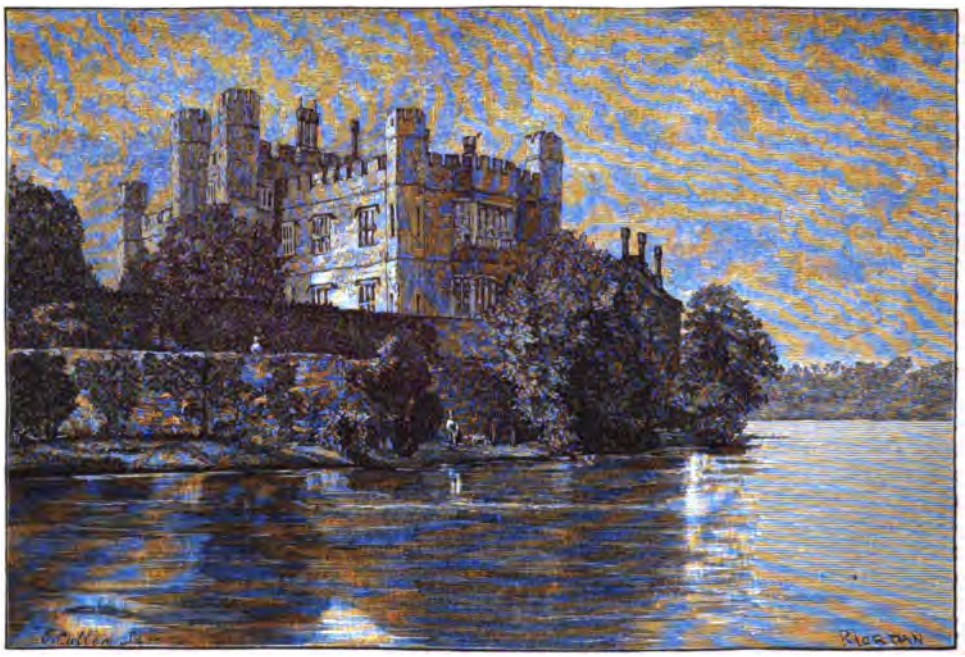

LEEDS CASTLE, KENT. (RESIDENCE OF THE FIFTH LORD FAIRFAX.)

Mother; and my body to be buried in St. Nicholas his Choir in Bolton Church. And my Executors to see me brought forth, to the honour of God and worship of my consanguinity, with fourteen black gowns to fourteen poor men of Bolton, Appleton, Colton and Bilbrough, and fourteen torches, with thirteen shillings for their pains, and to every grass house in Bolton, Appleton, Bilbrough, Coulton and Tadcaster I bequeath sixpence, and dole at my burial to the needy poor liberally."

That odd shilling was shrewdly retained to be withheld from the "poor man" who should wear his black gown and carry his torch least mournfully—and so it was to be an incentive to woe. The testator fully appreciated the loss the Ainsty would suffer in the death of so illustrious a gentleman.

From that marriage of Steeton and Nun-Appleton descended all the statesmen, scholars and warriors who have added fame to the house of Fairfax. Years after, at the time of the Reformation, the nunnery, where Isabel had been immured and had suffered so much, was granted to the Fairfaxes. It is a fine piece of poetic justice that her sons, two sturdy young soldiers, Thomas and Guy, compelled the same cruel abbess, the persecutor of their mother's youth, to surrender the building, and proceeded to demolish it. At this day, a stone inscribed "Guido Fairfax" remains as part of the bridge over the Wharfe at Nun-Appleton, to point the traveler to that scene of old romance.

Sir William, like many another settled rover, does not appear to have been quite tolerant of the escapades of his own sons. As I have said, one of the young soldiers who destroyed the nunnery was Thomas, in whose veins the daring blood of his father ran bold and strong. He served in Italy and took part in the sacking of Rome by the Emperor's troops. Sir William avenged the Pontiff by disinheriting the offending son and heir, and leaving Steeton, and all else he could, to Gabriel, a younger brother, from whom descend the Steeton Fairfaxes who to-day hold the ancient seat. The knight *desdichado* was not so badly off, however, after all; from his mother he received Denton, and he ultimately acquired other properties, which made him a man of wealth and consequence. He it was, who, cherishing the memory of a Spaniard, his dear comrade in the campaigns in Italy, called one of his sons Ferdinando—thus introducing into the family that sonorous name, since borne by one or more in every generation, and still to be heard in certain Yorkshire and Virginia homes—far-away echoes of the wild days when those young adventurers stormed the walls of Rome together, in 1527. This Sir William had also a son, Charles, who served in the Low Countries under Sir Francis Vere, "was knighted in 1600, after the battle of Nieu-

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port, and was killed at the siege of Ostend by a wound on the face from a piece of the skull of a marshal of France," scattered by a cannon-ball, A. D. 1603.

Another son of his, too, was Edward, the scholar and translator of Tasso. A queer chapter of family legends comes in with him, revealing a somewhat startling feature of the times; for, Edward Fairfax, in addition to his other literary labors, wrote a "Discourse on Demonology." He had occasion to study the subject under his own roof. It gives one a creeping sensation to read of his daughter, Helen Fairfax, twenty-one years old, fair and blooming, who "led her father a life by pretending she was bewitched in 1621; but the old women she accused were acquitted at York Assizes." It is a doubtful relief to ascertain that this enterprising young beauty was "in 1636 married to one Christopher Yates." Poor Christopher! But that was not the end of it, for the author of the "Discourse on Demonology" had another daughter, Elizabeth, baptized at Fewston, 1606. "In 1621, she was of pleasant aspect, quick wit, and active spirit. She also pretended to be bewitched —as an excuse for not learning her lessons!" And then we come to the story, told in grewsome earnest, of still another, Anne, who "lived only a few months, said to have been frightened to death by a witch who sucked her blood!" Fancy such weird familiars in the home circle of a country gentleman of an estate otherwise comfortable enough.

Sir Thomas, of Denton, elder brother of our poor witch-ridden poet, grandson of Sir William and the beautiful Isabel Thwaites, is, as I now behold him, one of the most picturesque figures upon the family frieze, clad in Elizabethan armor, and with a ruff quilled like the petals of a dahlia underneath his square white beard. His youth was spent in study, travel, arms and diplomacy. He refused one title offered him by King James, to whom he had been sent by Queen Elizabeth to arrange a negotiation; but afterward got another from Charles I., in 1625, with the dignity of Lord Fairfax, Baron of Cameron in the Scottish peerage. He had broad acres, a long purse, a large family, a hot temper, and an Englishman's heart of oak. His pen seems to have been almost as busy as his brother's; he wrote several books, notably one on horses and horsemanship. We have pleasant pictures of his family relations, and many letters to his sons. One of them, to Henry, then "a fellow in Trinity College,"—and rather a lugubrious fellow, I should say,—runs thus:

> "HARRIE:—I would to God you would forbear to write to me in this discomfortable style. * * * Take your own course. Be satisfied, and I am pleased, so that you forbear to write this melancholy letter unto me, your mother and brethren.
>
> "Your very loving father,
>
> "FAIRFAX."

There were nine of these "brethren," and it is presumed the old patriarch had his hands full. Said the Archbishop of York to him one day:

"Sir Thomas, I have just reason to sorrow with respect to my sons: one having wit and no grace, another grace and no wit, and the third neither wit nor grace."

"May it please your grace," replied the old soldier, "your case is sad, but not singular. I am also grievously disappointed in my sons. One I sent to the Netherlands, to train him as a soldier, and he makes a tolerable country justice, but is a mere coward at fighting; my next I sent to Cambridge, and he proves a good lawyer, but a mere dunce at divinity; and my youngest I sent to the inns of court, and he is a good divine, but nobody at the law."

I fancy the old lord, like many another, sacrificed his belief to his epigram. He was, indeed, full of honest pride in his sons. Ferdinando, the "country justice," became an active member of Parliament, and the first general for the Commons in the North; he succeeded to the title. Charles, the "nobody at the law," attained distinction at the bar, and made an excellent colonel of foot in the civil wars. William and John had long before fallen together, splendidly fighting for the Elector-palatine in the garrison of Frankenthal, shortly after the veteran soldier had himself been to visit them in their camp at Rotterdam, on the eve of the campaign. He was received there with great honor by his old companion-in-arms, Sir Horace Vere; but chose to share the straw bed of his boys, one of whom, in a letter home, declares that camp life made their white-headed father look forty years younger. The same year (1621) saw Peregrine slain at the siege of Montauban, in France, and Thomas killed in Turkey. Alas for the white-headed father, so soon left to mourn his four young heroes!

All this while, however, a soldier was maturing in the Fairfax family, on whom the warlike grandsire fixed his hopes; and to him he would frequently cry: "Tom, Tom,

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mind thou the battle! Thy father is a good man, but a mere coward at fighting. All the good I expect is from thee."

His lordship lived long enough to see two

THIRD LORD AND LADY FAIRFAX. (FROM AN OLD PAINTING IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. CHARLES GREGORY FAIRFAX.)

generations take the field side by side, in the righteous struggle of the Commons against the usurpations of the Crown. When too infirm to journey, he sat in his chair, eager for war-news, and ever ready to supply the Fairfaxes, father and son, with money, and with steeds from his famous stables. Had he survived a few years, it is probable that even his exactions would have been satisfied with the amount of "fighting" done by "fiery young Tom."

Before he died, however, at the ripe age of eighty, the old lord had the other gratification of seeing this beloved grandson settled with a wife worthy of him in every respect. Young Tom had been sent to Lord Vere's head-quarters in the Low Countries that, as one of his father's letters says, he might, "practice arms, fencing, dancing, and study the mathematics," under the eye of that chivalrous gentleman. He remained for several years there and in France, but got tired at last; and came back to England, complaining (in an epistle addressed "To the Right Honorable, His Very Loving Grandfather, The Lord Fairfax, at Denton, in Yorkshire") that he "knew war only by an uncertain relation," and begging permission to volunteer with Gustavus Adolphus in the campaign then about to open against Wallenstein in Bohemia. It was not allowed him to study the art of war under those great masters; and he became oppressed with "melancholy, which," as is remarked in an anxious note from one of the family, it was feared, "may do him hurt, if it be not purged with heart's-ease and liberty." At this interesting juncture, he visited Lady Vere and her daughters, who sympathized with him; and presently he fell in love, of course, with my lady's high-spirited daughter Ann, and was accepted. The wedding was delayed for a time by difficulties about the settlements,—described by Lady Vere as "some rubs in the way which lawyers many times will needlessly put in,"—and thereat old Lord Fairfax flew into a famous rage, we may be sure.

Curiously enough, a bundle of time-worn papers that had drifted away from the Fairfax homestead in Virginia came into possession, during our late war, of a gentleman who well knew how to value them, and by him was ascertained to contain a part of the correspondence between Lady Vere and Sir Ferdinando Fairfax, about this very mar-

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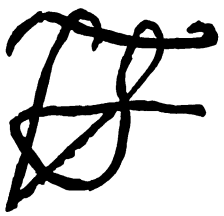
riage. This incident is properly a pendant to that of the discovery of the greater part of the family memoirs in England, some sixty years ago, when an old oaken chest, apparently filled with Dutch tiles, was taken by a poor shoe-maker from some rubbish carted off in the course of repairs done at Leeds Castle. Under the tiles, the shoemaker found parchments and letters. Not recognizing their value, he allowed some of the vellum to be cut into measuring strips, and many of the letters to be used by the Maidstone milliners as winders for their thread. One coming under the observation of a student of history, the papers, or what remained of them, were hastily reclaimed, and from them were compiled the four volumes called the "Fairfax Correspondence," which, apart from their family interest, form a valuable compendium of the civil wars, in which Thomas Fairfax played so important a part. History has recorded the character and deeds of this great champion of Anglo-Saxon freedom, and has handed down also the fame of his plucky wife, called by Carlyle, "a Vere of fighting Veres."

Fairfax was already the most renowned general of the Parliament when, in his thirty-fourth year, he was given the command-in-chief of their armies. Within two years thereafter he had driven the king into Scotland, and destroyed every garrison and dispersed every troop that had borne the royal standard. The kingdom was at his feet, but he cared not for personal aggrandizement. The weight of his great influence was thrown against the execution of Charles, but proved ineffectual with the commission, in whose proceedings he brusquely refused to share. That was a famous scene at the session in Westminster Hall where Lady Fairfax, when her husband's name was called first on the list of commissioners, cried out, "Fairfax hath more wit than to



MONOGRAM OF THE THIRD LORD FAIRFAX.

be here;" and where, again, when the king was required to answer to the charge "in the name of all the good people of England," she rose up exclaiming in a loud voice, "It is a lie—not a hundredth part of them! Oliver Cromwell is a traitor!" The story has been often and variously told.

CHAIR USED BY THE THIRD LORD FAIRFAX IN HIS OLD AGE.

This version, given by Clarendon, is best,—most picturesque, and most in accordance with the fearless spirit of old Lord Vere's true daughter.

The third Lord Fairfax never became a statesman. Like Stonewall Jackson, who otherwise greatly resembled him, he was unwilling, perhaps unable, to take part in public affairs except as a soldier. He refused to share in the intrigues occasioned by the public disorders, and, when his work was done, withdrew to Nun-Appleton, there to spend his days in studies and devotion, until events had so shaped themselves that he was able to hasten the arrival of Charles II. In that matter, indeed, he was really a chief agent, though others appropriated the credit and received the rewards.

Hume and other popular historians have greatly underrated and misrepresented this general, and it is only in recent years, notably by Markham's admirable "Life of the Great Lord Fairfax," that justice has been done him. His glory was dimmed for a season by the glare of the greatness of Cromwell, for whom battles were rewritten, so as to confer upon his earlier career the luster

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won afterward. Fairfax experienced what we still observe: that, in times of long-continued commotion, men of moderate opinions, whatever their individual merits or achievements, are forgotten in presence of the audacious and ambitious radical who has the sagacity to go farthest in the direction taken by the party of resolution and action.

During the last seven years of his life, disease and the many wounds received in battle confined the hero of "Naseby fight" to a chair, wherein, as one of his kinsmen said of him, "he sat like an old Roman, his manly countenance striking awe and reverence into all that beheld him, and yet mixed with so much modesty and meekness as no figure of a mortal man ever represented more. Most of his time did he spend in religious duties, and much of the rest in reading good books, which he was qualified to do in all modern languages, as appears by those he hath writ and translated."

Two stanzas of the epitaph written by the Duke of Buckingham sum up his character more justly than can words of mine:

"He never knew what envy was, or hate;
His soul was filled with worth and honesty,
And with another thing besides, quite out of date,
Called modesty.

* * * * * * *

"He might have been a king,
But that he understood
How much it is a meaner thing
To be unjustly great, than honorably good."

A number of pictures and relics of the third lord are still to be seen at Leeds Castle; but the most spirited of all his portraits is the full-length Vandyck, now in possession of Dr. Fairfax, of Richmond.

The general had but one child who survived. She became the wife of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. "Little Moll," as she is called by her father, had a stormy babyhood. We see her first, at the tender age of five years, accompanying her mother and a female servant, perched on the saddle-peak of some bold trooper, throughout the perils and hardships of the campaign on the Yorkshire moors, in the early days of the fight for the parliament. Lady Fairfax, moved by devotion to her husband, resolved to face all dangers at his side. As old Lady Vere put it: "She somewhat exceeded in giving way to her affections," perhaps; though his constant ill health really demanded her gentle ministrations. There is a charming love-letter of this period from "Black Tom" to his wife, written during one of their occasional separations; it begins, in a quaint old fashion, with "Dear Heart," speaks as lightly as a soldier should of all the hardships of his fierce campaign, and ends with a tender postscript, "For yourself, dear heart." "Little Moll" at this time a shy brown girl, with large soft eyes, and a tender loyal heart, was the solace of her father's home. Her guide and tutor was young Andrew Marvell, the poet, recommended by Milton to General Fairfax as a proper instructor for his child. It was doubtless from some inspiration of life among the flower-beds at Nun-Appleton that Marvell drew his pretty image of the couch where the "milk-white fawn" was wont to lie:

"I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness."

Only a few brief years of repose were allotted to her; for, when her brilliant suitor, George Villiers, came a-wooing to Nun-Appleton, how quickly all the peace passed out of her life! George Villiers was esteemed the first match in Europe. The picture before me now, taken from the one at Leeds Castle, is of an oval-faced young man with large melting eyes, and chestnut love-locks hanging down upon mailed shoulders. Who shall wonder at the sequel? Mary Fairfax bestowed her hand and her unwavering heart upon the dissolute Buckingham, "that glass of fashion and that soul of whim," as he was justly styled by Pope. Her days henceforth were spent in a dreary splendor amid court intrigues, neglected, loving and pardoning to her life's end. When, in 1657, she was married, at the Parish Church of Bolton Percy, the glory of a noonday sun gilded her pathway; when she died, in 1704, and was laid with pomp in the vault of the Villiers family in Westminster Abbey, and her dust left to mingle with the greatest of England's dead, the doors of King Henry VII.'s chapel clashed to upon an aching heart at rest. To the world she appeared "Duchess of Buckingham"; in State second only to royalty; daughter of the powerful Fairfax; grandchild of the noble Vere. At court, she became very intimate with Queen Catherine of Braganza, whose experience of marital loyalty closely resembled her own. Count Grammont quotes in his memoirs a clever Frenchwoman, who said: "The Duchess has merit and virtue. She is brown and lean; but had

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she been the most beautiful and charming of her sex, the being his wife would have been sufficient alone to have inspired the Duke with dislike." Poor, patient disillusioned Mary! She lived an example of dignified matronhood unto the age of sixty-six, and died childless, surviving her wayward husband by many years.

At the death, without male issue, of the great Lord Fairfax in 1671, his title went to his cousin Henry, of Bolton Percy. A beautiful cabinet-sized portrait of this, the fourth lord, the direct ancestor of the Virginia Fairfaxes,—handed down in the family as a Sir Peter Lely,—is among the waifs of inheritance come to America from the mother-land. He seems to have done his share of service in Parliament, and was succeeded in the title and estates by his son, the fifth lord, father of him who was destined to carry the title away to remote shores.

Thomas,—for the good old English name continues to appear in every generation,—fifth Lord Fairfax, was handsome, debonair, extravagant; was colonel in "the King's own," and for some years member of Parliament for York. He sustained the liberal principles of the family, and was zealous and active in aiding to place William III. upon the throne. The marriage of this lord, with Catherine, daughter of Lord Colepepper, brilliant as it seemed, was the beginning of the disintegration of the Fairfax fortunes. The fair heiress of the house of Colepepper inherited not only Leeds Castle, with several manors and estates in Kent and in the Isle of Wight, but proprietary rights in the northern neck of Virginia in more than five millions of acres of land.

Lord Fairfax had become somewhat embarrassed in affairs and had died in 1710, leaving a young family, Thomas,—the sixth Lord, and hero of this sketch,—Henry, Robert, and four daughters. Lady Fairfax soon became seriously involved, through her own improvidence, and during the minority of her eldest son was guilty of an act of gross injustice to him. Finding her Kentish estates in danger from heavy mortgages, she and the dowager Lady Colepepper, guardians of the young Lord, recklessly negotiated a sale of Denton and of his other Yorkshire inheritance, compelling him to effectuate their bargain and to cut off the entail, by threats of depriving him of the Colepepper properties, which were thought more valuable. This transaction, concerning property, some of which had belonged to his family for over five hundred years, was so mismanaged that it realized little more than was brought by the timber, cut from it to discharge the purchase money, before the day of payment came. Nun-Appleton, a spot so rich in association, was allowed to slip from his hands with the rest. And so the sixth Lord Fairfax, in early manhood, found, to his just and lasting indignation, that the heritage of his fathers was his no more. Thus handicapped at the outset of his career, he learned to look with aversion upon the noble old Castle of Leeds, where his mother was *châtelaine*, and where his scheming grandmother had ruled supreme. The wrong they had done him, he never forgave.

In the golden days of good Queen Anne this young Lord Fairfax, after a brilliant University career, made his best bow in the stately world of London. We have it upon the authority of one of the old chroniclers of the period that he was a "vastly pretty fellow." He took a commission in a crack regiment, "the Blues," and like every other "pretty fellow," dabbled a little in literature. He was intimate with "honest Dick Steele," and conceived a warm and lasting attachment for that famous gentleman, Lord Bolingbroke, as well as for the stately Addison. His opinion on literary points was often sought by these friends; and, taking up the pen, which many of his family had wielded so well and so gracefully, he contributed several papers to the "Spectator"—a kind of authorship in those days consistent with the highest fashion. His old name, his position, and the fortune supposed to be illimitable, brought around him hordes of flatterers, upon all of whom he scattered golden bounty. We may picture him engaged in all the fascinating occupation of the *jeunesse doré* of the hour. Sauntering from drawing room to rout and kettle-drum; having (like Harry Esmond) his "picture painted by Mr. Jervas, in a red coat, and smiling on a bomb-shell which was bursting at the corner of the piece;" dropping in to take a dish of tea with pretty Mrs. Steele; handling swords and cards and drinking wine, let us hope, as became the descendant of those old stern Christians militant who had gone to their reward, and had left him an unsullied name. Open, frank and confiding as he was, not many years elapsed before Thomas Fairfax laid himself and his future at the feet of one of the Jocastas of the day, a lady of rank and beauty, to whom he speedily became betrothed.

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Just at this time the young gentleman ascertained, upon investigation into the condition of his Virginia estates, that they had been considerably neglected and underlet, while his mother's misuse of his property had left him almost cramped for money. Preparations for the marriage were progressing rapidly. Carriages, trousseaux, jewels, were ordered; the fashionable world was in a state of expectation, when the announcement of the nuptials was suddenly recalled. The young lady, upon whom Fairfax had centered all the love of his heart and the hope of his life, when told the condition of his affairs, had peremptorily broken the engagement.

We hear no more of Lord Fairfax in the great world, after that. Determining to judge for himself of the condition of his Virginia wilderness, he made a voyage to America. After returning to England, he decided to abandon forever his native soil, and so settled his affairs, relinquished his rights to Leeds Castle in favor of his brother Robert, and turned his back upon the land so dear to him, but now so full of bitter memories. His brother Robert, after him seventh lord, continued to live there; and when he died childless, the Leeds Castle estate was transmitted to his nephew, the Rev. Denny Martin, a son of the Honorable Frances Fairfax and Denny Martin, Esq., whose kinsmen now hold the place.

When my lord arrived in the colony, he found it necessary to spend much time in conference with his cousin and dear friend, William Fairfax, son of his uncle Henry, to whose descendants the title went in after years. This gentleman, grandson of the fourth lord, in his youth had led a bold, adventurous life in Spain, fighting for Queen Anne, and was subsequently in the royal navy, where he served in an expedition against the island of Providence, then held by pirates. Having with his family come to settle in Virginia, Mr. Fairfax had built a fine mansion upon the Potomac, nearly opposite to Mount Vernon, and called it Belvoir. Possessed of wealth, high birth, and admirable breeding, and holding a distinguished public position (that of royal collector of customs, and president of the council), Mr. Fairfax led the way in matters social and hospitable. My lord resided for many months in this family. Around them rallied all the gay young cavaliers of the tide-water region of Virginia, many of whom saw at Belvoir for the first time the combined comfort and elegance of an English home. The liveried lackeys, wax-lights, fine wines, and carpeted floors made a sensation in the colony. Laurence Washington, from across the river, came to Belvoir and took away the eldest daughter, sweet Anne Fairfax, for his bride, and they resided at Mount Vernon, named by Mr. Washington in honor of the admiral under whom he had served in the expedition against Cartagena. Between these two mansions came and went Carters, Nelsons, Carys, Berkeleys, Randolphs, Corbins, Lees, Nicholases, Tayloes, and a host of other gentry like themselves. Days of fox-hunting were followed by feasts around groaning tables, and by nights of roystering cheer. The women wore what are mentioned in a quaint little mantua-maker's bill, now lying before me, as "blew and white silck nightgowns," or, "a walking grey lustring negligée." The men were equipped in full-bottomed coats and periwigs, and put their heels solemnly together when making salutation to a lady.

Among all these gay folk, with whose merry humor my lord's dark sad face accorded ill, there came, rather unwillingly induced by his widowed mother, a shy and awkward lad, George Washington by name, to make his first timid plunge into society at Belvoir. The change from dull plantation life to this refined and cultivated circle developed in the quiet boy much that was hitherto unsuspected. There had in fact been a good deal of discussion among the Washingtons as to what to do with George. Mr. Fairfax had used influence to procure for him a position in the navy, but his mother would not hear of that, "for several persons told her it was a bad scheme." Bishop Meade tells how George's uncle, Joseph Ball, wrote to his mother from England, advising her against this course and saying: "As to any considerable promotion in the navy, it is not to be expected, as there are always so many gaping for it here, who have influence, and he *has none*."

It was at this time when Washington had no influence to advance himself, and his own family could not help him, that Lord Fairfax interposed. "Little did that gentleman expect," says Parson Weems, "that he was educating a youth who should one day dismember the British Empire, and break his own heart, which truly came to pass." Doubtless Fairfax perceived in that retiring boy something of the stuff heroes are made of. From that early period, when Washington was about fifteen years old, to the day of his death, my lord never varied in

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his friendship and esteem for him; nor were good counsel or means for his use lacking when required. Finding that his young cousin, George William, of Belvoir, was quite as full of unemployed energy as was the youth Washington, Lord Fairfax dispatched them both upon an expedition to explore his immense possessions beyond the mountains, fair as the promised land and watered by a river so beautiful that the Indians called it Shenandoah, "Daughter of the Stars." Their task was to survey and make maps of this vast track of wilderness; and with eager zeal the two friends set forth. For weeks they reconnoitered solitudes haunted by deer and elk, by bears and lurking panthers. With Indians for their guides, they plunged into the unbroken woods and bivouacked beneath the shadows of primeval trees; and, sleeping, they were lulled by the rush of mighty rivers. They scaled the mountain-cliffs, and, gaining some sudden opening, gazed for mile upon mile over lovely prairies filled with waving grass. Old letters and their journals are full of evidence that this expedition was a source of keen delight to both of the Georges, whose firm friendship was cemented then for life. For their services, Lord Fairfax paid each of them a doubloon, and sometimes six pistoles (about twenty dollars), a day; and the novel sensation of earning something for themselves added spice to their adventures.

In one of the choicest spots of his territory, my Lord Fairfax finally pitched his own tent. It was his intention to erect a manor-house there, and to the site chosen he gave the name of Greenway Court. On a sloping hill-side in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley, near Winchester, stood a long building made of the limestone of that region, a single story in height, having a chimney at each end and a veranda the length of the front. Perched upon the roof were two wooden belfries, with bells to sound the alarm in case of raids by the savages.* This building was intended for the steward's use; the design for the manor-house was never carried out. At a stone's throw from the house, in the little clearing within which it was built, stood a rough cabin, with an open door, where in and out walked the stately fox-hounds—my lord's especial pride. To these narrow walls, furnished with racks for guns, and with shelves of choice old books, Lord Fairfax had come to pass the remainder of his days.

* One of these bells has recently been presented by Mr. Kennerly, the present owner of Greenway Court, to the Greenway Court parish church.

It would be a wrong to the memory of this essentially public-spirited man, were I understood to depict him as shut up within himself, and perpetually brooding over the wrongs he had received. Proprietor of an area equal to nearly one-fourth the present state of Virginia, Lord Fairfax found abundant occupation in holding audience with the backwoodsmen to adjust boundary lines, giving quittances, signing deeds, and daily feasting at his liberal board such squatters and Indians as came to his door. The object of my lord was to clear and colonize his lands. He became lord lieutenant of the county, and was active in his public duties as well as upright in discharging them. At this period, he is represented as upward of six feet high, gaunt, raw-boned, near-sighted, with light gray eyes and a sharp aquiline nose. Hunting was his one passion. He took his hounds now to one, again to another, part of the county; and "entertained every gentleman of good character and decent appearance, who attended him in the field—at the inn or ordinary where he took up his abode for the hunting season." His horses and dogs were famed in the colony. Of his generosity, it was said "he would fill the ragged hat of a beggar with guineas;" but his own wants were few, and his habits almost ascetic.

An interesting sketch of my lord of Greenway Court is to be found in the appendix to the now rare third edition of the travels of Doctor Burnaby, one of the pioneers among English tourists in America. This worthy gentleman visited Lord Fairfax at Greenway Court in 1760, and to him, in this appendix published after my lord's death, we are indebted for almost the only account in print of the life led there. From it I glean the following kindly gossip:

"Here Lord Fairfax built a small neat house, which he called Greenway Court, and laid out one of the most beautiful farms, consisting of arable and grazing lands, that had ever been seen in that quarter of the world. He there lived for the remainder of his life in the style of a gentleman farmer or, I should have said, of an English country gentleman. His dress corresponded with his mode of life, and, notwithstanding he had every year new suits of clothes of the most fashionable and expensive kind sent out to him from England, which he never put on, was plain in the extreme. His manners were humble, modest and unaffected; not tinctured in the smallest degree with arrogance, pride or self-conceit. He was liberal almost to excess. The produce of his farms, after the deduction of what was necessary for the consumption of his own family, was given away to the poor planters and settlers in his neighborhood. To these he frequently advanced money to enable them to go on with their improvements,

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to clear away the woods and cultivate the ground. He was a friend and father to all who held and lived under him. Lord Fairfax had been brought up in revolutionary principles, and had early imbibed high notions of liberty, and of the excellence of the British Constitution. He presided at the county courts held at Winchester, where, during the session, he always kept open table."

I take the liberty of interrupting the archdeacon to relate an anecdote *apropos* of my lord as a magistrate. In 1752, an amusing contest occurred for the selection of the county seat. Lord Fairfax was tenacious in favor of Stephensburg; Colonel James Wood preferred Winchester, and, triumphing over my lord, carried his point by treating one of the justices to a bowl of punch. Fairfax never afterward spoke to Colonel Wood!

To continue our quotation from Doctor Burnaby:

"So unexceptionable and disinterested was his behavior both public and private, and so generally was he beloved and respected, that during the late contest between Great Britain and America, he never met with the least insult or molestation from either party. Lord Fairfax's early disappointment in love is thought to have excited in him a general dislike of the sex, in whose company, unless he was particularly acquainted with the parties, it is said he was reserved, and under evident constraint and embarrassment. But I was present when, upon a visit to Lieutenant-Governor Fauquier, who had arrived from England, he was introduced to his lady, and nothing of the kind appeared to justify the observation."

It was upon some such occasion of festivity, that little Madame Esmond announced that "Lord Fairfax was the only gentleman in the colony of Virginia to whom she would allow precedence over her."

After Braddock's defeat in 1755, the Indians throughout the back settlements of Virginia, instigated by their French allies, began a series of terrible massacres. As many as three thousand lives are said to have been lost before order was restored. No planter of station escaped their treacherous designs; and Lord Fairfax, whom they regarded as a great chief, was an especial object of their murderous ambition. A high price was set upon his scalp, and skirmishes in the neighborhood were of frequent occurrence. In this juncture, being urged by his friends to leave Greenway Court, and retire to a place of safety, my lord replied that he was an old man, and might as well perish by the tomahawk as by disease; adding that, if he left, the district would immediately be broken up, and all his labor in cultivating and civilizing that fair country be irrevocably lost. Fortunately, however, the danger gradually disappeared.

Fairfax's friendship with Washington continued undisturbed. My lord was stanch to the principles in which he had been educated (and which Archdeacon Burnaby queerly enough considered "revolutionary"). But his soul was large enough to honor those which inspired the young Virginian. Lord Fairfax made frequent visits to Belvoir, to Mount Vernon and to Towlston, the last, Brian Fairfax's place,—named for the old manor in Yorkshire,—where he was always sure of a warm welcome, and several days of fox-hunting in choice company.

His deeds of lands as lord proprietor are a curiosity to American conveyancers of to-day. Those now in my possession are upon vellum, and are beautiful examples of caligraphy. Their sonorous old-world phraseology at the beginning and at the ending, coupled with the backwoodsman's uncouth definition of metes and bounds, sounds like the chimes of Westminster bells reverberating in a trackless wilderness. They are all for a "composition" in hand paid, and reserve a rent to be paid "yearly and every year upon the feast-day of St. Michael the Archangel." They reserve also an interest in such mines as might be discovered on the lands; and were "given at my office in the County of Fairfax, within my said proprietary, under my seal. Dated this day of * * * in the * * * year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord George the Second, by the Grace of God of Great Britain, France and Ireland King, Defender of the Faith." Literally "under" his large seal, which is affixed to the upper left hand corner of the instrument, being the family coat of arms with a lion and an unicorn for supporters. The punning Fairfax motto, "Fare Fac" (Say it—do it), clinched the bargain!

Fancy an evening scene at Greenway Court.

After a day in the saddle, Lord Fairfax retires to his hunter's lodge, where, as I have said, guns and other accouterments form, with books, the only ornament upon the rough walls, and a brilliant fire of pine-knots illumines with a Rembrandt glare the solitary figure in the arm-chair on the hearth. Joe, his faithful black body-servant, enters with my lord's supper of venison and Bordeaux. It is eaten in silence; Joe is dismissed; and my lord takes up a book from the small but sufficient library of an accomplished gentleman in those days. It has no

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power to enchain his lordship's thoughts to-night. The volume falls from his hand, and his eyes seek the depths of the glowing coals. Without, the wind sweeps majestically with "Memnonian swell" through the encompassing woods, and there is no other sound, save the occasional baying of a hound, and the soft crackle of the fire. There, "in the body pent," sits the lonely old man; but his thoughts have taken a wide range. He has recrossed many a league of broad ocean, and is a boy again in dear old England. Athwart the scene flit a brilliant succession of figures, powdered, queued and patched. The taps of scarlet heels are heard, and the *frou-frou* of trailing brocades. The air is filled with fragrant odors, and one's eyes are fairly dazzled by ancestral gems. It is Belinda and Saccharissa on their way to a rout. They will entomb all their charms, presently, within cumbrous old sedan-chairs; and then go off, lighted by flambeaux not half so bright as their own saucy eyes. His lordship sighs, springs up impatiently, takes from a secret drawer an indented parchment already worn, and gazes at it long and bitterly. At last, Joe comes in timidly, and finds that the fire is dead upon the hearth, and the old lord is still sitting motionless in his chair.

"I will hunt to-morrow, Joe," says my lord, cheerfully.

Years passed on and his feeble days were drawing to a close. Honored and beloved as he was in the commonwealth, it is a fact to regret that his means and influence were never used in the cause which the greatest of his forefathers had championed, and in which they had won their chief renown. He never perceived that the colonies were entitled to the benefit of the Bill of Rights, quite as much as was England herself. He refused to understand that the resistance the gentlemen around him made to the claim of power of taxation without representation, was only a renewal of the old fight waged for the right at Marston Moor and Naseby. From his hermitage in the forest, the old man looked sadly and wistfully upon the stirring events of the American Revolution. Until 1781, there was comparative tranquillity within the borders of the Old Dominion; the turmoil of actual war had been far away; but, in that year, the scene was suddenly changed, and armies gathered from every direction to confront each other in Virginia and upon the very boundary of my lord's proprietary district, where the last act of the drama was enacted. One day, sitting in the chair where age and weakness had now bound him, waiting—as his veteran ancestor had done at Denton, in Yorkshire, but in a very different spirit—for tidings from his young warrior at the front, he was told the news of the surrender of Cornwallis to Wash ington. The downfall of the British cause, wrought by the hand of the lad whom he had trained and molded, was a death blow. "Take me to my bed," he said, turning to Joe; "it is time for me to die." He never rallied. A few weeks passed. Washington, in the height of his glory, sent gentle messages and letters of sympathy to the bedside of his friend. In December, 1781, he died. He is interred beneath the chancel of the little parish church at Winchester—the records of which show that he was first among the vestrymen, and that the land the church occupies was a present from him.

In October, 1782, after his death and before the treaty of peace, the General Assembly of Virginia passed an act, reciting that the proprietorship of the Northern Neck had descended upon an alien enemy, sequestrating the quit-rents due at the time of my lord's death, and requiring that all quit-rents thereafter falling due, be paid into the public treasury, where they were credited upon account of taxes. In May, 1783, so much of that act as sequestrated moneys due at the date of the death of Lord Fairfax was repealed, and his executors were enabled to collect them. In October, 1785, it was enacted that "the land-holders within the said district of the Northern Neck shall be forever exonerated and discharged from compositions and quit-rents, any law, usage or custom to the contrary notwithstanding;" and the state, assuming the ownership of all the lands theretofore unappropriated, removed the records to the office of the register of the land-office at Richmond, which functionary was authorized to make grants to applicants, "the same as for unappropriated lands elsewhere belonging to the commonwealth." In 1796, the Rev. Dr. Denny Martin, in England, who had changed his name to Fairfax, devisee of his uncle Robert, seventh Lord Fairfax, had made sales to various persons, of the lands which had been specifically appropriated by the sixth Lord Fairfax to his individual use, either by deeds to himself, executed as lord proprietor, or by the actual surveys made by George Washington and others. Dr. Fairfax had claimed those lands in fee;

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he also claimed proprietary rights in so much of the Northern Neck as was unappropriated at the sixth lord's death. Litigation with the state and with others had ensued; and a number of cases were pending in the Court of Appeals, others in the Supreme Court of the United States. And that Dr. Fairfax's pretensions were well founded, so far at least as concerned the lands he had claimed in fee, is evident from the fact that one of the purchasers from him was John Marshall himself, the greatest of all our great lawyers. Marshall arranged the disputes at last, as appears from an act of the General Assembly of December 10th, 1796, which recites at length a letter to the Speaker from Marshall, submitting to the state a proposition from him and all other like purchasers, and written in the lucid style afterward made so famous in the opinions handed down by him as Chief Justice of the United States. Under that act, Dr. Fairfax executed deeds "extinguishing his title to the waste and unappropriated lands in the Northern Neck;" and the state confirmed the title of those claiming under him to lands specifically "reserved by the late Thomas, Lord Fairfax, or his ancestors for his or their use." And that was the end of the magnificent lord-proprietorship which Fairfax had inherited from the Colepeppers.

Robert, seventh Lord Fairfax, lived but a short time to enjoy his title. And then, Brian Fairfax, of Towlston and Mount Eagle in Virginia, went over to England and before the House of Lords made good his claim to the succession, as is attested by a series of official parchments, signed and sealed with due formalities in 1800, and by a mass of congratulatory letters from various members of the peerage, all now lying before me. With the sanctity of these documents, the ravages of time and the lawlessness of mice have made woful havoc.

This Brian, the eighth lord, was the last of the Tory Fairfaxes. His son in Virginia was, and his great grandson in Maryland is now, Lord Fairfax, Baron of Cameron; but neither of them has considered that a title of nobility could add dignity to a citizen of the United States.

A POOR MOTHER.

"I WISH you joy." Her lips put on a smile
To mock the woful shadow in her eyes.
"Nay, I've no mind to blame you—tears and sighs
Wont make or mend, but only the surprise—
So sudden! Let me breathe a little while.

"See, dear,—'twas only yesterday I thought,
Looking abroad, the world seemed green and glad.
I thought God's given me this—the kindest lad,
The dearest child that ever woman had—
And health and hands. I envied no one aught.

"My life was full; my heart went beating fast
With pride, with hope, with mother's happiness.
I held both hands above it, to repress
Great thrills of joy. O God! I could not guess
How brief a time my counted wealth would last.

"I knew you loved her? Child, I never knew!
I saw you walk and talk, and dance and jest;
It seemed but foolish pastime at the best,—
And you were both so young. I made no test
Nor question of the future for you two.

"But 'marriage is not death'; you'll love me still?
A little—yes—with such love as may spread
In overflow beyond your child's bright head,

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Your wife's fair eyes. Ah no—the Past lies dead—
And time goes on, and Nature has her will.

"Hush—hush; forgive me. I *must* weep or die!
Still, dear, I bless you! Through these blinding tears,
I greet you bravely, beyond doubts and fears.
For all the happiness of coming years,
I greet the *man*; but oh, my *boy*, good-bye!"

ENGLISH SPELLING AND SPELLING REFORM: I.

It requires no very close observation of the signs of the times, to be aware that reform of English orthography is rapidly coming to the front, as one of the most important of the minor questions of the day. It is perfectly correct to assert that only a few years ago, the subject scarcely excited any particular interest outside of a very limited circle of scholars. Suggestions of change, of whatever nature, were rarely even referred to, save as illustrations of the harmless lunacy of crack-brained theorists. If they were spoken of seriously, it was nearly always for the purpose of protesting against the audacity and impiety of that fanaticism which, for the sake of an ideal perfection in unimportant details, would be willing to unsettle the very foundations of the language, and impair, if not entirely destroy, a sacred legacy from the past, bound up forever whether for good or evil, with the literature of the race.

All this is now altered. Within the past five years, the discussion of the question has assumed an entirely different character. The demand for reform is no longer confined to a few scattered scholars without influence, and usually without even so much as notoriety. On the contrary it has extended in some cases to whole classes. Philological societies appoint committees to examine and report what is best to be done. School boards petition government to establish a commission to investigate the whole subject. Nor is participation in the controversy that has sprung up limited to those alone who have a direct interest in the educational aspects of the question. Either on one side or the other, men of letters of every grade and scholars in every department are entering for a tilt in the orthographical tournament that is now going on. All this, to be sure, is strictly far more true of England than of this country; but to a certain extent it is true of this.

What has brought about this sudden change it is not so easy to determine. Doubtless there has been for a long time a wide dissatisfaction with the existing state of things, although it has found little audible expression. To this dissatisfaction a powerful impulse has been given by the study of our speech in its earlier forms, a study which has made its most rapid progress during the few years just past. The principal objections which prejudice opposes to change have their force almost wholly destroyed, when the facts of language are brought directly home to the attention. Shrines upon which ignorance conferred sanctity, and to which stupidity bowed with unquestioning adoration have been utterly and instantaneously demolished by the remorseless iconoclasm of Early English scholarship. Moreover, the character of the advocates of reform is something that of itself makes an impression. To the opinions expressed by them, their abilities and attainments may not be sufficient to command assent; but they are sufficient to impose respect. There is an uneasy consciousness in the minds of those most opposed to change that it is no longer quite safe to indulge in that contemptuous treatment of the subject which a short time ago was the only argument. A reform which numbers among its advocates every living linguistic scholar of any eminence whatever, which in addition includes every one who has made the scientific study of English a specialty, may be inexpedient, may be impracticable, may be even harmful; but it cannot well be demolished by brief editorials, nor superciliously thrust aside with an air of jaunty superiority. If the question is to be argued at all, it must now be argued on its merits.

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In such a discussion it will be found that the favorers of change, whether unreasonable in their expectations or not, know precisely what they are talking about; and this is a charge that can rarely be brought against their opponents.

All this certainly marks a decided advance. But it would be a most dangerous error to suppose that after all, a very great deal, comparatively speaking, has been gained; it would be a fatal one to fancy, as some seem inclined to do, that the goal is now well-nigh at hand, that we are on the eve of entering an orthographical paradise from which the devil of bad spelling will be forever shut out. It is at this point, indeed, that extravagant anticipations are more than perilous; they are ruinous. High-wrought and unreasonable expectation of speedy success is sure to be followed by as unreasonable a despondency which is of itself sufficient to paralyze the efficiency of that patient steady endeavor by which reform of any kind is accomplished, if accomplished at all. It becomes, therefore, a matter of the first importance to acquire at the outset a clear conception of the conditions of the whole problem, and of the means and agencies necessary to its solution. That we are moving is cause for congratulation; but for us at the present time, the pertinent inquiry is, how far have we got on.

There are three phases through which orthographic reform must pass before it has any fair prospect of success; or, perhaps, it would be better to say there are three distinct periods in the progress of the movement which aims to bring about the adoption of any far-reaching change. The first period will have been finished when general unanimity of opinion shall have been secured among linguistic scholars—among those who in reference to this subject may be called experts—that such a reform would be desirable if practicable. This is essentially the initiatory step. The point to be gained in the second period is the establishment of the conviction in the minds of the great body of intelligent men who have no special knowledge of language that such a reform is desirable. But when both these results shall have been reached, conceding that it is possible for them to be reached; when the need of some reform is admitted by all, the question then arises what shall be its nature and extent. It is easy to see that these are all essentially distinct stages in the progress of the movement. But while they are and must be successive as regards the end to be accomplished, they are far from being necessarily so as regards those striving to bring it about. In all movements of this kind, some men will have considered and worked out whole schemes of reform before there is the slightest prospect of the adoption of any reform whatever; nay more, before any human beings besides themselves have ever heard that the subject was a matter of discussion. It is not only natural that this should be so; it is eminently desirable. If the third question ever becomes a practical one, it will present difficulties of its own sufficient to task to the utmost for their removal the intellectual resources of scores of scholars who have had it under consideration for long periods of time, and looked at it from every point of view.

It is plain that the first stage in the movement has passed. The first point has been gained. There is among scholars no real difference of opinion as to the desirability of reform, though they may vary widely in their views as to its prospects of success, and still more widely as to what shall be its character. But on the question of its desirability, the representatives of linguistic schools furthest apart are fully agreed. In particular, every one of the leaders in the study of our early speech has not merely given in his adhesion to the movement, he has expressed himself as ardently in favor of it. One deservedly popular writer, who has done much in the past to awaken interest in our language, has, indeed, placed himself in opposition. We refer to Archbishop Trench. But he would be the last to claim for himself that he was entitled to speak on this subject with the authority of those whose views are antagonistic to his own; and, moreover, it is to be remembered that his opinions were uttered several years ago, long before the discussion had assumed its present character. Yet as he sees clearly what others see dimly, as he states the common objections to change far more forcibly than is done by the vast majority of the defenders of the present orthography,—most of whom are, in fact, so full of zeal that no room has been left for knowledge,—there will be frequent occasion to refer to his statements in the course of our discussion.

All this is encouraging, and justly encouraging. But while so much as this has clearly been secured, there is no reason why we should shut our eyes to the fact that up to this time it is only the easiest

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portion of the way that has been traversed. The second stage upon which the reform is entering is the difficult one; and the difficulty cannot now be really appreciated, because the movement, though constantly gaining headway, has not yet become important enough or formidable enough to awaken the full measure of hostility which it is destined to encounter. A long and painful road must be traveled before the end of the journey is reached. The same story must be told over and over again, the same familiar arguments must be repeated, to use Shakspere's words, with "damnable iteration." The same stupid objections must be constantly met, and their stupidity exposed. In this point of view the position taken by Max Müller at the beginning of his own most convincing article on the necessity of reform seems hardly the true one, and fortunately indeed is not borne out by the character of the article itself. "The whole matter," says he, "is no longer a matter of argument; and the older I grow the more I feel convinced that nothing vexes people so much and hardens them in their unbelief and in their dogged resistance to reforms as undeniable facts and unanswerable arguments." This is unquestionably true. But no real reform was ever carried through save by reasoning,—reasoning which, while it finally won over the many, only hardened the hearts of the hostile few. He who expects that indifference and ignorance and prejudice will be overcome by the agitation of a day, or will be laid aside at the dictum of a few scholars, no matter what their position or ability, shows by that very belief that he has no real conception of the mighty agencies that are needed, and wisely needed, to change anything long established by custom and sanctioned by authority.

The battle has, accordingly, only just begun; still it is a great step in advance that we are to have a battle at all. Moreover, on one point there is a general agreement. No one who has studied the subject at all seriously doubts that the present spelling of the language is utterly lawless and unsystematic. The fact is not denied by any, whether friendly or hostile to reform; there are those to whom it seems apparently one of the chief glories of the English tongue. They appear to look upon these uncouth forms as having been bestowed by some divine agency, and naturally view any attempt to improve their conditions as a direct flying in the face of Providence. We cannot expect this feeling to pass away until a proper understanding has been gained of the causes which brought about the existing state of things. The very first question, therefore, that unavoidably comes up, is in reference to the circumstances to which English orthography owes its present lawless and unsystematic character. For a comprehension of these, it will be necessary to make beforehand one or two general statements.

All spelling is originally, in intention at least if not in perfect realization, phonetic; that is to say, it aims to represent invariably the same sound by the same letter, or by the same combination of letters. This idea lies at the root of the alphabet; otherwise, indeed, the alphabet would have had no reason for its existence. To picture to the eye the sound which had fallen upon the ear, so that it should never be mistaken for anything else, was the problem that presented itself to the man or men who first devised that greatest of human inventions. To represent a particular sound by one character in one place, and by another in another place, would have seemed to them not merely as absurd, but as fatal, as would seem, for instance, to a painter now to have the figure of a horse stand for a horse in one picture, and in another for a different animal. This comparison must of course not be carried too far; the symbol being in one case a real one, in the other so far as we know, an arbitrary one. It is perfectly proper, however, to draw from what has been said two conclusions. So far as the original invention of the alphabet failed to secure the individual representation of every sound then used, the invention was itself incomplete and imperfect. So far, again, as the characters of the alphabet have been diverted from their original design of representing sounds, it is not an application of the invention, but a perversion of it to inferior purposes, and to purposes for which it is not well adapted.

If we go back to the earliest form of English, commonly called Anglo-Saxon, it will be found that orthography has remained essentially true to its legitimate object of conveying to the eye the sound heard by the ear. The variations of spelling, which form so marked a character of this and the following periods, are due almost entirely to the endeavor to represent, often rudely enough without doubt, the variations of the pronunciation. To this cardinal principle our language may be said to have adhered with more or less of fidelity throughout the first centuries of its existence as a written

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tongue. There can hardly be a doubt that with the steady growth of a national literature, dialectic diversity, both in spelling and pronunciation, would in process of time have disappeared from the speech of the cultivated classes. A consistent orthography would have been established in which the Teutonic accentuation, the Teutonic sounds of letters, and the Teutonic representation of sounds would have prevailed throughout. But at an early period the language was subjected to influences of an entirely different nature. A new and disturbing element was added by the introduction into Great Britain of the Norman-French. This tongue exhibited almost as much variation in spelling as the Anglo-Saxon. But it was not to this fact that the confusion that sprang up was due. The Norman-French introduced, or at least made common, new letters; it gave to old letters new sounds; it had different combinations to represent the same sound. The union between it and the Anglo-Saxon, so far as it took place, was, from the phonetic point of view, an ill-assorted one. But even all the uncertainty and disorder which arose in consequence might have been in the long run met and overcome, had not an agency more powerful than any yet known suddenly appeared on the scene. This was the invention of printing. The importance of its influence in this respect cannot well be overestimated. Any confusion which might before have existed in spelling became from this time worse confounded. Upon the introduction of printing, indeed, English orthography entered into that realm of Chaos and old Night in which it has ever since been floundering; it then began to put on the shape it at present bears, "if shape it may be called which shape has none."

For the specially bad influence which this art exerted upon the spelling of our tongues, it is not easy to account. Still the fact is evident, however obscure may be the causes. Of several reasons given, one is that nearly all our early printers came from the Continent. As foreigners they had little or no knowledge of the proper spelling of our tongue, and in the general license that then prevailed, they could venture to disregard where they did not care to understand. The statement is also frequently made, that as the mechanical expedients for spacing were then extremely defective, letters were frequently inserted into, and dropped from, words as the necessities of the line required. But this is something hard to prove; and as the spelling of the poetry, where such devices were usually unnecessary, was just as lawless as that of the prose, the assertion is more than doubtful. It is almost certain, indeed, that not much weight can be attached to either of these explanations. Far more importance must be ascribed to the essentially different conditions under which the arts of writing and of printing were carried on; to the fact that when the latter with us displaced the former, it had to face at once the difficulty that there was ever among educated men wide diversity of pronunciation; and that largely owing to the long continuance of foreign and domestic wars, no established literary standard had grown up anywhere to which all felt obliged to conform. With the problems presented by the existence of disorder and confusion, which in many cases had their origin as far back as the coming together of two conflicting phonetic systems, the early printers were called upon to deal; and for the solution of them they were wholly unfitted, not so much by the accident of birth, as by the very nature of things.

The copyists of manuscripts, compared with the type-setters who succeeded them, were men of education. Some degree of cultivation was essential to a work which demanded, as the first condition of its successful accomplishment, a clear conception of the author's meaning. In accordance with the practice universally prevailing, they would give to the word the spelling which to them represented the pronunciation; as educated men, this would be done in the majority of cases with a reasonable degree of accuracy. Still that they were a long way from reaching any high ideal of excellence, we know from incontestable evidence. The corruption of the text, caused by the willfulness or carelessness of copyists, was one of the few things that seem to have vexed the genial soul of the first great singer of our literature. Chaucer, in addressing his scribe, complains of the great trouble in revising his works to which he is put by the negligence of the latter, and fervently prays that he may have a scalled head, if he does not hereafter adhere to the original writing more closely. And toward the end of his "Troylus and Cryseyde," there is, as Mr. Ellis remarks, something almost pathetic in his address to his "litel boke":

> "And, for ther is so grete dyversite
> In Englissh, and in writynge of our tonge,
> So preye I God, that non myswrite the,
> Ne the mys-metere, for defaut of tonge!"

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It is not likely that either imprecation or imploration had much effect upon the scribes of that day, who were probably as perverse a generation as the scribes of old. But there is this to be said in their favor,—they never lost sight of the cardinal principle that the proper office of orthography was to represent orthoëpy; and so long as this was kept in view, the attainment of a reasonably complete correspondence between spelling and pronunciation, while it might be delayed, was sure to follow at last.

All this was checked and finally reversed after the introduction of printing. As has been intimated already, far higher requirements were needed in the work of the copyist than in the mere mechanical labor of the type-setter. The former had to understand his author to represent correctly what he said. But there is no such necessity in the case of the compositor. Whatever intellect he may have he will not be called upon to use it to any great extent in his special line of activity. His duty is done if he faithfully follows copy; and he can perform his work well in a language of which he does not comprehend a word. His labor is, and must always be, mostly mechanical; and the very fact that he is not responsible for results will always have a tendency to make him careless in details. The blunders in spelling, and in greater matters still, made in modern printing-offices where the most scrupulous care is exerted to attain correctness, are familiar to all. These evils would be immensely increased at a period when no such extensive precautions against error were taken in any case, and when in some cases it would seem as if no precautions were taken at all. The effects of the carelessness and indifference that frequently prevailed would not be, and were not, confined to the work in which they were immediately manifested. The orthography of printed matter necessarily reacts upon the orthography of the men who are familiar with it. These, when they come to write, will be apt to repeat the errors they have learned from the books they read, and, with that peculiar ability in blundering shown by all careless spellers, will contribute numberless variations of their own. These, in turn, will be followed more or less by the type-setter, and thus new forms will be constantly added to the prevailing disorder. In this manner a complete circle is formed in which author and printer corrupt each other, and both together corrupt the public

Such was, in great measure, the situation of things in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. But necessarily it was a situation that could not continue. To a printing-office, uniformity of spelling, if not absolutely essential, is, to say the least, highly desirable; and toward uniformity the printing-offices steadily bent their aim, since nobody and nothing else would. The movement in this direction was powerfully helped forward by the feeling which began to show itself after the revival of classical learning, that the office, or at least one office, of orthography was to represent derivation. Belief in this involved in its very nature the idea of fixedness of spelling; and it gave the sanction of a quasi-scholarship to the demand for an unvarying standard which came from a mechanic art. The disposition to establish uniformity wherever practicable is one that will probably always manifest itself wherever the development of a language reaches such a point that the words, the vehicle of the thought, become objects of consideration, independent of the thoughts they convey. Just as there is a tendency toward fixed grammatical forms, toward fixed syntactical combinations in any speech that has reached a high degree of cultivation, so there will be a tendency toward fixed spelling, which will of itself have a restraining influence on pronunciation, if there is between them any real relation. Changes will, of course, take place, but they will take place slowly. This is true whether the art of printing is known or not; but owing to that invention, it has in modern tongues assumed an importance which it never before held. In any discussion of reform, the desire for a fixed standard, and perhaps it is right to say the absolute necessity of its existence, with certain limitations, is something that can neither be overlooked nor treated as of slight consequence. In the case of our own language, the movement toward uniformity, under the pressing needs of the printing-office, made rapid progress during the seventeenth century and the first half of the eighteenth. But unfortunately for us, the establishment of the orthography went out of the hands of educated men, who might, perhaps, in time have established it upon stable principles; it came into the hands of men who knew nothing about it, and cared still less. In their selections from the variations of spelling that then existed, which in most cases doubtless represented actual differences of pronunciation, it was the merest

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accident or the blindest caprice that dictated the choice of the form to be regarded as the standard. As a result, we have uniformity indeed, or at least an approach to it sufficient for all practical purposes. But it must not be forgotten that this uniformity is the work of printers and not of scholars; that, as might be expected in consequence, it is a mere mechanical uniformity, and in no sense of the word a scientific one; that in effecting it, propriety was disregarded, etymology perverted, and every principle of orthoëpy defied; and that men of culture blindly followed in the wake of a movement which they had not the power, and probably not the knowledge, to direct. To the orthography thus manufactured Johnson's Dictionary, which came out in 1755, gave authority, gave currency, gave in fact universality. But it could not give consistency nor reason, for in it they were not to be found.

In the meantime, while the written speech was tending toward petrifaction so far as regards the forms of its words, and assuming more and more in this respect the character of a dead language, the spoken tongue remained full of vigor and life, and as a necessary consequence was constantly undergoing modification. While the spelling stood still, changes in pronunciation were numerous and rapid. Whether they were for the better or the worse is not pertinent to this inquiry. But the necessary consequence has been to widen steadily the gulf that long ago began to disclose itself as existing between the spoken and the written word. The result we can see for ourselves. Every English speaker uses, to a large extent, two languages; one when he reads and writes, another when he talks. Out of this constantly increasing divergence between orthography and orthoëpy has sprung the modern pronouncing dictionary, in which a great number of words have two spellings—one the standard form found in books, and following immediately upon it, in brackets, the form as it sounds to the ear. The pronouncing dictionary is called by Archbishop Trench "the absurdest of all books." But on what ground it can be spoken of as absurd by an advocate of the present orthography it is hard to understand. It is simply a necessity of the situation. It is, to be sure, a rude and clumsy substitute for phonetic spelling, but it is not for him who protests against such spelling to denounce the aids to correct speaking, imperfect as they may be, which are rendered absolutely essential by the general prevalence of the opinions he accepts.

Unfortunately this is not the worst. Out of this divergence between orthography and orthoëpy, the phonetic sense of the English-speaking race early became, and has since continued, impaired, if indeed it be not too much to say that it has been well-nigh destroyed. No particular value having ever been attached to a character, there is nothing to determine what its exact value is when it appears in a word to which we are not accustomed. The power of appreciating distinctions has, in consequence, been sensibly reduced. Take by way of illustration the two sounds clumsily represented in modern English by *th*. The ordinary man recognizes in practice the difference between the *th* of "thin," and the *th* of "then," because he has painfully learned the pronunciation of every word in which this combination is found; but in nine cases out of ten, it will never have occurred to him that there actually exists a difference in the pronunciation, and it will require a positive effort to appreciate it even after his attention has been called to it. If in so marked a divergence the perception has been weakened, what must be the condition of things when there is an attempt to discriminate delicate shades of sounds such as are denoted by the vowels? The phonetic sense has, in fact, become so weakened that it is no longer able to respond to any unexpected demand made upon it. For a highly educated man it is difficult—for an uneducated man it is practically impossible—to guess at the form best suited to represent the sound. Hence a number of persons who set out to spell a word which none of them have ever seen, are likely to spell it in as many different ways. It is, perhaps, nothing strange that this phonetic inability, born of centuries of phonetic disuse, is now urged as a principal reason for not reforming orthography at all. We are pointed to the wild work which men make when they attempt to write as they pronounce; we have held up before us the undeniable fact of their wide divergence in spelling, not only from one another but from themselves, even though there may be no appreciable difference in pronunciation. Yet this inability to represent accurately to the eye the sound conveyed to the ear is mainly the result of the long-continued existence of the present anarchy. It is a maxim of law that no one shall be allowed to take advantage of his own wrong; yet the evil

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effects caused by the lawlessness of the present system, or rather want of system, is one of the strongest arguments advanced for fastening its abominations upon us forever.

It has been pointed out that the orthography in the movement toward fixedness of form was never once subjected to the operation of intelligent principle. What the printing-offices wanted was uniformity; to secure it they stood ready to sacrifice anything and everything else; or perhaps it would be better to say they did not care for anything else. The peculiar spelling finally adopted in the case of an individual word as the standard, frequently owed its form to the merest chance, to caprice, or to carelessness. Illustration in this point of view is more convincing than any statement, however strong; and it may be well accordingly to describe with some detail, as a specimen of the rest, one of the numerous methods by which anarchy has been introduced into our present orthography.

The distinguishing trait of the ancient spelling was that it made an effort to represent the ancient pronunciation, and that to attain that end it had no hesitation about sacrificing uniformity. Language at that early period was learned almost entirely by ear, and doubtless the very few men who at that time could read at all were in the habit of using many words they had never seen but only heard. Consequently, when writers attempted to represent the spoken sound, they differed widely in the orthography because there was often a wide difference in the orthoëpy. This fact will explain many of the variations in the spelling of ancient printed books, if it be conceded that the spelling is the author's and not the printer's. One illustration will suffice. There is a common pronunciation of the word "catch," unauthorized, and even by many of our dictionaries unrecognized, which makes it rhyme with "fetch." Now this word must have been pronounced the same way in the sixteenth century, for occasionally it can be found with the spelling "ketch." This form is, indeed, common in the writings of Gascoigne, a popular poet of that period, and is met with in the "Faerie Queene" of Spenser. This varying orthography, caused by varying pronunciation, has left peculiar traces of itself in our tongue, and has contributed to swell the number of anomalous formations, which seem so dear to many because they are anomalous. The result has been that when two methods of writing the same word were in common use, we have in modern English not unfrequently retained the spelling of the one form and the pronunciation of the other.

Perhaps no better example can be given of this than in the very terms by which we designate the language itself and the country of its birth. The authorized spelling of these is *English* and *England;* their authorized pronunciation, as given in the dictionaries, is *ing-glish* and *ing-gland.* How did this divergence come about? To the historical student of our tongue, the answer is by no means a difficult one. In the early speech there were two ways of writing the words, corresponding precisely, without doubt, to the two ways of pronouncing them. In an extract already given from Chaucer we have had the form "Englissh," but the forms "Inglis," "Inglish, "Inglysch," "Ingland," and numerous others very similar, are common in our early literature, especially in that written in the northern dialect. Out of scores of illustrations that might be given, the following are all that will be needed:

"This ilk bok is translate
In to *Inglis* tong to rede
For the love of *Inglis* lede,
Inglis lede of *England.*"
CURSOR MUNDI, lines 232–235.

"This ordynance thaim thocht the best,
For at that tyme was pes and rest
Betwix Scotland and *Ingland* bath."
BARBOUR'S BRUCE, lines 79–81.

"Bot Jhesu Christ, that syttis in trone,
Safe *Inglysche* men bothe ferre and nerre."
THOMAS OF ERSSELDOUNE, lines 13, 14.

Here was a genuine difference in the sound conveyed to the ear, which naturally found expression in a difference of orthography. Modern English gets rid of any difficulty there may be in the choice by selecting one form to denote the spelling and the other to denote the pronunciation.

Full as striking an example is the past participle of the verb to "be," which is written "been" and pronounced *bin*, in accordance with a spelling which at one time was very common. It ought to be added that the statement is perhaps true of this country only; at least Hawthorne declared that the pronunciation of this word was his test for deciding upon the nationality of the English-speaking scamp who applied to him for aid while he was American consul at Liverpool.

But perhaps the most suggestive illustration of all is the word "colonel." The

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pronunciation of this is so far removed from the spelling, that it was spoken of by Walker in his dictionary, as one of "those gross irregularities which must be given up as incorrigible." Yet in the light of the statements that have been made and the facts which have been given there is no difficulty whatever in accounting for this divergence. It may be well to say, however, before speaking of the origin of the form, that there was a time when it was unquestionably pronounced often as a word of three syllables, and pretty certainly as it is now written. Two instances which have been frequently cited will be sufficient to prove this point. Milton's sonnet on the assault intended against the city of London begins with the following line:

> "Captain, or *col-o-nel*, or knight in arms."

Again in Butler's "Hudibras" we have this couplet:

> "Then did sir knight abandon dwelling,
> And out he rode a-colonelling."

In both of these cases it is absolutely essential to the meter that the *o*, which is now elided, shall be pronounced as a separate syllable; and there is no reason to believe, as will be seen from what follows, that the *l* when written was then sounded as if it were *r*.

The derivation of this word has been much disputed, but there is now a pretty general agreement among the best etymologists that it came into the French language in the sixteenth century from the Italian *colonello*, which itself came from *colona*, and this again had for its original the Latin *columna*. Whether the English borrowed the term from the French or directly from the Italian may be a question. But in both English and French there was at the time of its introduction a permutation of *l* and *r*, so that in each of these tongues it appears in the two forms of *colonel* and *coronel*. In accordance with the principles pervading the orthoëpy of our speech, the sound of the second *o* was frequently dropped in the case of the latter, and with it at that period frequently disappeared also the letter itself. Thus in the correspondence with the home government of the Earl of Leicester, who, in 1585-6 commanded the English and Dutch forces in the Netherlands against the Spaniards, the word is spelled by him "coronell" or "cornel." In Spanish, indeed, the word was at that time generally, perhaps invariably, *coronel*, and such has remained its orthography to the present day. Nor is it improbable that to that language the speech of the then greatest military nation of Europe, with which England came constantly into contact, often into collision, may be mainly due the early adoption and widespread use of the particular pronunciation that has now become universal. At any rate the two forms "colonel" and "coronel" lasted side by side down to the middle of the seventeenth century. But as the tendency toward a fixed and unvarying orthography became more and more decided, one of them had to disappear. Again the same blundering compromise was made. The pronunciation of the one form had become general and was necessarily retained; but along with it was retained the spelling of the other.

This is a brief account of but one of the many ways in which, by the operation of indifference or ignorance, English orthography has been perverted from its legitimate office. Stories of the same general nature could be told of scores of words. The history of our spelling is in no small number of instances the history of blunders which, originating in illiteracy almost scandalous, have now become thoroughly sanctioned by custom and consecrated by time. And yet there are people who honestly believe there is something peculiarly sacred about the present orthography of the English tongue, who look upon this creation of type-setters as the crowning mercy to our race of an all-wise Providence, and actually shudder when a new spelling is employed, as if the fountains of the great deep were breaking up and the civilization of the world were threatened with a second deluge of barbarism.

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THE ART SCHOOLS OF PHILADELPHIA.

(WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE PUPILS.)

THE ANTIQUE CLASS. (DRAWN BY PHILIP B. HAHS.)

THE schools of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts are conducted upon a much more elaborate scale than those of the National Academy of Design. And whether or no they have on that account any superiority over the National Academy or the other New York schools, they have certain distinguishing characteristics that are worth considering. Philadelphia is, apparently, not to be described with precision as an art center. Although West, and Stuart, and the Peales are more or less intimately associated with its memories, and several excellent painters of more recent times have been born and have painted there; although its Academy of the Fine Arts is the oldest in America and possesses a permanent collection,—to which no one is forbidden to present any kind of painting or sculpture, one infers,—and although its private galleries are not only famous, but so deservedly famous that they contain by far the best works of several modern masters that are in this country, still, in spite of all this, Philadelphia, as an art center, is perhaps looked upon a little *de haut en bas*, from the towering æsthetic heights of the metropolis. It is, perhaps, in this regard somewhat provincial. Its "leading men" manage everything, and everything is viewed by them more from the stand-point which Mæcenas is apt to occupy than from either the government stand-point of Paris or that maintained by our own metropolitan plutocracy, which is more than content to let all the art there is outside its own galleries take care of itself. But the æsthetic provincialism of Philadelphia certainly has its advantages; and, however beneficent government supervision of art

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may be, it is perhaps better that, where there is no hope of such supervision,—as in a country whose attachment to "private enterprise" and jealousy of state intervention are rooted and comprehensive—there should really be some private enterprise. And this force, which, in New York, is exerted solely, or almost solely, by the painters themselves, and so is limited in many practical ways, is in Philadelphia a visible force, exerted with enthusiasm by the "leading men." These gentlemen are very unselfishly interested in the progress of art; and they pay for their enthusiasm liberally, and without in the least grumbling at the price. When the present Mæcenases pass away, probably they will be succeeded by others; very likely they have made arrangements that the good they are doing shall not die with them. At all events, at present they conduct the Philadelphia art schools upon an elaborate scale, and provide for art students more advantages, from a material point of view, than can be obtained anywhere else, and these advantages seem secure. There is no professional intermeddling. However fond these gentlemen may be of placing the pictures of Mr. Rothermel beside those of Fortuny and Millet and Delacroix in their own galleries, they do not permit even an artist so distinguished as Mr. Rothermel to have a voice in the management of what is distinctively *their* Academy. Possibly they dread professional jealousies, professional *junkerism*, what-not. Certain it is that they manage their Academy very well themselves. Models, male and female, are provided in abundance, and none of them are employed for more than a week or two every season. Dissections are arranged for to the heart's content of the students,—so any one unacquainted with their æsthetic usefulness would fancy. Modeling is cared for as well as painting and drawing. The collection of casts from the antique is larger than any in New York. One large room is entirely occupied by casts of the Parthenon and a few other marbles ranking next to these. The walls of another are nearly covered with Braun autotypes from the pictures of the old masters. The Academy's large collection of engravings and small but useful library are accessible to the students. There are two professors of drawing and painting and a lecturer on artistic anatomy. One would say, surely, that a school with such apparent advantages as these could sustain with equanimity the reproach of provincialism, and indeed take pride in being "a kind of family affair." In some sort a family affair, however, it is; and the pros and cons of argument concerning its superiority are quite analogous to those urged in the controversy as to the comparative advantages of such colleges as Amherst and Princeton and such a university as Harvard, say. This latter controversy is not yet settled in the minds of many excellent people, even in the abstract. But it is pretty clear that in the specific instance of the Philadelphia art schools, the circumstance that they are "a kind of family affair" is a great advantage to them, and, indeed, that if they should cease to be so, they would rapidly deteriorate in usefulness.

They have always, since their foundation, had something of this character,—have always depended upon individual exertion and the enthusiasm of a few whose ardor has not been dampened by the general untoward atmosphere of a place that is distinctly not an art center. But it is only within the past ten years that they have become systematized as they are at present. During the early history of the Academy, they were little else than associations of artists who took advantage of the Academy easel-room and casts, and now and then formed for themselves life classes, usually under the auspices of the Artists' Fund Society. They paid their models by subscription, and, in general, were simply a co-operative society with improvement in drawing for a common object. In 1847, the Academy, then in Chestnut street, was burned, and rebuilt with closer reference to the needs of these desultory strugglers, whereupon naturally the numbers of the classes increased in due proportion to the increased accommodation for them, and the school began to take some definite shape. A certain standard of admission was established and maintained by a committee of artists and directors. However, in one respect the fire had proved a disadvantage, as the casts were destroyed by it and were not replaced, indeed, until nearly ten years thereafter. It is probable there was not much instruction in these years, and that what there was was not of the strictest and best. One of the painters who dispensed it, I believe, set his pupils at making copies of his own paintings. In such an instance it may be doubted if the attainment of accuracy was not overbalanced by the general æsthetic decay involved. But when, in 1868, Mr. Christian Schussele was appointed professor of painting there was an end of that, and the claims

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of nature, and of Greek rather than of Philadelphia art, as models, came to be better recognized. There was an end, too, of desultory instruction. System was introduced, and the instruction considerably extended. Since then, on the whole, the schools have prospered. For a time, however, in the interval between the sale of the Chestnut street property in 1871 and the completion of the present building in 1876, the casts were placed in a building at the corner of Sixteenth and Filbert streets and used there. Afterward they had to be stored in a house on Penn Square which belonged to the Academy, where they could be little used for lack of space and light, although the students who still remained on the rolls drew from them occasionally. But during this time, life classes were formed by a private society called the Sketch Club, and many of their members joined the classes of the Academy when they were thoroughly re-established in 1876. In that year, Doctor Keen, who had for some years given private courses of lectures to artists in the Philadelphia School of Anatomy, was appointed professor of artistic anatomy, and Mr. Thomas Eakins—with whose name and ability as a painter every visitor to the Exhibition of the Society of American Artists last winter must be acquainted—was chosen assistant professor of painting and pro-sector in anatomy. For the past three years, then, the schools have been in operation as they are at present.

For the past season their statistics are as follows: first antique class, 41 men, 18 women, total, 59; second antique, 27 men, 16 women, total, 43; life class, 81 men, 47 women, total, 128; making altogether 149 men, 81 women, and a grand total of 230 on the rolls of the schools. The following table, however, shows that the average attendance is certainly not greater than these figures imply:

AVERAGE ATTENDANCE.

Day Antique	33.4
Evening "	27.0
Men's morning life class, 6 days in the week	14.5
" " evening " 3 " "	30.0
" " morning modeling class, 3 " "	12.0
Women's " " life " 3 " "	21.2
" " evening " " 3 " "	11.5
" " afternoon modeling " 3 " "	12.0
Daily average of all men's life classes	35.5
" " " " women's "	16.35
Daily average of all life classes	51.85
" " " " antique "	46.90
Daily average of all classes	98.75
Maximum attendance (November 21, 1878)	133.
Minimum " (November 27, 1878)	64.
General average	96.5

The rooms in which the students draw and paint and model would not fail to excite the envy of New York art students. The Academy is a spacious building, and its scale is as much larger than that of the National Academy of Design as the difference between the prospective needs in 1860 and in 1876 would naturally make it. But whereas the National Academy was designed chiefly for the exhibitions of pictures without much regard to the comfort and convenience of the classes, which are relegated to the basement, almost the entire ground floor of the much larger Philadelphia Academy is exclusively reserved for the use of the schools. As one enters from Broad street, he soon finds himself in the hall of antiques, lighted by a large skylight. To the left is the "Dying Gladiator," before which two or three young people have erected their easels and are working in crayon. The right wing of the hall is lined with casts from the "Venus of Milo" and Myron's "Discobolus," past the Roman emperors and down to very late work, and including, of course, the usual casts for beginners. The students are taking their choice, and are scattered in every direction, getting each his or her favorite view of some cast. They form either the first antique class to which they have been admitted upon the presentation of an acceptable drawing from the solid, such as the cast of a head or hand, and in which they draw from casts of portions of the body; or the second antique, to which they have been promoted upon making a satisfactory drawing from casts representing the whole figure. Down what may be called the nave of this spacious interior, the first door on the right opens into a room in which the sketch classes only, work. Around the walls are, perhaps, the most complete collection of carbon photographs from old masters in the country (outside of the Braun agency), and the benefit to be obtained from a study of them, and possibly it would not be too fanciful to say the insensible benefit of a daily view of them, must be of consequence. On a raised turntable is a young woman, say in a black dress with a red shawl thrown over her head and shoulders and reclining in a picturesque attitude in a chair,—posing in her turn for the co-operative sketch class, which is similar in design to those of the National Academy, and the Art Students' League. Next this, on the same side, is the main life class room of the Academy, pro-

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vided with dressing-rooms and other conveniences, and probably the largest room in the country that is devoted to such a purpose.

A POSE FOR THE SKETCH CLASS. (DRAWN BY HARRY R. POORE.)

Here the men's and women's life classes work at different hours. Admission to the life classes is granted upon presentation of a satisfactory drawing from a cast of the entire figure. All the drawings are submitted to the committee of instruction, who, with Professor Schussele, examine and pass upon them at the regular bi-monthly meetings. In this room,—to take one class as an example of all,—some twenty young men, considerably younger than the average at the National Academy schools, range themselves every morning and evening in a semicircle around a living and nude model. Almost without exception they use the brush—which would excite wonder and possibly reprehension from the pupils of the National Academy. From five to thirty minutes is spent in posing the model, which the pupils do themselves, sometimes under the supervision of Professor Schussele or Mr. Eakins, but oftener unaided. The model is an admirable one,—at least the one I saw, an athletic sailor, was fine. And if, as I infer from some of the sketches that lay about the room, this is not always true, it is probably due to Professor Schussele's preference for variety over monotonous excellence. When the model is changed every week or fortnight, in the course of a season there must be not a few that in no degree suggest Aphrodite or Apollo. But I saw a sketch of none that was not individual, none whose ugliness was characterless. A half hour after this finely developed sailor just mentioned had been posed, it was interesting to make the circuit of the easels. Every degree of merit and every variety of method was to be noticed. Of course there was nothing ideal on any canvas or paper,—nothing better than the superb figure that was the focus of the group. But one looks for beauty elsewhere than in the work of pupils, and indeed would be by no means hopefully impressed at witnessing evident effort after it. Here and there, however, there were canvases that had clearly caught traits of the model. One in particular had an admirable portrait of the man,—everything essential indicated in a half hour's work, and nothing added or needing to be added but emphasis, definiteness, completeness. From this the scale of excellence descended to an outline drawing in charcoal, which it would require weeks to bring into any resemblance to the model; or, indeed, to get together at all. It was notable, however, that excellence considerably preponderated,—notable also that earnest diligence, not to say ardor, was universal. As I have said, the majority of students were painting. Professor Schussele, who is conservative, prefers a long apprenticeship in drawing with the point or stump. He insists on a long preliminary study of the antique. Mr. Eakins, who is radical, prefers that the pupil should paint at once, and he thinks a long study of the antique detrimental. There is no conflict; for the instruction is nothing if not elastic, it appeals to the pupil's reason with candor, and avoids anything like rigid direction. But, as is natural with ambitious students, most of these take Mr. Eakins's advice. That advice is almost revolutionary, of course. Mr. Eakins's master, Gérôme, insists on preliminary drawing; and insistence on it is so universal that it was natural to ask an explanation.

"Don't you think a student should know how to draw before beginning to color?"

"I think he should learn to draw with color," was Mr. Eakins's reply. And then in answer to the stock objections he con-

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THE MALE LIFE CLASS. (DRAWN BY WALTER M. DAVIS.)

tinued: "The brush is a more powerful and rapid tool than the point or stump. Very often, practically, before the student has had time to get his broadest masses of light and shade with either of these, he has forgotten what he is after. Charcoal would do better, but it is clumsy and rubs too easily for students' work. Still the main thing that the brush secures is the instant grasp of the grand construction of a figure. There are no lines in nature, as was found out long before Fortuny exhibited his detestation of them; there are only form and color. The least important, the most changeable, the most difficult thing to catch about a figure is the outline. The student drawing the outline of that model with a point is confused and lost if the model moves a hair's-breadth; already the whole outline has been changed, and you notice how often he has had to rub out and correct; meantime he will get discouraged and disgusted long before he has made any sort of portrait of the man. Moreover, the outline is not the man; the grand construction is. Once that is got, the details follow naturally. And as the tendency of the point or stump is, I think, to reverse this order, I prefer the brush. I don't at all share the old fear that the beauties of color will intoxicate the pupil, and cause him to neglect the form. I have never known anything of that kind to happen unless a student fancied he had mastered drawing before he began to paint. Certainly it is not likely to happen here. The first things to attend to in painting the model are the movement and the general color. The figure must balance, appear solid and of the right weight. The movement once understood, every detail of the action will be an integral part of the main continuous action; and every detail of color auxiliary to the main system of light and shade. The student should learn to block up his figure rapidly, and then give to any part of it the highest finish without injuring its unity. To these ends, I haven't the slightest hesitation in calling the brush and an immediate use of it, the best possible means."

"All this quite leaves the antique out of consideration, does it not?"

Mr. Eakins did not say "the antique be hanged," because though he is a radical he is

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also contained and dispassionate; but he managed to convey such an impression. "I don't like a long study of casts," he said, "even of the sculptors of the best Greek period. At best, they are only imitations, and an imitation of imitations cannot have so much life as an imitation of nature itself. The Greeks did not study the antique: the 'Theseus' and 'Illyssus,' and the draped figures in the Parthenon pediment were modeled from life, undoubtedly. And nature is just as varied and just as beautiful in our day as she was in the time of Phidias. You doubt if any such men as that Myron statue in the hall exist now, even if they ever existed? Well, they must have existed once or Myron would never have made that, you may be sure. And they do now. Did you ever notice, by the way, those circus tumblers and jumpers —I don't mean the Hercules? They are almost absolutely beautiful, many of them. And our business is distinctly to do something for ourselves, not to copy Phidias. Practically, copying Phidias endlessly dulls and deadens a student's impulse and observation. He gets to fancying that all nature is run in the Greek mold; that he must arrange his model in certain classic attitudes, and paint its individuality out of it; he becomes prejudiced, and his work rigid and formal. The beginner can at the very outset get more from the living model in a given time than from study of the antique in twice that period. That at least has been my own experience; and all my observation confirms it."

Here then are two things which distinguish the Philadelphia from the New York schools—immediate drawing with the brush and no prolonged study of the antique. Another is modeling, of which there is none at all done at either the Cooper Union or the National Academy, and which is not practiced at the League in direct connection with painting. When Mr. Eakins finds any of his pupils, men or women, painting flat, losing sight of the solidity, weight and roundness of the figure, he sends them across the hall to the modeling-room for a few weeks. There is now no professor of modeling, but, as modeling is not pursued for the end of sculpture but of painting, the loss is not deeply felt. And Mr. Eakins is frequently present to give advice and render assistance. Some twelve or fourteen students are in this room daily. It is large, high, and light. The same liberal provisions are made for procuring models for it as are made for the classes in painting. A change is made at least every fortnight, and the students make themselves familiar with every variety of form. They model extremely well, as a rule, I should say—though there are the same differences to be observed here as in the painting classes. The same characteristics in other respects are evident also. Nowhere is there any effort at anything but individual portraiture—no attempt to make a Phidian statue from a scullion model. I saw an excellent test case of this: the model was a heavy, finely developed woman; the trunk was admirable, but the extremities were large and coarse—manifestly made so by hard physical labor. One would have said that the temptation to correct the distortions of nature by the aid of the idea furnished by the trunk would have been irresistible. But apparently no such notion had even occurred to any one. Evidently, the modelers were, for the time being, bent on learning how to work rather than on original creation.

"We change the model as often as possible," explained Mr. Eakins, "because it is only by constant change that pupils learn that one model does not look at all like another. There is as much difference in bodies as in faces, and the character should be sought in its complete unity. On seeing a hand one should know instinctively what the foot must be."

"Sometimes there seems to be small indication in one of the other," I interposed, innocently, glancing at the model on the turn-table.

"I only mean that nature builds harmoniously," was the reply. "I grant that you can't instinctively apprehend unnatural distortions, or argue from a man's hand that he has lost a toe."

What chiefly distinguishes the Philadelphia school, however, is its dissections for advanced pupils. Every winter, something more than a fourth part of the students spend more or less time in the dissecting-room, under Mr. Eakins's supervision, and twice a week all the pupils listen to the lectures of Dr. Keen upon artistic anatomy. The matter is pushed so far as to be pursued in studies outside the schools. In the instruction given by the schools, perhaps not more than one-tenth of the pupil's time is accorded to the work of dissection. Every winter or early spring, Mr. Eakins takes a large class to a suburban bone-boiling establishment, where they dissect horses in the slaughter-house, and in summer they

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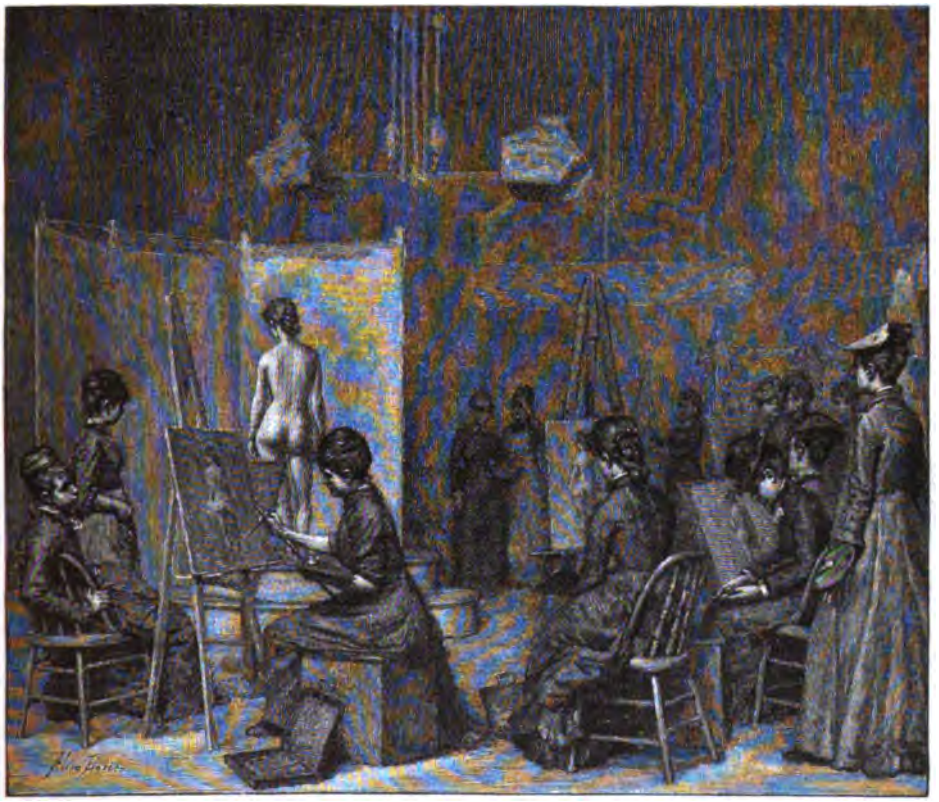
continue the work with studies of the living animal (modeling and painting and studying his movement), which they make at Mr. Fairman Rogers's farm. Lectures similar to those of Dr. Keen are common to almost all art schools, of course. Abroad, some knowledge—some scientific knowledge, if the adjective emphasizes—of anatomy is insisted upon, and in Paris, at least, even dissection, though not provided



THE WOMEN'S LIFE CLASS. (DRAWN AND ENGRAVED BY ALICE BARBER.)

for, is encouraged by M. Gérôme, some of whose pupils make their own arrangements with the hospital authorities and learn what they can for themselves of the intricacies of bone and muscular structure and movement. Although in neither the Academy nor the Cooper Union schools of this city is there any instruction in anatomy, the Art Students' League has lectures once or twice a week by Mr. Hartley, the sculptor. But in dissections presided over and directed by the professor of painting, the school of the Philadelphia Academy is, so far as I know, unique. The question at once suggested by this is vigorously and variously discussed among those of the painters who pay any attention to such matters. Perhaps the consensus of competent opinion is against the advisability of insisting on a scientific study of structure to the end of the representation of aspect. Whether or no this is so, there are surely many reasons why it should seem natural; and of these, two may serve as specimens, namely: the general ignorance of painters, even those most interested, upon the subject, and the unanimous rejection of dissecting by the art schools of the world. That is to say, in the first place, one's ignorance, empirically, of the value of dissecting induces an *a priori* feeling against it—something which really amounts to a prejudice; and in the second place, one feels fortified in one's somewhat hasty conclusion by the circumstance that in countries where art is most loved, and the best means of promoting art and producing artists most carefully considered, dissecting is left to the haphazard option of the individual pupil, who, furthermore, is not specially advised of its

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importance. The first step candor takes, however, in an instance of this sort is toward the possible readjustment of preconceptions, or at least prejudices, by actual experience. Such a step here implies a visit to the Philadelphia school and an actual experience of its dissections and accompanying anatomical lectures. Let the reader attempt it in imagination. He starts with the preconceptions just hinted; summed up, these may be said to be the prevailing feeling in regard to dissection,—the atmosphere of the dissecting room; the ugly, not to say horrible, "material" with which it is of necessity provided; its arsenal of dread-looking implements; its tables and benches, disclosing only too plainly their purpose, and finally, the dead and dismembered semblance of what was once a human being. All one's feeling in regard to this is accentuated and emphasized by the thought that it is all to an end distinctly not utilitarian but æsthetic; and thus one's physical revulsion is re-enforced by an intellectual notion that it is, in its nature, paradoxical and absurd.

"Don't you find this sort of thing repulsive? At least, do not some of the pupils dislike it at first?" Mr. Eakins is asked.

"I don't know of any one who doesn't dislike it," is the reply. "Every fall, for my own part, I feel great reluctance to begin it. It is dirty enough work at the best, as you can see. Yes, we had one student who abstained a year ago, but this year, finding his fellows were getting along faster than himself, he changed his mind and is now dissecting diligently."

"But you find it interesting, nevertheless?"

"Intensely," says one of the students, with ardor.

"And don't you find your interest becoming scientific in its nature, that you are interested in dissection as an end in itself, that curiosity leads you beyond the point at which the æsthetic usefulness of the work ceases? I don't see how you can help it."

"No," replies Mr. Eakins, smiling, "we turn out no physicians and surgeons. About the philosophy of æsthetics, to be sure, we do not greatly concern ourselves, but we are considerably concerned about learning how to paint. For anatomy, as such, we

THE MEN'S MODELING CLASS. (DRAWN BY JAMES P. KELLY.)

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care nothing whatever. To draw the human figure it is necessary to know as much as possible about it, about its structure and its movements, its bones and muscles, how what it is that he is idealizing; otherwise his idealization—I don't like the word, by the way—becomes distortion, and distortion is ugliness. This whole matter of dissection

PORTRAIT OF GENTLEMAN AND DOG. (FROM PAINTING BY SUSAN H. MACDOWELL.)

they are made, and how they act. You don't suppose we pay much attention to the viscera, or study the functions of the spleen, I trust."

"But the atmosphere of the place, the hideousness of the objects! I can't fancy anything more utterly—utterly—inartistic."

"Well, that's true enough. We should hardly defend it as a quickener of the æsthetic spirit, though there is a sense in which a study of the human organism is just that. If beauty resides in fitness to any extent, what can be more beautiful than this skeleton, or the perfection with which means and ends are reciprocally adapted to each other? But no one dissects to quicken his eye for, or his delight in, beauty. He dissects simply to increase his knowledge of how beautiful objects are put together to the end that he may be able to imitate them. Even to refine upon natural beauty—to idealize—one must understand is not art at all, any more than grammar is poetry. It is work, and hard work, disagreeable work. No one, however, needs to be told that enthusiasm for one's end operates to lessen the disagreeableness of his patient working toward attainment of it. In itself I have no doubt the pupils consider it less pleasant than copying the frieze of the Parthenon. But they are learning the niceties of animal construction, providing against mistakes in drawing animals, and they are, I assure you, as enthusiastic over their 'hideous' work as any decorator of china at South Kensington could be over hers. As for their artistic impulse, such work does not affect it in any way whatever. If they have any when they come here they do not lose it by learning how to exercise it; if not, of course, they will no more get it here than anywhere else."

Insensibly the visitor begins to be impressed by the extreme sense of this, and

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THE ANATOMICAL STUDIES. (DRAWN BY CHARLES L. FUSSELL.)

his surroundings to take on a different look. The "subject" comes to be but an organism of bones and muscles. The casts of arms depending from a swinging bar become interesting for what they show; the muscles being painted red, the tendons blue, and the bones white, one is enabled to see at a glance their reciprocal relations. One "places" all the paraphernalia of the room; begins to appreciate first how much less liable the young men and women who study here are to draw impossible legs, arms, trunks, than they were before; come to feel that, after all, it is the province of an art school to provide knowledge and training, and not inspiration; and finally to perceive how wide of the mark it is to suppose that familiarity with such scenes as this of necessity dulls one's sensitiveness.

In the evening there is a lecture in the spacious lecture-room, upon the specific subject with which the students have been making themselves practically familiar during the few days just preceding. Upon the platform is Dr. Keen, the professor of artistic anatomy, surrounded by the illustrations for his lecture. He describes the leg, bones, muscles and tendons, and their several functions. Then he illustrates its construction by the skeleton, the manikin and the "subject"—it is worth noting that compared with the last, the two former are of small account in point of clearness and vividness of illustration. Then the model steps upon a chair and is put through various movements which show the action and aspect of what has just been described and explained. Every one pays strict attention; the lecturer is vivacious to enthusiasm and the perfect lucidity of his lecture is emphasized by constant iteration until the youngest and the dullest must understand it; in less than two hours every pupil probably knows as much about the leg as will be of any service to him in drawing and painting it.

"Do you imagine that the pupil will be able to draw a leg better for knowing all that?" I asked Mr. Eakins.

"Knowing all that will enable him to observe more closely, and the closer his observation is the better his drawing will be," he returned; and the whole point of such instruction is there.

Dr. Keen himself speaks of it something in this way: The object of his course of lectures, he says, is not a study of pure anatomy, but of anatomy in its relation to form; not to make anatomists but artists. The means of illustration are as varied and complete as it is possible for them to be

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Separate bones and a mounted skeleton, plastic models, numerous drawings and the blackboard he uses constantly; when the muscles are demonstrated a cadaver is dissected and all studies are corrected and enforced at the moment by study of the living model, whose muscles are called into play by weights, suspended rings, and other apparatus for showing the effect of various postures. The dissections for the lectures are all done by the class of advanced students,—numbering some six or eight, perhaps, under the direction of Dr. Keen and of Mr. Eakins. Every day during the dissections, the life classes are admitted to the dissecting room to study the parts already lectured upon and to make drawings of them for reference and guidance. There are some thirty lectures in the course, which, one may judge from the following details, is tolerably thorough: after an introductory lecture upon the relations of anatomy to art, and methods of studying artistic anatomy, some eight lectures are devoted to the skeleton and twelve to the muscles, chiefly, of course, the superficial muscles; the face naturally occupies a good deal of attention and dissections of the human head are accompanied by dissections of horses', cats', dogs', and sheeps' heads to show comparisons and variations. Electricity is used to show the action of individual muscles, and four lectures are given to the individual features of the face, with analyses of their forms and their exaggerations in caricature. Two lectures relate to the skin and its appendages, the hair and beard, and a careful study is made of the wrinkles of the skin, especially those of the face. Finally, four lectures are devoted to the subjects of "postural expression," the proportions of the body, and the influence of sex upon physical development.

It quite takes one's breath away, does it not? Exhaustive is a faint word by which to characterize such a course of instruction. Must a painter know all this, one asks himself in a kind of awe-struck bewilderment. On the one hand, it may be inquired if it is possible for even a painter to know too much; and on the other one may be reminded how dangerous a thing a little learning is. After all, systems of teaching, prescriptions what should be taught and how what is taught should be taught are very far from being simple

DISSECTING ROOM. (DRAWN BY THOMAS P. ANSHUTZ.)

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THE ANATOMICAL LECTURE. (DRAWN BY CHARLES H. STEPHENS.)

matters to determine. The late Mr. Mill disposed of the question as to whether the classics or the mathematics should receive the more attention by demanding whether a tailor should make coats or trowsers. But it is impossible to get one of Mr. Mill's "complete inductions" upon many things, and it often comes down to a consideration of individual needs and capacities. M. Hamon, for example, with his poetical bent for painting pretty allegories of Autumn and Spring, would have wasted his time, certainly, if he had devoted much of it to the study of artistic anatomy. And probably neither Dr. Keen nor Mr. Eakins would insist upon a landscape painter taking an elaborate course of botany as a necessary preparation for the painting of forest interiors and stretches of fields. There are many minds which information that is anything like exhaustive does inevitably embarrass, many genuine impulses which it does unquestionably distort. What the Duke of Wellington said of a certain British nobleman, that "it was a pity that his education had been so far too great for his abilities," has a meaning which it is unwise ever to lose sight of. At the same time, there are many among whose possessions education is the most priceless of all. For an apt illustration, take Mr. La Farge and Mr. W. T. Richards painting the sea-shore at Newport. Minute carefulness of detail would be fatal to Mr. La Farge's poetic interpretation of the atmosphere and color and spirit of the place. But without his carefully minute study of wave forms, Mr. Richards's pictures, on the other hand, would be wholly uninteresting; and though, as it is, they are to many eyes none too inspiring, it will nowhere be maintained that they have not so real a movement as to be, in their way and occasionally, extremely interesting. And there is this to be said further, that no one knows if Mr. La Farge has not made just as careful studies and found them just as necessary, although no trace of them appears in the works to whose excellence they may have contributed. That last is so much oftener true than is generally imagined. Corot, for example, was one of the most careful draughtsmen of his time, and the sub-structure, so to speak, of his tremulous branches and moving masses of foliage is as thoroughly studied, as "knowing," as Gérôme's anatomy. Moreover, it is always to be borne in mind that the first, if not the only business of the students

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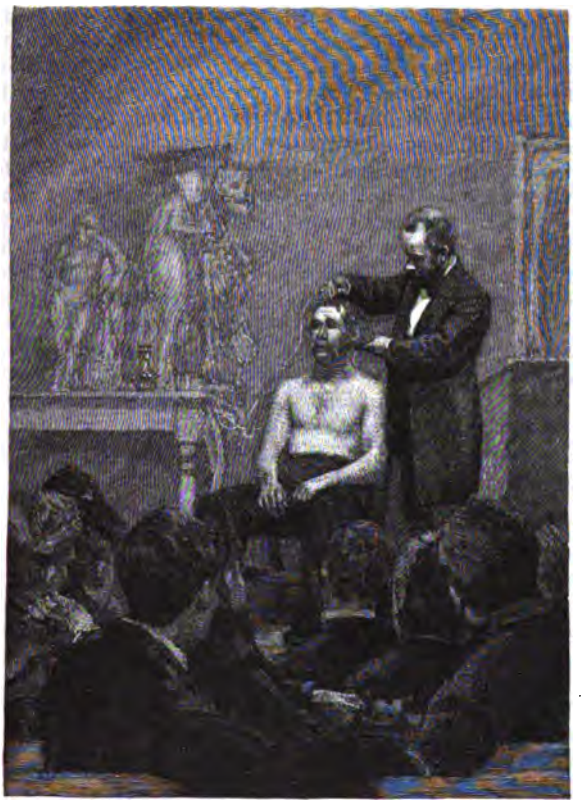
in a school of art is to learn how to use their tools—meaning by tools not only crayons and brushes, but the eye and the mind. In considering in what and how to instruct them there can be no greater mistake than to consider them as artists instead of as potential artists.

Two dangers, however, this devotion of the Philadelphia school to artistic anatomy and dissection is clearly open to, and one would say that they were grave and to be constantly heeded and guarded against by the authorities there. One is the danger of acquiring the habit of looking for anatomy and nothing else—which is practical enough; and the other, possibly none the less important in that it is insensible and impalpable, the danger arising from constant association with what is ugly and unpoetic, however useful, instead of even occasional association with what is poetic and beautiful, however useless. A sculptor, more than an artist of any other kind perhaps, cannot know too much anatomy, and cannot bear anatomy too constantly in mind. And yet one of our sculptors confessed the other day that he had been bothered by his own stores of anatomical information. The retort that no one else had would have been easy and possibly just. But what he meant to convey is certainly worth attention; namely, that an artist might readily acquire a habit of looking solely at structure and neglect both character and color and all the other elements of art not less important than structure, which depend so much on intuitive perception and so little on exact knowledge. Even a sculptor, it is conceivable, might become so enamored of the exquisite adaptedness to its ends of that marvelous structure, the human frame, that his figures would, to other people, look as much like skeletons or manikins as men. "What one wants," so continued the authority just quoted, "is once to have had a thorough knowledge of anatomy, and to have forgotten it. Then you are not likely to go wrong (and the most that anatomy can do



DIFFERENTIATING THE MUSCLES OF THE FACE BY ELECTRICITY. (DRAWN BY SUSAN H. MACDOWELL.)

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for one is to prevent mistakes), and may keep your mind fixed on matters which count more." To all of which Mr. Eakins would, no doubt, reply that the prominent lack of sculptors, even, is a better knowledge of anatomy—leaving genius, of course, out of the question; that of all the things that can be taught, anatomy is the most important; that in order to forget it—which notion he might regard as fanciful—one must at least have learned it; and that all art must be based upon correctness. It is idle for critics of the Philadelphia methods to suppose that they are pursued with an enthusiasm that is blind to objections. "Of course, one can waste time over anatomy and dissection," Mr. Eakins said to me. "I did myself, when I began to study; I not only learned much that was unnecessary, but much that it took me some time—time that I greatly begrudged—to unlearn; for a time, my attention to anatomy hampered me." Nothing can be needed to show more clearly how fully this whole matter has been considered at the Philadelphia schools.

The other danger—the danger of general tendency—is much more difficult to deal with. It is in a quiet way scouted, indeed, at Philadelphia. And it may, to be sure, be imaginary. Unprofessional opinion is of much more value upon the results than upon the methods of art study. Only the advanced pupils of Mr. Eakins dissect, and it is fair to suppose them mature enough to appreciate what they attempt and why they attempt it. At the same time, one may take leave to suggest that the atmosphere of the dissecting room is not exactly what one could call the ozone of æsthetics; that a constant attention to the mechanism of art does little to quicken one's sympathy with the spirit which is the vital element of every work of art, and lacking which, however correct, every work of art becomes lifeless; and that a thirst for knowledge by no means leads to a delight in beauty. Beginners on the piano now learn to play with both hands at once, instead of, as formerly, surmounting three separate difficulties in weary succession. And it may be that drawing with color will, at no very distant day, become quite as universal a practice. But any one may ask, Why not push the matter still further, logically, and make a study of ways and means synchronous with general æsthetic progress? Is it possible to overcome the practical difficulties in the way? Logic and practicability are so often at war,—especially the logic of analogies. Does not one study grammar before rhetoric? And yet on the other hand, is not the practical study of literature itself crying out for reform almost automatically; and sometime may not the children in the public schools be analyzing a sentence from Ruskin or Emerson instead of: "To see the sun is pleasant," for example? All which things and the other things that they involve are matter for reflection and serious speculation, and not for snap decision. It is of course of no interest to the reader whether the present writer sympathizes with the art and the teaching of Mr. Eakins, whether he thinks that Mr. Eakins is a little too hard upon the Greeks, and a little too enthusiastic about the beauty of circus tumblers; that his realism, though powerful, lacks charm; that in his care for the complete equipment of his pupils he forgets to give them any sailing orders, sealed or otherwise; that he is a trifle too unclassic, so to speak, too unacademic in his ideas, (not in his expression); that he is too skeptical concerning the invisible forces that lie about us, and now and then, as when in the spring the buds burst into blossoms, give tokens of their existence; and that his opinions and his feelings must inevitably be shared to a greater or less degree by his pupils. The distinguishing features of the Philadelphia art school and of the instruction there given,—these are what should interest the reader. If they do not, it is surely not because of any lack of interest in the subject.

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DESTINY.

1856.

PARIS, from throats of iron, silver, brass,
Joy-thundering cannon, blent with chiming bells,
And martial strains, the full-voiced pæan swells.
The air is starred with flags, the chanted mass
Throngs all the churches, yet the broad streets swarm
With glad-eyed groups who chatter, laugh, and pass,
In holiday confusion, class with class.
And over all the spring, the sun-floods warm!
In the Imperial palace that March morn,
The beautiful young mother lay and smiled;
For by her side just breathed the Prince, her child,
Heir to an empire, to the purple born,
Crowned with the Titan's name that stirs the heart
Like a blown clarion—one more Bonaparte.

1879.

BORN to the purple, lying stark and dead,
Transfixed with poisoned arrows, 'neath the sun
Of brazen Africa! Thy grave is one,
Forefated youth (on whom were visited
Follies and sins not thine), whereat the world,
Heartless howe'er it be, will pause to sing
A dirge, to breathe a sigh, a wreath to fling
Of rosemary and rue with bay-leaves curled.
Enmeshed in toils ambitious, not thine own,
Immortal, loved boy-Prince, thou tak'st thy stand
With early doomed Don Carlos, hand in hand
With mild-browed Arthur, Geoffrey's murdered son.
Louis the Dauphin lifts his thorn-ringed head,
And welcomes thee, his brother, 'mongst the dead.

W. S. GILBERT.

HAD it not been for W. S. Gilbert, he never would have had any ancestors—so far as literary ability is concerned; for it is a no less curious than amusing fact, that not until the world gave this clever dramatist a hearing, did his father burst into a full-blown author, beginning to write novels and stories at the mature age of sixty. This is perhaps the only instance on record of inheriting intellectual gifts backward, as in all probability had not Gilbert, the son, been successful in literature, Gilbert, the father, would have continued to live the life of an independent gentleman, without dreaming of the latent fiction that was in him. It is a wise son that knows his own father, and this particular son must have indeed been startled at the paternal transformation. However, the best work of Gilbert *père* is Gilbert *fils*,—work with which he has reason to be satisfied. One Sir John Otho Gilbert, an ancestor, married Sir Walter Raleigh's sister. The dramatist's descent is Scotch on the side of his mother, who belongs to a Sutherlandshire family.

Born in Somersetshire, in 1836, young Gilbert was speedily brought to London, and thence taken by his parents to Germany and Italy. At the end of three years the family returned to London with a golden-headed boy, whose beauty was so great that Sir David Wilkie collared him one Sunday as he was coming out of church and painted his portrait. At seven, young Gilbert was sent to school at Boulogne, but during this early period of his existence,

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his principal occupation was fighting. He was even pronounced "lazy"; yet this could not have been a natural characteristic, for at Ealing, where he remained from nine to sixteen, Gilbert took the prizes in English,

W. S. GILBERT.

Greek and Latin verse, was called poet laureate of the school, wrote plays for the boys and acted in them himself. Inspired by the fogs of November, he produced a drama on the thrilling subject of Guy Fawkes. It was very melodramatic and necessitated complicated scenic effects, but Gilbert proved equal to the emergency. He was scene-painter as well as author and actor. At that time he drew a great deal, though always without a master, and acquired facility as a draughtsman which has been of great use. The monotony of versification and dramatic composition was varied by boyish fights, the general average being three a week.

At sixteen, young Gilbert entered the University of London, and gave up fighting for theater-going. He still wrote plays, still got them up, was matriculated, and at nineteen took the degree of B. A. Then he began to read for the Royal Artillery, but as the Crimean war came to an end, and, as no more officers were required, he abandoned the army for the bar. A sense of humor dawned upon the irrepressible dramatist *in posse*. He wrote burlesques, charades, read omnivorously, devoted himself to fiction and dramatic authors, and made gods of Dickens and Thackeray.

While reading for the bar, young Gilbert became a clerk in the Privy Council office with a view to rising, but the methodical nature of the work proving distasteful, he gave up the clerkship at the end of four years and betook himself to writing for periodicals. While contributing to "Fun" he produced play after play; indeed he was the author of fifteen before he had attained his twenty-fourth year, and had offered them in vain to managers. They were mostly burlesques and farces, but their rejection will not seem remarkable when it is known that in the exuberance of a luxuriant imagination the author introduced in one piece, eighteen scenes, four cataracts and a house on fire! No theater could have borne up under such an embarrassment of riches.

Leaving the government service in 1861, Gilbert determined to devote himself to literature until he obtained practice at the bar. Joining the staff of "Fun," he contributed burlesques of plays and those admirable "Bab Ballads," which live in book form. Not a little of their success was due to the author's unique illustrations, which pointed every moral and adorned every tale. Called to the bar in 1864, Gilbert went upon the Northern Circuit, finding time, however, to contribute narratives and essays to "London Society," "Cornhill Magazine," etc. 1866 brought with it a crucial event. Meeting Tom Robertson, Gilbert was urged to write a play. Miss Herbert, the clever manager of the St. James's Theatre, wanted a Christmas piece, to which Robertson knew his old young friend was equal. After talking the matter over, Gilbert decided to act upon Robertson's advice. "Dulcamara, or The Little Duck and Great Quack," was written in a week, rehearsed in a week, produced in a fortnight, and ran 120 nights! Feeling himself young in dramatic authorship, Gilbert made no attempt to strike out from old lines. His success was entirely

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due to neatness of dialogue and to satire. Quick upon the heels of this burlesque came the farce of "Allow me to Explain," which was produced at the Prince of Wales's. Then followed "The Vivandière, or, True to the Corps," which Toole, Lionel Brough and Miss Hodson brought out at the Queen's Theatre. This burlesque on "The Daughter of the Regiment" pleased the public so much that Gilbert determined to be off with his second love, the bar, and keep on with his first. In brief, he was a most unhappy barrister, for he could not talk on his legs. Sleepless nights and nervous days were the consequences of defending a client. Managers pursued him for plays, and he wisely decided to pursue plays for a living. With equal wisdom, he married in 1867 the amiable daughter of Major Turner, of the Bombay Engineers.

Gilbert's next venture was a burlesque on the "Bohemian Girl," entitled "The Merry Zingara," and acted 150 nights at The Royalty; Miss Oliver sustained the leading rôle. So popular were this versatile author's contributions to "Fun," where the "Bab Ballads" gave place to "Sketches of Popular Plays," that Mark Lemon asked Gilbert to join the staff of "Punch," but as this connection would have involved separation from the comic paper which had been first to recognize his ability, he declined. In 1868, he became dramatic critic of "The Observer" and "Illustrated Times," but not liking to be hated, which is the doom of any critic who persistently tells the truth, and thinking the position incompatible with that of dramatist, he resigned both posts in 1870. A desire to write comedies induced the production of "An Old Score," in 1869, which ran for two months, while a burlesque on "Robert the Devil," by which it was preceded, drew the town for 200 nights. Gilbert's third experiment was a burlesque on Tennyson's "Princess," in which there were no puns. Written in blank verse, set to operatic music, and dependent upon situations for its humor, this experiment had a run of 150 nights. Attempted on a more important scale in "The Palace of Truth," it met with very great success. For 230 nights the Haymarket put up no other bill, and Buckstone and the Kendals won laurels that kept green from November until July. Opening out a new line of fairy influence for serious ends, Gilbert conceived "Pygmalion and Galatea," originally written in two acts. After reading it to the Haymarket company, he made many alterations and fashioned the charming play into its present shape. Again the Haymarket witnessed a run of 230 nights, and again Buckstone and the Kendals renewed their former triumphs, Mrs. Kendal setting the seal upon her present reputation. Acting plays are rarely reading plays; yet Gilbert can often bear this test, whole speeches being worthy of quotation. More than charming is Galatea's description of her transformation from stone to life:

"And not long since
I was a cold, dull stone? I recollect
That by some means I knew that I was stone;
That was the first dull gleam of consciousness;
I became conscious of a chilly self,
A cold immovable identity.
I knew that I was stone, and knew no more!
Then by an imperceptible advance,
Came the dim evidence of outer things,
Seen—darkly and imperfectly—yet seen—
The walls surrounding me, and I alone.
That pedestal—that curtain—then a voice
That called on Galatea! At that word,
Which seemed to shake my marble to the core,
That which was dim before, came evident;
Sounds that had hummed around me, indistinct,
Vague, meaningless—seemed to resolve themselves
Into a language I could understand;
I felt my frame pervaded by a glow
That seemed to thaw my marble into flesh;
Its cold hard substance throbbed with active life,
My limbs grew supple, and I moved—I lived!
Lived in the ecstasy of new-born life!
Lived in the love of him that fashioned me!
Lived in a thousand tangled thoughts of hope,
Love, gratitude—thoughts that resolved themselves
Into one word, that word, Pygmalion!"

Can more delicate fancy or neater satire be found in modern play writing than in the following dialogue between the breathing statue and her sculptor?

"*Galatea.* Why, my Pygmalion, I did not think
That aught could be more beautiful than thou,
Till I beheld myself. Believe me, love,
I could look in this mirror all day long.
So, I'm a woman.
Pygmalion. There's no doubt of that!
Gal. Oh happy maid to be so passing fair!
And happier still Pygmalion, who can gaze,
At will, upon so beautiful a face!
Pyg. Hush! Galatea—in thine innocence
Thou sayest things that others would reprove.
Gal. Indeed, Pygmalion; then it is wrong
To think that one is exquisitely fair?
Pyg. Well, Galatea, it's a sentiment
That every other woman shares with thee;
They *think* it—but they keep it to themselves.
Gal. And is thy wife as beautiful as I?
Pyg. No, Galatea, for in forming thee
I took her features—lovely in themselves—
And in the marble made them lovelier still.
Gal. (disappointed). Oh! then I'm not original?
Pyg. Well, no—
That is—thou hast indeed a prototype;
But though in stone thou didst resemble her,
In life the difference is manifest.

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Gal. I'm very glad I'm lovelier than she.
And am I better?
Pyg. That I do not know.
Gal. Then she has faults?
Pyg. But very few indeed;
Mere trivial blemishes that serve to show
That she and I are of one common kin.
I love her all the better for such faults.
Gal. (after a pause.) Tell me some faults and I'll commit them now.
Pyg. There is no hurry; they will come in time:
Though for that matter, it's a grievous sin
To sit as lovingly as we sit now.
Gal. Is sin so pleasant? If to sit and talk
As we are sitting, be indeed a sin,
Why I could sin all day!"

"The Wicked World," which explored the same field as its predecessor, was not quite so popular, though it was better received by the press. It was "The Wicked World" that inspired the burlesque, "The Happy Land," the idea of which first occurred to Gilbert on being asked by Mrs. Bancroft for a play for private theatricals which she thought of giving at her own theater to her own friends on Ash Wednesday night. The private theatricals never came off, but when Gilbert spoke of "The Happy Land" to Miss Litton, this appreciative lady exclaimed, "I'll give you any money for it!" Thereupon Gilbert and Gilbert à Becket constructed a burlesque out of which the former realized £700 from the sale of the libretto alone!

Not satisfied with a prolonged stay in fairy-land, Gilbert came back to earth, and in 1873 brought out his drama of "Charity." It told the story of a woman, who, loving not wisely but too well, redeemed her one mistake by a life of self-sacrifice. The drama was denounced as immoral. It preached false doctrine, they said. That any woman could be forgiven for being a mother without having been a wife, was abominable. That the dramatist should have made a clergyman uphold such a vile creature was atrocious. So the "great big stupid," as Thackeray called the public, refused to take its daughters to such an iniquitous exhibition, while the undress drama throve apace. "Charity" found no charity, and was withdrawn after the eightieth night. Six clever pieces for the German Reeds, including "Ages Ago," "No Cards," "Island Home," "Happy Arcadia," and "Eyes and no Eyes," were followed by "Randall's Thumb," acted at The Court for one hundred and twenty nights with Hermann Vezin as the hero. "Creatures of Impulse" was acted no less than one hundred and fifty times, and then came adaptations of "Great Expectations," and "Ought we to Visit Her." The charming two-act comedy of "Sweethearts" followed, in which Mrs. Bancroft delighted London for one hundred and thirty nights. This was succeeded by the "Trial by Jury" Originally written for "Fun," it was turned into a cantata by Arthur Sullivan, and has had a prolonged success. On the occasion of the first dress rehearsal, every man in the cantata appeared made up for Dr. Kenealy! The stage swarmed with the Tichborne champion, much to the disgust of every individual actor who thought he had conceived an original idea. Gilbert has also written with Sullivan the comic operas of "Thespis Committed for Trial," "The Sorcerer" and "H. M. S. Pinafore," the last of which has been received in the United States with an enthusiasm bordering upon insanity. Has the public gone mad, or is this devotion to "Pinafore" a healthy sign of the times? Does it mean, as I hope, that, disgusted with unclean plots and *double entente*, Americans are only too glad to welcome bright music allied to decent humor? Has the church at last discovered that the theater may mean perfectly innocent amusement? When church choirs invade the stage, the barriers of prejudice must be giving way.

The year 1875 witnessed the production of "Broken Hearts" at the Court Theatre, and 1876 welcomed Gilbert in his new departure of "Daniel Druce," in which the dramatist demonstrated his capacity to deal with passion and sentiment, and in the illustration of which he has had the co-operation of Hermann Vezin's manly, earnest art and Marion Terry's maidenly ingenuousness.

Toward the end of the second act and in the beginning of the third act of "Daniel Druce" there are defects of construction which Gilbert might overcome if he thought fit. The play is so fine that it ought to be finer. The language is admirable, the love scene between Dorothy Druce and Geoffrey being one of the most charming in modern dramatic literature, while certain quips and epigrammatic turns are delightful.

"Strange, that attachment of some mothers for their children," exclaims the braggart, Reuben Haines. "My mother always disliked me, and kept me at a convenient distance; but she was a Scotchwoman, and not liable to be imposed upon."

"Growin' old, lass, growin' old," mutters Daniel Druce to Dorothy. "It's one o' those blessings that allers comes to him that waits long enough."

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"When I quarrel," exclaims Reuben, "sextons lay in tolling grease and grave-diggers strip to their work." And it is he who propounds the following paradox: "Weigh these words well, and store them away in the museum of thy mind, for they are rare words —containing, as they do, truth commingled with wisdom, which is an observable union, as these qualities consort but rarely together; for he hath no wisdom who tells the plain truth, and he hath no need to tell the plain truth who hath wisdom enough to do without it."

"Daniel Druce" was succeeded by the comedy of "Engaged," wherein Gilbert's genius of topsyturvydom is seen at its best. Always his own stage manager, he never permits his plays to be brought out in London without prolonged rehearsals, at which he goes through every part and arranges every bit of "business." He also frequently sketches the scenery and models the "properties," and if it is necessary to instruct the ballet, he is still in his element, being an adept even in the harlequin art.

What Mr. Gilbert's future may be none can foretell, but as he declares that no man creates anything worthy of himself until the age of forty, a climacteric recently attained by this dramatist, it is safe to conclude that he has only begun to explore a mine rare in quality and rich in possibilities.

THE DOCUMENTS IN THE CASE.

PART FIRST:

DOCUMENT NO. 1.

Paragraph from the "Illustrated London News," published under the head of "Obituary of Eminent Persons," in the issue of January 4th, 1879:

SIR WILLIAM BEAUVOIR, BART.

Sir William Beauvoir, Bart., whose lamented death has just occurred at Brighton, on December 28th, was the head and representative of the junior branch of the very ancient and honourable family of Beauvoir, and was the only son of the late General Sir William Beauvoir, Bart., by his wife Anne, daughter of Colonel Doyle, of Chelsworth Cottage, Suffolk. He was born in 1805, and was educated at Eton and Trinity Hall, Cambridge. He was M. P. for Lancashire from 1837 to 1847, and was appointed a Gentleman of the Privy Chamber in 1843. Sir William married in 1826, Henrietta Georgiana, fourth daughter of the Right Honourable Adolphus Liddell, Q. C., by whom he had two sons, William Beauvoir and Oliver Liddell Beauvoir. The latter was with his lamented parent when he died. Of the former nothing has been heard for nearly thirty years, about which time he left England suddenly for America. It is supposed that he went to California, shortly after the discovery of gold. Much forgotten gossip will now in all probability be revived, for the will of the lamented baronet has been proved, on the 2nd inst., and the personalty sworn under £70,000. The two sons are appointed executors. The estate in Lancashire is left to the elder, and the rest is divided equally between the brothers. The doubt as to the career of Sir William's eldest son must now of course be cleared up.

This family of Beauvoirs is of Norman descent and of great antiquity. This is the younger branch, founded in the last century by Sir William Beauvoir, Bart., who was Chief Justice of the Canadas, whence he was granted the punning arms and motto now borne by his descendants,—a beaver sable rampant on a field gules; motto, "Damno."

PART SECOND:

DOCUMENTS NOS. 2–4.*

Promises to pay, put forth by William Beauvoir, junior, at various times in 1848:

£. 0. U.

£ 105. 0. 0.

April 10th, 1848.

William Beauvoir, junr.

DOCUMENT NO. 5.

Extract from the "Sunday Satirist," a journal of high-life, published in London; May 13th, 1848:

Are not our hereditary lawmakers and the members of our old families the guardians of the honour

* For want of space, other similar documents are omitted. ED. SCRIBNER.

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of this realm? One would not think so to see the reckless gait at which some of them go down the road to ruin. The D——e of D——m and the E——l of B——n and L——d Y——g,—are not these pretty guardians of a nation's name? *Quis custodiet?* etc. Guardians, forsooth, *parce qu'ils se sont donnés la peine de naître!* Some of the gentry make the running as well as their betters. Young W——m B——r, son of old Sir W——m B——r, late M. P. for L——e, is truly a model young man. He comes of a good old county family,—his mother was a daughter of the Right Honourable A——s L——l, and he himself is old enough to know better. But we hear of his escapades night after night, and day after day. He bets all day and he plays all night, and poor tired nature has to make the best of it. And his poor worn purse gets the worst of it. He has duns by the score. His I. O. U.'s are held by every Jew in the city. He is not content with a little gentlemanlike game of whist or *écarté*, but he must needs revive for his especial use and behoof the dangerous and well-nigh forgotten *pharaoh*. As luck would have it, he has lost as much at this game of brute chance as ever he would at any game of skill. His judgment of horse flesh is no better than his luck at cards. He came a cropper over the "Two Thousand Guineas." The victory of the favourite cost him to the tune of over six thousand pounds. We learn that he hopes to recoup himself on the Derby, by backing Shylock for nearly nine thousand pounds; one bet was twelve hundred guineas.

And this is the sort of man who may be chosen at any time by force of family interest to make laws for the toiling millions of Great Britain!

DOCUMENT NO. 6.

Extract from "Bell's Life" of May 19th, 1848:

THE DERBY DAY.

WEDNESDAY.—This day, like its predecessor, opened with a cloudless sky, and the throng which crowded the avenues leading to the grand scene of attraction was, as we have elsewhere remarked, incalculable.

* * * * *

THE DERBY.

The Derby Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year olds; colts, 8 st. 7 lb., fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; the second to receive 100 sovs., and the winner to pay 100 sovs. towards police, etc.; mile and a half on the new Derby course; 215 subs.

Lord Clifden's b. c. *Surplice*, by Touchstone.....1
Mr. Bowe's b. c. *Springy Jack*, by Hetman.....2
Mr. B. Green's br. c. *Shylock*, by Simoon.....3
Mr. Payne's b. c. *Glendower*, by Slane.....0
Mr. J. P. Day's b. c. *Nil Desperandum*, by Venison.0

* * * * *

DOCUMENT NO. 7.

Paragraph of Shipping Intelligence from the "Liverpool Courier," of June 21st, 1848:

The barque *Euterpe*, Captain Riding, belonging to the Transatlantic Clipper Line of Messrs. Judkins & Cooke, left the Mersey yesterday afternoon, bound for New York. She took out the usual complement of steerage passengers. The first officer's cabin is occupied by Professor Titus Peebles, M. R. C. S., M. R. G. S., lately instructor in metallurgy at the University of Edinburgh, and Mr. William Beauvoir. Professor Peebles, we are informed, has an important scientific mission in the States, and will not return for six months.

DOCUMENT NO. 8.

Paragraph from the "N. Y. Herald" of September 9th, 1848:

While we well know that the record of vice and dissipation can never be pleasing to the refined tastes of the cultivated denizens of the metropolis, yet it may be of interest to those who enjoy the fascinating study of human folly and frailty to "point a moral or adorn a tale" from the events transpiring in our very midst. Such as these will view with alarm the sad example afforded the youth of our city by the dissolute career of a young sprig of aristocratic affectation and patrician profligacy, recently arrived in this city. This young *gentleman's* (save the mark!) name is Lord William F. Beauvoir, the latest scion of a venerable and wealthy English family. We print the full name of this beautiful exemplar of "haughty Albion," although he first appeared among our citizens under the *alias* of Beaver, by which name he is now generally known, although recorded on the books of the Astor House by the name which our enterprise first gives to the public. Lord Beauvoir's career since his arrival here has been one of unexampled extravagance and mad immorality. His days and nights have been passed in the gilded palaces of the fickle goddess Fortune, in Thomas street and College Place, where he has squandered fabulous sums, by some stated to amount to over £78,000 sterling. It is satisfactory to know that retribution has at last overtaken him. His enormous income has been exhausted to the ultimate farthing, and at latest accounts he had quit the city, leaving behind him, it is shrewdly suspected, a large hotel bill, though no such admission can be extorted from his last landlord, who is evidently a sycophantic adulator of British "aristocracy."

DOCUMENT NO. 9.

Certificate of deposit, usually known as a pawn-ticket, issued by one Simpson to William Beauvoir, December 2d, 1848:

John Simpson,
Loan Office,
36 Bowery,
New York.

Dec. 2nd, 1848.

	Dolls.	Cts.
One Gold Hunting-case Watch and Chain,	*150*	*00*

William Beauvoir.

Not accountable in case of fire, damage, moth, robbery, breakage, &c.
25% per ann. Good for 1 year only.

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DOCUMENT NO. 10.

Letter from the late John Phœnix, found among the posthumous papers of the late John P. Squibob, and promptly published in the "San Diego Herald":

OFF THE COAST OF FLORIDA, Jan. 3rd, 1849.

MY DEAR SQUIB:—I imagine your pathetic inquiry as to my whereabouts—pathetic, not to say hypothetic—for I am now where I cannot hear the dulcet strains of your voice. I am on board ship. I am half seas over. I am bound for California by way of the Isthmus. I am going for the gold, my boy, the gold. In the meantime I am lying around loose on the deck of this magnificent vessel, the *Mercy G. Tarbox*, of Nantucket. The *Mercy G.* is one of the best boats of Nantucket, and Captain Clearstarch is one of the best captains all along shore—although, friend Squibob, I feel sure that you are about to observe that a captain with a name like that would give any one the blues. But don't do it, Squib! Spare me this once.

But as a matter of fact this ultramarine joke of yours is about east. It was blue on the *Mercy G.*—mighty blue, too. And it needed the inspiring hope of the gold I was soon to pick up in nuggets to stiffen my back-bone to a respectable degree of rigidity. I was about ready to wilt. But I discovered two Englishmen on board, and now I get along all right. One of them is a chemist or a metallurgist, or something scientific. The other is a gentleman.

The chemist or metallurgist or something scientific is Professor Titus Peebles, who is going out to prospect for gold. He feels sure that his professional training will give him the inside track in the gulches and gold mines. He is a smart chap. He invented the celebrated "William Riley Baking Powder"—bound to rise up every time.

So much for the chemist or metallurgist or something scientific. The gentleman and I get on better. His name is Beaver, which he persists in spelling Beauvoir. Ridiculous, isn't it? How easy it is to see that the English have never had the advantage of a good common school education—so few of them can spell. Here's a man don't know how to spell his own name. And this shows how the race over there on the little island is degenerating. It was not so in other days. Shakspere, for instance, not only knew how to spell his own name, but—and this is another proof of his superiority to his contemporaries—he could spell it in fifty different ways.

This Beaver is a clever fellow, and we get on first rate together. He is going to California for gold—like the rest of us. But I think he has had his share—and spent it. At any rate he has not much now. I have an idea he has been going pretty fast—and mostly down hill. But he has his good points. He is a gentleman all through, as you can see. Yes, friend Squibob, even you could see right through him. We are all going to California together, and I wonder which one of the three will turn up trumps first,—Beaver, or the chemist, metallurgist or something scientific, or

Yours respectfully,

JOHN PHŒNIX.

P. S. You think this a stupid letter, perhaps, and not interesting. Just reflect on my surroundings. Besides, the interest will accumulate a good while before you get the missive. J. P.

DOCUMENT NO. 11.

Extract from the "Bone Gulch Palladium," June 3d, 1850:

Our readers may remember hovv frequeñtly vve have declared our firm belief iñ the future uñexampled prosperity of Boñe Gulch. VVe savv it iñ the immediate future the metropolis of the Pacific Slope, as it was iñtended by nature to be. VVe poiñted out repeatedly that a time vvould come vvheñ Boñe Gulch would be an emporium of the arts añd scieñces añd of the best society, eveñ more thañ it is novv. VVe foresavv the time vvheñ the best meñ from the old cities of the East vvould come flockiñg to us, passiñg vvith coñtempt the puñy settlemeñt of Deadhorse. But eveñ vve did not so sooñ see that members of the aristocracy of the effete moñarchies of despotic Europe vvould ackñovvledge the uñdeñiable advañtages of Boñe Gulch, añd come here to stay permañently añd forever. VVithiñ the past vveek vve have received here Hoñ. VVilliam Beaver, oñe of the first men of Great Britain añd Irelañd, a statesmañ, añ orator, a soldier añd añ exteñsive traveler. He has come to Boñe Gulch as the best spot oñ the face of the everlasting uñiverse. It is ñeedless to say that our promiñeñt citizeñs have received him with great cordiality. Bone Gulch is ñot like Deadhorse. VVe kñovv a geñtlemañ vvhen vve see oñe.

Hoñ. Mr. Beaver is oñe of ñature's ñoblemeñ; he is also related to the Royal Family of Eñglañd. He is a secoñd cousiñ of the Queeñ, and boards at the Tovver of Loñdoñ vvith her vvheñ at home. VVe are iñformed that he has frequently takeñ the Priñce of VVales out for a ride iñ his baby-vvagoñ.

VVe take great pleasure iñ coñgratulating Boñe Gulch oñ its latest acquisitioñ. Añd vve kñovv Hoñ. Mr. Beaver is sure to get along all right here uñder the best climate iñ the vvorld and vvith the ñoblest men the sun ever shoñe oñ.

DOCUMENT NO. 12.

Extract from the Dead Horse "Gazette and Courier of Civilization," of August 26th, 1850:

BONEGULCH'S BRITISHER.

Bonegulch sits in sackcloth and ashes and cools her mammoth cheek in the breezes of Colorado canyon. The self-styled Emporium of the West has lost her British darling, Beaver Bill, the big swell who was first cousin to the Marquis of Buckingham and own grandmother to the Emperor of China, the man with the biled shirt and low-necked shoes. This curled darling of the Bonegulch aristocrat-worshippers passed through Dead Horse yesterday, clean bust. Those who remember how the four-fingered editor of the Bonegulch "Palladium" pricked up his ears and lifted up his falsetto crow when this lovely specimen of the British snob first honored him by striking him for a $ will appreciate the point of the joke.

It is said that the "Palladium" is going to come out, when it makes its next semi-occasional appearance, in full mourning, with turned rules. For this festive occasion we offer Brother B. the use of our late retired Spanish font, which we have discarded for the new and elegant dress in which we appear to-day, and to which we have elsewhere called the attention of our readers. It will be a change for the

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"Palladium's" eleven unhappy readers, who are getting very tired of the old type cast for the Concha Mission in 1811, which tries to make up for its lack of w's by a plentiful superfluity of greaser v's. How are you Brother Biles?

"We don't know a gent when we see him." Oh no (?)!

DOCUMENT NO. 13.

Paragraph from the "New Centreville [late Dead Horse] Evening Gazette," January 2d, 1858:

HYMENEAL HIGH JINKS.

William Beaver, better known ten years ago as "Beaver Bill," is now a quiet and prosperous agriculturalist in the Steal Valley. He was, however, a pioneer in the 1849 movement, and a vivid memory of this fact at times moves him to quit his bucolic labors and come in town. He arrived in New Centreville during Christmas week; and got married suddenly, but not unexpectedly, yesterday morning. His friends took it upon themselves to celebrate the joyful occasion by getting very high on Irish Ike's whiskey and serenading the newly-married couple with fish horns, horse-fiddles and other improvised musical instruments. Six of the participators in this epithalamial serenade, namely, Juan Tanco, Hiram Scuttles, John P. Jones, Hermann Bumgardner, Jean Durant ("Frenchy"), and Bernard McGinnis ("Big Barney"), were taken in tow by the police force, assisted by citizens, and locked up over night, to cool their generous enthusiasm in the gloomy dungeons of Justice Skinner's calaboose. This morning all were discharged with a reprimand, except Big Barney and Juan Tanco, who, being still drunk, were allotted ten days in default of $10. The bridal pair left this noon for the bridegroom's ranch.

DOCUMENT NO. 14.

Extract from "The New York Herald" for June 23d, 1861:

THE RED SKINS.

A BORDER WAR AT LAST!

INDIAN INSURRECTION!

RED DEVILS RISING!

WOMEN AND CHILDREN SEEKING SAFETY IN THE LARGER TOWNS.

HORRIBLE HOLOCAUSTS ANTICIPATED!

BURYING THE HATCHET—IN THE WHITE MAN'S HEAD.

[SPECIAL DESPATCH TO THE NEW YORK HERALD.]

CHICAGO, June 22nd, 1861.

Great uneasiness exists all along the Indian frontier. Nearly all the regular troops have been withdrawn from the West for service in the South. With the return of the warm weather it seems certain that the red-skins will take advantage of the opportunity thus offered, and inaugurate a bitter and vindictive fight against the whites. Rumors come from the agencies that the Indians are leaving in numbers. A feverish excitement among them has been easily to be detected. Their ponies are now in good condition, and forage can soon be had in abundance on the prairie, if it is not already. Everything points toward a sudden and startling outbreak of hostilities.

[SPECIAL DESPATCH TO THE NEW YORK HERALD.]

ST. PAUL, June 22nd, 1861.

The Sioux near here are all in a ferment. Experienced Indian fighters say the signs of a speedy going on the war-path are not to be mistaken. No one can tell how soon the whole frontier may be in a bloody blaze. The women and children are rapidly coming in from all exposed settlements. Nothing overt as yet has transpired, but that the Indians will collide very soon with the settlers is certain. All the troops have been withdrawn. In our defenceless state there is no knowing how many lives may be lost before the regiments of volunteers now organizing can take the field.

LATER.

THE WAR BEGUN!

FIRST BLOOD FOR THE INDIANS.

THE SCALPING KNIFE AND THE TOMAHAWK AT WORK AGAIN!

[SPECIAL DESPATCH TO THE NEW YORK HERALD.]

BLACK WING AGENCY, June 22nd, 1861.

The Indians made a sudden and unexpected attack on the village of Coyote Hill, forty miles from here last night, and did much damage before the surprised settlers rallied and drove them off. The red-skins met with heavy losses. Among the whites killed are a man named William Beaver, sometimes called Beaver Bill, and his wife. Their child, a beautiful little girl of two, was carried off by the red rascals. A party has been made up to pursue them. Owing to their taking their wounded with them, the trail is very distinct.

DOCUMENT NO. 15.

Letter from Mrs. Edgar Saville, in San Francisco, to Mr. Edgar Saville, in Chicago:

CAL. JARDINE'S

Monster Variety and Dramatic Combination.

ON THE ROAD.

G. W. K. McCULLUM, Treasurer.
HI. SAMUELS, Stage Manager.
JNO. SHANKS, Advance.

No dates filled except with first-class houses.

Hall owners will please consider silence a polite negative.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 29th, 1863.

MY DEAR OLD MAN!—Here we are in our second week at Frisco and you will be glad to know play-

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ing to steadily increasing biz, having signed for two weeks more, certain. I didnt like to mention it when I wrote you last, but things were very queer after we left Denver, and "Treasury" was a mockery till we got to Bluefoot Springs, which is a mining town, where we showed in the hotel dining-room. Then there was a strike just before the curtain went up. The house was mostly miners in red shirts and very exacting. The sinews were forthcoming very quick my dear, and after that the ghost walked quite regular. So now everything is bright, and you wont have to worry if Chicago doesnt do the right thing by you.

I don't find this engagement half as disagreeable as I expected. Of course it aint so very nice traveling in a combination with variety talent but they keep to themselves and we regular professionals make a *happy family* that Barnum would not be ashamed of and quite separate and comfortable. We don't associate with any of them only with The Unique Mulligans wife, because he beats her. So when he is on a regular she sleeps with me.

And talking of liquor dear old man, if you knew how glad and proud I was to see you writing so straight and steady and beautiful in your three last letters. O, Im sure my darling if the boys thought of the little wife out on the road they wouldnt plague you so with the Enemy. Tell Harry Atkinson this from me, he has a good kind heart but he is the worst of your friends. Every night when I am dressing I think of you at Chicago, and pray you may never again go on the way you did that terrible night at Rochester. Tell me dear, did you look handsome in *Horatio?* You ought to have had *Laertes* instead of that duffing Merivale.

And now I have the queerest thing to tell you. Jardine is going in for Indians and has secured six very ugly ones. I mean real Indians, not professional. They are hostile Comanshies or something who have just laid down their arms. They had an insurrection in the first year of the War, when the troops went East, and they killed all the settlers and ranches and destroyed the canyons somewhere out in Nevada, and when they were brought here they had a wee little kid with them only four or five years old, but *so sweet.* They stole her and killed her parents and brought her up for their own in the cunningest little moccasins. She could not speak a word of English except her own name which is Nina. She has blue eyes and the loveliest teeth. The ladies here made a great fuss about her and sent her flowers and worsted afgans, but they did not do anything else for her and left her to us.

O dear old man you must let me have her! You never refused me a thing yet and she is so like our Avonia Marie that my heart almost breaks when she puts her arms around my neck—*she calls me mamma already.* I want to have her with us when we get the little farm—and it must be near, that little farm of ours—we have waited for it so long—and something tells me my own old faker will make his hit soon and be great. You cant tell how I have loved it and hoped for it and how real every foot of that farm is to me. And though I can never see my own darling's face among the roses it will make me so happy to see this poor dead mothers pet get red and rosy in the country air. And till the farm comes we shall always have enough for her, without your ever having to black up again as you did for me the winter I was sick my own poor boy!

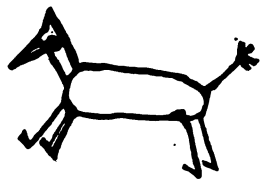
Write me yes—you will be glad when you see her. And now love and regards to Mrs. Barry and all friends. Tell the Worst of Managers that he knows where to find his leading juvenile for next season. Think how funny it would be for us to play together next year—we havent done it since '57—the third year we were married. That was my first season higher than walking—and now I'm quite an old woman—most thirty dear!

Write me soon a letter like that last one—and send a kiss to Nina—*our Nina.*

Your own girl,

MARY.

P. S. He has not worried me since.



Nina drew this herself she says it is a horse so that you can get here soon.

PART THIRD:

DOCUMENT NO. 16.

Letter from Messrs. Throstlethwaite, Throstlethwaite and Dick, Solicitors, Lincoln's Inn, London, England, to Messrs. Hitchcock and Van Rensselaer, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, 76 Broadway, New York, U. S. A.:

JANUARY 8th, 1879.

Messrs. HITCHCOCK & VAN RENSSELAER:

GENTLEMEN: On the death of our late client, Sir William Beauvoir, Bart., and after the reading of the deceased gentleman's will, drawn up nearly forty years ago by our Mr. Dick, we were requested by Oliver Beauvoir, Esq., the second son of the late Sir William, to assist him in discovering and communicating with his elder brother, the present Sir William Beauvoir, of whose domicile we have little or no information.

After a consultation between Mr. Oliver Beauvoir and our Mr. Dick, it was seen that the sole knowledge in our possession amounted substantially to this: Thirty years ago the elder son of the late baronet, after indulging in dissipation in every possible form, much to the sorrow of his respected parent, who frequently expressed as much to our Mr. Dick, disappeared, leaving behind him bills and debts of all descriptions, which we, under instructions from Sir William, examined, audited and paid. Sir William Beauvoir would allow no search to be made for his erring son, and would listen to no mention of his name. Current gossip declared that he had gone to New York, where he probably arrived about midsummer, 1848. Mr. Oliver Beauvoir thinks that he crossed to the States in company with a distinguished scientific gentleman, Professor Titus Peebles. Within a year after his departure news came that he had gone to California with Professor Peebles; this was about the time gold was discovered in the States. That the present Sir William Beauvoir did about this time actually arrive on the Pacific Coast in company with the distinguished scientific man above mentioned, we have every reason to believe: we have even direct evidence on the subject. A former junior clerk who had left us at about the same period as the disappearance of the elder son of our late

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client, accosted our Mr. Dick when the latter was in Paris last summer, and informed him (our Mr. Dick) that he (the former junior clerk) was now a resident of Nevada and a member of Congress for that county, and in the course of conversation he mentioned that he had seen Professor Peebles and the son of our late client in San Francisco, nearly thirty years ago. Other information we have none. It ought not to be difficult to discover Professor Peebles, whose scientific attainments have doubtless ere this been duly recognized by the U. S. government. As our late client leaves the valuable family estate in Lancashire to his elder son and divides the remainder equally between his two sons, you will readily see why we invoke your assistance in discovering the present domicile of the late baronet's elder son, or in default thereof, in placing in our hands such proof of his death as may be necessary to establish that lamentable fact in our probate court.

We have the honour to remain, as ever, your most humble and obedient servants,

THROSTLETHWAITE, THROSTLETHWAITE & DICK.

P. S. Our late client's grandson, Mr. William Beauvoir, the only child of Oliver Beauvoir, Esq., is now in the States, in Chicago or Nebraska or somewhere in the West. We shall be pleased if you can keep him informed as to the progress of your investigations. Our Mr. Dick has requested Mr. Oliver Beauvoir to give his son your address, and to suggest his calling on you as he passes through New York on his way home. T. T. & D.

DOCUMENT NO. 17.

Letter from Messrs. Hitchcock and Van Rensselaer, New York, to Messrs. Pixley and Sutton, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, 98 California street, San Francisco, California:

Law Offices of Hitchcock & Van Rensselaer,
76 Broadway, New York.
P. O. Box 4078.

JAN. 22nd, 1879.

Messrs. PIXLEY AND SUTTON—

GENTLEMEN: We have just received from our London correspondents, Messrs. Throstlethwaite, Throstlethwaite and Dick, of Lincoln's Inn, London, the letter, a copy of which is herewith enclosed, to which we invite your attention. We request that you will do all in your power to aid us in the search for the missing Englishman. From the letter of Messrs. Throstlethwaite, Throstlethwaite and Dick, it seems extremely probable, not to say certain, that Mr. Beauvoir arrived in your city about 1849, in company with a distinguished English scientist, Professor Titus Peebles, whose professional attainments were such that he is probably well known, if not in California, at least in some other of the mining states. The first thing to be done, therefore, it seems to us, is to ascertain the whereabouts of the professor, and to interview him at once. It may be that he has no knowledge of the present domicile of Mr. William Beauvoir—in which case we shall rely on you to take such steps as, in your judgment, will best conduce to a satisfactory solution of the mystery. In any event, please look up Professor Peebles, and interview him at once.

Pray keep us fully informed by telegraph of your movements. Yr obt serv'ts,

HITCHCOCK & VAN RENSSELAER.

DOCUMENT NO. 18.

Telegram from Messrs. Pixley and Sutton, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, 98 California street, San Francisco, California, to Messrs. Hitchcock and Van Rensselaer, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, 76 Broadway, New York:

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,
Jan. 30th.

Tite Peebles well known frisco not professor keeps faro bank.

PIXLEY & SUTTON.
(D. H. 919.)

DOCUMENT NO. 19.

Telegram from Messrs. Hitchcock and Van Rensselaer to Messrs. Pixley and Sutton, in answer to the preceding:

NEW YORK, Jan. 30th.

Must be mistake Titus Peebles distinguished scientist.

HITCHCOCK & VAN RENSSELAER.
(Free. Answer to D. H.)

DOCUMENT NO. 20.

Telegram from Messrs. Pixley and Sutton, to Messrs. Hitchcock and Van Rensselaer, in reply to the preceding:

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Jan. 30th.

No mistake distinguished faro banker suspected not square shall we interview

PIXLEY AND SUTTON.
(D. H. 919.)

DOCUMENT NO. 21.

Telegram from Messrs. Hitchcock and Van Rensselaer to Messrs. Pixley and Sutton, in reply to the preceding:

NEW YORK, Jan. 30th.

Must be mistake interview anyway

HITCHCOCK AND VAN RENSSELAER.
(Free. Answer to D. H.)

DOCUMENT NO. 22.

Telegram from Messrs. Pixley and Sutton, to Messrs. Hitchcock and Van Rensselaer, in reply to the preceding:

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,
Jan 30th.

Peebles out of town have written him

PIXLEY & SUTTON.
(D. H. 919.)

DOCUMENT NO. 23.

Letter from Titus W. Peebles, delegate to the California Constitutional Convention, Sacramento, to Messrs. Pixley and Sutton, 98 California street, San Francisco, California:

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SACRAMENTO, Feb. 2nd, '79.

Messrs. PIXLEY & SUTTON:
San Francisco.

GENTLEMEN: Your favor of the 31st ult., forwarded me from San Francisco, has been duly rec'd, and contents thereof noted.

My time is at present so fully occupied by my duties as a delegate to the Constitutional Convention that I can only jot down a brief report of my recollections on this head. When I return to S.F., I shall be happy to give you any further information that may be in my possession.

The person concerning whom you inquire was my fellow passenger on my first voyage to this state, on board the *Mercy G. Tarbox*, in the latter part of the year. He was then known as Mr. William Beauvoir. I was acquainted with his history, of which the details escape me at this writing. He was a countryman of mine; a member of an important county family—Devonian, I believe, and had left England on account of large gambling debts, of which he confided to me the exact figure. I believe they totted up something like £14,500.

I had at no time a very intimate acquaintance with Mr. Beauvoir; during our sojourn on the *Tarbox*, he was the chosen associate of a depraved and vicious character named Phœnix. I am not averse from saying that I was then a member of a profession rather different to my present one, being, in fact, professor of metallurgy, and I saw much less, at that period, of Mr. B. than I probably should now.

Directly we landed at S. F., the object of your inquiries set out for the gold region, without adequate preparation, like so many others did at that time, and, I heard, fared very ill.

I encountered him some six months later; I have forgotten precisely in what locality, though I have a faint impression that his then habitat was some cañon or ravine, deriving its name from certain osseous deposits. Here he had engaged in the business of gold-mining, without, perhaps, sufficient grounds for any confident hope of ultimate success. I have his I. O. U. for the amount of my fee for assaying several specimens from his claim, said specimens being all iron pyrites.

This is all I am able to call to mind at present in the matter of Mr. Beauvoir. I trust his subsequent career was of a nature better calculated to be satisfactory to himself; but his mineralogical knowledge was but superficial; and his character was sadly deformed by a fatal taste for low associates.

I remain, gentlemen, your very humble and obd't servant, TITUS W. PEEBLES.

P. S.—Private.

MY DEAR PIX: If you don't feel inclined to pony up that little sum you are out on the bay gelding, drop down to my place when I get back and I'll give you another chance for your life at the pasteboards. Constitution going through.

Yours, TITE.

PART FOURTH:

DOCUMENT NO. 24.

Extract from the New Centreville [late Dead Horse] "Gazette and Courier of Civilization," December 20th, 1878:

"Miss Nina Saville appeared last night at the Mendocino Grand Opera House, in her unrivaled specialty of 'Winona, the Child of the Prairie'; supported by Tompkins and Frobisher's Grand Stellar Constellation. Although Miss Saville has long been known as one of the most promising of California's younger tragediennes, we feel safe in saying that the impression she produced upon the large and cultured audience gathered to greet her last night, stamped her as one of the greatest and most phenomenal geniuses of our own or other times. Her marvelous beauty of form and feature, added to her wonderful artistic power, and her perfect mastery of the difficult science of clog-dancing, won her an immediate place in the hearts of our citizens, and confirmed the belief that California need no longer look to Europe or Chicago for dramatic talent of the highest order. The sylph-like beauty, the harmonious and ever-varying grace, the vivacity and the power of the young artist who made her maiden effort among us last night prove conclusively that the virgin soil of California teems with yet undiscovered fires of genius. The drama of 'Winona, the Child of the Prairie,' is a pure, refined and thoroughly absorbing entertainment, and has been pronounced by the entire press of the country equal to if not superior to the fascinating 'Lady of Lyons.' It introduces all the favorites of the company in new and original characters, and with its original music, which is a prominent feature, has already received over 200 representations in the principal cities in the country. It abounds in effective situations, striking tableaux and a most quaint and original concert entitled 'The Mule Fling,' which alone is worth the price of admission. As this is its first presentation in this city, the theater will no doubt be crowded, and seats should be secured early in the day. The drama will be preceded by that prince of humorists, Mr. Billy Barker, in his humorous sketches and pictures from life."

We quote the above from our esteemed contemporary, the Mendocino "Tribune," at the request of Mr. Zeke Kilburn, Miss Saville's advance agent, who has still further appealed to us, not only on the ground of our common humanity, but as the only appreciative and thoroughly informed critics on the Pacific Slope, to "endorse" this rather vivid expression of opinion. Nothing will give us greater pleasure. Allowing for the habitual enthusiasm of our northern neighbor, and for the well-known chaste aridity of Mendocino in respect of female beauty, we have no doubt that Miss Nina Saville is all that the fancy, peculiarly opulent and active even for an advance agent, of Mr. Kilburn has painted her, and is quite such a vision of youth, beauty and artistic phenomenality as will make the stars of Paris and Illinois pale their ineffectual fires.

Miss Saville will appear in her "unrivaled specialty" at Hanks's New Centreville Opera House, to-morrow night, as may be gathered, in a general way, from an advertisement in another column.

We should not omit to mention that Mr. Zeke Kilburn, Miss Saville's advance agent, is a gentleman of imposing presence, elegant manners, and complete knowledge of his business. This information may be relied upon as at least authentic, having been derived from Mr. Kilburn himself, to which we can add, as our own contribution, the statement that Mr. Kilburn is a gentleman of marked liberality in his ideas of spirituous refreshments, and of equal originality in his conception of the uses, objects and personal susceptibilities of the journalistic profession.

DOCUMENT NO. 25.

Local item from the "New Centreville Standard," December 20th, 1878:

Hon. William Beauvoir has registered at the United States Hotel. Mr. Beauvoir is a young English gentleman of great wealth, now engaged in investigating the gigantic resources of this great country. We welcome him to New Centreville.

DOCUMENT NO. 26.

Programme of the performance given in the Centreville Theater, Dec. 21st, 1878:

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HANKS' NEW CENTREVILLE OPERA HOUSE

A. Jackson Hanks.....Sole Proprietor and Manager.

FIRST APPEARANCE IN THIS CITY OF

TOMPKINS & FROBISHER'S

GRAND STELLAR CONSTELLATION,

Supporting California's favorite daughter, the young American Tragedienne

MISS NINA SAVILLE,

Who will appear in

Her Unrivaled Specialty

"Winona, the Child of the Prairie."

THIS EVENING, DECEMBER 21st, 1878,

Will be presented, with the following phenomenal cast, the accepted American drama,

WINONA:

THE CHILD OF THE PRAIRIE.

WINONA.....	Miss NINA SAVILLE.
Miss FLORA MAC MADISON.....	
BIDDY FLAHERTY.....	
OLD AUNT DINAH..... (With Song, "Don't get Weary.")	
SALLY HOSKINS..... (With the old-time melody, "Bobbin' Around.")	
POOR JOE (with Song).....	
FRAULINE LINA BOOBENSTEIN..... (With stammering song, "I yoost landet.")	
SIR EDMOND BENNETT.....E. C. GRAINGER (SPECIALLY ENGAGED.)	
WALTON TRAVERS.....G. W. PARSONS	
GIPSY JOE.....M. ISAACS	
'ANNIBAL 'ORACE 'IGGINS.....BILLY BARKER	
TOMMY TIPPER.....Miss MAMIE SMITH	
PETE, the Man on the Dock.....SI HANCOCK	
Mrs. MALONE, the Old Woman in the Little house.....Mrs. K. Y. BOOTH	
ROBERT BENNETT (aged five)..Little ANNIE WATSON	

Act I.—The Old Home.
Act II.—Alone in the World.
Act III.—The Frozen Gulf:

THE GREAT ICEBERG SENSATION!

Act IV.—Wedding Bells.

"Winona, the Child of the Prairie," will be preceded by

A FAVORITE FARCE

In which the great **BILLY BARKER** will appear in one of his most outrageously funny bits.

New Scenery.....by.....Q. Z. Slocum.

Music, by Professor Kiddoo's Silver Bugle Brass Band and Philharmonic Orchestra.

Chickway's Grand Piano, lent by Schmidt, 2 Opera House Block.

Pop Williams, the only legitimate Bill-Poster in New Centreville.

(New Centreville Standard Print.)

DOCUMENT NO. 27.

Extract from the New Centreville [late Dead Horse] "Gazette and Courier of Civilization," Dec. 24th, 1878:

A little while ago, in noting the arrival of Miss Nina Saville at the New Centreville Opera House, we quoted rather extensively from our esteemed contemporary, the Mendocino "Times," and commented upon the quotation. Shortly afterwards, it may also be remembered, we made a very direct and decided apology for the sceptical levity which inspired those remarks, and expressed our hearty sympathy with the honest, if somewhat effusive, enthusiasm with which the dramatic critic of Mendocino greeted the sweet and dainty little girl who threw over the dull, weary old business of the stage "sensation" the charm of a fresh and child-like beauty and originality, as rare and delicate as those strange, unreasonable little glimmers of spring sunsets that now and then light up for a brief moment the dull skies of winter evenings, and seem to have strayed into ungrateful January out of sheer pity for the sad earth.

We refer to the matter at this date only because in our remarks of a few days ago we had occasion to mention the fact of the existence of Mr. Zeke Kilburn, an advance agent, who called upon us at the time, to endeavor to induce us, by means apparently calculated more closely for the latitude of Mendocino, to extend to Miss Saville, before her appearance, the critical approbation which we gladly extended after. This little item of interest we alluded to at the time, and furthermore intimated, with some vagueness, that there existed in Mr. Kilburn's character a certain misdirected zeal which, combined with a too keen artistic appreciation, are apt to be rather dangerous stock-in-trade for an advance agent.

It was twenty-seven minutes past two o'clock yesterday afternoon. The chaste white mystery of Shigo Mountain was already taking on a faint, almost imperceptible, hint of pink, like the warm cheek of a girl who hears a voice and anticipates a blush. Yet the rays of the afternoon sun rested with undiminished radiance on the empty pork-barrel in front of McMullin's shebang.

Mr. Kilburn emerged from the hostelry of McMullin. Mr. Kilburn, as we have before stated at his own request, is a gentleman of imposing presence. It is well that we made this statement when we did, for it is hard to judge of the imposing quality in a gentleman's presence when that gentleman is suspended from the arm of another gentleman by the collar of the first gentleman's coat. The gentleman in the rear of Mr. Kilburn was Mr. William Beauvoir, a young Englishman in a check suit. Mr. Beauvoir is not avowedly a man of imposing presence; he wears a seal ring, and he is generally a scion of an effete oligarchy, but he has, since his introduction into this community, behaved himself, to use the adjectivial adverb of Mr. McMullin, *white*, and he has a very remarkable biceps. These qualities may hereafter enhance his popularity in New Centreville.

Mr. Beauvoir's movements, at twenty-seven minutes past two yesterday afternoon, were few and simple. He doubled Mr. Kilburn up, after the fashion of an ordinary jack-knife, and placed him in the barrel, remarking, as he did so, "You will, will you?" He then rammed Mr. Kilburn carefully home, and put the cover on.

We learn to-day that Mr. Kilburn has resumed his professional duties on the road.

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DOCUMENT NO. 28.

Account of the same event from the New Centreville "Standard," December 24th, 1878:

IT seems strange that even the holy influences which radiate from this joyous season cannot keep some men from getting into unseemly wrangles. It was only yesterday that our local saw a street row here in the quiet avenues of our peaceful city—a street row recalling the riotous scenes which took place here before Dead Horse experienced a change of heart and became New Centreville. Our local succeeded in gathering all the particulars of the affray, and the following statement is reliable. It seems that Mr. Kilburn, the gentlemanly and affable advance agent of the Nina Saville Dramatic Company, now performing at Andy Hanks' Opera House to big houses, was brutally assaulted by a ruffianly young Englishman, named Beauvoir, for no cause whatever. We say for no cause, as it is obvious that Mr. Kilburn, as the agent of the troupe, could have said nothing against Miss Saville which an outsider, not to say a foreigner like Mr. Beauvoir, had any call to resent. Mr. Kilburn is a gentleman unaccustomed to rough-and-tumble encounters, while his adversary has doubtless associated more with pugilists than gentlemen—at least any one would think so from his actions yesterday. Beauvoir hustled Mr. Kilburn out of Mr. McMullin's, where the unprovoked assault began, and violently shook him across the new plank sidewalk. The person by the name of Clark, whom Judge Jones for some reason permits to edit the now moribund but once respectable "Gazette," caught the eye of the congenial Beauvoir, and, true to the ungentlemanly instincts of his base nature, pointed to a barrel in the street. The brutal Englishman took the hint and thrust Mr. Kilburn forcibly into the barrel, leaving the vicinity before Mr. Kilburn, emerging from his close quarters, had fully recovered. What the ruffianly Beauvoir's motive may have been for this wanton assault it is impossible to say; but it is obvious to all why this fellow Clark sought to injure Mr. Kilburn, a gentleman whose many good qualities he of course fails to appreciate. Mr. Kilburn, recognizing the acknowledged merits of our job-office, had given us the contract for all the printing he needed in New Centreville.

DOCUMENT NO. 29.

Advertisement from the "New York Clipper," Dec. 21st, 1878:

WINSTON & MACK'S

GRAND INTERNATIONAL

MEGATHERIUM VARIETY COMBINATION.

COMPANY CALL.

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Company will assemble for rehearsal, at Emerson's Opera House, San Francisco, on Wednesday, Dec. 27th, 12 M. sharp. Band at 11.

J. B. WINSTON,
EDWIN R. MACK, } Managers.

Emerson's Opera House,
San Francisco, Dec. 10th, 1878.

Protean Artist wanted. Would like to hear from Nina Saville.

12—1t.*

DOCUMENT NO. 30.

Letter from Nina Saville to William Beauvoir:

NEW CENTREVILLE, December 26th, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. BEAUVOIR—I was very sorry to receive your letter of yesterday—*very* sorry—because there can be only one answer that I can make—and I think you might have spared me the pain of saying the word—No. You ask me if I love you. If I did—do you think it would be true love in me to tell you so, when I know what it would cost you? Oh indeed you must never marry *me!* In your own country you would never have heard of me—never seen me—surely never written me such a letter to tell me that you love me and want to marry me. It is not that I am ashamed of my business or of the folks around me, or ashamed that I am only the charity child of two poor players, who lived and died working for the bread for their mouths and mine. I am proud of them—yes, proud of what they did and suffered for one poorer than themselves—a little foundling out of an Indian camp. But I know the difference between you and me. You are a great man at home—you have never told me how great—but I know your father is a rich lord, and I suppose you are. It is not that I think *you* care for that, or think less of me because I was born different from you. I know how good—how kind—how *respectful* you have always been to me—*my lord*—and I shall never forget it—for a girl in my position knows well enough how you might have been otherwise. Oh believe me—*my true friend*—I am never going to forget all you have done for me—and how good it has been to have you near me—a man so different from most others. I dont mean only the kind things you have done—the books and the thoughts and the ways you have taught me to enjoy—and all the trouble you have taken to make me something better than the stupid little girl, I was when you found me—but a great deal more than that—the consideration you have had for me and for what I hold best in the world. I had never met a *gentleman* before—and now the first one I meet—he is my *friend*. That is a great deal.

Only think of it! You have been following me around now for three months, and I have been weak enough to allow it. I am going to do the right thing now. You may think it hard in me *if you really mean what you say*, but even if everything else were right I would not marry you—because of your rank. I do not know how things are at your home—but something tells me it would be wrong and that your family would have a right to hate you and never forgive you. Professionals cannot go in your society. And that is even if I loved you—and I do not love you—I do not love you—*I do not love you*—now I have written it you will believe it.

So now it is ended—I am going back to the line I was first in—variety—and with a new name. So you can never find me—I entreat you—I beg of you—not to look for me. If you only put your mind to it—you will find it so easy to forget me—for I will not do you the wrong to think that you did not mean what you wrote in your letter or what you said that night *when we sang Annie Laurie together* the last time.

Your sincere friend

NINA.

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DOCUMENTS NOS. 31 AND 32.

Items from San Francisco "Figaro" of December 29th, 1878:

Nina Saville Co. disbanded New Centreville, 26th. No particulars received.

Winston & Mack's Comb. takes the road December 31st, opening at Tuolumne Hollow. Manager Winston announces the engagement of Anna Laurie, the Protean change artiste, with songs, "Don't Get Weary," "Bobbin' Around," "I Yoost Landed."

DOCUMENT NO. 33.

Telegram from Zeke Kilburn, New Centreville, to Winston and Mack, Emerson's Opera House, San Francisco, Cal.:

NEW CENTREVILLE, Dec. 28th, 1878.

Have you vacancy for active and energetic advance agent. Z. KILBURN.

(9 words 30 paid.)

DOCUMENT NO. 34.

Telegram from Winston and Mack, San Francisco, to Zeke Kilburn, New Centreville:

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 28th, 1878.

No.

WINSTON AND MACK.

(Collect 30 cents)

DOCUMENT NO. 35.

Bill sent to William Beauvoir, United States Hotel, Tuolumne Hollow, Cal.:

Tuolumne Hollow, Cal., Dec. 29th, 1878.

Wm. Beauvoir, Esq.

Bought of HIMMEL & HATCH,

Under the Academy of Music,

JEWELERS & DIAMOND MERCHANTS

Dealers in all kinds of Fancy Goods, Stationery and Umbrellas, Watches, Clocks and Barometers.

TERMS CASH. MUSICAL BOXES REPAIRED.

Dec. 29, One diamond and enameled locket..$75.00
One gold chain..... 48.00

$123.00

Rec'd Payt.
Himmel & Hatch,
per S.

PART FIFTH:

DOCUMENT NO. 36.

Letter from Cable J. Dexter, Esq., to Messrs. Pixley and Sutton, San Francisco:

Law Office and Collection Agency,
Dexter & Smith.

NEW CENTREVILLE, CAL., March 3rd, 1879.

Messrs. PIXLEY & SUTTON:

GENTS: I am happy to report that I have at last reached the bottom level in the case of William Beaver, *alias* Beaver Bill, deceased through Indians in 1861.

In accordance with your instructions and check, I proceeded, on the 10th inst., to Shawgum Creek, where I interviewed Blue Horse, late chief of the Comanches, who tomahawked subject of your inquiries in the year above mentioned. Horse has settled down as a reputable agriculturalist, and is now extensive and highly respected farmer. Was at first unwilling to converse; but finally acknowledged that he personally let daylight through the late Mr. Beaver, and is willing to guarantee thoroughness of decease. Stated further that aforesaid Beaver's family consisted of wife and minor child. Is willing to swear that wife was killed. Killing done by Mule-Who-Goes-Crooked, personal friend of Horse's. [Now keeps grocery store.] Minor child (female) was taken into camp and kept until turned over to U. S. government, at Fort Kearney, in winter of '63, when tribe went on government reservation.

I posted to last named locality on the 18th ult., and found by quartermaster's books that, no claimant appearing for minor child, she had been duly indentured, together with six Indians, to man by name of Guardine or Sardine, traveling showman. The Indians were invoiced as Sage Brush Jimmy, Boiling Hurricane, Mule-Who-Goes-Crooked, Joe, Hairy Grasshopper and Dead Mustang. Receipt for Indians was signed by Mr. Hi Samuels, who is still in the same line of business, and who positively identified minor child with variety specialist by name of Nina Saville, well known in this region.

I shall soon have the pleasure of laying before you documents to establish the complete chain of evidence from decease of original subject of your inquiries up to date.

I have to-day returned from New Centreville, whither I went after Miss Saville. Found she had just vacated the town in company with a young Englishman by the name of Bovoir, who had been paying her polite attentions for some time past, having bowied or otherwise squelched a man for her within a week or two. It appears Miss Saville had persistently refused to receive said attentions until about two days before my arrival, when the young man's luck appears to have turned. At present, therefore, the trail is temporarily lost; but I expect to fetch the couple if they are anywhere this side of the Rockies.

Awaiting your further instructions, and cash backing thereto,

I am,
gents,
very resp'y yours,
CABLE J. DEXTER.

DOCUMENT NO. 37.

Envelope of letter from Sir Oliver Beauvoir, Bart., to his son, William Beauvoir:

Sent to Dead Letter Office

Mr. William Beauvoir
Sherman House Hotel
Chicago
United States of America

not here
try Brevoort House
N. Y.

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DOCUMENT NO. 38.

Letter contained in the envelope above:

CHELSWORTH COTTAGE, March 30th, 1879.

MY DEAR BOY: In the sudden blow which has come upon us all I cannot find words to write. You do not know what you have done. Your uncle William, after whom you were named, died in America. He left but one child, a daughter, the only grandchild of my father except you. And this daughter is the Miss Nina Saville with whom you have formed so unhappy a connection. She is your own cousin. She is a Beauvoir. She is of our blood, as good as any in England.

I trusted you, William, not only as my beloved and cherished son; but as the child of a house that has never forgotten what it owes to its own name and its own honor. Have I done wrong in so doing?

My feelings are overpowering. I am choked by the suddenness of this great grief. I cannot write to you as I would. But I can say this: Do not let me see you or hear from you until this stain be taken from our name.

OLIVER BEAUVOIR.

DOCUMENT NO. 39.

Cable dispatch of William Beauvoir, Windsor Hotel, New York, to Sir Oliver Beauvoir, Bart., Chelsworth Cottage, Suffolk, England:

NEW YORK, May 1st, 1879.

Have mailed you Herald

WILLIAM BEAUVOIR.

DOCUMENT NO. 40.

Advertisement under head of "Marriages," from "The New York Herald," April 30th, 1879:

BEAUVOIR—BEAUVOIR.—On Wednesday, Jan. 1st, 1879, at Steal Valley, California, by the Rev. Mr. Twells, William Beauvoir, only son of Sir Oliver Beauvoir, of Chelsworth Cottage, Surrey, England, to Nina, only child of the late William Beauvoir, of New Centreville, Cal.

DOCUMENT NO. 41.

Extract from "The New York Herald" of May 29th, 1879:

Among the passengers on the out-going Cunard steamer, *Gallia*, which left New York on Wednesday, was the Honorable William Beauvoir, only son of Sir Oliver Beauvoir, Bart., of England. Mr. Beauvoir has been passing his honeymoon in this city, and, with his charming bride, a famous California belle, has been the recipient of many cordial courtesies from members of our best society. Mr. William Beauvoir is a young man of great promise and brilliant attainments, and is a highly desirable addition to the large and constantly increasing number of aristocratic Britons who seek for wives among the lovely daughters of Columbia. We understand that the bridal pair will take up their residence with the groom's father, at his stately country-seat, Chelsworth Manor, Suffolk.

THE WILLIS.

THE Willis are out to-night,
In the ghostly pale moonlight,
With robes and faces white.

Swiftly they circle round,
And make not any sound,
Nor footprint on the ground.

The forest is asleep;
All things that fly or creep
A death-like silence keep.

A fear is over all;
From spectral trees and tall
The gathering night-dews fall.

Moveless are leaf and limb,
While through the forest dim
Slow glides a figure slim.

A figure slim and fair,
With loosened streaming hair,
Watching the Willis there!

"These are the ghosts," she said,
"Of hapless ones unwed,
Who loved and now are dead."

Her hair was drenched with dew;
The moonlight shimmered through
And showed its raven hue.

"Each one of these," she cried,
"Or ever she was a bride,
For love's sake sinned and died.

"I come," she said, "I too;
Ye are by one too few,"
And joined the phantom crew.

Swiftly they circled round,
Nor was there any sound,
Nor footprint on the ground.

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A STORY OF THE DRY SEASON.

It was between three and four o'clock of a September afternoon; the crowd on the beach at San Miguel had gathered earlier than usual, in anticipation of a cool, and possibly foggy, night. There was no wind, and the surf was low. The broad, bright bay lay, shimmering and throbbing beneath the blue depth of sky, across which, faint, indefinite white vapors, like the smoke from a great pipe of peace, drifted in from the sea. The purple mountains opposite were hidden by a long, white bar of mist.

A group of bare-legged, bronzed fishermen, in scant, apostolic draperies, were dragging in their heavy nets through the surf, while out on the bay glimmered, like crescent moons, the triangular sails of a little fleet of fishing-boats; except for these, and the flight of sea-birds, the vast ellipse of water, narrowing to the ocean, held no other sign of life.

In an angle of shadow, cast by a bold projection of the cliff toward the surf, a little feminine group of three had sought shelter, alike from the crowd and the glare. Above their heads towered the rocky wall, in pale shadow, with a fringe of sunlight lingering in the coarse, brown grasses which rise from its brink, like the stubborn growth on the forehead of a giant. The smallest member of this trio was disposed, in the shape of a bundle of white woolen wraps, in a hollowed trough of sand, with an umbrella over its head inclined toward the light. Beside the white bundle lay a graceful woman's form, stretched out prone, with her hands clasped above her belt-buckle, a broad straw hat concealing all of her face but a very fair and purely molded chin and throat.

Near this recumbent figure in the tantalizing hat, a very obviously pretty girl, without any hat, was seated, working at some coarse embroidery, and from time to time bestowing a glance upon the groups which strayed from the crowd beyond their rocky screen. Her rough, reddish-brown hair was "banged" across the brows, and gathered into a thick club at the back of her neck; she had very blue eyes, with long, reddish-gold lashes, and eyebrows of a darker shade; her cheeks were rosy and freckled, and a little cleft in the chin seemed a playful after-thought of Nature's in planning her lively prettiness.

"Why! there is Doctor Benedict!" she exclaimed, pressing her thimble finger deep into the firm rondure of a rosy cheek. "Mrs. Ellison, don't you want to look at him? He's the young doctor I told you of who has studied in Paris."

"I hope I shall never want to see him more than I do now," murmured a sleepy voice from under the hat. "But I'm glad he has studied somewhere! How many doctors have you here, Georgie,—five? and this is the only one who can boast a regular education?"

"Oh! we cannot be sure of that, you know! I suppose a doctor doesn't go round showing his diploma, and those who haven't any are licensed by a board, or a committee, or something, in San Francisco. But you wouldn't think much of that, I dare say, Mrs. Ellison; you have no faith in our institutions!"

"I'm afraid I haven't much faith in institutions, anywhere, Georgie; but I have in people." She stretched out a slender hand and patted Miss Georgie's ankle, which happened to be the part of that young lady nearest her. "I consider the sunshine of California a tremendous institution; and so are the girls! I only hope they may wear as well!"

"Why! then we should be girls forever! I should like that, I'm sure! I wonder if Doctor Benedict is coming to speak to me? He hasn't called since the night of the cantata, when I sang Queen Esther. I thought may be he was mad about something. He said some queer things that night. They were furious compliments, I suppose, but they sounded as if they were right out of the Bible! Don't you think it's horrid, Mrs. Ellison, for a gentleman to pay you a compliment out of the Bible?"

Mrs. Ellison had risen, and was patting into shape her braided knot of fair hair, and shaking the sand from her slim, silken draperies.

"Queen Esther is in the Apocrypha, you know, Georgie. You wouldn't mind an apocryphal compliment, would you?"

Here Doctor Benedict arrived within bowing distance, and Miss Georgie was presenting him to Mrs. Ellison.

"The eastern lady who is boarding with us," she explained, with her girlish smile and her blunt, school-boy manner.

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Doctor Benedict bowed ceremoniously. Mrs. Ellison looked at him somewhat vaguely, with her large, gray, near-sighted eyes; they were beautiful eyes, set wide apart under a broad, low brow. Her face might have been a little too intense in expression, without the half-appealing uncertainty and wistful intentness of those wide, gray eyes. Their gaze was flattering from its earnestness, but chilling from its impersonality. She made no attempt at conversation, beyond the commonplaces which follow an introduction. She lifted her eye-glass and let it follow the people strolling on the beach; gradually it approached and rested on Doctor Benedict's figure. As he bent above Miss Georgie's smiling chatter, Benedict was aware that he was being inspected by the very fair and distinguished-looking young lady from the east, and being also conscious of an irreproachable profile, was correspondingly disappointed that the inspection was so brief. He turned a little toward the surf, and remarked, as if to make the conversation more general, that those fellows hauling in their nets were really very good!

"As they stoop all together, they remind me of a family of storks, frog-hunting on the edge of a swamp; they are exactly like those clever generalities on the backs of Jap. fans!"

He looked over Miss Georgie's head toward Mrs. Ellison, who smiled faintly, but made no other reply.

"Shall we walk down a little way and see what they are catching? Some of the fish are very beautiful just out of the water."

Miss Georgie had risen, but Mrs. Ellison remained seated, saying:

"Thank you! I have my baby, you see; she will be waking soon!"

"Oh! I forgot the baby!" cried Miss Georgie. "Let me stay with her, please! Mrs. Ellison! It is all an old story to me, and you always see so much more than I do. Please let me stay!"

Mrs. Ellison looked at Georgie with a smile, which the young doctor considered over-payment for the offered service.

"No, indeed, my dear! I can see it all from here, quite well. Go and tell me if we are to have pompanos for breakfast."

Mrs. Ellison's maternal manner with Miss Georgie, who looked so very few years her junior, amused Doctor Benedict. He wondered if it were a little affectation; recalling her face, he decided that it was not. She takes everything very earnestly, and lives a great deal in a few minutes, he speculated; she feels well along in experience, but she will never make a woman of the world.

"Mrs. Ellison seems a very devoted mother," he remarked to Miss Georgie. "I have noticed her several times on the beach, but always with her baby. Does she never trust it to a nurse?"

"She hasn't any nurse! They are not so very well off, at least not now. Mr. Ellison?—oh! he's in Nevada; I liked him ever so much—almost as much as I do her. He is real handsome, and quite young, and as dark as a Spaniard."

"Is Mr. Ellison a Californian?" Doctor Benedict asked, indifferently.

"I don't know what he is; I don't believe he knows himself. I asked him once if he was an Eastern man; he laughed and said, 'I came very near it,—I was born in the Sandwich Islands.' He don't seem to care for anything out here, but I've heard him laugh at her for thinking everything perfect in the East. I guess he don't think anything's perfect anywhere—except his wife! She don't mind taking care of the baby!" Miss Georgie found it very easy to talk of Mrs. Ellison; her little differences from the women around her, her nearness, and her remoteness—all added to her attraction. "She likes it, but she don't pretend she does it for that reason. There's no humbug of that kind about her. She makes no secret of their being rather poor, and takes it all as easy as you please. I always like that; it's the way we Californians do. Papa has made two or three fortunes, and lost them, since I can remember. We are awfully poor now, but I suppose something will happen before long. I've had some good times, any way. Oh! Do you want to see those fishermen so much? The sand is all wet down there! Let us walk up the beach and look at the people!"

Returning at length to Mrs. Ellison, they found her with the baby, a rosy little girl of eighteen months, on her lap, her hands clasped under its arms, and her cheek resting on its head whenever the head was still. She looked passively happy, but her face, in repose, had already learned the look of one who waits for rest or joy, long delayed.

"Are you going to wait another six months before you come to see us, Doctor Benedict?" said Miss Georgie, as Benedict lifted his hat in farewell.

"Is it so long as that, Miss Hunter?

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You know it doesn't look well for a young doctor to have too much time for society."

"Oh, well, you can call professionally, then. I guess some of us can manage to get sick, in spite of the climate."

Doctor Benedict found leisure, a few days later, to make an unprofessional call on Miss Georgie Hunter. He found her gracefully occupied in clipping the dead leaves and twigs from a passion-vine, that screened an angle of the piazza. The low afternoon sun pierced it, here and there, with gleams which lighted the bright head and white-robed figure of the young girl, with charming effect. As he came up the walk, Benedict thought of the "Gardener's Daughter," and then, with a smile, of Miss Georgie's probable stare of surprise, were he to greet her with an allusion to that lovely and mythical young person.

"Gracious! What a mess you have found me in!" she cried, gayly, as she met him, rustling her white draperies over the dead leaves which strewed the piazza floor. "Sit down, please! It is so much pleasanter out here. I'll sweep all this up in a minute."

The piazza ran across the narrow front of the house, and along the side, then turning another angle, crossed a small one-story wing, which joined the house at some distance back. Miss Georgie did not follow the piazza, but tripped across the grass-plot to the open door of the wing. She took down a broom from behind it, and paused a moment at another door, within.

"Mrs. Ellison?"

The lady was stooping over her baby's crib; she looked up and smiled, with a finger on her lip. Miss Georgie's voice became a loud whisper.

"It's Doctor Benedict! I wish you'd come out! *I* don't know how to talk to him!"

Mrs. Ellison, still smiling, and softly patting the baby, motioned Georgie away.

"Shall I shut the door?"

"No, thank you!"

There was a playful altercation between Miss Georgie and Benedict, as to which should use the broom. Professional firmness, and masculine strength conquering, as usual, Doctor Benedict possessed himself of the broom, which he handled with such skill, that Miss Georgie exclaimed:

"Well! I guess you wanted to show me how well you can sweep! Oh! you mustn't scatter them off on the grass like that! Sweep them up in a little heap, and Gong will carry them away by and by. "What *are* you going to do with that broom?"

"I'm going to hang it up behind the door, where I saw you get it!"

"Well! I wonder what you *will* do next!"

Benedict, with a laugh, carried off the broom in triumph. He did not skip across the grass, but decorously followed the piazza. As he hung the broom on its nail, he saw, reflected in a mirror against the wall of the dim passage, as much of an inner room, bright with afternoon sunlight, as the open door revealed. It was the glance of a second, but two objects in the room fixed themselves upon his vision with perfect distinctness; one was Mrs. Ellison, seated in the open window reading a letter, the other was a child's crib,—a large, carved, ebony crib, elaborately inlaid, and mounted with brass.

As Doctor Benedict came down the piazza again, Miss Georgie exclaimed:

"Why! how pale you look! Did you see a ghost in the passage?"

"Ah! It's the sweeping, you see, has used me up! Such violent exercise does very well for women!"

He sat down with his back to the light, and laughed rather nervously.

"Well, you *are* queer! I don't know half the time whether you're in earnest or not. But you do look pale!"

"You are accustomed to the bronzed complexions of your gallant Californians, Miss Hunter! It is my misfortune that I am paler."

It was very easy to change the subject with Miss Georgie; she was not pertinacious. Just before Benedict took his leave, he remarked carelessly:

"That little mirror in your passage would be convenient for a burglar. I could have seen the entire contents of Mrs. Ellison's room. I did see what a curious crib her child slept in! Old Spanish, isn't it? Something she picked up out here?"

"Yes! She got it at Gross and Wenger's, in Los Gatos avenue. She says it's a great bargain, and goes on about its beauty and 'somberness,' she calls it. I should say it was somber! I wonder it doesn't give Maudie the colic to sleep in it!"

"Of course it wasn't fitted up?" the doctor suggested.

"How do you mean?—mattresses and pillows? Yes, there was a mattress, almost new, but she wouldn't let the baby sleep on

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it till she had re-covered it. She did it herself—every stitch, with the baby playing round the room all the time. You seem very much interested in Mrs. Ellison's crib; shall I ask her to let you see it?"

A strong salt wind from the moors swept the dust into his eyes as Benedict put his mare to her fastest pace down Mission avenue. He turned into a short street, running out to the edge of the hill, overlooking the bay and the lower town. A few blocks of new building lots brought him to the steep descent. There had been a flight of wooden steps and a landing, on a terrace half-way down, but the rains of the previous winter had torn them away. They were replaced by a narrow, rugged trail, which followed the washings of the hill. He tied his horse, and took the trail on foot, turning off at the terrace, following it round the curve of the hill, to a little gate, with high, ornamental posts, set in a thicket of prickly pear. The gate drooped on its hinges, and the paint was gray with age; one of the posts had been crowded almost out of its socket by the roots of the giant cactus, which flourished its thorny palms high overhead, and usurped so much of the pathway that the gate could with difficulty be opened. A California rose clung to the opposite post, and a single late blossom drooped in the clutch of a bristling gauntlet, thrust forward from the other side. Benedict crowded the gate open and found himself in a long grape-arbor; the hill-side making a sloping wall on one side and the trellis arching over and meeting it. He walked slowly down this long tunnel of leafage; the grape-leaves were reddening, and the sunlight, slanting through, turned them to the color of blood; the purple fruit clusters glowed with a darker hue. The vista before him framed a single figure. She turned, as Benedict's footsteps rustled on the dead leaves and looked back at him, holding the crape shawl she wore close under her chin. It was a softly rounded, childish face, but with a desolate maturity in the steady, unsmiling, backward gaze of the long, dusky eyes. She stopped and leaned against the bank with her hands dropped before her, waiting for Benedict's approach. She gave him no greeting,—only raised her eyes to his, as he took her thin, brown hand.

"Mercédes, how is this, my child? You are not looking so well as I hoped to find you six weeks after the fever! Did you take the powders and the drops I left you?"

His voice was tenderly compassionate, as to a suffering child; she looked, indeed, scarcely fifteen, but her manner had a weariness, and yet a speechless intensity, which were not childlike.

"No, I did not take them," she said, looking out through a break in the vines at a patch of blue on the distant bay.

"Do you not wish to grow strong,—to grow to be a woman, Mercédes?"

"No," she murmured, in her soft, helpless English, spoken in slow cadences. "I wish not to live at all! The little one,—he died; I loved him; I love nothing else!"

"Do you not love the señora, your mother? Will you not try to live for her?"

"She is not my mother! My mother *was* a señora! She is none! To live for her! *Madre de Dios!*—that would be a life for a daughter of the Buelenos!"

She spoke rapidly, in Spanish, with a passionate awakening from the listlessness which seemed her habitual mood. The shawl dropped from her head, showing its delicate outline, with the close, dark, tendril curls round the temples and ears, and the thick braids hanging over her shoulders. Benedict looked at her with a gentle curiosity.

"Mercédes, you are a very strange little girl. The señora is kind to you, is she not?"

"She is no señora, I have told you! She cannot be kind to Mercédes! She serve well—*Bueno!* But she sits in my mother's chair; she sleeps in my mother's bed; and she did sell, for money, the bed my brother died upon!" Mercédes whispered these words with her eyes on Benedict, and shivered a little, as a gust of wind shook the dry leaves over their heads. "A man came and took it away," she continued, in the same whispering voice. "I saw him put silver dollars into her hand. She bought with them wine, she tell me, to make me strong. Holy blood of Christ! would I drink the price of my brother's bed of death?—where I did see him ——"

She swept the shawl across her face, and buried her head in its folds.

"Mercédes," said Benedict, after a silence, "did she not know that she may have sold death to others with that bed? I gave orders that everything which came near your brother in his sickness should be burned, because it is a terrible sickness,

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that spreads like a fire, even in the clothing. Did she clean the room, and burn in it the yellow powder? Was the bed kept in the smoke of the yellow powder?"

"There was no smoke! She did clean,—she have one to wash white the walls, but the powder, it did make bad smell—choke one, so, in the throat! She say it not good for us to breathe. My brother's bed will bring harm to no one! I cannot believe that is true! But I would give—but I have nothing! I go to the man who took it away, in the avenue Los Gatos. I offer to him my ear-rings and the rosary of gold beads, but he laugh at me. He say, 'Too late'; the bed he have sold."

"I know who has the bed, Mercédes. It is a lady—a mother, who loves her child as you loved little Leon. I hope it may not bring trouble to her; but whatever happens, I know she will be glad to send it back to you, when she knows how you care for it. Now, if I try to get it for you, will you promise me to take the powders and the drops? You can remember well, if you wish. Now will you, child?"

"I will do that, because you ask me, but not for the little bed. I shall never see that. The señora—she is Americana? *Bueno!* She will keep the bed! Americanos, they get, get, always—they give up, never! But I will do what you ask, Señor Doctor, because you were good to my Leonito!"

She looked at him with her sad, beautiful eyes. The señor doctor inclosed with his hands the long curve from her chin to the delicate ear, and lifted her face to his as he bent over her.

"Poor little Mercédes! she has not many friends. Will she let me be one?"

A great tear rolled slowly down her cheek from the lifted liquid eyes, and her lips trembled.

"Good-bye, then, my little friend," he said, in rather uncertain Spanish.

At the gate he stopped and looked up at the sweet, pink blossom, swaying against the thorns of the grasping cactus. He reached to pick it, but the thorns caught his fingers; he pulled at it a little roughly,—all the frail, pink petals dropped from the rose, and the bush was bare.

With the wind and dust at his back, and a strong, red light on the sky before him, Benedict rode home. He sat through his dinner, eating little; he made one or two calls, and returned late to his office, feeling deathly tired. A sick apprehension for Mrs. Ellison's child oppressed him, and, like a small, cold touch making him shiver, came the thought of Mercédes in the old arbor, with the sea-wind rustling the red and dying leaves over her head.

The next morning, Doctor Benedict had an interview with Mrs. Hunter. Her advice was to say nothing to Mrs. Ellison, since all the harm had been done, and the child might still escape. She herself did not believe in contagious fevers, but in case of trouble she had no fear, and Georgie should be sent away to some friends in Santa Clara.

"We shall know very soon," said Benedict.

On the following evening, as he was riding into Mission avenue from a side street, his horse shied at a figure which flitted past the crossing. In the rosy twilight, he recognized Miss Hunter's bright head, and her hat, with its long, gray feather. She was not dressed for the street, but with one hand caught up the skirts of her white dress, while with the other she held a wrap about her shoulders. He watched for a moment her nervous step, breaking at intervals into a run, and then followed her.

"Miss Hunter, is there any trouble at your house?"

"Oh! Doctor Benedict! I was just going for you! Mrs. Ellison's baby is so sick!—awfully sick, and mamma wont let me go near the room. Can't you come at once?"

"I will be there before you, if you will pardon my leaving you!"

There was a light in the wing, and the rest of the house looked deserted, as Benedict tied his horse at the gate. He saw the young moon's faintly foreshadowed circle hanging low over the bare hills behind the house; when that circle should shine full and clear, the drama of life and death in the room below would be over.

The door of the passage stood open, and he knocked at the inner door. Mrs. Ellison met him. Her fingers were between the leaves of a book which she held, seemingly unconscious of it, while she led him to the child. It lay in the fatal bed, and as they bent above it, she murmured to him in a strained whisper the symptoms and her fears.

"Doctor, can it be a fever? I have been reading here, in Doctor Gray's book." She opened it, and felt, with tremulous fingers, for her eye-glasses, then held the book

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out to him, with a helpless gesture. "See! It does seem very like what he says. Oh! pardon me!"

He took the book from her gently, closed it, and handed her a chair. She sat down and looked at him again with her intent, appealing gaze, which seemed to fascinate, and yet unnerve him.

"You must think me beside myself—asking you to look at a doctor's book! This is a great shock, but I can bear what I must! Is it a dreadful fever, Doctor?"

"It is a contagious fever, of a serious type, Mrs. Ellison. If necessary, I could trace it for you, but that can wait. There is much in our favor, and for myself, I can assure you that if my whole future rested on this one case, I could not be more entirely at your service."

Mrs. Ellison rose and looked again at the child. She wore a long, pale-blue gown, which increased her vivid whiteness. As she listened to the child's breathing, bending over the crib, the brass bar beneath her hands shook a little. Benedict was preparing medicines at a side table. He started at the slight sound. He remembered it well,—it had a sickening familiarity like the carved outlines of the bed, and all its bright bars, and knobs, and inlaid traceries. He remembered, too, a desolate young figure flung on the floor, the upraised hands grasping that shining bar where the mother's fingers rested; it had trembled then as it trembled now. Mrs. Ellison, looking round, met his gaze fastened upon her as if she were a ghost, but she saw only his form against the light, and moved toward him.

"Doctor Benedict, I will tell you frankly that I should feel more as if everything were done if I wrote to Doctor Mackensie, of San Francisco. He is an old friend of my husband's. I know it would be his wish if he were here. I feel that I am not doing you justice, but you will pardon so much, I hope, in a very anxious woman!"

"*I* pardon anything in *you*, Mrs. Ellison? I only hope you may have nothing more to pardon in me! I entreat you to consider me entirely at your disposal,—to use, or to postpone, or to reject."

She looked at him as if she hardly heard his words.

"Then you will not be offended if I write?"

"Certainly not! Write, by all means!"

She went to a secretary standing open against the wall and lit a lamp. It flickered in the evening wind and Benedict drew down the shade. When he took his leave, she gave him two letters to mail; one was addressed to Doctor Mackensie, of San Francisco, the second to Robert Ellison, Superintendent Golden Crescent Mine, *via* Virginia City, Nevada.

Doctor Mackensie's reply came by telegraph:

"Cannot possibly attend the child; would not undertake such a case by letter; trust Benedict; he is entirely competent."

A fuller reply by letter came later, giving Mrs. Ellison much comfort in its commendation of Benedict, of whom Doctor Mackensie had personal knowledge. Mrs. Ellison was not too much preoccupied to recall Benedict's delicacy in withholding this fact. So the young mother, in this sternest trial of her life, trusted her case to the young doctor, and together they entered the valley of the shadow.

The red grape leaves were falling, and the harvest was gathered. The world and the flesh had departed from San Miguel, leaving the little town to count the tides on its deserted beaches, and talk over the follies of the summer, while awaiting the baptism of the winter rains. The great tides rose and fell; the morning sunlight broadened over the bay and struck the blinding white cliffs and long sand-reaches; when the sun hung low over the bare, western hill-slopes, the shadow of the cliffs widened, and put out the light on the bay. The Monterey Mountains came out of their fog-bank and glowed, like a heap of crumpled satin, along the horizon. A pink flush mounted the sky and faded slowly into the clear starlight; then came the night-wind blowing up from the sea. All night the curtains fluttered and the trees sighed and stirred, and at intervals came the rush of the surf along the shore.

That soft stir of the wind was always welcome in the room behind whose darkened blinds Gertrude Ellison and the doctor watched the merciless register of a little tube which measured the fever's progress. It had risen fast and clung at one point, almost at the top of the short gamut whose degrees were so many steps from hope to despair.

One night, the doctor bent over the child alone. The mother lay upon the bed, in that heavy sleep which nature exacts sometimes from the condemned on the eve of death. The exhausted body had grappled

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the struggling spirit, and dragged it down into a shameless stupor, where love, duty, hope and fear had no existence. The spirit might strive and suffer still,—the body could do no more. When Benedict raised the tube to the light, it showed one degree nearer to that point from which there is no way back to life. He looked toward the sleeping mother; she turned a little, and, with a moan, cast her arms wide apart on the bed. He forced himself to note, critically, the changes in her face which the strain of the past three weeks had wrought, and he wondered if there were some subtle spiritual test by which he might know what measure of endurance love can give to so slight a woman's form, whether he would have courage to use it. He watched her, feeling as if a fine knife were being drawn along his nerve-courses. Mrs. Hunter, coming into the room a moment later, whispered:

"I promised to wake her when it was time to give the nourishment. She wont let me do it, though I can see it almost kills her to force the poor little thing to swallow!"

"She must not be wakened! The crisis will come to-night. The fever will break before morning, I think, and she will need all her strength then whichever way it turns."

"What do you think, Doctor?"

"I don't think! All we can do is to wait. The child's constitution must decide it, now."

The night wore away, measured by slow beatings of the surf and long respirations of the wind, as it buoyed out and in the white curtains of the window. A low fire flickered on the hearth, tempering the chill of the breeze. At twelve o'clock the tide came in, and boomed heavily on the stillness of the night. When that tide went out, would the little fluttering spirit pass out, too, into the great waters beyond?

In the sickly mingling of daylight and candle-light, Gertrude Ellison arose from her heavy sleep, and looked with dazed eyes toward the baby's crib. The doctor was still there, alone. She could not see the child; she could not see the doctor's face; she sat quite still, while the room seemed to swim and darken round her. Benedict came toward her and gently took her hands.

"Mrs. Ellison, the fever broke last night about two o'clock, and she has been sleeping quietly ever since; her pulse is better than we could expect. Do you hear me, Mrs. Ellison? The little girl is decidedly better."

She smiled at him blankly, and her head drooped forward. He laid her back on the bed, and called his faithful ally, Mrs. Hunter. He did not dread the mother's awakening now. But as he rode away in the cool, white morning light, he was shivering from head to foot. With the reaction from the strain of his long watch had come to him a perception of possible trouble and peril to himself. He could not bring himself to face it, now; if it were a morbid fancy, it would pass away with rest; if it were real, the fight must come later.

The fall storms held off late that year, and the November days were still and warm, albeit with a drowsy oppressiveness which gathered with the futile clouds and found no relief in rain. On one of these still, lifeless afternoons, Benedict walked his horse through the dust of Mission avenue and dismounted at the Hunters' gate. It swung noiselessly open; he did not follow the gravel walk, but crossed the grassy court where the brown sycamore leaves were falling. The door of the wing stood open; everything within was still. The child is asleep, he thought, and stepped carefully across the piazza. Already an agitating consciousness was upon him; his hand trembled a little as he hung up his hat in the passage. Again his eyes rested on the mirror, and were fixed there by another vivid, sunlit picture of the inner room. The child was not there, but the mother lay across the arm of the sofa fast asleep. Her cheeks were flushed and a blissful quiet brooded over her hushed brow and eyelids. She looked a beautiful girl again, only with a Madonna-like tenderness which has in it the memory of pain. Benedict had never seen her so beautiful, because he had never before seen her perfectly happy and at rest. A young man sat on the low chair beside her, softly stroking, with his long, brown fingers, the slender hand which rested on his knee. Only his bent head and a line of dark cheek and brow were visible, but these and the forward droop of his square, strong shoulders were eloquent.

The blood seemed to stop in Benedict's quivering veins. He felt incapable of moving. A wandering breeze swung the outer door wide open with a slight creak, and a square of sunlight streaming across the red carpet of the passage illumined his face as with

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a row of foot-lights. The stranger raised his head, and the eyes of the two men met and fastened upon each other in the glass for the space of a second. Benedict stepped to the door and leaned against it breathing heavily. In a moment Robert Ellison confronted him.

"Mr. Ellison?" said the young doctor, hoarsely.

"That is my name, sir!"

Ellison's voice was clear as steel; so was the glance which his dark eyes struck across Benedict's.

"I am Doctor Benedict. Mrs. Ellison wished to see me about the baby, I believe."

"Mrs. Ellison is asleep, as you probably observed."

The blood mounted to Benedict's face.

"The mirror in the passage is awkwardly placed," he said.

"May I venture to remind Doctor Benedict that there is a door-bell?"

"You are perhaps aware, sir, that Mrs. Hunter keeps no servant. To save her trouble, and at her own request, I have been in the habit of going to the door of the wing."

Benedict despised himself for seeming to apologize to Ellison, and the look of disgust on his face reminded Ellison that his words might be construed into an insinuation he would have scorned to make.

"Will you come in and wait, Doctor Benedict? Mrs. Ellison will be sorry not to see you. She has told me of your admirable attention during Maude's illness. I confess, from the judgment you have shown in the case, I was prepared to find Doctor Benedict an older man."

The blood rose again to Benedict's brow.

"I did nothing more than the case demanded. There were reasons why I felt an unusual responsibility."

"May I ask what those reasons were?" Ellison haughtily inquired.

"I have already stated them to Mrs. Ellison. She does not admit them, but that does not affect my feeling of responsibility. Will you tell her I had not time to wait to-day? I will see her again about the child. I understood from the message it was nothing imperative. Good-afternoon, sir!"

Benedict rode down Mission avenue and out on the coast road until he came to the downs. For an hour or more he spurred his horse over their long, brown swells, with the sea-wind singing in his ears. The herds of grazing cattle stared at him and scampered away to the willow-fringed hollows where feeble streams of water were trickling down to the sea. When he rode home again his bitter rage and excitement had cooled to a dull disgust.

That evening, two figures were walking up and down the grassy court in front of the wing. The moon was just beginning to cast faint shadows, and a low, sighing wind stirred the heavy eucalyptus leaves and rustled in the brown sycamores. Mrs. Ellison was wrapped in a thick white mantle encircled by her husband's arm.

"I hope you said something nice to Doctor Benedict, Robert," she was saying, in a low voice, with a thrill in it which seemed the echo of a deeper mood.

"Why should I say anything nice to him, Gerty? I was reasonably civil, I believe. If he will send in his bill I shall be delighted to pay it. I don't see that we have any further obligations in that direction."

"Do you forget, Robert, that he saved our child's life?"

"My dear girl, it's his business to save life! He don't want my thanks for doing his work well! In fact he said as much when I remarked that he had shown judgment worthy of an older head."

"Then you did say something nice, you tantalizing old boy! You are always better than your words!"

"Humph!" said Ellison, shortly. "I was not pleased with your doctor, Gertrude, I confess!"

"Why! you only saw him ten minutes, you said."

"One can see a great deal in ten minutes when the vein crops out!"

"Now you are going to show me one of your hard streaks, Robert," she said, with her low laugh. "I feel you hardening already and growing prejudiced! If you had seen Doctor Benedict's untiring devotion all through Maude's illness, you would not talk of this as a cold matter of business! He looked pale and thin after those terrible weeks; Mrs. Hunter spoke of it. Don't you suppose a doctor may have feelings? Oh, Robert! you cannot imagine the horror of those weeks! I dared not tell you half!"

"Gertrude, my darling! I can imagine it! I knew it all the time! Do you suppose it is nothing to me when my child lies at the point of death and her mother is facing her first sorrow, alone, among strangers? Nothing under heaven but the

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thought that I was working for you kept me away! Your little blurred notes,—they were like a knife in my body; I felt the agony in every word! But I had to keep steady and wear a cool face, and fight the longing that possessed me to take the first 'jerky' over the range and let the Golden Crescent go to the devil! But when you talk of a doctor getting thin and pale over a case of fever, that's a very different story! The better the doctor the finer his feelings, I suppose, but he's no business to work with them! If he does he'll get himself or somebody else into trouble! If Doctor Benedict put his feelings into this case so much the worse for him! However, his feelings are no affair of ours. We will pay him and that shall end it. Little Maude's constitution pulled her through after all. I suppose we needn't thank him for that!"

"I don't believe Doctor Benedict has a very large practice," Gertrude continued, after a silence. "I think I had better speak to him again about his bill; though I fancied he seemed offended when I asked him about it before."

"Why the deuce should he be offended? Does he propose to present us with his services?"

"Why, of course not! But there is some mysterious etiquette about doctor's bills. I may have transgressed it."

"I believe it is generally considered etiquette to pay them; otherwise I don't think you need concern yourself. If it's the same to you, Gerty, let's talk of something else."

Gertrude looked up at him in the dim starlight. She could only see his clear-cut chin carried rather high. She laid her cheek against his arm.

"What difference does it make what we talk about, Robert? Are we not together?"

Ellison was enjoying his cigar under the checkered shade of the passion-vine next morning, when Mrs. Ellison came down the walk dressed for the street, and pushing the baby-carriage. She was looking very pretty and very happy, but Ellison's contemplation of her approach was not unmixed with a shade of annoyance.

"Gertrude, can't you strike something in the shape of a nurse in this idyllic town? It stirs up all my natural profanity to see you dragging that child about!"

"Is it not becoming to me?"

"It is decidedly not becoming to *me!*"

Ellison threw away his cigar and swung himself over the low railing to the walk below.

"The only thing I find intolerable in being a little short sometimes, Gerty, is your savage and persistent economy! Why, my dear girl, we shall always have money enough! Men in my profession are liable to be short! Six months ago we had an income of nothing; now we have six thousand! There is no use changing the whole course of one's life with every lurch of the balance: strike a respectable average and stick to it! It's worse than ridiculous for you to pack that child about! It's positively immoral! You are depriving some honest creature of a chance to earn her Sunday bonnet!"

"I suppose, then, I need not ask you to assist in any such immorality and go with me to the priest's garden? It is what you would call my favorite 'stamping ground'; it's a lovely, quiet old place, and Maudie likes the pigeons and the rabbits."

"I'd risk the immorality, only I've got to see a man down town—hang him! I was going to ask you to walk down with me, and wait in one of those exciting shops while I disposed of my man; then we could go together to the beach."

"Why can't we do it now?—I don't care about the garden!"

"Oh! it's no place for the baby down town! It would be a jolly little lark for us two, but the baby would make it nothing but a scramble!"

"I'm very sorry! If I had known when you were coming, I'd have got some one to relieve me of baby while you were here."

"It isn't for me,—it's for yourself! I hadn't the faintest idea you were running that child alone all summer! Don't look so distressed; I know why you did it, dear, but it's all a mistake. You don't understand life out here. It isn't a question of negatives but of positives. All your little economies amount to nothing but discomfort unless I strike something in my business; if I do they are unnecessary—*sabe?* I'll be back in about an hour. I'll hunt up some kind of a trap down town, and this afternoon we'll drive out to one of those north beaches,—baby and all. That will be better than packing her over the hot sand this morning, wont it? I must be off! If I'm back before twelve, I'll stop for you at the garden."

The sun shone warm on the long walk which skirted the wall of the old mission as Gertrude wheeled the baby-carriage slowly up and down. Some dead vines

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clinging to the gray adobes gleamed like threads of gold in the sunlight. The wind murmured in the dark pine boughs, and the doves cooed from their shelter in the niches of the wall. One end of the priest's walk was separated from the street by a picket-fence. Mrs. Ellison had wheeled the carriage here when Maudie tired of the pigeons and rabbits, to watch the little boys of the mission school at play on the green. As she looked out absently, she saw Doctor Benedict walking slowly up the street. She bowed to him and made a signal for him to stop.

"Have you time to come in here a moment, Doctor? I was so sorry not to see you yesterday!"

He turned back to the gate and met her as she wheeled the carriage up the walk. For a moment she had forgotten a curious change in his manner which had troubled her a little when they last met, and was surprised anew by his constrained address. There was some professional talk about the baby, and then Mrs. Ellison said:

"My husband arrived on Monday; his business will keep him for the present near Virginia City, and he wishes to take baby and me back with him when he returns in a week or two. Do you think there will be any risk to baby in the journey, Doctor? She is looking very well, is she not?"

"The winters are severe in Nevada, I believe—heavy winds and snows."

Doctor Benedict's eyes were fixed on the child.

"But you know, Doctor, we think our cold winters in the East are bracing. I don't want my little girl to be a tropical flower! But now I'm urging the point! I really want —— it is important that we should have your advice. I have not spoken to Mr. Ellison, but I know he will not wish me to take risks with baby."

Doctor Benedict's eyes were still fixed gloomily on the child; his face was pale in the morning sunlight, and a vein that showed on his clear temple was beating visibly.

"If you give your child a severe journey and a total change of climate this fall, I cannot answer for the consequences."

"Then you mean that I am to stay here?"

"I have nothing to say as to that; but you will take the little girl to Nevada this winter at the risk of her life!"

The words seemed to repeat themselves in the sunny stillness.

When Gertrude spoke again her face had drooped and saddened.

"This will change everything for us, Doctor. Can you give me no more encouragement?"

"It is not my business to be encouraging, Mrs. Ellison. You asked for my advice!"

Gertrude looked up in pained surprise.

"Doctor Benedict, is it possible that I have offended you? Surely I am the last person in the world who should do so!"

He turned his eyes upon her with a gaze at once hard and reluctant.

"There is nothing under heaven, I believe, so cruel as a good woman!"

"What is it? Will you not tell me? Is it anything about your friend, the young Spanish girl? I fear I was very implacable about that unfortunate crib! With my little wasted baby in my arms I felt that I could not forgive them! But that is all past now; I will go and see her and take Maudie. Perhaps she will like to see a little child."

She was startled by Benedict's laugh.

"You could not forgive the Buelenos their ignorance and indolence, but you are grateful, you say, to the doctor who knew it all, and yet did not prevent its consequences. That is the instinctive justice of woman! And you ask for my bill! I have not come out of this affair with any too much respect for myself, Mrs. Ellison, but if you wish to finish my pride utterly, and complete your merciless kindness, you will force me to accept your husband's money!"

She looked at him in amazement and distress.

"What do you mean? Can you not forget my hasty words?" she said. "They say a mother is always vindictive, but I have forgiven them long ago; and *you* —you saved my child's life! I must be grateful."

"Oh! hush, for God's sake! I hope we are all grateful for all our hurts ——." He stopped, and while visibly controlling himself, his sensitive color deepened to a dark flush. "And I hope we may all be forgiven the hurts we give others! We are quits, Mrs. Ellison. Good-bye."

At that moment, Robert Ellison, coming along the walk, looked carelessly across the fence. At the gate he stood aside, and watched the young doctor as he passed out, unconscious of his presence.

"Robert, I have had the strangest talk with Doctor Benedict!"

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"Yes! I was just in time to see its impressive close. You made a very pretty tableau from the street. Is it part of Doctor Benedict's untiring devotion, may I ask, attending Maudie on her morning promenades?"

"I don't understand you. I asked Doctor Benedict to come in and look at her—he was passing along the street."

"Oh! I dare say it's all right! It may be the custom here for a doctor to interview his patients in this promiscuous way."

"I don't know what you mean by 'promiscuous.' It seems to me, Robert, you are rather hasty; and—forgive me, dear—just a shade rough!"

"Only a shade? Come, let's go home! The air of the priest's garden is too orthodox for me!"

Gertrude looked depressed and tired.

"Poor little Maudie!" she said, as they gained the street; "she is fast asleep. Don't push her so fast, Robert, please! The planks are rough."

"Like her papa's words. Well, Maudie must get used to her papa's roughness, and the roughness of life generally. *Get* out of the way, my friend!"

He addressed these words and the toe of his boot to a suspicious-looking yellow cur which smelled at the carriage wheels. Gertrude, walking a little ahead, looked back reproachfully. As the sidewalk widened, she waited and laid her hand on her husband's arm. He received it passively.

"Robert, your man down town must have been a very disagreeable one!"

"How was your doctor up town?"

"Oh! he was disagreeable, too! I cannot tell you all he said now, but he made me think of the man who was wounded in the house of his friends."

"That sounds very subtle, Gertrude. Who are the friends who have wounded him? Did he specify?"

"I am one, I believe, but don't let us talk about it now. I believe I'm a very selfish woman; I can think of nothing but my own worries."

When Maude was laid still asleep in her shaded bed half an hour later, Gertrude sat down on the lounge in the adjoining room. She looked pale and warm, and fanned herself slowly as she settled her head back among the cushions. Ellison seated himself beside her, and touched the damp curls on her temples.

"You look tired, Gerty. Did I bother you too much this morning?"

"Oh no; but I told you I had a very disagreeable time with Doctor Benedict; do you want to hear about it now?"

"If you feel equal to talking."

"Were you vexed with me this morning, Robert?"

"No, no! never! You are always my little wife, Gerty—the best in the world!"

"But you didn't seem to care about my taking your arm?"

"Oh! that was my infernal cussedness! Come, now, I'm going to behave myself! Open your budget!"

"Well, some time ago I spoke to the doctor about our bill——."

"Yes."

"He said to-day that if I wished to wound his pride and add to what he calls my 'merciless kindness,' I would insist on his taking my husband's money."

"The deuce take his pride! Why shouldn't he take your husband's money, if he has earned it?"

"Oh, that wasn't it,—its being your money. I'm not sure he used that expression.—Yes, I believe he did; but at all events, the point was that he felt responsible for Maude's fever. He left orders for disinfecting and burning after the sickness in the Spanish family, but of course nothing was done. He blames himself for not attending to it in person."

"So he should; but doctors make mistakes, like the rest of us, especially young doctors. I think myself the whole trouble came from your fatal habit of economy, Gertrude,—hunting up that second-hand crib!"

"Robert! how mean of you!" said Gertrude, reviving into a smile. "I didn't hunt it up. It was standing on the walk in front of the shop, and I assure you, it didn't look cheap!"

"Well, now, as to this doctor! I shall take it upon myself to settle his responsibilities and his bill very shortly. So don't trouble yourself about that, Gerty!"

"But, Robert, he is evidently very sore and hurt about something; he is as gloomy and mysterious as Hamlet. Now don't be hasty with him!"

"I shall not meddle with his mysteries. I have my own opinion about them, and about him too. He's a young fool!—There, Gerty, I didn't say it! Doctor Benedict is a Daniel come to judgment,—a second Daniel! I saw it in his face when I first looked at him. Oh! wise and upright youth!—Come, Gerty, if there's nothing

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worse than this in your budget, we may as well make merry, and wake up the baby! My little girl, what is it? Is there any trouble? Are you disgusted with my foolery? You must remember I'm half crazy with happiness at being with you again, and I'm irritated besides by one or two little things I can't tell you of now. We'll settle down together in a home of our own, and behave like respectable old married folks!"

"Oh! Robert! We shall never have a home. You will have to go away without me, and I must bear it as I can here alone!"

"You saw your way all clear enough last night, Gerty. When I go away from here, depend upon it, I shall not go alone! I've had enough of that, and so have you, poor child! Come! look at me! You are tired and out of spirits!"

"No! It is quite serious, Robert! It isn't low spirits or fancy. I asked Doctor Benedict whether Maude could bear the journey and the change after her illness. I confess it was a mere form,—I never dreamed of his saying no!"

Ellison took a deep breath.

"Well!"

"Robert, he said—and he considered before speaking—that if I took the little girl to Nevada this winter, it would be at the risk of her life."

"Then Doctor Benedict *lies;* or else he don't know what he's talking about! You will oblige me, Gertrude, by not taking our family matters to the first young doctor you happen to meet for his solemn judgment! What does he know about Nevada? He's probably fresh from some Eastern college, and thinks you'll go to Nevada in a mule-train, and camp all winter with ten feet of snow before the door."

"You are taking a very strange view of this, Robert! I told you long ago Doctor Benedict was indorsed by your great friend, Doctor Mackensie. He has studied abroad; he saved our child by his faithfulness and skill; he has watched her convalescence, and can better judge of her condition than her own mother even. Do you think I am the kind of woman to carry our family matters——"

"For heaven's sake, Gertrude! Don't take me up so seriously! You ought to know by this time what I think of you! But I am disposed to carry our case over Benedict's judgment. Since you speak of Mackensie, let's take her up to him, and let him look her over; she looks to me as sound and rosy as an apple. There's nothing poisonous in the air of Nevada; at all events Mac can tell you about that. Come, Gerty, let's postpone all this just till we can talk to Mackensie. Come! that's my good little girl! Forget my ugly words! It makes me savage to think of going off alone again, but you know I don't want to be selfish about it. I can wait forever, if need be, for my home and my little wife, sooner than drag her into trouble. But, Gerty, you don't know what it makes of a man, such a life as mine, with nothing to save him from becoming a mere machine, for doing so much hard driving in a day, on as little rest as possible! It's a patent soul-compressor, warranted to kill all that's gentlest and most Christian in him; and there's little enough in any of us! Come! my little wife! Don't let a whim separate us another year, as poverty did the last!"

Gertrude looked at him with a tearless misery in her eyes.

"It isn't a whim, Robert," she whispered. "It's our child's life! I need you just as much as you do me; I am ten years older for these last six months. I would do as you say and leave it to Doctor Mackensie, but he does not know her constitution as Doctor Benedict does, who has watched her day and night for weeks! If you could have heard his voice when he said those words! There was something in it which thrilled through and through me! He must know of some terrible weakness in Maude which he will not tell me of. His voice sounded strange, and he spoke as if the words hurt him!"

Ellison gave a savage shrug.

"I've no doubt his words hurt him, if it hurt him to tell a lie!"

"Robert, what do you mean? This is the second time you have used that word. What could induce Doctor Benedict to risk his reputation and tell me what he does n't believe himself?"

Ellison was silent a moment, and seemed to hesitate, while he smothered his irritation.

"There are a great many kinds of mad ness, Gertrude, which shake a man's foundations. They take hold of very decent fellows sometimes. Doctor Benedict is a young man with the poetic style of head-piece which is said to go with an emotional temperament. The fact of his having studied in Paris and being indorsed by old Mac don't make him proof against every form of human weakness. Suppose he drags his an-

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chors in a storm of passion, and says words which will make him ghastly sick of himself, when he comes to think them over—— Well, it's a bad business! But what is it to the mischief that may come, if you insist on taking those words for gospel, and making them a wedge of separation between us. You are planting the bad seed of an unwholesome madness, Gertrude; the crop will be the devil's own!"

She had turned white and trembling at his words. He sat down beside her, and took her cold hands in his.

"Gerty, shall I tell you what is the matter with Benedict? If I only knew how you will take it!"

"Take it! I am taking it now! You need not trouble yourself to make it any plainer." Her lips trembled. "Robert, what hurts me is—that you—should be capable of such coarseness! I'm glad I have not your imagination."

"My imagination, as you call it, is simply knowledge of the weakness of human nature under trying circumstances. Perhaps I might have put it more delicately; but I know of no words which will make a thing of that kind sound nice."

"It is utterly false! Have I not seen him every day for weeks, and for hours of the day? Is it likely you can see in ten minutes what was not revealed to me in the intimacy of a sick-room?"

"My dear Gertrude, you did not see him at all—the young man I am speaking of. You saw your sick child, and your sick child's doctor; but, as you yourself have observed, doctors may have feelings,—especially young doctors!"

"Robert, I will not be insulted by my own husband!".

"I wasn't aware that I had insulted you, Gerty; you are taking this altogether too hard. It has nothing whatever to do with you. You would never have known it if I could have convinced you in any other way that Doctor Benedict isn't just the man to decide our plans for the next six months. I saw what ailed him, the first time I looked at him."

"Why, you have only seen him once!"

"I saw a good deal of him then. I met him at the gate this morning. He looked terribly shaken up. If I'm not mistaken, this little lie will finish his foolishness."

"Robert, you are too horribly unjust. You are accusing a young man, who has been everything that is kind and true to your wife and child, of the most revolting sin and treachery. You cannot believe it yourself, or you could never talk about it in this cool way!"

"I don't feel remarkably cool, Gerty; but when you talk of 'revolting sin and treachery,' you're drawing it rather strong. There can be no great amount of sin on one side without a little on the other. As for the treachery,—if Benedict isn't as sick as death of this whole business before he sleeps to-night, then I don't know the desperate heart of man. He never would have got into it if he had seen us together from the first. It is all a part of this wretched, unnatural separation. You see I can find it in my heart to defend my fallen brother, if only you will not insist on holding him up as our family Joss. It don't make you any less pure, my darling little wife and mother. Thank heaven! nothing like this can ever touch you. I'm glad those precious eyes are a little blind and could not see what would have made them ashamed."

"But, Robert dearest," said Gertrude, with a despairing patience and gentleness, "it isn't true. Will you forgive me for reminding you that you have shown from the first an unaccountable dislike to Doctor Benedict? It has warped your judgment. You cannot make him what you say he is by merely saying it. All these words do not alter the facts as they are."

"The facts as they are!" Ellison repeated, with exasperated emphasis. "Well, that lets me out! I didn't know we had any facts!"

He looked at his watch and went into the adjoining room, where Gertrude heard him opening and shutting drawers and moving rapidly about. Presently he came out with his overcoat on and a leather traveling-bag slung across his shoulders.

"It's two o'clock, Gerty. I've got to see a man in San Francisco to-night. I found a telegram down town. This was one of the things that upset me this morning. I sha'n't get a chance to come down again, and since you have made up your mind to stay, I may as well get off and get to work at once. Perhaps I can look up something a little nearer. You know how I want you, Gerty; but you are not my property, to be dragged about after me whether you like it or not. Good-bye, darling! Don't imagine I am vexed; try not to worry, and, above all things, do not economize!"

The morning had been close, and the

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sunshine had a dull, oppressive glare. By noon the south-west wind began to blow, and at four o'clock the trees of the town were tossing like a crested sea against a bluish-black sky. The pines on the hill above the cemetery rocked and swung their ragged boughs, and the dust rose in gray columns along the avenues.

Gertrude sat in-doors, trying to absorb herself in her child. The little one, missing her usual afternoon ride, fretted and fretted, and Gertrude absently tried one thing after another to amuse it. Her mind was benumbed with following the endless, circuitous logic of the morning's talk, while, at intervals, piercing the dull pain of her mood, came the thought of another long waiting begun. This was the third year of her married life. She had seen her husband just three days out of the year, and these had been by no means the whitest in the brief calendar of their wedded life. She was deeply stung by the forbearance of his manner at parting. He had looked at her, positively, with compassion, as at one not willfully, but hopelessly, astray. Her path had seemed very straight before her. Could anything be simpler than for a mother to guard her child's health? She would not discuss with herself the question of Benedict's feeling for her. She was still sore and quivering from her husband's words. She put it aside with a loathing consciousness that, if it were true, it would make it impossible for her ever to think of those weeks of their mutual watch, which, with all its terrors, had for her the closest, most sacred associations with her child.

She lay awake all night listening to the sheets of rain hurled against the windows, and the surf, which roared in the lulls of the storm. Sometimes she rose and walked the floor, stung into movement by her keen and restless anxieties; sometimes she sat upon the side of her bed and shivered, with all thought merged into a nervous incoherence of feeling.

The storm continued until the next day, when the sun came out brilliantly, and people went spattering about the wet streets, congratulating each other on the prosperous opening of the season. Gertrude wheeled her child up and down the piazza. The little one laughed and held out her hands at the glittering leaves, and the great geraniums, with rain-drops sparkling on their scarlet pompons.

Gertrude was pale and spent. She tried no more to think; but she wondered drearily whether, in the providence of God, had perished even so small a thing as that perfect hope, which had been steadily growing surer, all the past six months, of a home and a life together, which should atone for the uncertainties and short-comings of fate.

The rain began again, quietly, that evening. At an hour somewhat late for ordinary calls, the door-bell rang, and Doctor Benedict asked for Mrs. Ellison.

"He didn't ask for you, Georgie," Mrs. Hunter replied to her daughter's inquiring look; "he only said Mrs. Ellison."

"Well! I'm sure I don't care! I'm not dressed, and I'm sick of him any way! He's so awfully professional nowadays!"

Mrs. Ellison had a weak dread of this interview. She waited outside the door a moment before opening it; but delay seemed only to increase his nervousness. Benedict's manner, however, when she rather timidly greeted him, was perfectly quiet. He spoke languidly, leaning on the back of a chair opposite, without looking at her.

"I have been thinking over that matter again, that you spoke to me about—the journey to Nevada. I was in a bad mood that morning—a mood that has controlled me a good deal of late; it has broken like this long drought, with a wild, but regenerating storm."

He stopped, as if wearied with the sound of his own words.

"I say to you now, Mrs. Ellison,—Doctor Benedict says,—not the man you talked with in the garden,—that your child can go, with perfect safety, to Nevada, or anywhere else where you can go,—with such care as you will give her."

A little silence followed his words,—a silence which both found oppressive.

"You make me very happy, Doctor Benedict," Mrs. Ellison said, at length. "This winter would have been the hardest of my life, if you had not—reconsidered your opinion."

He raised his eyes to her face, and as if with the effort his color rose too.

"You would not have been contented then with your child?"

"My child never contents me!" she said, in the coldest of her low, clear tones.

"Thank you!" He straightened himself slowly, and took up his hat—"I will say good-bye, now; and here is my bill!"

They both stooped forward, and the slip of paper fell to the floor between them. He took her hand, and held it a moment in

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his, which was cold and shaking. As the front door closed, Miss Georgie exclaimed—

"Well! he didn't stay long!"

"I suppose he called on business," said her mother indifferently.

"I wonder if there is any trouble about the bill," speculated the practical Miss Georgie. "It must have been a tremendous one; I'm glad we haven't got to pay it!"

The next evening, Robert Ellison, returning to his room at the Occidental, noted with some surprise, the bright light shining from the transom. He opened the door and beheld a lady standing on the hearth, with a shimmer of fire-light in her eyes, and on the folds of her pale silk gown.

"Gertrude, I knew you would come. What do you think of my masterly retreat on San Francisco?"

The somewhat strained intensity of her gaze relaxed at his words into a brilliant smile.

"Go away!" she cried laughing, and stretching out her fan between them. "Don't venture to come near me in that wet coat! This is my last Paris gown, and I'll perish in its defense!"

"I surrender!" said Ellison, regarding her with shining eyes. When you get your gown on the floor and your hair on the top of your head, it means business. Will madame graciously permit me to kiss the tip of her fan?"

When Ellison had made himself remotely worthy of the society of the Paris gown, a little dinner was sent up and served by a very especial waiter, who was solemnly expectant of a very especial fee. They were still merry over their coffee, but when the last traces of the little feast had been removed, and they drew together near the fire, each felt a nervous reluctance to open the subject of their thoughts. Ellison began in words inversely related to his mood:

"I suppose you shoved the baby off on Benedict; he seemed to be concerned about her."

He received Gertrude's somewhat vague account of her last talk with Benedict very quietly, only remarking that the doctor had panned out pretty well on the whole. But of the two who talked of him that night, Robert's heart was the softer toward the lonely young fellow, who was too busy getting his dead and wounded out of sight to care that he had won the battle.

The willows were blossoming along the water-courses, and the grape-arbors were putting out new leaves. The miracle of a California spring was awakening the drowned valleys and brightening the hill-slopes. Benedict strolled one day into the priest's garden, perhaps from an impulse to try how much pressure the old wound would bear. It was hardly the day for psychological experiments of a morbid nature;—the air was sweet with the subtle perfume of grape-blossoms,—a light, fitful wind played with the dead vines on the mission-wall, and blew apart the smoky green boughs of the pine-trees, to show how intensely blue and far the sky looked between. Benedict felt a little contempt for his own cheerfulness, and then a little amusement at the contempt.

Seated on the stone rim of the fountain, dabbling an idle hand in the water, sat Mercédes, unconscious of his approaching footsteps. He had thought his seared heart incapable of the thrill it gave him to see her there. The tall ranks of callas rustled their green sheaths, and the gold-fish darted away from his shadow as it crossed the pool. Mercédes looked up and smiled at him, but without any surprise. She was incapable of an emotion so rapid as surprise.

"Mercédes, what are you doing here, child? You must not hold your hand in that cold water; it is not good for you! Here, let me dry it for you."

He enveloped the slender chilled fingers in the folds of a large silk handkerchief, and retained them in his a moment, to warm them. Mercédes' passiveness was at once sweet and tantalizing. He looked at her, and saw, with a curious pain, that her childish promise of beauty was reaching a rapid fulfillment. She was less passionately sad, and more awakened.

"Tell me what you are doing here, Mercédes."

Benedict felt himself suddenly jealous of all the unknown influences which had aided this swift development of her beautiful young womanhood.

"I came for some flowers for the Chapel of Our Lady of the Angels; but it is early yet,—they will fade; so I wait here."

"And what do you do at the chapel beside make bouquets?"

"I sing, at the service of the morning, with the—with others—young girls from the school of the sisters."

"Do the sisters teach you too?"

"Yes, they have teach me,—long time since. A little while and I go there always."

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"For Heaven's sake, child, what do you mean? You are not going to be a nun, Mercédes?" Benedict was amazed at the pang it gave him to think of Mercédes' dark eyes under a poke bonnet, and her budding soul shrouded in the white sepulcher across the square. "Tell me you do not mean that, Mercédes!" he persisted, still holding her passive hand, and looking down into her face.

"Yes, I mean that. Not all at once, you will understand. They could not take me as I am; but I make myself to prepare."

"This is horrible!" he exclaimed, crushing the little hand he still held. "Come! let us get out of this place! I want to talk to you, Mercédes. Will you come a little way with me, and let us talk about this? You know you said I might be your friend!"

"But you never came,—not once since the rains began, and for long time before that, I did wonder to see you not!"

He put her hand within his arm, and held it there in silence. They walked together past the old mission, and as they crossed the square the padre met them in his gown and beretta. He received a low obeisance from Mercédes, and a dark stare from Benedict. They took one of the cross-streets which run out to the hill,—an unfrequented street ending in a dilapidated flight of wooden steps, with a high garden wall on one side, and the wide sweep of the bay and mountains beyond the clustered houses of the town below. The surf flashed in long, white lines, following the curves of the bay. The mountains were blue and clearly outlined, with rolling masses of cloud built high in sunlight above them.

"Mercédes," said Benedict, leaning beside her over the wooden railing, and covering with his her hand, which rested on it,—"don't you know it is like Death to go into that white house over there?"

"Yes," she said, slowly withdrawing her hand, and resting her cheek upon it. Benedict watched with a little thrill the red flush deepening under the clear, pale brown, and the shadow of the long lashes quivering over it. "But I have wish for death and it did not come. My father, he care not for me; he say I shall marry Rodrigues on the hill,—that bad *viejo!* The sisters, they are very kind; they tell me I shall have little child to teach; to put to sleep in my arms at night like my Leon,—to nurse if they will be sick. That would be better than to be as now. To be all alone, that is to be like death."

"Mercédes! I *wish* I could speak your Spanish! Are you sure you understand me when I speak—every word?"

"I understand you—every word, when you speak not too fast, as now."

"Mercédes!" The struggling eloquence of Benedict's soul found expression in one profound sentence: "I love you, my darling! I want you for myself!"

Mercédes did not seem to find this very difficult to understand. She only smiled a little, and then shyly permitted herself to be gathered into his arms.

IN MEMORIAM.

(ON THE LATE PRINCE IMPERIAL.)

THOUGH Death, black Death, has slain the mother's joy,—
Fixed is thy fame against our English tears,
Like a sweet rainbow, for all coming years,
Lost hope of myriads, thou imperial boy!
Fled if that life be, virgin of alloy,
Now skyward lifted o'er men's hopes and fears,
(Music for evermore in human ears!)
No change can jangle it, no spite destroy!

Thee to thy doom, like arrow from the bow
Before two worlds agaze, God's wisdom beckoned,
Marking thine early grave—front to the foe!
And thus conjoined, as on some bronze sublime,
Thy fate with his—of thy starred house the second*—
In twin profile, pathetic to all time!

MANOR OF ST. JOHN'S, WATERFORD, IRELAND.

* Napoleon II., dead about the same age.

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SEPTEMBER.

THE golden-rod is yellow;
The corn is turning brown;
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun;
In dusty pods the milkweed
Its hidden silk has spun.

The sedges flaunt their harvest,
In every meadow nook;
And asters by the brook-side
Make asters in the brook.

From dewy lanes at morning
The grapes' sweet odors rise;
At noon the roads all flutter
With yellow butterflies.

By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer's best of weather,
And autumn's best of cheer.

But none of all this beauty
Which floods the earth and air,
Is unto me the secret
Which makes September fair.

'Tis a thing which I remember;
To name it thrills me yet:
One day of one September
I never can forget.

THE BLUSH.

IF fragrances were colors, I would liken
A blush that deepens in her thoughtful face
To that aroma which pervades the place
Where woodmen cedars to the heart have stricken;
If tastes were hues, the blissful dye I'd trace
In upland strawberries, or wintergreen;
If sound, why, then, to shy and mellow bass
Of mountain thrushes, heard, yet seldom seen.

Or, say that hues are felt: then would it seem
Most like to cobwebs borne on southern gales
Against a spray of jasmine. But the glow
Itself is found where sweet-briar petals gleam
Through tend'rest hoar-frost, or upon the snow
Of steadfast hills when shadows brim the vales.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

European Travel.

THE number of Americans traveling in Europe during the last year has been very large. This continued interest in Europe, which seems really more fresh and strong with every passing year, is a good sign, and can only result in good to our country. Our sea-side hotels are the only sufferers from this annual flight, but they manage to prosper in spite of it, so that we cannot spend much sympathy upon them. America has now become such a nation of travelers that Europe has arranged itself in many regions for her special accommodation. Beds are made, tables are set, waiters are trained, with special reference to American wants and tastes, and no American can arrive anywhere without understanding that he is welcome, and has been looked for and carefully provided for.

Americans have been much accused, both at home and abroad, of pride and vainglory in their country. It is true that the average American grows up with the idea that his country is, in all respects, the most

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remarkable and desirable country that the sun shines on,—that it has the longest rivers, the highest mountains, the broadest prairies, the most notable resources in mines and soils, the best institutions, and the brightest, the best-educated, the happiest and the most prosperous people on the face of the globe. We suppose this unreasoning pride of country is not peculiar to Americans. The average Englishman is about as bigoted in his national pride as he can be, and so is the average Frenchman, while the German regards them both with a measure of contempt, as he indulges in his habitual glorification of "*Vaterland*." There is no cure for this overweening national vanity but travel. Shut a nation off by itself, as the Chinese have been separated from the world in the years gone by, and it naturally becomes to itself "The Central Flowery Kingdom," and all other nations are "outside barbarians." Self-idolatry is the besetting sin of all peoples shut up to themselves, and nothing has done so much to modify the American national vanity as the travel of the last few years.

However grand in its natural features America may be, and however vast in its material resources, these peculiarities are hardly legitimate subjects of pride, and in the presence of what man has done in Europe, the American grows ashamed of his vanity of what God has done for him, and acquires a more modest estimate of himself and of his grade and style of civilization. The great cathedrals, the wonderful cities, the collections of art, the great highways, even the ruins of the ancient buildings, minister to his humiliation by showing him how far other nations, new and old, surpass his possibilities of achievement. When a man is thoroughly humble in the presence of his superiors, or in the presence of work that overmatches his power and skill, he naturally becomes not only teachable, but an active and interested learner. Europe to-day is a great inspirer to America and a great teacher. It is true that she gets but little of her political inspiration from Europe, but her instruction and inspiration in art are almost entirely European. In architecture, painting, sculpture, and even in literature, European ideas are dominant.

So this great tide of life that goes out from us every year does not return without that which abundantly repays all its expenditure of time and money. For in all this impression of European superiority in many things, there is very rarely anything that tends to wean the American from his home. The conventionalities of old society, and habits and customs that had their birth in circumstances and conditions having no relations to his life, do not tend to attract the American from his home love and loyalty. He usually comes back a better American than he goes away, with the disposition only to avail himself of what he has learned to improve himself, his home and his country. The American, bred to great social and political freedom, cannot relinquish it, and can never feel entirely at home where he does not enjoy it. He perfectly understands how a European can come to America and be content with it as a home, because he can shape his life according to his choice, but he cannot understand how an American can emigrate to Europe and make a satisfactory home there, because the social and political institutions would be felt as a yoke to him, and a burden.

To leave out of all consideration the matter of utility, we know of nothing in the whole round of recreative experiences so pleasure-giving as European travel. A man of culture, visiting for the first time the old homes of art and story, experiences about as much of pleasure as this world has to give. To see new peoples and strange scenery is a great delight; and to do this, having nothing else to do,—far removed from business cares, and even the possibility of other employment,—is to see them under the most enjoyable conditions. Indeed, we know of no better reward for the labor of many years than the ability it should secure to visit Europe as a sight-seer. It is often thrown as a reproach at the American that he goes abroad quite ignorant of what is worth seeing in his own country, but this is unjust. In the first place, many of the things quite worth seeing in America are very difficult to reach. To all the scenes of Europe, the way is paved with conveniences, and often strewn with luxuries. The great mountains and cañons and geysers of the far West are difficult to reach. A man almost literally takes his life in his hand when he visits them, and his experiences are full of hardship. In Switzerland, there is a better road over the highest mountain pass than America can show in her parks, and the treasures of art which Europe has to show are of a kind which an American cannot find at home. From the time an American starts from home, including his passage of the Atlantic, until he returns and once more greets his native land, he experiences a round of pleasures procurable in no other way. He comes back full of new ideas, he is rested, he is refreshed and every way improved; and he is ready, as we are, to give the great army of his countrymen who yearly follow in his track—to repeat his experiences—a hearty "God speed!"

A Word about Newspapers.

In all the discussion inspired by Mr. Whitelaw Reid's recent suggestive address on the newspaper, we have seen no mention made of a topic of the greatest interest to the reading public and of the greatest importance to the newspaper itself, viz., the practical confusion of moral and social values in the present conduct of the public press. If any simple, unsophisticated person were, for the first time, to take up a newspaper and to endeavor to judge what things in the moral and social world were considered of the greatest importance, what would he conclude, judging by the space and attention devoted to them in its pages? In a large majority of instances, he would find a stingy column devoted to the discussions of a social science convention, and half a page to a murder or a boat race. He would find a column devoted to police reports, in which the disgusting—

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records of vice and its awards would be recorded in detail, while the sermons of a Sunday, from the best minds in the country, would get no greater space. In the editorial discussions, party and personal politics would be found to predominate over everything in relation to religion, morals, education, temperance, science, and the whole range of social questions. The things of great moment are treated as if they were of the smallest importance, and the things of small importance are treated as if they were of the greatest moment.

In all this there is a tremendous confusion of values that not only exhibits the worthlessness of the newspaper as a standard, but vitiates the public judgment. The standard is unsound and the influence is bad. The reply to this, of course, will be that the newspaper endeavors to talk about that which the public likes to read about. If great space is given to a murder, or a boat race, it is because people in the mass like to read about these things. If little space is devoted to a great sermon, or a discussion of a social question, it is simply because nobody cares to read about them. Has it ever occurred to the editor who would put this in plea that he has had something to do in ministering to this depraved liking for things that are valueless?—to this confusion of values in the public mind? We certainly know of nothing more naturally stimulative of the love of low excitements than the way in which crime and vice are treated by the public press. The way in which a nasty scandal is treated, for instance, by the average newspaper is not only a foul disgrace to the press, but a most demoralizing power upon the public mind. It is a putting forward, by all the power of startling head-lines, and a sturdy array of exclamation points, and double-leaded details, of a thing of shame which modest people do not like to have mentioned in their homes or their hearing. It is giving the first place, for the consideration of men, women and children, to a thing that ought to have the last place. The familiarity with vice and crime and social shame that has been acquired in this country during the last few years through the newspapers, has had the effect of a moral scourge.

But we did not intend to insist on the moralities particularly. That which comes under the notice of the newspaper press is of various value, considered from a thousand points beside the moral, and our point is, simply, that values are altogether confused in their practical treatment. Those matters are put forward which are of inferior value, and those are subordinated which are of superior value, until the newspaper altogether ceases to be, in any worthy sense, a leader of the public mind.

If the newspaper of the future, which, according to Mr. Reid, is to have Greens and Froudes to do its reporting, shall ever be reached, it will be a very different newspaper from that of to-day, which gives up its reporting to men who are neither Greens nor Froudes. Men who love virtue and hate vice, and men who have some just sense of moral and social values, will devote their reporting mainly to that which will educate and improve rather than confuse and degrade their readers. If the world is improving,—if we are making any religious, moral, and social progress,—then the business of the newspaper is not only to make a fair record of that progress, but to note all the steps and exhibit all the influences by which it is reached. In faithfully attending to this business, it will have neither time nor space for the record of the frivolities and vices which now exclude so much that is of superior value and significance.

The great tempter of the newspaper press is what is known as "Enterprise." If anything happens that people are curious about, even if it should be of small importance, "enterprise" dictates that it should be looked up and written down to its uttermost. It is in "enterprise" that all the reporting newspapers try to outdo one another, and it is in this attempt to outdo one another that they do so much to confuse values in journalism. One newspaper must do what another does in the fear of suffering in its character for "enterprise." Newspapers do not try, apparently, to realize their own ideal, but to outdo each other in "enterprise." We do not know of a better man than Mr. Reid to undertake a realization of his own ideal, which, we fancy, does not vary very materially from our own, and to spare his "enterprise" for great things, so that the world may have one paper that, with a thoroughly catholic spirit, carries with its records a careful balance of values, and so that the public mind shall not be constantly misled, and that all that ministers to progress may have a fair chance.

Write it Yourself.

THE Reverend Moses Smith thinks that a new statement of the doctrine of the inspiration of the Bible is wanted,—something broader and better than that generally received or written. Why does not the Reverend Moses Smith write it himself, and for himself? If he is an honest man, and considers the doctrine of the inspiration of the Scriptures, as it has been written and received, of any importance, what right has he to give that doctrine the slightest respect, to seem to hold it, or to tolerate it for a moment? The worst that can happen to him is deposition from the ministry, which ought not to be a very great calamity, especially when it releases him from the necessity of preaching, or seeming to believe, a dogma which he regards as rotten and pernicious. If progress in Christian truth is to be made, somebody must be sacrificed, and it may as well be Rev. Moses Smith as any other man. Augustus Blauvelt and John Miller have been thrown overboard, and it hasn't hurt them, and if Moses Smith has got far enough along to complain of his bondage, and to wish that a portion of his creed could be rewritten, then he is just the man to rewrite it and to take what comes of it. The number of clerical cowards who sympathize with the Reverend Moses Smith's views, and who dare not write their own creed and stand by it in the face of the bigoted conservatism of their keepers, is shamefully large, and, for the sake of truth

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and progress, we need some more victims. We know of no honorable way of proceeding for any man who feels that he is bound to a statement which misrepresents the truth, or presents it incompletely, but to protest against it with all his might, and to rewrite the statement as he thinks it ought to be written. There is no law against it to which he owes the slightest respect. On the contrary, he owes it to God, society, and himself to puncture all the lies, and blazon and promulgate all the important truths he sees.

Woman wants a broader field of labor and action. Very well, there is no law against her having it. Let her take it. By some of her strong-minded representatives, she goes up and down the land, demanding a larger place for herself in industry, in education, in power and influence. Men naturally object to her political aspirations that she has no right to make laws or ordain policies which she expects them to execute and maintain, but so far as education and labor go, she has only to do what she pleases. She can enter college with men, she can practice law and medicine, she can preach, she can carry on any kind of business for which she has the capacity, without saying "by your leave" to anybody. If she thinks she ought to have a larger place than she occupies, then her first duty is to repent of the sin of not taking it. She has but to write her own rule of action and endeavor, and it will be respected. If consequences naturally follow which are unpleasant to her, she must take them. If she loses sympathy among her own sex, or sacrifices the admiration and respect of men, she must yield the cost of her independence without a murmur. But let her not complain that she is not free, and that if she but had a chance she could improve her lot and remodel her destiny. Women have always written the social creeds of the world, and women have only to agree to rewrite any social creed. Man certainly is not her oppressor in this country, and if she needs liberty let her take it, in any measure and direction consistent with her obligations as a moral being.

There are many men who are discontented with the political party with which they have acted, perhaps during a long life. Its principles have changed, its leaders are unwise or unprincipled, its policy unfair and unjust, and they are sick of it. But they do not break away from it. Their character for consistency seems to be at stake. If they have any political aspirations, they are identified with the party with which they have always acted. So, with caviling judgments, or against conscientious convictions, they stand by their party and are unhappy. Now, there is no good reason why these men should not declare their independence, and take what comes of it. Nay, there is every reason why no man should remain a slave to any body of men, or to himself. Of all demoralizing influences, we know of none more powerful than conscious assent to wrong action and wrong opinion. It is a bad thing for any member of a sect in religion, or any party in politics, to stand a subscriber to that in which he has no faith. To protest is not only a right but a duty. It takes something of the heroic element to do this. It is so much easier to assent than to protest, so much pleasanter to accord than to fight, indeed, it is so much more reputable to go with the multitude than to separate from it, that the majority prefer to stifle their convictions and yield their wills.

To go back to the Reverend Moses Smith for a moment, we should judge that, in religion particularly, one of the most damaging sins of the day lies in continued assent to dogmas that are really dead in the best Christian belief. We believe that there is nothing more common among educated Christian men than the conviction that the old opinions touching the inspiration of the Scriptures are unsound and indefensible; and it is fearful to witness the apathy with which this conviction is held in the presence of the conservative bigots who "learn nothing and forget nothing." While men write or speak about what ought to be done, and find responses in thousands of hearts and judgments, the majority look calmly on; but a man has only to write his own creed and stand by it to have his head chopped off, and the simple reason why the questioners do not enter their protest and undertake a crusade for its establishment is that they are afraid their heads will all be chopped off. Otherwise, does anybody suppose they would be fools enough to delay their enterprise for a day? There certainly never was a time when a reformer with brains and convictions and enthusiasm can do a better business than he can do at present in the Protestant church,—a church in which the original spirit of Protestantism seems to be hopelessly lost,—a church in which a free expression of opinion is tolerated as little as it ever was in the Catholic church, and in which the conservative forces have it all their own way. The Reverend Moses Smith is not by any means the only man who does not agree with the present statement of its dogmas and does not dare to rewrite them for himself and his fellow-men.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A Word to American Collectors.

VENICE, June 19th, 1879.

THE EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY:

SIR:—I am informed that the copy of Piranesi's works in possession of Dr. J. G. Van Marter, the well-known American dentist of Florence, is offered for sale. In relinquishing this invaluable collection, Dr. Van Marter is anxious that it should go to the United States, and all who are interested in the progress of art in America will share his wish. To connoisseurs, the engravings of Piranesi are so well known that they require no praise here; it is only necessary to state that the present collection has

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additions making it, I believe, altogether the fullest extant, including many works of Piranesi's son, and of Thomas Piroli, and that it is the identical set of volumes known as the Pope Gregory XVI. copy; —willed by the pope to Moroni, author of the "Ecclesiastical Dictionary," and some time ago purchased directly from Moroni by Doctor Van Marter. The work is fully described by Moroni in his "Dictionary." I hope that some of our New York institutions may obtain it, not only on account of the important classic monuments depicted in it, but on account also of the excellence of the drawing and the richness and beauty of the engraving and printing.

The American who is traveling in Europe and delighting at every turn in some picture, or statue, or building of imperishable beauty, entertains the bitter reflection that in his own country there is not one single great and important work of antique art! (By antique I mean all from the Greek period to the sixteenth century.) A few precious specimens there are, to be sure, of the work of great men, but they are comparatively insignificant examples. And this is not because of the lack of opportunity to obtain historical works of art,—for they not infrequently change hands and countries in Europe,—but because the money expended by our collectors has gone principally for costly modern paintings of transient reputation. One powerful example of a great man's work would do more for art in America than a gallery full of second or third-rate canvases by men of the same grade. It is by such means that art has been inspired and advanced in all countries; nor will the expensive facilities of the steamship, and the cheaper ones of the photograph and the graver, make up to America for the abiding presence of the great work of the great masters.

American collectors should know that at this very moment some of the old families in Italy are parting with certain of their art treasures, and in some instances the most important of these. I heard in Rome that one of the most famous of Raphael's heads —engravings and photographs of which have made it familiar as household words—was about to be sold. And by the by, why does not some New York collector or public institution obtain the prize of Raphael's "Apollo and Marsyas" (belonging to Mr. Morris Moore, of Rome), one of the most exquisite and perfect examples of the art of the Renaissance, —a painting small in size, but fit to become, if this may be said of any one picture, the nucleus and the inspiration of an academy of art. G.

[It will interest many readers to learn that an account and engravings of this celebrated picture will soon appear in this magazine. ED. S. M.]

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Domestic Nursing.

BY A TRAINED NURSE.

"SOME women possess naturally the light foot, deft hand, watchful eye and quick apprehension that are essential to the good nurse. Yet there are comparatively few who know by intuition exactly what it is best to do and to leave undone in a sick-room. In cases of severe or prolonged illness it is generally possible, at least in large cities, to procure the services of a trained nurse. But frequently from straitened means, or other causes, this is out of the question, and then the care of the sufferer devolves upon some one of the household, who may or may not be equal to the emergency. It is a responsibility bringing with it a terrible feeling of helplessness when a woman realizes that a life, for which perhaps she would gladly give her own, depends in part upon her for its preservation, and may be lost through her ignorance or inefficiency. Under such circumstances, any reliable advice must be welcome, and it is with the hope of being of use that these practical hints, the result of some experience in hospital nursing, are offered to those in need of them.

If there is a possibility of choice, a large, sunny room should be selected for the invalid; if without a carpet so much the better. The importance of sunshine can scarcely be overestimated. Cases have been known of wounds, that had obstinately refused to heal, yielding to treatment after being exposed for a few hours every day to the direct action of the sun. It is a capital disinfectant, worth bushels of chloride of lime, and never should be excluded unless by the express orders of the physician.

The room should be kept thoroughly ventilated, and at a temperature not lower than 68° or higher than 70°. Florence Nightingale says the first canon of nursing is to keep the air a patient breathes as pure as the external air, without chilling him. In most modern houses the upper sash of the windows lets down, and may be kept open a few inches. If there is the slightest draught it may be prevented at a small expense by having a light wooden frame, similar to those on which mosquito-netting is fastened, about eight inches in width, made to fit the upper part of the window. A single thickness of flannel must be tacked on each side of it.

If the patient is kept warm, air may be freely admitted without the least danger. Far more persons are killed by the want, than by an excess, of fresh air.

All merely ornamental drapery should be removed from the windows, as it only serves to exclude the air and to harbor dust. Useless articles of furniture should be taken from the room, and those allowed to remain arranged to occupy as small a space as possible.

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If the nature of the disease is not known, or if it has been pronounced infectious, it is well to remove books, ornaments, and trinkets. They absorb infection, and being difficult to disinfect, may communicate it to some one else long after the patient has recovered.

Feather beds are happily almost obsolete in these enlightened days. Should there chance to be one in the house, it must on no account be put under the invalid. A common mattress, with a hair one over it, makes a much more comfortable and suitable bed. The lower sheet must be firmly tucked in under both mattresses at the foot as well as the sides. It is an excellent plan to spread a piece of India rubber sheeting underneath it, to protect the bed. A sheet folded once, lengthwise, laid *across* the bed, with the upper edge just touching the pillows and the ends tightly tucked under the mattresses, will be found to add greatly to the patient's comfort. It does not wrinkle as a single sheet will, crumbs can readily be brushed off it, and it can be changed with more ease than a large one. It is best to fold the upper end of the spread under the blankets before turning down the top sheet, as it helps to keep them in place.

The bed linen should be changed at least once in three days; the blankets once a week, those that have been removed being hung in the open air for a few hours, then thoroughly aired in a warm room, and put away to replace those in use, which should be similarly treated.

Nothing is more easy to an experienced nurse or more difficult to an inexperienced one than to change the bed linen with a person in bed. Everything that will be required must be at hand, properly aired, before beginning. Move the patient as far as possible to one side of the bed, and remove all but one pillow. Untuck the lower sheet and cross sheet and push them toward the middle of the bed. Have a sheet ready folded or rolled the long way, and lay it on the mattress, unfolding it enough to tuck it in at the side. Have the cross sheet prepared as described before, and roll it also, laying it over the under one and tucking it in, keeping the unused portion of both still rolled. Move the patient over to the side thus prepared for him, the soiled sheets can then be drawn away, the clean ones completely unrolled and tucked in on the other side. The coverings need not be removed while this is being done; they can be pulled out from the foot of the bedstead and kept wrapped around the patient. To change the upper sheet take off the spread and lay the clean sheet *over* the blankets, securing the upper edge to the bed with a couple of pins; standing at the foot, draw out the blankets and soiled sheet, replace the former and put on the spread. Lastly, change the pillow-cases.

In changing body linen, have the fresh garment aired and close at hand; let the arms be drawn out of the soiled one, slip the clean one quickly over the head, and by the same movement draw it down and remove the other at the feet.

In bathing a person in bed, or giving a sponge bath, as it is sometimes called, either for the purpose of cleanliness or to lower the temperature in fever, the chief point to be observed is not to uncover too large a surface at once. Pin a blanket round the shoulders, fastening it behind, and remove the night-dress under that. It is as well to have a blanket under the patient also. Put the hand beneath the blanket and sponge the skin, a small portion at a time, taking care not to have too much water in the sponge, and dry with a towel; proceeding thus until the whole body is washed. A woman's hair should be combed every day, if she is in any way able to bear the fatigue, else it becomes so matted as to render it almost impossible to disentangle it. It should be parted at the back and plaited in two braids. If done in one it forms a hard ridge, very uncomfortable to lie upon, while two can be drawn well to each side and kept quite out of the way. If, unfortunately, it has become tangled, a little sweet oil will loosen it and render it more easily combed. A coarse comb should be used, beginning to comb gently downward from a point near the ends of the hair, and gradually approaching the head at each successive movement, as this will remove the detached hairs without needless pulling.

The teeth should be washed with a small piece of clean rag, dipped in fresh, cool water.

The utmost care and attention should be paid to keeping the cross sheet free from crumbs and wrinkles, as these are a frequent cause of bed sores. It should be brushed after every meal, and occasionally smoothed and straightened during the day. If the patient is perfectly helpless, he must not be allowed to lie too long in the same position. In every case, the prominent points of the body, as the lower part of back, shoulder-blades, heels and elbows, where the weight principally rests when lying in bed, should be examined daily, and if there is the least redness, bathed with alcohol, thoroughly dried, and dusted with powdered oxide of zinc. If these precautions have not been taken and the skin is broken, the sore must immediately be relieved from pressure. This can easily be done by twisting a strip of cotton batting into a ring of the requisite size, winding around it a long, narrow piece of cotton to keep it in shape, and then so placing it that the abraded surface shall be held away from contact with the bedclothes or garments by the encircling cushion. The spot may then be dressed with ointment of oxide of zinc, or any healing salve. It should still be washed every morning.

The utmost neatness and cleanliness must be observed in a sick-room. If, unfortunately, there is a carpet, it should be lightly brushed once a day, the broom being wetted to prevent the dust from rising in the air. The furniture and wood-work should be wiped with a damp cloth. It is worse than useless to use a dry duster or feather brush, as the dust is then merely transferred from one part of the room to another, instead of being removed, as it should be.

Every utensil should be taken out of the room as soon as used, and thoroughly cleansed before being brought back again. This may seem sometimes an unnecessary trouble; but could one *see* the poisonous exhalations that are thus got rid of, one would

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not grudge the slight extra labor that is involved in disposing of them where they can do no harm. Every cup, glass, and spoon should be washed as speedily as possible.

There is no objection to there being a few plants in the room so long as it is lighted; they absorb carbonic acid and give off oxygen, and so assist in purifying the atmosphere. If cut flowers are admitted, the water must be changed every day. A pinch of salt helps to keep it sweet, and is said to keep the flowers from fading. As soon as they begin to lose their freshness they should be removed.

Should the patient be allowed to eat fruit, a few grapes, or an orange peeled and divided, may be kept on a plate placed over a bowl containing ice; the coolness imparted to the fruit making it more grateful to the palate. If cracked ice is given, as it is now in so many diseases, it may be necessary to prepare it in the sick-room, or at least within hearing of the patient. This can be done almost noiselessly by placing the lump of ice on a folded towel and using a long, stout pin to break off the pieces. If the point is pressed firmly on the ice near the edge of the block, fragments can be separated with ease.

Where there is nausea, very small quantities of food must be given at once, and that perfectly cold. A single tea-spoonful of milk or beef-tea, repeated in fifteen minutes, is more likely to be retained than two tea-spoonfuls taken together. The quantity may gradually be increased, until at length half a tea-cupful can be taken without difficulty.

When a person is too ill to sit up in bed, a glass or metal drinking-tube, such as can be procured at any apothecary's shop, is invaluable for administering fluid nourishment and medicines. Should nothing better be at hand, a piece of small, flexible rubber tubing will answer the purpose, though glass is the most easily cleaned and the best in every way.

In cases of long illness a small bed-table will be found indispensable to the comfort of the invalid. They may be bought of black walnut, or prettily finished in light and dark wood; but one that will answer every practical purpose can be made at home. A thin piece of board, 14 x 28 inches, forms the top and strips of wood about five inches long, fastened securely at each corner, make the legs. When the head is raised with pillows, the table can be placed across the chest; anything put on it is brought within easy reach, and the sufferer can help himself to food with little exertion.

In preparing a meal for any one whose appetite is delicate, it should be made to look as tempting as possible. The tray should be covered with the whitest napkin, and the silver, glass, and china should shine with cleanliness. There should not be too great a variety of viands, and but a very small portion of each one. Nothing more quickly disgusts a feeble appetite than a quantity of food presented at one time.

The patient never should be consulted beforehand as to what he will eat or what he will drink. If he asks for anything, give it to him, with the doctor's permission; otherwise prepare something he is known to like and offer it without previous comment. One of the chief offices of a good nurse is to think for her patient. His slightest want should be anticipated and gratified before he has had time to express it. Quick observation will enable her to detect the first symptom of worry or excitement and to remove the cause. An invalid never should be teased with the exertion of making a decision. Whether the room is too hot or too cold; whether chicken broth, beef tea, or gruel is best for his luncheon, and all similar matters, are questions which should be decided without appealing to him.

Household troubles should be kept as far as possible from the sick-room. Squabbles of children or servants never should find an echo there.

In the event of some calamity occurring, of which it is absolutely necessary the sufferer should be informed, the ill news should be broken as gently as possible, and every soothing device employed to help him to bear the shock.

Above all, an invalid, or even a person apparently convalescent, should be saved from his friends. One garrulous acquaintance admitted for half an hour will undo the good done by a week of tender nursing. Whoever is the responsible person in charge should know how much her patient can bear, she should keep a careful watch on visitors of whose discretion she is not certain, and the moment she perceives it to be necessary, politely but firmly dismiss them.

She must carry out implicitly the doctor's directions, particularly those regarding medicine and diet. Strict obedience to his orders, a faithful, diligent, painstaking following of his instructions will insure to the sufferer the best results from his skill, and bring order, method and regularity into domestic nursing.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Mallock's "Is Life Worth Living?"*

EVER since the doctrines of modern science have made their way among the educated classes of the English people, the Roman Catholics have been reaping a harvest of converts. The progress of science has been not unlike that of a precipitate; it leaves men no choice between the difficult and often sorrowful profession of one faith, which rests on slender and spiritual props, and the acceptance of an older faith which, while assuming greater spirituality than any other, is really strong by reason of its appeal to comparatively lower motives.

*Is Life Worth Living? By William Hurrell Mallock, Author of "The New Republic," etc. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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The Germanic races for the most part cast off the yoke of the Church because it had become intolerably offensive; they had no quarrel with the spiritual part, but only with the material. More liberty-loving, and having more commonplace common-sense than the Latin races, they refused to obey a human institution that made the spirit a pretext for interference with the material concerns of all men. But it would be a mistake to suppose that they did not admire and reverence the edifice that gradually became too overbearing. As the barbarians furnished the best soldiers for the ancient Roman armies, so the Germanic races supplied Rome with the ablest instruments of hierarchical oppression. But these things happened long ago. Rome is no longer what it was. The persistent conflict of the Gallican church with the mother church had its secret effect to weaken Rome, and other causes, without, have contributed to humble it. The wave that started with Luther reached the Eternal City itself and carried the King of Italy into its walls, while it sequestered the Pope within the limits of the Vatican.

Such being the apparent helplessness of the great engine of priest-craft, the time is ripe for a reaction. It should start among the same people who formerly revolted against it in its most vigorous days. A sturdy people, liable to panics, and deficient in the artistic sense, would be the first to take the alarm at the apparent encroachments of science on religion, and, for fear of one danger, fly into the arms of another. The thing is not only theoretically probable, but is actually being accomplished. It explains the number of converts to Rome made in England, especially among the upper classes, and also gives the clue to the arguments and conclusions, such as they are, that can be drawn from the writings of Mr. W. H. Mallock.

This gentleman is one of the latest products of the English university education, the resultant of that sneering dilettanteism which is thought-cleverness in those old abodes of learning, and which appears transplanted, extremely attenuate of shape, in the tone of the undergraduates of our own Harvard. He has been well born, well fed, well read, well supplied with luxuries, doubtless well taught at the wicket and the oar. His body has been well cared for, and his mind filled with the subjects thought necessary to an education in the fossiliferous strata of the university. His soul, however, has been so starved that he really does not know whether he has one or not, as people who go empty for a sufficient length of time perceive no sensation of having a stomach. But as starving people suddenly begin to feel a terrible pain, so Mr. Mallock and the class he represents suddenly awake to the need of a soul. For a soul represents immortality, and immortality represents to them a possible continuance of the equivalent of earthly advantages, such as food, clothing, horses, houses and bric-à-brac which constitute the great word happiness. It is, therefore, this subject which is most interesting to them. Can we be happy now, they ask, if we are not sure that we shall be happy hereafter? Is life worth living if an utter blank stares us in the face the other side of the curtain? Can we (asks Mr. Mallock in effect) go on enjoying the Derby, the London season, our fortnight's shooting, our little trip to Paris, our collection of blue china, if we are not comfortable in the belief that there are celestial chariot races, devil-potting, dances and heavenly bric-à-brac, after we have shuffled off this mortal coil?

In "The New Republic," Mr. Mallock looked about him and found men and women up to all sorts of hypocritical or openly naughty games. In that book he comes to no conclusion, being content to leave all his threads dangling at the end, having indeed given us plenty of amusement with his satirical sketches of the follies of particular persons, stabbing each one in turn, and sneering at all because they had no definite faith in anything. The germ that lay in the sketch of Huxley and other scientific men in that book was next worked out in magazine articles, among which, "The New Paul and Virginia" was the most noteworthy. Here the weakness showed itself, for the Positivist whom he took to make sport of was in truth an admirable character. Succeeding articles only repeated this trait: the persons he attacked gained in luster not only in spite of but because of his attacks. They were the truly spiritual ones, the strivers, the representatives of Prometheus, while Mr. Mallock was the earth-spirit trying in vain to belittle their characters. He was always doing harm to the cause he advocated, like an unskillful attorney who, whatever applause he gets from a silly jury, cannot blind the right-minded judge. Finally, articles began to appear in which Mr. Mallock showed that he had dropped into the current setting toward Rome. The national and class influence about him was too strong; he took the panic and, having made a bugbear of the Positivist deductions from science, endeavored to frighten his hearers therewith into the fold of the Church.

It is a selection and modification of these articles which constitute the book called after one of them, Is Life Worth Living? The author's answer to the question is that life is not worth living unless you have a faith, but goes on to argue that the only faith is that inculcated by the Roman Catholic Church. But perhaps it is the pure Christianity of the Catholic faith that Mr. Mallock holds out as the only sure ground? Not at all. It is the old Jesuit casuistry of a church,—a vast, wonderful, living body of doctrines and men which is offered as a substitute for God. It is as much as to say: You cannot rise to the belief in a Supreme Being and have faith in him; therefore here is something more concrete and material; here is a tremendous System, so great and wonderful that God must have made it. Bow to that, and the System will see that God accepts you and arranges for your future according to your adherence to the System's law. In heathen times Mr. Mallock would have made the same plea in favor of an idol.

It is quite possible that Mr. Mallock is serious in his attitude toward the belief in immortality and a

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God. But whether he is or not, he cannot expect high-minded persons to take his own ignominious and unspiritual stand.

The Tory History of the Revolution. *

IT is seldom that a history is as remarkable for the information it imparts as for the glimpse it gives of the character of the historian. The old Tory history of New York, composed in 1781, and kept jealously from the invasion of later explorers in the field of American history by various members of the de Lancey family to whom it has belonged, is warm with the testy personality of an old gentleman of parts, a distinguished figure at the Colonial bar, a Loyalist during the Revolution, and a bitter and indignant spectator both of the democratic excesses of the patriots, and the law-defying, wanton acts of the generals and officials sent to reduce the colonies to submission. How differently does not history read, when every paragraph feels the spur of resentment or righteous indignation! When we open the pages of Motley we feel the strong impulse of a cultivated and comprehensive brain; but there are few Motleys. The endless tomes of Bancroft are impregnated with the breath of dry bones. Doubtless Motley is better than this old Colonial historian, but not so Bancroft and writers after his kind. Judge Jones, of South Oyster Bay, however, is as full of meat as an egg. He has a misleading method, learned probably from law-papers, of repeating set phrases, like "Joshua Hett Smith, *full brother* to the Chief Justice," which give the idea of a person very exact in all statements; but there is nothing dry about him save his caustic remarks. Nowhere else do we get so clear an inlook into the affairs of New York Colony, previous to and during the Revolution, as in his angry pages. We have plenty of historians to tell the bare outlines of the story of the Revolution,—how many men were engaged on either side, what were the consequences of this battle and that, whether an engagement was really a victory, a drawn battle or a defeat. They handle such questions much better than Thomas Jones, who was debarred from much material now at the disposal of historians, wrote during the heat of the conflict, and naturally made the best of everything that related to the success of the King's arms in the field. The real office of Justice Jones as a historian is to show the working of the British army system in a community for the most part made up of earnest loyalists and the entirely indifferent,—a community that embraced comparatively few secret revolutionists. All that our school histories have had to say about the plundering, burning, extorting propensities of the British armies is eclipsed by the testimony of a man who had every motive to uphold English methods as against American, if that had been possible. The loyalists were actually in the position of the corn between the grind-stones. On one side were the patriots, on the other the British. One plundered the loyalists as enemies, the other devised ingenious methods to defraud them under the false guise of friends. Loyalism, which in most cases appears to have been merely a fear of losing goods and life in a hopeless struggle with the mother country, soon became a species of martyrdom, if we are to believe a tithe of the accounts of official rapacity with which Thomas Jones charges the English in and about New York. It was easy to levy on the fat crops and good beeves of the Long Island farmer, and promise indemnity from the war-chest, but the farmer never could get sight of the war-chest, or in fact approach any nearer to a settlement of his claims than to receive a volley of abuse from a quartermaster, sometimes supplemented by hard knocks and imprisonment. The patriots must have enjoyed that side of the question hugely, for it appears that pretty much everything that went on in New York was known at Washington's head-quarters, and that any movement of patriot troops was sure to be heralded in New York by British spies.

The chief of all the spies working in favor of the rebellion was, according to our Tory, an old politician named William Smith, of whom Joshua Hett Smith is always announced as a "full brother" with such judicial insistence. He was the Mephistopheles of the British generals, being supposed by them to be an ardent loyalist; he was intrusted, through their recommendation, with the highest place on the New York bench, and, on account of his thorough knowledge of the colony, was taken deep into their counsels as an invaluable ally. Justice Jones charges him with being a worker, on the sly, for the rebel cause. He describes the curious manner in which Smith escaped from the patriots and arrived at New York in the character of a loyalist proscribed by the rebels; he tells how his brother was obscurely involved in the mission and capture of André, and how, notwithstanding all the apparent loyalty of the Smiths, their property was never attainted by the patriots. This last was a sore point with Judge Jones, for his own property was attainted by the successful patriots after it had suffered in many ways from the rapacity of the British, while his services to England were not rewarded before or after the peace. He tells an anecdote to show the perfidy of William Smith:

"A gentleman who had been a prisoner for a considerable time among the rebels obtained leave in October, 1781, to go to New York upon a visit. He was charged with dispatches from the loyalists in the upper parts of New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire, to Government, containing information of the most interesting kind, and proposing that a committee of loyalists might be appointed in New York to carry on a correspondence with a committee of the loyalists in those parts. It was, however, a stipulation of theirs, as good management and profound secrecy were necessary, *that not a branch of that part of the Smith family, of which the Chief Justice was the head, should be acquainted with the business.* For this precaution they had solid, substantial reasons. The politics of the Smiths were well known; their duplicity, and their hypocrisy as well. A committee was promised and accordingly appointed. But to the astonishment of the gentlemen who brought the dispatches, and in direct

* History of New York during the Revolutionary War, and of the Leading Events in the other Colonies at that Period. By Thomas Jones, Justice of the Supreme Court of the Province. Edited by Edward Floyd de Lancey. Two volumes. New York: Printed for the New York Historical Society.

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opposition to the request of the loyalists, Joshua Hett Smith, Esq., full brother to the Chief Justice, a person of very suspicious principles as to loyalty, * * was by General Clinton appointed Chairman and put at the head of the Board. * * * But where was the wonder? The General was never remarkable for understanding, and William Smith, Esq, who had hypocrisy, art and dissimulation at his fingers' ends, *was his confidant, his adviser, and even his director.*"

The hatred for Smith had its roots in the *ante-bellum* politics of the colony, and was mixed with religious differences. William Livingston, William Smith, and John Morin Scott were leaders of the Presbyterian party; Judge Jones was a stanch Episcopalian. It is such particulars as these that give value to his history. Where else do we find them? It is true that, compared with battles, they may seem petty squabbles, but history, nowadays, is not exclusively occupied with war and legislation. It penetrates to the secret motives of men and the apparently trivial springs of action. For such investigations no history has been published on American topics which surpasses this in interest.

It should not be forgotten that we owe the publication of this book to the late John D. Jones, Esq., who left a fund to the New York Historical Society for such purposes. The editor, Mr. E. F. de Lancey, has expended zeal and labor in his copious notes, maps, contemporary documents, portraits. The old rancors linger on in a surprising fashion among families. Judge Jones deals unmercifully with the Jays, for instance, accusing Sir James Jay of having got his knighthood by collecting subscriptions in England for King's College (now Columbia College), and then appropriating some of the money. He sometimes speaks well of John Jay, but a foot-note, a little rankling foot-note, apparently belonging to the original text, but not signed, reads:

"Mr. Jay, having been disappointed in two several attempts to marry in the de Lancey family, by way of retaliation took a wife in that of the Livingstons, a family ever opposed in politics to the de Lanceys, turned republican, espoused the Livingstons' interest, and ever after opposed legal government."

It is probable that the contributors to "The Magazine of American History" will find many points in this old history to deny, criticise, and deprecate. Yet, after all allowances are made for the bitterly partisan tone of the author, his long-buried volume cannot fail to stand as one of the chief authorities for events in New York during the most critical epoch of our history.

George Eliot's "Impressions of Theophrastus Such."*

THESE essays are the natural outcome of that steady intellectual growth so unerringly marked by George Eliot's successive works during the last twenty-five years. We lay them down in no mood to strike an accurate balance of profit and loss, and yet we are forced to confess that something of the early blossoming beauty of her style is gone,—something which does not find compensation in the ripest fruitage of a later day. There has been unquestionably both loss and gain in these latter years; loss in dramatic force, gain in analytic power; loss in artistic feeling, gain in moral intensity. Imagination is giving place to reason; the critical faculty is growing at the expense of the creative. Altogether, the sunny objectivity which was perpetually lighting up the somberer tones in her early work, has been steadily yielding ground before the increasing subtlety of her method. Outward things are losing force, while the spiritual are gaining significance.

Just those qualities, which years ago defeated George Eliot's claim to being a poet, are beginning to tell disastrously on her imaginative prose. Each year she is more the moralist and less the artist. Morality has, it is true, a place in art; it determines the attitude of the artist, directs him in the choice of his subject, guides him to its worthy treatment; it creates the atmosphere in which all truly noble art springs up and develops; but with didactic morality, *as material*, art has nothing to do. The higher aspirations of religion, the tenderer emotions of daily life, the heroic everywhere, are fit subjects for artistic treatment, but morality is stuff too stern for its purposes. A direct moral purpose, when it becomes the evident motive of a work of art, not only hurts the æsthetic quality of the work, but it really defeats its own end. The morality of such a work bears the same relation to the true morality of art that a precept bears to a noble deed; it merely formulates; it does not vitalize.

George Eliot's style, so limpid, so direct, so dramatic in her earlier work, has changed with her changing method. It has of late years been growing more labored and more involved; at times it is even obscure. The cause for this retrogression is neither slovenliness in thinking nor carelessness in execution. The passionate earnestness with which she reaches toward her goal makes her perhaps somewhat unmindful of the steps by which she gains it. In dealing with the subtle elements which enter into the problem of human life, the delicacy of her discriminations and the outward sweep of her spiritual vision continually elude expression; for language is too clumsy to convey the most subtle refinement of thought, as it is too coarse to express the most exalted phase of feeling, and George Eliot's noblest thought is always thrilled by emotional exaltation. With all her wonderful power of thought and of expression, she has not yet learned the limitations of her art,—she cannot believe that there are some things which cannot be said. Her gravest literary fault has been from the first a lack of suggestiveness of style; this fault, which is noticeable in her earlier work, becomes conspicuous in her later, where the idea is often too spiritual to be circumscribed by words.

A thread of personality runs through these "Impressions," giving them a slight continuity, but the dramatic element is intentionally omitted. They are merely a series of profoundly sad, profoundly thoughtful, keenly caustic reflections upon human frailty. There is in their tone no flavor of cynicism, for the essence of cynicism is a secretly cherished

* Impressions of Theophrastus Such. By George Eliot. Harper & Brothers.

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sense of superiority, and in these pages the most trenchant criticism and the most incisive wit are mellowed into sweetness by that "loving laughter in which the only recognized superiority is that of the ideal self—the God within."

The worst faults of George Eliot's manner, and the noblest reach of her philosophy, find a meeting place in this small volume. The very impersonality of treatment is in her way, making it difficult to crystallize her impression into definite and permanent form. In the delineation of character, however, all this indeterminateness of style vanishes and she recovers the clear trenchant force of her earlier manner. Even "Adam Bede" does not give a character more delicately touched in a smaller compass than the following sketch of self-satisfied ignorance:

"I have a sort of valet and factotum, an excellent, respectable servant, whose spelling is so unvitiated by non-phonetic superfluities that he writes *night* as *nit*. One day, looking over his accounts, I said to him, jocosely, 'You are in the latest fashion with your spelling, Pummel: most people spell "night" with a *gh* between the *i* and the *t*, but the greatest scholars now spell it as you do. 'So I suppose, sir,' says Pummel. 'I've see it with a *gh*, but I've noways give in to that myself.' You would never catch Pummel in an interjection of surprise. I have sometimes laid traps for his astonishment, but he has escaped them all, either by a respectful neutrality, as of one who would not appear to notice that his master had been taking too much wine, or else by that strong persuasion of his all-knowingness which makes it simply impossible for him to feel himself newly informed. If I tell him that the world is spinning round and along like a top, and that he is spinning with it, he says, 'Yes, I've heard a deal of that in my time, sir,' and lifts the horizontal lines of his brow a little higher, balancing his head from side to side as if it were too painfully full. Whether I tell him that they cook puppies in China, that there are ducks with fur-coats in Australia, or that in some parts of the world it is the pink of politeness to put your tongue out on introduction to a respectable stranger, Pummel replies, 'So I suppose, sir,' with an air of resignation to hearing my poor version of well-known things, such as elders use in listening to lively boys lately presented with an anecdote-book. His utmost concession is, that what you state is what he would have supplied, if you had given him *carte-blanche* instead of your needless instruction, and in this sense his favorite answer is 'I should say.'"

Even in what is impersonal, the intensity of George Eliot's conviction will often fuse the pure metal of her thought, and stamp it, rounded and clear, ready to enter into the currency of speech forever uttering its silent protest against all baser coin. "We cannot command veracity at will," she says; "the power of seeing and reporting truly is a form of health that has to be delicately guarded, and as an ancient Rabbi has solemnly said, 'The penalty of untruth is untruth.'"

There is nothing insular in these essays. Some of them seem written with direct reference to the status of American society. The one on "Moral Swindlers" is an indignant protest against the narrowing down of the all-inclusive terms Morality and Religion to their present limited signification. "To rob words of half their meaning, while they retain their dignity as qualifications, is like allowing men who have lost half their faculties the same high and perilous command which they won in their time of vigor." The "duty of doing one's proper work well, and taking care that every product of one's labor shall be genuinely what it pretends to be, is not only left out of morals in popular speech, but it is very little insisted on by public teachers, at least in the only effective way—by tracing the continuous effects of ill-done work. Some of them seem to be still hopeful that it will follow as a necessary consequence from week-day services, ecclesiastical decoration and improved hymn-books; others apparently trust to descanting on self-culture in general, or to raising a general sense of faulty circumstances, and meanwhile lax, makeshift work, from the high conspicuous kind to the average and obscure, is allowed to pass unstamped with the disgrace of immorality."

There is a certain deliberate repose about the earlier essays which carries the reader along with them, and at the same time enables him to gather force to respond to the passionate protest against the desecrating levity of this laughter-loving age, in the essay on "Debasing the Moral Currency." We are accustomed to pluming ourselves upon belonging to an earnest age, without considering whether the object after which we are striving is worthy. We think we are in earnest, because we do not hesitate to use any advantage of nature or circumstances to trample down every obstacle which stands in the way of our success. We are indeed greedily in earnest about gathering material things about us; but where is the faith so exalted, the sentiment so sacred, the sorrow so profound that our vacuous and flippant nineteenth century laughter has been awed from profaning it? It would be worth while to "walk softly" all one's days to be able to come out "with the force of a rare indignation" in such a cause as this.

"Because wit is an exquisite product of high powers we are not therefore forced to admit the sadly confused inference of the monotonous jester that he is establishing his superiority over every less facetious person, and over every topic on which he is either ignorant or insensible by being uneasy until he has distorted it in the small cracked mirror which he carries about with him as a joking apparatus. * * * I have been surprised to find that some artists whose own works have the ideal stamp are quite insensible to the damaging tendency of the burlesquing spirit which ranges to and fro and up and down on the earth, seeing no reason (except a precarious censorship) why it should not appropriate every sacred, heroic and pathetic theme which serves to make up the treasure of human admiration, hope and love. * * * * *

"The world seems to me well supplied with what is genuinely ridiculous; wit and humor may play as harmlessly or beneficently round the changing facets of egotism, absurdity and vice, as the sunshine over the rippling sea or the dewy meadows. Why should we make our delicious sense of the ludicrous, with its invigorating shocks of laughter, and its irrepressible smiles which are the outglow of an inward radiation as gentle and cheering as the warmth of morning, flourish like a brigand on the robbery of our mental wealth * * * nay worse—use it to degrade the healthy appetites and affections of our nature as they are seen to be degraded in insane patients, whose system, all out of joint, finds matter for screaming laughter in mere topsy-turvy, makes every passion preposterous or obscene, and turns the hard-won order of life into a second chaos hideous enough to make one wail that the first was ever thrilled with light?"

Didier's "Life and Letters of Madame Bonaparte."*

THE American woman of the first years of the century is hardly a test in every respect of the American woman of to-day. On the one hand life in our cities was then immeasurably duller than it is now; on the other, the fascinations of a life among titled people abroad was far greater. Al-

* The Life and Letters of Madame Bonaparte. By Eugene L. Didier. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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though it does not make Madame Bonaparte's character finer to offer excuses for her conduct, yet justice demands that certain facts which she puts with all the spice and vigor of her intensely egotistic personality should not be lost sight of, or underrated. There is truth in her caustic descriptions of American family life at the time, especially those which relate to the little town of Baltimore, at that period a place of no more than four thousand inhabitants. There is no gainsaying the truth of what she writes to Lady Morgan in 1825:

"I should write you more frequently were there any incidents in this dull place which might interest you, or any anecdotes that could amuse—there are, alas, none. I embroider and read, *pour me défaire de mon temps*—they are the only distractions left me. Do you remember the description Madame de Staël gives of the mode of life Corinna found in England, and the subjects of conversation at Lady Edgerman's table, which were limited to births, marriages and deaths? I am so tired of hearing these three important events discussed, and my opinion of them has been so long decided, that it is a misery to be born, and to be married I have painfully experienced without lessening my dread of death."

In another place she describes her compatriots more bluntly:

"You have a great deal of imagination, but it can give you no idea of the mode of existence inflicted on us. The men are all merchants; and commerce, although it may fill the purse, clogs the brain. Beyond their counting-houses they possess not a single idea; they never visit except when they wish to marry. The women are all occupied in *les details de ménage* and nursing children; these are useful occupations, but do not render people agreeable to their neighbors."

Her son Jerome, however, notwithstanding that from his earliest youth she poured into his immature mind the most worldly maxims and fairly trained him to a hatred and contempt, not merely of republican theories but of life in a republic, began to take a widely different view of his country as soon as he came to man's estate. Nothing more curious can be found in recent memoirs than the contrast between the beliefs and principles of Madame Bonaparte and those of her father, William Patterson, and her only son, Jerome Bonaparte. The theory of a hell on earth receives confirmation from the apparent judgments which overtook this vainglorious beauty before she had reached the middle term of her long life. Not only had she lost her husband—whom she never pretended to love—but lost her chances to become a grandee in Europe, alienated her father to such an extent that he reprobated her conduct in his will, and had the mortification of seeing her only hope, her handsome and talented son, married to an American. The full vanity and worldliness of her nature showed itself when this last blow fell. The worst letters to her father on that occasion seem to have been withheld, but from what remains we perceive that her brain was entirely addled by a marriage with a brother of the great Napoleon and by the adulation which a person of her connection, personal charms and natural wit was only too sure to receive among the idle population of the great capitals of Europe. Her young son was also petted and run after, but while he is at his best he writes home:

"I have seen a great many things since my departure from home, but the more I see, the more firmly I am persuaded of the superiority of my own country, and the more I desire to return to it and remain in it."

And even the mother, from whom he differed at all radical points, writes of him as a man with an *esprit juste*.

It is not an edifying spectacle, that of Madame Bonaparte scrimping herself in Genevan boarding-houses in order to indulge her mania for fine society and good clothes. "Bo," as she called her son, was the pretext which kept her in Europe. Later in life she accepted a pension from the man on whom she made the celebrated *mot* just after taking a pension from the great Napoleon. Jerome being angry that she had taken from his brother what at that period she would not accept from him, Madame Patterson-Bonaparte replied, that she preferred to be sheltered under the wing of an eagle to being suspended from the bill of a goose. Late in life she became such a miser that she was heard to exclaim: "Once I had everything but money; now I have nothing but money!"

The young American woman who thus made herself a name, albeit one not enviable, exemplified her American origin in more ways than one. Imitativeness was pushed to that extreme which we still see about us here in a thousand directions. Finding people in Europe economical, she became more miserly than any; addicted to pleasure, she outdid them in a frantic, almost disgraceful, pursuit of social amusements; fond of rank and display, she became crazy about titles and was never happy except when attracting the attention of an appreciative crowd. There was one exception; she always remained unblemished in reputation. This anomaly is explained, unfortunately for the real uprightness of her character, in the furious letters written when her son was married. It was not principle that kept her straight, but pride. She had imbibed so tremendous a vanity at being Napoleon's sister-in-law that no man thereafter was fit to be her lover. This is a disgraceful fact, but her own letters corroborate it. Indeed she hints more than once that, had she supposed her son was going to retire from the contest for a European establishment, if not for a full vindication of his position as eldest son and heir to the King of Westphalia, her own conduct would have been very different. She actually shows herself looking back upon her past life and regretting the loss of opportunities of pleasure. Let us hope that bitterness made her seem blacker than she was, and that there was still some principle involved in her maintenance of self-respect under the temptations that Europe offered to so beautiful a woman under such a cloud.

There is a parallel to be drawn by whoso cares between this woman and the recent head of the Bonapartist sect in France. When Jerome married a Baltimore girl there was no ground left under Madame Bonaparte's feet; hers was the little farce that burlesqued beforehand the greatest tragedy of Eugénie's life—a tragedy to which Sedan and the death of the Emperor were inferior in every respect, a tragedy so utterly annihilating that there is nothing now to do but to ring down the curtain and discharge the actors.

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Couture's "Conversations on Art."*

THIS gossiping, rambling little book is a welcome addition to our small stock of writings by artists about their art. The original, "Méthode et Entretiens d'Atelier," published in 1867, was dedicated to America—"À l'Amérique"—and its freshness of spirit, its independence, and the earnestness of its tone, were well suited to give an additional stimulus to the admiration already felt by a few Americans for Thomas Couture. But it found only a few readers, and those only, or for the most part, persons who had but little need of its instructions, and its translation at this eleventh hour is due probably to the recent death of its author. Couture is no writer; he expressly denies the name of literary man; his aim is to teach what he practices, what he believes to be the only true method of painting, and to inspire his pupil—for the reader to whom he addresses himself is always a pupil—with that deep, ardent love of art which animated and exalted his own life. Couture's book has, at least, this merit, that the artist imparts something of his own high enthusiasm for his art to the young reader, and persuades him that, given a strong desire to be an artist, the following of a few simple rules, together with unwearied practice, will make him an artist, just as, in another case, the same desire and the same industry would have made him a lawyer, or a medical man. But, besides this, Couture makes the youth feel that to be an artist is to be one of the elect of the earth, the companion of the noblest and greatest men who have ever lived, one of God's chosen ministers for perpetuating the reign of beauty on the earth, and diffusing the means of a serene and noble pleasure through the homes of men. It is this enthusiasm, very simply and naturally expressed, for all the writer's earnestness, that is the strength of the book, and that insures it a welcome. Without this earnestness, this enthusiasm, no man can be an artist in the true meaning of the word, and an artist of Couture's eminence who writes for the young with such strong feeling, setting before them a high ideal with the sincerity that comes from experience, makes himself the friend of all who believe in art and poetry as benefactors of the race. Couture teaches a straightforward, manly method of painting, but he expressly declares that ideas are the main thing; that, once let the artist have something he must say, and he may safely be left to say it in his own way, sure of being understood, and of finding some one to sympathize with his thought. This supposes, of course, that, from the first, he has been incessantly observing and recording, letting nothing that he sees escape him; putting everything down, day by day, in his inseparable companion, his note-book. He must bring the accuracy, the vigilance, the industry of the scientific man to aid his mission, which is, as an artist, "to make every one love the work of God." Couture believes in painting only beautiful natural things; he protests against academies, and academic studies, against "models" and "poses"; in respect to all these matters, his attitude is thoroughly healthy and logical. His book is, as we have said, a rambling one, and the amount of direct technical teaching in it is insignificant compared with the didactic portion. We cannot commend the translation, which, on a careful collation of the two books, we find contains a great many slips and inaccuracies. The chapter headed "Monsieur X" relates to Ingres, one of the greatest of modern painters, but none the less—and this from no jealousy but only from an impossibility of sympathy—the black beast of Couture and his school as of those of the romanticists and the impressionists. The original contains a note by Couture to this chapter in which he expresses his pleasure that Ingres is not alive to read strictures which might have wounded the feelings of an old man, and an artist of real merit. Considering that this chapter contains the estimate of one great painter by another, it would have been as well to have translated this note, or to have given the reader a key to the author's meaning.

* Conversations on Art.. By Thomas Couture. New York: Geo. P. Putnam's Sons.

Charles Shakespeare's "St. Paul at Athens."*

THIS book is an excellent and characteristic production of the Broad Church school in the Church of England,—the school of Robertson, and Stanley, and Farrar, and Stopford Brooke. It deals, even more directly and closely than most of the productions of this class of writers, with the new aspects under which religious questions are presenting themselves to intellectual men. It is noticeable that while it is physical science which most conspicuously claims public attention by its new discoveries, not less of new light has been thrown upon the great problems by the larger study of human history which has been going on in our time. It is the characteristic method of the Broad Church school to work by the light of history; and among the chief results obtained by this method is the recognition that religions and systems, which it was once held the first duty of Christianity to oppose, in reality bear witness in their own way and degree to the moral and spiritual truths which are the heart of Christianity. The author of these sermons takes St. Paul preaching on the Areopagus as a historical picture, bringing out in strong light the comparison and contrast of the Christian faith with the most marked types of Greek and Roman belief and character. It is by no forced application that he transfers the comparison to the modern modes of thought and sentiment, which resemble the ancient skepticism, epicureanism, and stoicism. He shows a warm appreciation and sympathy for the best traits of each of these great lines of inquiry or action, and a wise and strong discrimination against

* St. Paul at Athens: Spiritual Christianity in Relation to Some Aspects of Modern Thought. Nine Sermons Preached in St. Stephen's Church, Westbourne Park. By Charles Shakespeare, B. A., Assistant Curate. New-York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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their weaknesses. For instance, he says, "If the thinkers of Greece had not initiated a wise and rational skepticism, we might at this moment be believing that this planet is the fixed center of the universe, and still be worshiping Odin or Thor." "The doubt that is essential to investigation may pass from a mere negative and provisional attitude of expectancy into a positive and permanent state of mind,—may be changed from a means into an end, and become a mental habit quite as unfavorable to the discovery of truth as the most pronounced dogmatism." "Socrates made doubt the path to truth, Pyrrho made it the negation of truth." "The fundamental error of modern skepticism is, I conceive, this: that our life, inner and outer, can ever be adequately guided by a purely intellectual reading of our own nature, or of the universe which infolds us." Toward Stoicism he is warmly eulogistic. "Stoicism, in many educated minds, replaced polytheism, replaced skepticism, replaced total unbelief in the Divine; Christianity replaced Stoicism." A similar sequence seems now to be taking place. Full justice is done by the author to the deeply religious tendency of that later stream of classic philosophy of which Seneca and Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius are examples. It is well pointed out that "the school and lecture-room fulfilled the function, and were, in fact, the prototype of the later Christian pulpit."

The author's conception of Christianity is extremely simple and large: it involves almost none of the dogmatic and historic difficulties which embarrass the ordinary presentations of religion. It involves, indeed, the reverent and trustful acceptation of a divine guidance and rule in the universe. It recognizes that "we cannot comprehend under any formula which human intellect can grasp or human language frame, the Infinite and Eternal Spirit." "Yet, the highest thought of this age recognizes the fact that there is a reality other than the things which we touch and see;"—and man's true attitude toward this reality is that of trust and adoration. How simple yet how fervent Christianity may be when stripped of dogmatic husk, is illustrated by these sentences: "Christianity gathered the highest spiritual ideas of the age around faith in the One living God, and around a new and higher type of manhood. God and Christ,—the One Eternal fountain of all life in the universe, and the highest, holiest manhood,—these were the two master-influences which realized a kingdom of God on earth."

Canon Farrar, upon whose suggestion the sermons were printed, furnishes a cordial preface, while disclaiming entire agreement with the sentiments and expressions. There is a resemblance to Farrar's own works, but, we should say, a somewhat broader and calmer spirit, and a less heated and rhetorical style. There is, perhaps, a redundancy of quotation, yet this is excusable where the method of treatment involves constant appeal to the testimonies of different classes of minds. We trust that this stimulating and helpful book may find wide audience among thoughtful American readers. The Church of England, far beyond any of our orthodox sects, allows in her ministers that freedom of thought and expression which is indispensable to any effective appeal to educated minds.

Keary's "Dawn of History."*

THIS is the age of universal instruction. Starting from the United States, the idea of spreading all sorts of recondite knowledge among the many, instead of reserving it for the select few, has traveled to Europe and there borne better fruit than in the land of its origin. Hence the avalanche of primers which has rushed from all the presses of England, and is now being augmented by all the powers of the book-trade in this country. "The Dawn of History" is a book by itself, composed of chapters which are somewhat independent of one another, but have a common thread and are not all written by the same man. Mr. C. F. Keary, of the British Museum, contributes the bulk, but he is assisted by two others. Their endeavor is to sift the knowledge scattered about through many large and costly volumes on pre-historic archæology and ethnology, and present some sort of a connected view of the discoveries made within the last twenty years by a hundred students, working, each after his own method, in directions of which they do not themselves fully understand the ultimate outcome. The book consists in no sense of a masterly summing up of the results of research, and of deductions therefrom; it takes more modest ground and is content to advance the facts without attempting what it is perhaps too soon for any one, however talented, to do, namely, the tracing of the great outlines of the subject. There are necessarily minor questions which demand and receive more or less explicit answers from the writers. With some of these one is not likely to agree without further proof. For instance, when in discussing "The Nations of the Old World," the editor asks: "Are we not justified, therefore, in considering this Egyptian civilization, which is in some sort the dawn of history in the world, as the continuation—the improvement, no doubt, but still the continuation—of the half-civilization of the age of stone, a culture handed on from the Turanian to the Cushite peoples?" we are tempted to cry, "No, you have not given us proof enough that so long a step could be taken by one people (or even two) without a great deal of history, now unknown, to serve as links between them." But in the way the statement is made, in the question-form in which it is put, we recognize the cautiousness observed by Mr. Keary in avoiding wholesale sweeping generalizations uttered dogmatically. The book closes with notes, lists of authorities to consult, and an index. It will be found an arsenal of facts, and if anything almost too condensed and suggestive.

* The Dawn of History. An Introduction to Pre-Historic Study. Edited by C. F. Keary, M. A. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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THE WORLD'S WORK.

Electro-Engraving Machine.

THIS invention, constructed on the principle of the ordinary iron planer, is designed to engrave letters, designs, figures, etc., on door-plates, rings, silverware and other metal surfaces, by cutting parallel lines, in the same manner as seen in some forms of wood-engraving machines, or silver-chasing machines. It consists essentially of a moving bed, a plate on which the work to be engraved is laid, and a cutter-head carrying a chisel or other cutting tool. The piece of metal to be engraved is secured to this plate, and the cutting tool is brought down to the work, when, by turning a small hand-wheel, the work is moved under the tool and a fine line is cut in the metal. On turning the wheel the other way, the tool is raised clear of the metal, the work is returned to its first position, and at the same time moved forward the proper distance for the next cut. The distance between the engraved lines can be adjusted to suit the character of the work, and the apparatus is really a small planer, except that the return of the feed-table is not automatic, nor has it any arrangement for securing a quick return. The feed-table has also suitable arrangements for holding the work at any desired angle, and for supporting curved surfaces. The novel features of this machine consist in the addition of a pantagraph and an electrical appliance for controlling the action of the cutting tool to the engraving machine. The cutting tool is carried on an arm balanced at the center, and carrying at the other end the armature of an upright electro-magnet. This arm is so balanced that when the armature is drawn down by the action of the magnet, the cutting tool is raised clear of the work and ceases to act. The electro-magnet is connected by wires with a battery, so that, on making or breaking the circuit, the cutting tool may be thrown in or out of work at will. Near the engraving machine is placed a stand resembling a printer's "chase," and containing a set of copper-faced type representing the name, monogram, or other device to be engraved. Connecting the engraving machine and the type is a pantagraph, carrying at the end of its longer arm a small cylinder of glass, rounded on the lower end and pierced with a fine needle of metal. The types, the pantagraph, and the engraving machine are now made, by means of wires, parts of the circuit formed by the battery and electro-magnet. The glass cylinder slides freely over the types, the needle making and breaking the circuit, and thus controlling the action of the cutting tool through the magnet. In operating the apparatus the needle is brought to the end of the row of type, just above the first letter, and the cutting tool is brought to the beginning of the first line to be engraved. Now, on moving the bed-plate, the needle, actuated mechanically through the pantagraph, moves over the face of the types, and the tool at the same time cuts a fine line on the work. On passing over a type the circuit is closed, the magnet draws the armature down, lifting the cutting tool, and the work passes under it uncut. At the end of the letter the circuit is again broken and the engraving is resumed. It will be seen from this, that each time the needle passes over a letter the engraving machine ceases to work and the line is broken. At the end of each line the machine automatically adjusts itself, both for cutting the next line and moving the needle downward over the type, so that it will take a new path parallel with the first. In a short time a series of fine lines are cut in the work, with breaks at intervals, the breaks, or uncut portions, forming the letters in relief. By means of the pantagraph, the copying of the type may be done in fac-simile, or the letters may be enlarged or decreased in size at will, precisely as in copying with an ordinary pantagraph. To reverse the engraving and produce sunken letters on a smooth surface, the wires forming the electrical connections must be adjusted to cause the needle to break the circuit at the letters and close it at the spaces between them. The apparatus, though apparently complicated and requiring delicate adjustment, works easily and quickly, and copies the most intricate designs with precision. The invention is one exhibiting great ingenuity, and it would seem as if it might be applied on a large scale to regular planing machines, particularly when iron surfaces have to be pierced with openings, or have parts raised in relief, and in engraving and decorating large surfaces, as the bed-plates of engines, frames of machines, etc.

New Drawing Instruments.

A NEW ruler for assisting in drawing parallel lines employs a roller at the back of the ruler and having a gear wheel in the center and larger wheels, or tires, at the end to raise the gear above the paper. In the gear plays a worm gear, supported in a frame on the upper side of the ruler, and controlling the movement of the roller. On the top of the ruler is hinged by a spring a short lever provided with a set-screw for controlling its movement and at the end is a quadrant and a ratchet that moves the worm gear. On pressing on the lever the ratchet moves the worm gear one notch and this permits the roller to turn a certain distance. On releasing the pressure the lever springs back, holding the whole apparatus motionless. On drawing a line by the edge of the ruler the lever is touched and the roller is free to move a certain distance, and the ruler is moved back for the next line. On tracing the line the lever is touched again and the ruler is again moved exactly the same distance. By thus touching the lever between each two lines the ruler is moved an equal distance each time, making all the lines equidistant, and by touching the lever two or more times after each stroke the lines can be placed any required distance apart. In a new compass for striking out circles, a fixed point or pivot is

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used and around this the compass turns freely. For small circles the compass is fitted with a ring, having a milled edge, that they may be turned by the fingers and turning the compass entirely round while the point is kept motionless by a gentle pressure from one finger. This simple device enables the draughtsman to make a large number of concentric circles without wearing a hole in the paper, as the point always remains at rest. A new style of dotting-pen for making straight lines, as for use with a compass, employs a notched wheel supported by a small frame and controlling by a lever the action of the pen. The notches cause the pen to make a mark for each notch and thus the pen marks according to the manner in which the notches are cut on the wheel. To produce a variety of traces, dots, dashes, etc., a number of wheels are provided with the apparatus, any one of which may be used at will.

Thermograph.

THE want of a cheap and reliable recording thermometer for use in hot-houses, hospitals, malt-houses and manufactories, has led to the invention of a new style of thermograph, based on the principle of the Borden pressure gauge. A hollow tube of some elastic metal is bent into the form of a semi-circle and filled with a suitable fluid and hermetically sealed. One end is secured to a frame, or stand, and to the other end, which is left free, is attached an arm carrying a lead pencil. A dial, attached to clock-work and adjusted to turn round once in twelve hours is placed immediately before the arm carrying the pencil. Paper disks of the same diameter as the dial are prepared by printing upon them a series of concentric circles and twelve radiating lines extending from the center to the edge and corresponding to the twelve hours of the dial. One of these disks is pinned on the dial and placed before the pencil so that the point rests on the paper. The fluid in the bent tube is sealed up in a temperature reckoned at zero and the pencil is adjusted on the arm so that the point will rest at the center of the disk, or zero. On raising the temperature, the expansion of the fluid in the tube tends to straighten the tube and this movement draws the pencil radially over the disk from the center (or zero) to the edge and crossing the circles that now became indicators marking the degrees of the temperature. While the clock-work is at rest the pencil traces the variations of temperature upon the disk along a single line. On starting the clock-work the pencil leaves a circular trace on the disk so long as the temperature remains constant, or if at zero, it simply makes a round dot. Changes in the temperature drag the pencil radially over the moving disk and the result of the two motions gives a curved line that is a record of the temperature, the circles marking the temperature, the radial lines the hours. The instrument is said to be strong, portable and inexpensive, and to be sufficiently delicate to record the changes of temperature caused by opening a window or lighting the gas in a room where it is placed.

Copying Process.

THE imperfections of the ordinary copying press have led to the invention of a number of appliances for copying letters, drawings, etc., by chemical and actinic means. Of these, the "blue process" and one or two others have come into general use, and are more or less satisfactory; and more recently a new chemical process, said to be cheap and effective, has been announced. Make a warm mixture of 100 grams of fine gelatine with 400 or 500 cubic centimeters of a pasty precipitate of sulphate of baryta, and when well mixed add 100 grams of dextrine and from 1,000 to 1,200 grams of glycerine. When melted, allow it to cool till just sufficiently fluid to flow, when a little may be poured into a shallow dish and allowed to harden. If this becomes quite hard and stiff, add more glycerine, and pour the whole into a shallow tin tray and let it cool. Write the letters in a thick aniline ink,—"Violet de Paris" will answer,—and lay the sheet, written side down, on the jelly-like preparation, and press it down gently for a minute or two. On lifting the paper a part of the ink will be found transferred to the jelly, when sheets of paper may be laid on the jelly and reprints taken from it. Sufficient ink clings to the jelly to give forty or fifty impressions, when the surface of the jelly must be sponged clean with cold water. The tray containing the jelly must be kept in a cool place, and if not used for a day or two must be moistened with a sponge before using. Another formula employs 100 grams of gelatine, 1,200 grams glycerine, and 500 cubic centimeters sulphate of baryta, and gives sharper impressions from the sheet of jelly; but in cleaning it warm water must be used.

Apparatus for Testing the Quality of Steel.

AN apparatus for measuring the hardness of steel by electro-magnetism, somewhat on the plan of the device for testing steel wire described in the July number of this magazine, has been recently brought out. A balance-arm scale, having a system of wheel-work for magnifying the movements of the indicator of the scale, is set up as if for weighing. At one end of the balance-arm is a holder for supporting the bars of steel that are to be examined while from the other arm is suspended a constant weight. The bars of steel to be tested, all of equal length and diameter are suspended, one at a time, in the holder at the end of the beam. A hollow coil of wire is then raised on a stand till it completely incloses the suspended bar. A current of electricity is then passed through the coil, causing it to exert a magnetic attraction on the inclosed bar of steel. The coil is then slowly lowered and the attraction pulls the bar downward, raising the weight on the other end of the beam and moving the indicator over a scale till a point is reached when the weight overcomes the attraction, when the bar is suddenly released and rises free from the coil. The highest point marked by the indicator just as the bar is released forms a standard of measurement of the hardness of the steel. Other bars of known

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hardness are tried in the same way and the points where the attraction is overcome are noted, and after a few trials standards are obtained from which the hardness of steel bars may be easily estimated in the same manner.

A New Flooring.

A NEW style of flooring for hospitals, court-houses and other public buildings has been introduced, that is reported to be admirably designed to keep out dampness from cellars or the ground and, in the case of hospitals, to prevent the passage of bad air from one floor to another. Strips of oak or other hard wood from 5 to 10 cm. (2 to 4 in.) wide, 25 mm. (1 in.) thick, and from 50 to 70 cm. (12 to 20 in.) long, and having a slightly wedged section, by making the tops wider than the bottom, are prepared at a saw-mill. The floor is then covered with a layer of asphalt and while this is still hot the strips of wood are bedded close together in it with the broad side uppermost in a "herring-bone" or other pattern. The asphalt sets in cooling and holds the strips firmly in place without the aid of nails, and the floor may then be planed down smooth. It would seem as if the strips could be made in any convenient length and if well bedded in the asphalt would certainly make a dry, hard floor, proof against moisture, vermin and decay.

New Electric Lamp.

IN a new form of electric lamp, employing two carbon pencils placed upright side by side and nearly touching at the points, the wires conveying the current are passed several times round the carbons in an elliptical coil hung in a vertical plane with the carbons and thus making a support for the lamp. The design of this arrangement is to take advantage of the law that currents moving in the same direction attract each other while those moving in an opposite direction repel each other. The current through the upper part of the coil attracts the current passing the carbons at the arc, while below it tends to repel it, and this combined attraction and repulsion are so powerful that the arc clings persistently to the tips of the pencils and even rises in a bow or curve above them, thus making the arc larger and more steady.

Memoranda.

THE experiment has been made of sowing oats and wheat together with a view to obtaining a winter covering for the wheat. The seed, in the proportions of one part of oats to two parts of wheat, was sown in the fall and the oats sprang up quickly and were killed by the early frost, the stalks and leaves lying on the ground all winter, keeping the snow from blowing away and preventing the sun from thawing the frozen ground. In the spring the dead oats made a good top-dressing for the growing wheat. The crop of wheat secured on the following season was reported to be excellent, while wheat on adjoining land planted in the usual manner was of no value.

The experiment was recently made of magnetizing iron while it is being cast. A mold in the form of a bar was surrounded by a coil through which an electrical current was maintained. Refined white iron in a fluid state was poured into the mold when a curious phenomenon was observed, the molten metal in the mold being agitated very much as when hot metal is poured into a damp mold. The mold was not damp and it was thought the magnetic influence of the coil tended to repel the fluid metal toward the magnetic poles of the mold, or better, the magnetic poles of the bar formed by the metal itself. On cooling it was found that the bar was hollow for about two-thirds its length, the hollow part being largest at the center where the sides of the bar had only the thickness of paper. It is thought that by casting iron in this manner it may be possible to make permanent and very powerful magnets, but whatever the results in this direction, the experiment has another aspect that may lead to important modifications in the methods of casting hollow cylinders without cores.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Some Quick Replies.

DR. B——, who was for many years associated with the University of Virginia, was noted for his quickness of retort, and some of his repartees, which are fading out of contemporary memory, are worthy of preservation.

Once, many years ago, being on a visit to Washington, he thought he recognized a friend in the man who was immediately before him.

"How are you?" he said, clapping the supposed friend familiarly on the shoulder.

The stranger, turning stiffly, answered with some resentment:

"My name is Hull, sir."

"I beg your pardon," said the professor. "I was looking for the Colonel."

On another occasion, as he was walking, looking intently at something in the street, a man coming in the opposite direction, and who was gazing with equal earnestness into a shop window, ran shoulder to shoulder against him. The stranger, drawing himself up with extreme *hauteur*, said:

"*Why* did you run against me?"

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With equal severity the professor answered in exact imitation of his questioner's tone and manner:

"*For precisely the same* reason that you ran against me," and the encounter ended in a good-natured laugh.

A gentleman, coming into his office one day, said:

"Doctor, why do you keep your room so hot? It is like an oven."

"I must," he answered promptly, "for it is here that I make my bread."

Many years ago this incident was told in one of the magazines; but the point was somewhat missed, as the contributor or printer made it *bake* instead of *make*.

On a visit to a New York publishing house, against which he had a claim for six hundred dollars, he was ushered into an office where one of the firm sat on a high office stool, pompously shelling letters. The professor stood awaiting recognition; but no notice was taken of him. Finally, the small business man, twisting himself around on his perch, said, in the most supercilious of tones:

"What?"

"That," said the professor, handing the order for the money.

The business was settled without another word.

A very tiresome civil engineer had been vexing the righteous soul of one of the University professors, who, for a joke, and to rid himself of the nuisance, sent him to Dr. B—— with his engineering schemes, as to a congenial and sympathetic soul. He therefore came with high hopes, and unfolded his schemes several times with wearisome multiplicity of detail to the devoted professor, when the listener's impatience made itself felt. The engineer continued to say, "Just *one* moment, Professor, *one* thing more." Finally, his hearer's much-tried patience showed signs of utterly giving way, whereupon the patentee again said:

"I only want to show you one thing more, Professor. I have invented a short method of boring mountains, which I think will prove very valuable."

"My dear sir," burst forth the wearied listener, "if you would only invent a short method of boring individuals you would indeed confer a lasting benefit upon the race." The engineer departed.

A would-be *littérateur*, who was the head of a large variety and notion business, was constantly annoying the doctor with his pretensions. On one occasion he said:

"Doctor, I have an idea"——

"No, no, my dear H——" said the doctor a little impatiently, "you are mistaken, you deal in notions, not in ideas."

On another occasion the same gentleman broke in upon a conversation with the sudden and irrelevant question,

"Doctor, did you ever read Shakspere?"

The listener struggled a moment in silence with his indignation, and then, assuming a mystified air, asked in the most commonplace tone,

"*What* Shakspere?"

Along the Line.

BY IRWIN RUSSELL.

WHAT say? "A song or a story?" Draw up a box 'r a chair,
All them that is wantin' to listen;—but, boys, I'm a-tellin' you fair!
See this? It'll go for the feller what takes a notion to laugh,
And him or me will be t' our folks a man or a foretograph!

You didn't know Jim—of course not—I'm tellin' you now of him:
A fearful chap on his muscle, a wild old boy, was Jim;
But, boys,—now don't you forgit it—he was as good and square
As any man that the county held—and plenty o' men was there.

Jim was a lightnin'-jerker—of course you know 't I mean:
He sot at his little table and rattled the Morse machine—
And *didn't* it rattle? I bet you! He'd studied it down so fine,
There wasn't a one that could "send" with him, not all along the line.

One time Jim sat in the office, a-smokin' and gazin' out,
When in come a feller was lookin' skeered—And 'nuff to be skeered about!
He told his news in a minnit, and—man as he was—got cry'n';
And "*Yaller Fever is broken out!*" went clickin' along the line.

I think that line was connected with every soul in the land,
From what was sent t' us Howards—I'm one, d'ye understand?
Of all the parts o' the Union, no tellin' which helped us most;
And we was a-workin', we was, sir! And Jim, he kep' to his post.

All day long he was settin' pushin' away at the key,
Or takin' off from the sounder, just as the case might be;
And most of the night a-nursin'. And what was bracin' his heart
Was knowin' his only sister 'n' him was seventy miles apart.

The air got full o' the fever; grass growed up in the street;
Travel the town all over, and never a man you'd meet,
'Cept, maybe, some feller a runnin', who'd say, as he passed you by:
"I'm tryin' to find the doctor," or "Billy is bound to die."

When folks went under—they might be the very best in the land—
We throwed 'em into a white-pine box, and drayed 'em out, off-hand,
To wait their turn to be planted—without a word or a prayer—
There wa'n't no chance and there wa'n't no time for prayin' or preachin' there.

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Well, Jim, he minded his duty, and stuck to the
work—oh, yes—
But, boys, one Saturday night, when he was busy
sendin' the press,
There come a break, and his office call, and soon
as he'd time to sign
"*Your sister's took the fever and died*" come
flashin' along the line.

Throw up the winder and let in air! How can
I breathe or speak
With——Jim? Oh, certainly; news like that was
bound for to make him weak;
But Jim sot straight at the table—he warn't the
man to shirk!
And, calmer and cooler than I am now, he finished
the company's work.

But then he dropped—and in four days more all
that was left of him
Was the wasted body that once had held the
noblest soul—poor Jim!
Oh! boys, that brother and sister was *brother
and sister o' mine*—
I wonder if ever we'll meet ag'in—somewheres
along the line?

The Fairy's Dilemma.

"ALMOST time for the ball of the last summer
night,"
Said a fairy, crimping her hair;
"And my elfin wardrobe is in such a plight
I really have nothing to wear;
I really am quite in despair!

"My buttercup satin is far from new,
And I do not like the tint;
I have worn it twice already, too,
And to wear it again would hint
That I must needs pinch and stint.

"I wish that my wind-flower dress were fresh:
How pretty that used to be!
So dainty a color; so dainty a mesh;
And vastly well suited to me,
With pearls from the spray of the sea.

"My briar-rose silk is slightly defaced;
And I could not match it at all,
For the season is past. It needs a new waist.
I might wear my gossamer shawl,
The weather is so like the fall.

"And this reminds me I surely must get
A new fringed-gentian this year,
And a hoar-frost point—so costly! yet
I really must have it, 'tis clear;
Yes, let it be never so dear.

"Oh, there is my water-lily gown
Imported from Slumber Bay,
With the golden tassels all up and down!
But that will be soon *passé*;
I think I will lay it away.

"My violet—violet's quite gone out;
It will rage, I've no doubt, next year.
Oh, what shall I get! And now that the drought
Has made fairy fabrics so dear!
Well, I must not dawdle here.

"My thistle-down phaeton stands at the gate,
And I must go out for a drive;
I would go to shop if it were not late.
Bless me! 'tis almost five
By the four-o'clock, as I'm alive!

"I have it! I have it! Regardless of cost
I will send to the Silver Cascade
For a gown of that rainbow—pure sun-spinning
crossed
With the choicest colors made,
And warranted never to fade.

"I will fringe it with mist. What an exquisite
dress!
Most magical thing in air!
And here comes the Humming-Bird Fairy Express;
I will hail it and speak it fair,
For I must have *something* to wear!"

HARRIET MCEWEN KIMBALL.

The King's Abridgment.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

SOME Eastern pundits, who were wondrous wise,
Once wrote a book of such prodigious size,
It took a thousand camels, large and stout,
To bear the huge, unwieldy thing about.
At length the king, to whom it one day went,
Wished it reduced to moderate extent.
Reduced it was. When next it took the road,
A hundred camels bore the ponderous load;
But said the king, as it approached his door,
"This will not do; I want it shortened more."
And so it was, again, again, again
(Think of the authors' most exquisite pain),
Until, of all that mountainous miracle,
Four pithy proverbs now enfold the whole.
The first bids kings be just in everything;
The next compels obedience to the king;
The third says no one should of food partake
For any reason but his stomach's sake;
The fourth demands that woman's heart shall be
The shrine and exponent of modesty.

MORAL.

Oh, that some king might have the power to-day
To sift our books, and blow the chaff away!
No one, except the authors, could complain,
And of them all how little would remain!

JOEL BENTON.

A SUMMER FANCY.

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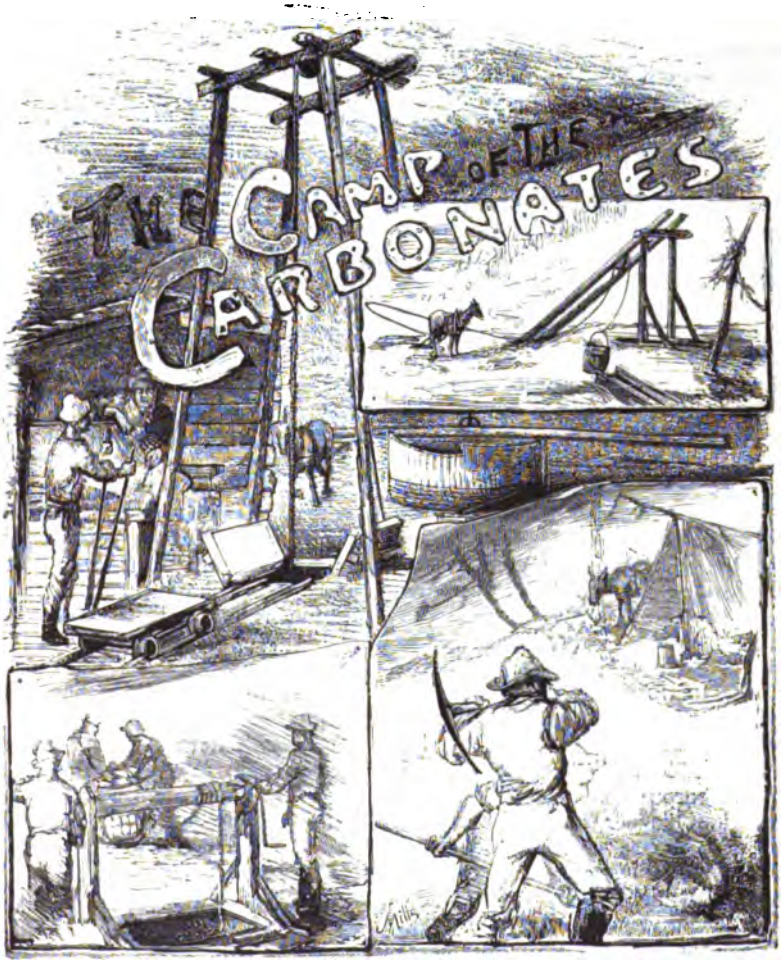

UPS AND DOWNS IN LEADVILLE.

IF the men who sprang from the stones Deucalion cast behind him set themselves to make homes, the result must have been a close counterpart of Leadville, Colorado. The settlement is all so new that none of its buildings seem older than the rest, and the fresh yellow shine of the pine lumber remains unstained. Though the city is a creation of but two years, in an obscure nook of the highest Rocky Mountains, its site has a history which goes back a score of years, and begins in circumstances similar to those which to-day characterize the locality.

After the rush to Pike's Peak, in 1859,

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which was disappointing enough to the majority of prospectors, a number of men pushed westward. One party made their way through Ute Pass into the grand meadows of South Park, and crossing, pressed on to the Arkansas valley, up which they proceeded, searching unsuccessfully for gold, until they reached a wide plateau on the right bank, where a beautiful little stream came down. Following this nearly to its source, along what they named California Gulch, they were delighted to find placers of gold. This was in the midsummer of 1860; and before the close of the hot weather, ten thousand people had emigrated to the Arkansas, and $2,500,000 had been washed out, one of the original explorers taking twenty-nine pounds of gold away with him in the fall, besides selling for $500 a "worked-out" claim from which $15,000 was taken within the next three months. Now this same "exhausted" gravel is being washed a third or fourth time with profit.

The settlement consisted of one long street only, and houses even of logs were so few that the camp was known as "Bough Town," everybody abandoning the wicky-ups in winter, when the placers could not be worked, and retreating to Denver. During the summer, however, Bough Town witnessed some lively scenes. One day a stranger came riding up the street on a gallop, splashing the mud everywhere, only to be unceremoniously halted by a rough-looking customer who covered him with a revolver and said:

"Hold on there, stranger! When ye go through this yere town, go slow, so folks kin take a look at ye!"

No money circulated there; gold-dust served all the purposes of trade, and every merchant, saloon-keeper and gambler had his scales. The phrase was not "Cash up," but "Down with your dust," and when a man's buckskin wallet was empty, he knew where to fill it again. It was not long, however, before the placers were all staked off, and the claims began to be exhausted. Then the town so dwindled that in half a dozen years only a score were left of the turbulent multitude that in '60 and '61 made the gulch noisy with magical gains and heedless loss. Among the last of their acts was to pull down the old log gambling-hall, and to pan two thousand dollars out of the dirt floor where the gamblers had dropped the coveted grains. This done, everybody moved elsewhere, and the frightened game returned to thread the aspen groves and drink at the again translucent streams of California Gulch, where eight million dollars had been sifted from the pebbles.

One striking feature of this old placer-bar had impressed itself unpleasantly upon all the gold-seekers. In the bottoms of their pans and rockers, at each washing there accumulated a black sand so heavy that it interfered with the proper settling of the gold, and so abundant that it clogged the riffles. Who first determined this obnoxious black sand to be carbonate of lead is uncertain. It is said that it was assayed in 1866, but not found valuable enough to pay transportation to Denver, then the nearest point at which it could be smelted. One of the most productive mines now operated is said to have been discovered in '67, and in this way: Mr Long, at that time the most poverty-stricken of prospectors, went out to shoot his breakfast, and brought down a deer; in its dying struggles the animal kicked up earth which appeared so promising that Long and his partner Derry located a claim on the spot. The Camp Bird, Rock Lode, La Plata and others were opened simultaneously outside the placers, but all these were worked for gold, and though even then it seems to have been understood in a vague way that the lead ores were impregnated with silver, nobody profited by the information. Thus years passed, and I and many another campaigner in that grand solitude, riding over those verdant slopes, passing beneath those somber pine woods, camped, hunted, even mined at what now is Leadville, and never suspected the wealth we trampled upon.

Among the few men who happened to be in the region in 1877, was A. B. Wood, a shrewd, practical man, who, finding a large quantity of the heavy black sand, tested it anew and extracted a large proportion of silver. He confided in Mr. William H. Stevens, and they together began searching for the source of this sand-drift, and decided it must be between the limestone outcropping down the gulch and the porphyry which composed the summit of the mountain. Sinking trial shafts they sought the silver mean. It took time and money, and the few placer-washers there laughed at them for a pair of fools; but the men said nothing, and in the course of a few weeks they found it. Then came a period of excitement and particularly lively times for the originators of the enterprise. Mr. Stevens was a citizen of Detroit, and finding a chance for abundant

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results from labor, but no labor wherewith to "make the riffle," he went back to Detroit and persuaded several scores of adventurous men to come out here and amuse themselves with carbonates.

They came, hilariously, no doubt, with high anticipations of sudden wealth and the fulfilling of wide ambitions; came to find the snow deep upon the ground, and winter bravely entrenched among the gray cliffs of Mosquito and the Saguache. No one could work; every one was tantalized and miserable; discontent reigned. It was the old story of Baker and the San Juan silver fields. They took Wood and Stevens, imprisoned them in a cabin, and even went so far toward the suggestion of hanging as to noose the rope around their necks. At this critical moment, reprieve came in the shape of a capitalist, who appeased the hungry crowd with cash and stayed their purpose until the weather moderated and digging could be begun.

EN ROUTE TO LEADVILLE.

As spring advanced and the mountains became passable, there began a rush into the camp, for the report of this wonderful rejuvenation of the old district had spread far and wide. The Denver newspapers took up the laudation of the region. The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé, and other railways approaching nearest, advertised the camp in exaggerated praise all over the East for the sake of patronage; and many an uneasy ne'er-do-weel, and energetic prospector, and greedy saloon-keeper, and many a business man who wanted to profit by the foolishness or necessity of the rest, started for Leadville. It was early spring; the snow lay deep on the lofty main range of the Rocky Mountains which had to be crossed, and filled the treacherous passes, but the impatient emigrants could not wait. To be first into Leadville was the aim and ambition of hundreds of excited men, and to accomplish this human life was endangered and mule flesh recklessly sacrificed. Companies were organized, who put on six-horse stages from Denver, Cañon City and Colorado Springs, and ran three or four coaches together, yet private conveyances took even more than the stages, and hundreds walked, braving the midwinter horrors of Mosquito Pass.

Meanwhile an almost continuous procession of mule and ox trains were striving to haul across that frightful hundred miles of mountains the food, machinery and furniture which the new settlement so sorely needed, and which it seemed so impossible to supply. Ten cents and more a pound was charged for freight, and prices ranged correspondingly high, with an exorbitant profit added. Hay, for example, reached $200 per ton.

Nor were all who came rough or even hardy characters. There were among them men of wealth and brains, young graduates of colleges eager for a business opening, engineers and surveyors, lawyers, doctors, and a thousand soft-handed triflers who hoped to make a living in some undefined way out of the general excitement. Many of these gentlemen went to stay and took their wives, or, more usually, waited until they had prepared some sort of a home, and then sent for them. What stories some of these ladies tell of their stage-journey through those wintry mountains! How many wagons, heavily loaded with freight, did they see overturned by the roadside! How many dead mules and horses did they count! How many snow-banks did they fall through! how many precipices escape! how many upsettings avoid by the merest margin of consummate good driving! I knew of three ladies who for twenty-four hours were packed in a stage with a lot of drunken men, who could only be kept

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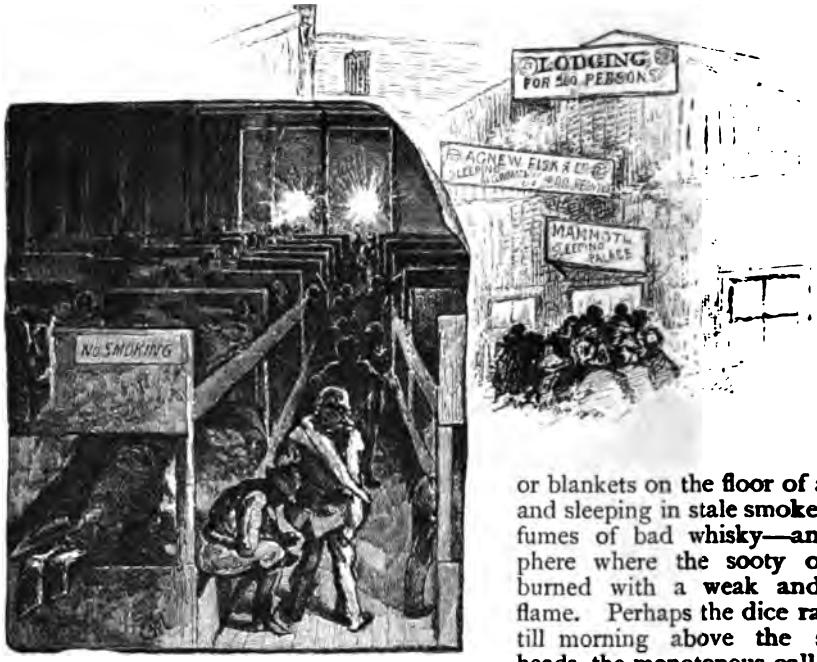

LEADVILLE LODGINGS.

within the bounds of decorum and safety by being sung to sleep. The driver was utterly powerless to control them, and had as much as he could do to steer his six horses over that icy road. The crazy men said, "Sing to us, we like it, and if you don't we'll dump you into the snow!" and sing they did, all night long. Whether this incident be considered laughable or pathetic, it is literally true. In the summer the stage passenger was not frozen, but was choked to slow death by impenetrable clouds of dust, and in the seasons between he was engulfed in mud. Verily that hundred miles of staging at fifteen cents a mile, with only thirty pounds of baggage allowed free, is the Purgatory of Leadville, and helps wonderfully to make one contented with his reception.

With the beginning of 1879, the steady current that had flagged somewhat during the tempestuous last months of 1878, burst into a perfect freshet of travel. Log huts, board shanties, canvas tents, kennels dug into the side hill and roofed with earth and pine boughs, were filled to repletion with men and women, and still proved insufficient to shield the eager immigrants from the arctic air and pitiless storms of this plateau in the high Sierras. Men were glad to pay for the privilege of spreading their overcoats or blankets on the floor of a saloon and sleeping in stale smoke and the fumes of bad whisky—an atmosphere where the sooty oil-lamps burned with a weak and yellow flame. Perhaps the dice rattled on till morning above the sleepers' heads, the monotonous call-song of the dealers lulling them to an unquiet doze in the murky air, only to be awakened by the loud profanity of some brawler or sent cowering under the blankets to escape the too free pistol-balls that fly across the billiard-table. Even the sawdust floors of these reeking bar-rooms were not spacious enough to hold the two hundred persons a day who rushed into Leadville, and every dry-goods box upon the curbstone, every pile of hay-bales in the alley, became a bedroom for some belated traveler.

What wonder that men from the lowlands, sleeping in such places, and then going, half-protected, out into the chilling wind that swept over miles of snow-fields, should die of rheumatism and pneumonia? The sickness which swept through the camp and ended in lonely death so many bright dreams of wealth, was invited by dissipation and exposure: one who observes the ordinary precepts of hygiene will suffer no more ill-health in Leadville than in any other inclement corner of the world. It was at this trying time that Sisters of Charity came to the camp, and began their merciful work. To-day, St. Vincent's Hospital, with room for a hundred patients, is a monument to their devotion.

But the era of saloon-floors and empty barrels did not last long. Great tents, one

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UP-HILL WORK.

of which had done duty at the Centennial Exhibition, were pitched along the side streets, and upon every other house could be read the legend, "Furnished Room to Let." Enterprising men built huge hotels and opened restaurants, strangers joined in twos and threes, cut logs and planted cabins as thickly as corn. Several mattress factories sprang up, and blankets were among the first things imported.

One of these plans to meet the demand for a resting-place at night deserves particular mention. Among the first in Leadville there happened to be a merchant who once handled a wholesale business of three millions a year as a grocer in New York City. Failing there, he came to Leadville penniless. But his sagacity seized upon this opportunity, and getting together sufficient funds, he built a vast shed of slabs and filled it with rows of bunks, two tiers high, capable of accommodating 500 sleepers nightly. His mattresses were thick and soft, his sheets clean, his coverings warm, the place well ventilated through the thousand cracks that gaped between the unseasoned boards. The proprietor was a man of large size and severe mien. He furnished a bed for fifty cents, and posted his rules: No talking or laughing, or singing, or drinking. If a man cared to sleep himself and let others sleep,

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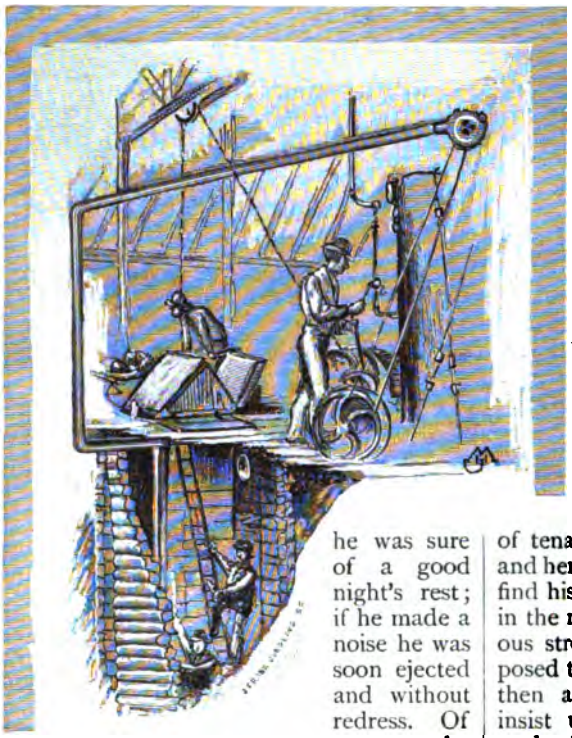

THE SHAFT HOUSE.

he was sure of a good night's rest; if he made a noise he was soon ejected and without redress. Of course the Mammoth Sleeping Palace made money, as it deserved to.

All this excitement and influx of masses of men and the consequent irregular squatting anywhere upon unoccupied ground, began at once to produce discord and a fever of speculation in real estate. A certain corporation claimed to own the whole town-site under a patent from the government, and tried to exact payment from every tenant; but the illegality of this was asserted, and pending decision, everybody not only laughed at the company but proceeded to buy and sell original squatter-claims as though no better title was ever in existence—a supposition probably true at that time. Town-lots rose from nothing to fabulous prices in a day, and fortunes were made and opportunities neglected accordingly.

Next came a period of "jumping," that is, getting forcible or fraudulent possession of property. Men would call with a paper having a legal appearance and politely inform some man occupying the cabin they coveted that they had bought the property from the owner.

"You know, pard," they would remark, affably, "that you just settled down here 'cause it was convenient like, and nobody said nothing about it; but now the owner thinks he orter have some good from his property, and we've bought it. We don't want to be onpleasant, but it looks like you'd have to vamoose."

"That's all right,—no offense," the shaggy-headed cottager would reply, quietly; "but I reckon ef the owner or anybody else wants this yere cabin they've got to take it, and they've got to hold over me, and get up right 'arly in the mornin', too," and he lays a loving hand upon the hilt of his six-shooter, while the would-be jumpers anathematize their way out of the door.

There were, however, clear cases of tenancy of land where no title was held, and here the occupant, if unruly, was likely to find his cabin timbers falling about his ears in the middle of the night, under the vigorous stroke of a band of citizens who proposed to see the real owner put in possession then and there. Heedless fellows would insist upon putting their trading shanties or dwelling-houses anywhere in the streets and alleys set apart for public use, and then down would come a squad of police, hitch a span of horses to the underpinning and raze the obstruction in ten minutes. Hard words were a matter of course in all these little public and private transactions in real estate, and every day or two a man was shot or beaten half to death; but public opinion and the numerous witnesses quickly and loudly decided the right of the case, and the coroner's jury was very likely to formulate the popular verdict. Truth to say, the *vox populi* in these cases was usually about right. Outside of a case of robbery by "bunko thieves," if a man gets shot in Leadville, it is safe to conclude that he has got his deserts.

Speculation in town-lots did not last very long, however, and now real estate is down to a pretty solid basis of value. The probability is that the future will see a decline in prices, as a whole, rather than an enhancing of the value of real estate within the corporate limits, as no doubt Leadville has seen her highest tide-mark of population.

The basis, of course, of all this headlong rush of immigration, this fever of business and speculation, was the startling richness of the mines. Every day chronicled some

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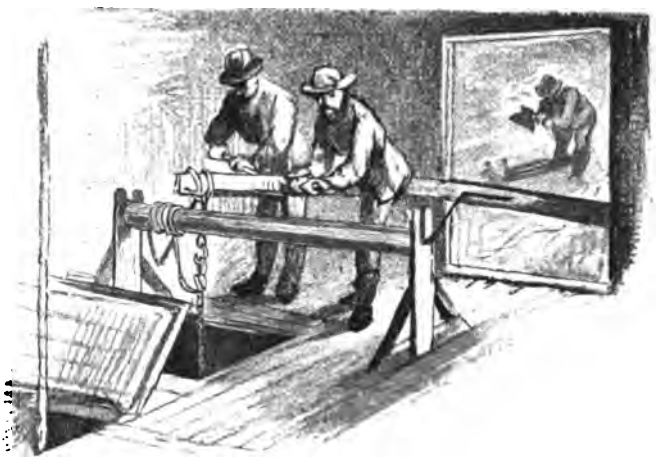
new accession of wealth, some additional tapping of the silver deposits which were firmly believed to underlie every square foot of the region. It seemed all a matter of luck, too, and skilled prospecting found itself at fault. The spots old miners had passed by as worthless, "tenderfeet" from Ohio dug down upon, and showed to be rich in "mineral." One of the first mines opened — the Camp Bird—was discovered by the Gallagher brothers, two ignorant and utterly poor Irishmen, of whom amusing stories are current. Another early piece of good fortune was that of Fryer, from whom Fryer Hill, one of the most productive districts, derives its name. He lived in a squatty little cabin on the side-hill, where the dirt floor had become as hilly as a model of the main range, and the rough stone fire-place in the corner was hardly fit to fry a rasher of bacon; but one day he dug a hole up near the top of the hill, hiding himself among the secret pines, saying nothing to anybody, and a few yards below the surface struck a mine which has already yielded a million of dollars without being urged. Now Fryer's cabin is loaned to two men trying for the same prize, while the old owner spends most of his time at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Innumerable incidents might be related of the patience and expense and hardship which resulted in failure; of the equal pluck and endurance that brought success; of happy chance or perfect accident divulging a fortune at the most unexpected point. The miners have a proverb, "Nobody can see into the ground," and the gamblers an adage, "The only thing sure about luck is that it's bound to change!"



THE JIG DRILL.

One of the grimmest of these tales is that attached to the Dead Man claim, which is briefly as follows: It was winter. Scotty had died, and the boys, wanting to give him a right smart of a burial, hired a man for twenty dollars to dig a grave through ten feet of snow and six feet of hard ground. Meanwhile, Scotty was stuffed into a snow-bank. Nothing was heard of the grave-digger for three days, and the boys, going out to see what had happened to him, found him in a hole which, begun as a grave, proved to be a sixty-ounce mine. The *quasi* sexton refused to yield, and was not hard pushed, for Scotty was forgotten and staid in the snow-bank till the April sun searched him out, the boys meanwhile sinking prospect-holes in his intended cemetery.

One mine had its shaft down 135 feet and the indications of success were good. Some capitalists proposed to purchase an interest in it, and a half of the mine was offered them for $10,000, if taken before five o'clock. At half-past four, rich silver ore was struck, and when at half past five the tardy men of money came leisurely up and signified their consent to the bargain,

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SHAFT.

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ATHWART AN INCLINE.

the manager pointed at the clock, and quietly remarked:

"The price of a half interest in this mine now, gentlemen, is sixty thousand dollars."

Prospectors went everywhere seeking for carbonates, radiating from this center up all the gulches, and over the foot-hills, delving almost anywhere at a venture. One day, at a hitherto unheard-of point, wealth comes up by the bucketful out of the deep narrow hole, that has been pierced so unostentatiously. Instantly the transformation begins, and the lately green hill-side, refreshing to the townsman's eye, becomes forlorn in its ragged exposure of rock and soil where the forest has been swept away, while trial-mines grow as thickly upon its surface as pits on the rind of a strawberry. All these young mines, good or bad, look much alike, and are equally inaccessible and unkempt. There are no roads, hardly any wagon-tracks and few paths. Every man goes across-lots, the shortest way, pushing through the remnant of the woods, clambering over the prostrate trunks and discarded tree-tops, whose straight trunks have been felled and dragged away to the saw-mill, or chopped into six-foot lengths for posts and logging. Teams must go around, but life is too short for the man afoot to follow them; holding his painful breath, he scales straight up the steep and slippery ascent.

THE PROFESSOR IN SUSPENSE.

But it is time to say something of the processes of getting out the ores, and perhaps the best way is at once to attack the geological structure of the region.

Leadville appears to lie upon the eastern edge of the lava area of the state. The last of the trachyte peaks are at the head of Mosquito Pass. Underneath the camp, and on all the hills where her riches are stored, the soil is found to be a porphyritic overflow overlying a highly silicified dolomite, that goes by the common name of "limestone." Between these two formations (*i. e.*, under the porphyry and above the dolomite) are found the mineral beds. Various theories have been broached as to the reason for their position, so novel in the experience of silver mining, and some of the explanations

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are a burlesque of geology, though uttered in dead earnest. Those who are best qualified to decide, although confessing limited observation, suggest what seems to me the simplest theory and the one nearest the truth. The mineral constituents of the ores are carbonate of lead in large quantity, silica, oxides of iron and manganese, and the precious chloride of silver. Sometimes the lead occurs as a sulphide, and there are some other insignificant components. Now, it is possible that the original constituent parts

A GOOD INDICATION.

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of all these minerals should be contained in a porphyritic eruption. Deposits of galena and some other minerals are now occasionally found buried in the porphyry, or occupying slender fissure-veins through it. Moreover, all these minerals are capable of solution in water charged with carbonic acid, which, of course, was present in abundance, and the suggestion is that they have leached downward through the porphyry until they struck the limestone floor, which became in time so highly silicified, as to admit no further penetration of water, whereupon the valuable deposits that we are now prying out gradually accumulated. It is considered probable that as exploration proceeds true fissure-veins will be found extending down into the dolomite, formed at the same time that these carbonate beds were laid down. The silicified surface of the lime, and the semi-saturated line of the porphyry, next the carbonate, are known as the "contacts"; and when the miners strike this, they have good cause to be hopeful of near success. The presence of great beds of kaolin (hydrated silicate of alumina), derived from the thorough decomposition of porphyry or granite, or both together, and the presence of hydrate of magnesia, with beds of semi-opal (always an aqueous production), argue in favor of the truth of this explanation.

The general fact of this position of the ores being understood, and the supposition

"WHEN DROUTHY NEEBORS MEET."

being generally credited also, that the whole region is underlaid with precious carbonates (although this is by no means established), the object is to find where this bed can be tapped from the surface; and he is the luckiest fellow who strikes it at the least distance down. Certain indications on the surface are relied on to some extent, but these never can be trusted, and the early comers sinking anywhere, without skill or knowledge, were quite as likely to win as the shrewdest old-timer.

He who goes searching for a mine is known as a "prospector,"—a character whom it is quite unnecessary for me to draw again, so well is he known to all readers. In some regions a prospector may go off alone and discover mines with no one to claim a share of his good fortune; and the bones of many such a one are sinking into a slow grave under the kindly shed needles of Sierra pines. In this district, however, where deep pits must be driven before anything can be ascertained, the prospector needs a companion. Two, or sometimes more, will therefore start out together, carrying tools and provisions upon their backs, or strapped upon a pack-mule or two or three Mexican donkeys. "Me and my pardner" always takes the place of the simple *Ego* in the mountaineer's narrative of success or misadventure. Sometimes the two are strangely assorted. I have known prospectors to start away together and travel for days before asking each other's names; in one case, they discovered themselves to be brothers,—strawberry mark and all! Frequently they quarrel and fight. Duels over rival mining interests used to be common. But as a rule, the prospectors get on fairly well together, and deal square by one another; the swift and speedy retribution of bad faith being ever before their minds. Usually they are able to provide themselves at least with the meager necessities of life, while they search; but it has grown to be a custom for merchants to hire impecunious persons to go prospecting for them, furnishing tools, arms, blankets and rations for a given time. This advance is termed a "grub-stake," in return for which the capitalist receives an interest in whatever may be discovered. Three hundred dollars provides a good grub-stake.

Let me suppose that our prospectors have been more than ordinarily successful; that they have dug not more than a hundred feet, have curbed their shaft securely with timber, have struck the greenish-white porphyry, and finally have met with the longed-for "contact," which separates the

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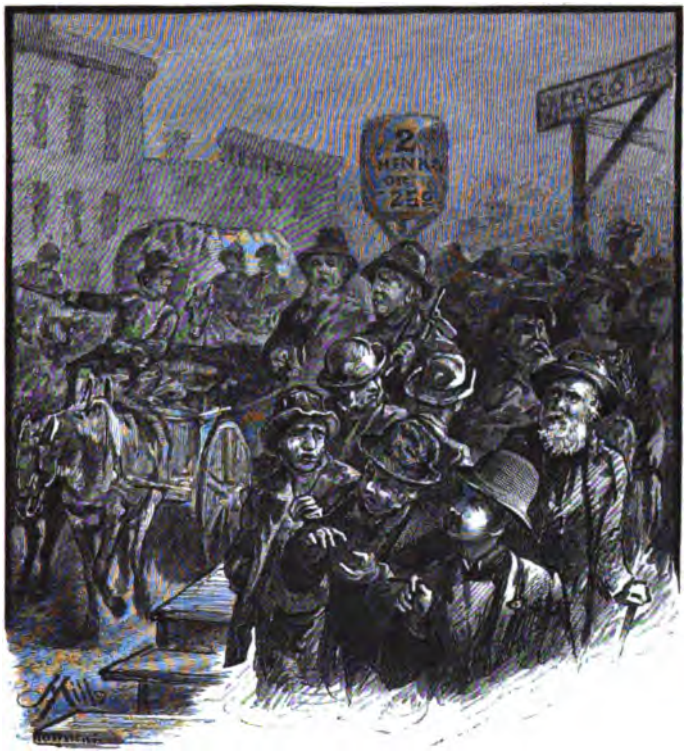
mineral bearing rock from the barren gangue. They have been little troubled by water, and they have done all their work with the help of one Irishman, and the ordinary windlass. There being every indication that wealth is just beneath their picks, they erect over the shaft a frame-work of heavy timbers, called a "gallows," and hang in it a large pulley. A little at one side, close to the ground, is fixed a second pulley. Under this, and over the upper one is reeved the bucket-rope, and a mule is hired to walk away with it, when the bucket is to be drawn up, creeping back when the bucket goes down. This is a "whip." The next advance in machinery is the "whim," which consists of the same arrangement of gallows and pulleys as before; but instead of a mule walking straight out and back, the mule travels round and round a huge revolving drum, that carries the hoisting-rope. If you care to go down one of these shafts you may stand in the bucket, or you may unhook it, and, placing your foot in a noose, be lowered away in the bucket's place. If your head is strong there is no great danger.

When the miner really "strikes it," and the brown, crumbling, ill-looking ore begins to fill the bucket to the exclusion of all else, assaying fifty or a hundred or four hundred ounces to the ton, a house is built over the shaft, and a steam-engine supersedes the patient mule.



A SIDEWALK STUDY.

The depth at which a mine may be found (if at all) can hardly even be guessed at. Paying "mineral" has been met with from the surface to more than 350 feet in depth. Usually the shafts are over a hundred feet deep.

The deposit having been tapped, digging out the ore begins. This is done by means of horizontal passage-ways or tunnels, known as "drifts," which are driven into the rock from the bottom of the shaft.

Before the prospector began work he had "staked out a claim" by putting up a conspicuous notice of the fact, usually penciled on the denuded trunk of a tree, where the sap flows over and glazes the writing safely

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from erasure by the weather. He claims a tract 1,500 feet long by 300 feet wide, as allowed by law. Having been encouraged enough by his investigation to make him desire to keep the property permanently, he procures a survey of it, by which all the boundaries are accurately located and recorded. If these encroach upon the surveyed boundaries of any other previous claims it makes no difference, provided the pay-streak has not yet been found there; and if our friend discovers silver before it is struck on contiguous property, he has a right to the whole of his original claim, even though its lines inclose all the unsuccessful diggings of his neighbor. This is called "surveying in." On the other hand, if you survey a claim over upon the claim of another man who has already found the object of his search, you have no right to go beyond his lines of possession, which extend vertically from nadir to zenith. For being surveyed in, when there is no question of being outspeeded in the race for the silver, there is no redress, even for the work already expended; but a generous man will usually make a pretense of buying out his unlucky neighbor by paying an estimated value of work already performed, since it may prove useful to him in future. Submission is not always so easily bought, however. In the case of two well-known mines now united in a great "consolidation," the one was made productive first, because the owner, who derived his impetus from a knowledge of the good indications seen in his neighbor's shaft, was able to put at work a far larger number of laborers than his neighbor's means could employ. The result was that he got ahead and struck the ore before the first mine reached it. Then, taking advantage of the rule, he surveyed the older diggings in, and had legal possession of the whole. The defeated man knew his strait but refused to abide patiently the hard fate that lost to him all past labor and forestalled all hope in the future; he went to his successful neighbor, and expostulated in a few forcible words, which secured him and his partners a large share in the good luck to which he claimed to have equally contributed. He put before his rival the alternative of yielding a part of the mine or being shot dead on the spot; and reading the desperate face of his contestant at a glance, the rich man chose life and divided wealth to monopoly and a coffin.

It is because of such uncertain factors in the calculation as this; because you cannot see before you start, and even if you reach contact or even carbonate are not sure that it will be profitable, that this whole method of mining is one vast game of chance, little less uncertain than the keno and draw-poker which flourish under its influence and prosperity. Mining in Leadville, until long expenditure and patience have insured success in the well-developed mine, is simply feverish gambling, and there is little difference between the atmosphere of the hotel office and street corner, and that of the faro banks. No wonder the latter flourish. Naturally these regulations have led to endless complications and litigations, actual and impending upon every side. The law of the state, when it was formulated, knew nothing of any geological aspect in mining like that presented here, and does not at all apply to the present conditions. The consequence is that a general sentiment and arrangement for mutual benefit, rather than any legislative enactment, have decided upon the regulations outlined above.

To resume the consideration of the mine itself, independent of its neighbors and their jealousies, it may be said, to begin with, that it is ordinarily dry and comfortable to get about in, and the white walls of the porphyry, through which many of the drifts pass, reflect the light of your candle so fully that illumination is easy and complete.

The getting up and down is the disagreeable part of the business. The bucket and rope is a muddy and dangerous way compared to the ladders. It is not long ago that a very well-known Eastern professor of the art of scientific mining, who loves a joke too well himself not to appreciate the fun of the situation, started down a shaft, disappearing in the black hole with the utmost composure. In a moment, however, frantic shouts were heard by those above and the engine was quickly stopped.

"I'm hung up by my coat-tail on a nail," called the professor faintly, from about a hundred feet below. "Hoist the bucket and scrape me off again."

It was done, and the famous expert has another adventure to relate which is far more comical to listen to than to experience 'twixt the top and bottom of a mining-shaft!

In the largest mines there is a partition from top to bottom of the shafts, insuring excellent ventilation, and leaving a small space for a ladder-way; there the descent is as easy as that to Avernus. But when it comes to the ascent—well, one is almost willing to stay down forever. All

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exertion at ten thousand feet of altitude is fatiguing; to climb a perpendicular ladder anywhere is a breath-wasting operation, put the two together, and you have as fine a set of conditions to make you dissatisfied with the disgusting lack of proportion between your weight and your lung-power as you can well find.

AS COMFORTABLE AS CIRCUMSTANCES WILL ADMIT.

I remember a little excursion down into one of the finest and most famous of the Leadville mines. There were seven in the party, four of them judges on the supreme bench. It is unnecessary to be more explicit as to ponderosity of body and intellect. We went down the ladders, each one insisting upon the other's precedence with the greatest politeness. Finally all were huddled at the bottom in a little group, ready to follow our conductor's lead. It was a fine-looking lot of judicial and literary men—red canvas coats, too short, hats slouched over the eyes, trowsers rolled up over muddy boots, and wet hands spattered with tallow drippings. Then we ducked our crowns and plunged into a subterranean labyrinth where the ermine became a weasel. On either side stood rows of posts six feet high and twelve inches in diameter, holding equally strong lintels overhead. Behind these posts a tier of poles kept back any tendency toward caving in on the part of the sides of the drift, and the roof was similarly supported. This wall or fence of poles is called the "lagging," and it is put in as fast as the drift proceeds.

At the end of each drift men were work-

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ing with picks tearing down the ore as they would cut into a clay-bank, while others shoveled it into the little car that pretty soon rattled away to the mouth of the shaft and delivered up its contents to be lifted into its first sight of the outside world since Azoic days. This working end of the drift is known as the "breasts." There are no noxious gases in any of these mines. The ventilation is perfect. Candles are used, therefore, instead of covered lamps, and the needs of the case have developed a charmingly picturesque candlestick of bent wires, which may be stuck into a vertical wall, or hung over a projection, and which is another illustration of the elegance of shape resulting from the perfection of use. Another favorite way of supporting the tallow torch is by wrapping round its base a splatch of wet clay, which only needs to be slapped against a piece of timber or any firm substance to hold the candle where you will. The breast is dug out as high and as broad as will admit of advancing the regular timbers, which are planted every four feet as fast as room is made.

Next we went down an "incline," that is, a drift downward from the general level in following the ore-bed, and found some men stoping. "Stoping" is digging out ore from beside the drift. It may be above, or below, or on either side. To stope from beneath is considered bad policy, since then the mineral must be drawn up; whereas in stoping from above it may be tumbled down, and thus trouble and expense be saved. Now we saw the reason for having posts so enormous. Here were three stories of timbering, one above another, with more in preparation; and the chambers were wide and long, yet the whole roof of the mine was supported by a trestle-work of logs which, never dove-tailed or locked, were so braced together by setting square against the shoulders of two or three other beams that every one braced all the rest.

"These timbers will last twenty years," said the superintendent, "or as long as we care to use them; for you see when we have run a drift to the limits of the mine, and begin to stope, we clean out all the mineral as we move this way, and stuff in behind us all the loose material and waste, leaving the timbers to be buried in the heap. After a while, of course, those timbers will rot and the roof will gradually cave in, but as we have no more use for that part of the mine, and no occasion to go there, we don't care. Meanwhile we don't open new drifts too fast, and so our timbering need be done only once, except in some of the main avenues and shafts."

We had been following him about, walking by faith rather than by sight, poking our candles into dark nooks, picking off bits of glistening earth here and there, climbing up among the shadowy net-work of timbers in some stoping-place, and stepping cautiously over some chasm which might not be very deep, but seemed a crack down into Tartarus, when all at once we found ourselves back where we started from. We knew the spot by an old powder canister which a noble judge had sat down to rest upon, and the circular imprint of which he had carried about with him ever since, like the label on a spool of thread.

"Now, Judge," resumed the superintendent, addressing the honorable representative from Boston, who was snuffing his candle between his judicial thumb and finger. "Now, Judge, we have just walked round one of my pillars, and I propose to leave it standing there as a firm support for the roof until I have worked back to it. The whole mine is to be crossed by drifts about a hundred feet apart, running at right angles just as a city is laid out into streets, and the blocks of houses are represented by my pillars of ore."

"I *sabe*."

The Judge dropped into slang as Silas Wegg descended to poetry,—purely in a friendly way. Somewhat startled, but assured of his hearer's full comprehension, the superintendent went on to say that, knowing the height, length, and breadth of these great square blocks of ore left in the heart of the mine, and knowing how many ounces that ore would average to the ton, it was an easy matter to calculate just how much the whole was worth in dollars and cents.

"This rock, now," he continued, holding his candle-flame close to a crumbling piece which he plucked from the wall," this burnt-brown stuff, that feels so heavy and looks so brick-like and utterly worthless, is particularly good; it contains 600 ounces of silver in every ton, and one-fourth of the residue is lead. Suppose there are a hundred thousand tons in this pillar we have just been round, and suppose there are a score of such pillars in this very mine, don't you see some excuse for our enthusiasm? I tell you, gentlemen" (puffing his pipe alight between the words), "there's millions in it!"

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"Very true,—but—forgive me, General,—but isn't it a fact that occasionally the ore is not true to its appearance all the way through? Doesn't the bed grow thin sometimes—pinch, peter out, you know? Or isn't there sometimes found in the center a great mass of unproductive rock, vulgarly known as a 'horse'?"

"Yes," assented the superintendent, a little less enthusiastically; "yes, I know of a case in this very camp where a shaft was sunk a good distance and a drift was carried straight away through the hardest of iron for sixty-five feet. It was a work of extraordinary labor and discouragement. Finally, the manager was advised to turn and drift at right angles to his present course. This new experiment had hardly begun when the richest soft-carbonate ore was struck in large quantities—an ore assaying over a thousand ounces of silver to the ton, but entirely destitute of lead. It was followed semicircularly, always curving until the new drift brought up square against the iron only two feet from the wall of the original drift, and less than five feet from the bottom of the shaft! By a chance error of three feet the shaft had been sunk directly upon a 'horse' or island of iron, inclosed in the carbonate-bed, and the first drift had the bad luck to be directed straight along its axis. It is of course possible, but not probable, that one or more of these pillars may be almost wholly occupied by a great barren bowlder."

As the ores are brought to the surface they are scanned by an experienced person, and the best pieces thrown in a heap by themselves, while the ordinary ore is cast upon the "dump" or pile which accumulates at the mouth of the mine, and makes a little ruddy terrace on the green or snowy hillside. From this dump wagons haul the ore away to be sold, the best part often being put in hundred-pound sacks, about as large as quarter-barrel flour-bags, before being sold. Very rich ore is likely to be bought by regular purchasers, who forward to smelting-works at Pueblo, St. Louis, Omaha and Eastern cities. I think none of these ores have been sent to Wales. The inferior grades are sold by the ton to some one of the dozen smelters here in town, the price being governed by the market quotations of silver in New York on the day of the sale, less several deductions amounting in all to about 25 per centum, as the reducer's margin for profit, and plus three to five cents per pound for all the lead above 21 per centum which the ore carries. Silver and gold are estimated in ounces; lead and copper in percentages; but allowance is not made for both of the latter metals in the same ore. The ore is hauled to the smelting works by four or six-mule teams, for the most part, the driver not sitting on the wagon, but riding the nigh wheeler, guiding his team by a single very strong rein which goes to the bits of the leaders, and handling the brake by another strap. He is in the position of a steersman in the middle of his craft, and his "bridge" is the saddle. Every load is sent upon the scales, recorded, and then shoveled into its proper bin. A thin-faced, dusty-haired youth leaned half asleep against a shady corner at one of these mills, recording the tons and fractions of a ton in each load as he lazily adjusted the balance. His air was of one so utterly listless and bored that I was moved to remark cheerily as I went by:

"You haven't chosen the most exciting part of this business."

"No," he answered dryly, while an indescribable twinkle came into his carbonated countenance. "No, but I'm trying to do my duty. You know the poet says, 'They also serve who only stand and weigh it.'"

That fellow had a history, but I haven't time to tell it. Leadville is full of such characters, and it only needs to put one's self *en rapport* with their happy-go-lucky good humor and stoicism under all sorts of fortune to find these miners, at heart, the best fellows in the world. They have a high regard for a gentleman, but a hatred of a swell; no objection to good clothes, but a horror of "frills"; a high respect for genuine virtue, but boundless hatred of cant; an admiration for nerve amounting to worship, but a contempt of braggadocio that often results in an impulsive puncturing of both the braggart and his boasts. A "tenderfoot," that is, a new arrival from the East, green in the ways of mountain life, they consider fair game for tricks and chaff. Usually they attempt to frighten him, and his behavior at such initiatory moments determines, to a large extent, his future standing in the camp.

But this is a digression from the subject in hand, which is the reduction of the ores. The smelters cannot be allowed to cool off, and so are run the twenty-four hours through. One evening we make up a party and visit the great works of J. B. Grant & Co. Its chimney-stacks pour noxious smoke over a

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nest of cabins down on the bank of the creek, and guide us, by scent as well as sight, through the muddy streets and across the vacant lots. The broad upper floor is divided along one side into a series of bins, opening outwardly into a shed, under which the teams drive that bring the ore. Each owner's lot is put into a bin and kept separate until sampled and paid for. This sampling is a process akin to homeopathy. Supposing one hundred tons are to be sold at the smelter. Every tenth ton, as fast as delivered, is set aside to be sampled. This ten tons is then subdivided,—perhaps by being carried from one part of the floor to the other in wheelbarrows,—every tenth load being set aside. The single ton thus remaining contains many large, hard lumps. These are roughly screened out and put through a crusher, which chews them into fragments no larger than walnuts. The heap of a ton of broken material thus formed is now separated in a very ingenious way, by catching a few lumps of the ore from each shovelful in a "scoop," which a man holds above the wheelbarrow wherein the main portion is carted back to the original pile in the bin. The saved portion, which has happened to fall into the scoop, constitutes a new sample, to be further reduced, by successive crushings and screenings, until finally there remains only a pound of earth as the perfect representation of the average quality of the 500 tons of rocky ore offered from the mine. This pound is then ground to powder on the bucking-board, and a tenth or twentieth is taken for the scientific fire-test, or "assay," which shall determine its value. All these processes go on at night as well as by day.

MOSQUITO PASS FROM CAPITOL HILL.

The red-brown ores lay in little heaps about the floor when we entered, divided from one another by low partitions. Men with spidery wheelbarrows were cruising about, dumping a pile of precious earth here, shoveling up another there, with seemingly aimless purposes, and the bins were only like so many openings to a mine, so deep were the shadows hiding their recesses. Across the room, lanterns showed four great circular chambers of iron, from whose depths hoarse rumblings drowned in a deep, steady bass the energetic crunch-crunch of

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the insatiate ore-chewers. Wide door-ways admitted into these dungeons, where surging volumes of murky vapors were confined, and through their hot portals red-shirted men hurled the raw material that should be digested, and the worthy part of which should issue from the furnaces below in a bright and costly stream: first a barrow-load of carbonate ore, next one of charcoal, then a third of iron and limestone-flux.

Day after day, night after night, these monsters are fed with this diet, varied in proportions according to the richness and metallurgical qualities of the ore that is being smelted. It requires very good judgment to determine just how much foreign material and lime is needed to produce the best results with the constantly varying ores. When, as happened the other day at a new smelter, the slag yields 150 ounces of silver to the ton, the conclusion is that the substances which, in melting, are necessary to produce a certain chemical combination and set free the valuable metals from their base companionship, have not been put in in proper proportion. Unless this is done, the smelting, of course, is not profitable. Luck may find the silver ore but science must extract the bullion. Most profit accrues to the smelter when the ore produces from 75 to 200 ounces of silver, and contains a goodly proportion of iron and lead.

Leaving the dungeons, we pick our way down the slope of a small mountain of ore, and enter below, where the engine and boilers throb, and the openings at the bottom of the furnaces give exit to the silver and the slag we saw shoveled in above as ore. And what an exit! The low roof shuts down close and dark upon the huge black cylinder of iron and bricks that holds in its heart the molten metal. There are pipes and valves, and draft-ways, and beams and braces, but they show indistinct in the gloom, and are nothing beside that great central mass, begrimed with soot and the dust of arsenic and oxides of lead. Watch that workman. He lifts a lance and stepping near the base of the furnace, where a single spark directs his aim, gives two or three quick thrusts. How mighty an effect the simple act evokes! The gloomy and ghost-haunted chamber becomes a home of fire; the grim furnace breathes out gaseous flames of blue and green, with tongues of light which hover playfully over a cataract of melted red metal bubbling, spouting, plunging out of that Plutonic throat and

BURNING WOODS.

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falling in hissing streams into the iron bowl waiting to catch its hot flood. The little lady who is with us, seeing the sparks fly, draws timidly outside the door-way, and none too soon, for without warning the whole place becomes volcanic. No longer a steady stream of artificial lava rolls down the iron channel, but the liquid metal bursts its bounds and becomes a fountain. The furnace is hidden in lurid gases out of which spring volley upon volley of burning fragments that scatter showers of fire over the whole foreground.

The slag-pot is a conical vessel, with a rounded apex, poised, base uppermost, on four little legs; when it is full, an iron frame-work of a cart runs up, seizes it on opposite sides as though with two hands, and wheels it, glowing and fuming, out where a mole of slag is pushing itself over into the white gravel of the gulch, and where it is deposited red and crackling among heaps of like cones, some fading into the ashy hues of spent heat, some black and shining like inverted crucibles of polished iron. It was an uncanny vision: the huge rough outlines of the rough mill, with its high chimneys and beacons of flame and smoke; the blaze within, the wan moonlight outside, and the sinewy men with skeleton carts leaping about in the glare of the spouting slag, handling shapely burdens of fiery refuse.

While the worthless slag is doing so much sputtering and making so lively a show of itself, the silver and lead have quietly sunk to the bottom as fast as the heat liberated them from the mass of the boiling ore, and now come oozing up from a small exit far below the slag-spout, into a well at the side of the furnace. As fast as needful, this liquid "bullion" is ladled out and poured into iron moulds, where it remains until it cools into solid "pigs" or bars of lead weighing about fifty pounds each, and carrying about two per cent. of silver. These pigs, when cool, are stamped with the smelter's name and the number of the car-load to which they will belong. Then from each one is cut a fragment, and these pieces—when the whole "run" of the furnace has been made—are collected and re-cast and assayed to determine the value and selling-price of the bullion.

From October, 1878, to June, 1879, the Grant Works sold 621,000 ounces of silver at an average rate of $1.10 an ounce, making $683,000 of value. Up to the same date, Eddy & James, the largest buyers of ore, forwarded eastward $1,288,000 worth of silver. Another large establishment, both shippers and smelters, claim to have handled $5,000,000 worth of precious metals. There are at present about fifteen ore purchasers and reducers, and, not to go further into exact figures, I judge the total product of the camp in silver and lead already converted into cash to be about $20,000,000. This takes no account of the ore now lying above ground ready to be worked, and the sum can hardly be taken as of more value than a thoughtful guess, but it is probable that it is under, rather than over, the truth. The time has not yet come when accurate statistics can be collected. In two or three years the task will be a more grateful, if no less difficult, one.

From what I have described, it appears that one of the most important men in the camp is the assayer. At the office of each reduction works and of each buyer of ores is employed an assayer, upon whose report of intrinsic value the ore is bought. In addition to these there are many private assayers to whom owners take an equal portion of the sample assayed by the purchaser, in order to check his determinations, and to whom the prospectors submit the rocks they hope to be of value in their desire to know whether the deposit represented is rich enough to make a mine of. The assayer is very likely to be found in some little log shanty, and in his overalls and rough shirt does not exhibit himself as the graduate of Freiburg or the pet of the Columbia School of Mines, which, likely enough, a later acquaintance discovers him to be. But the grimy worker and his rude laboratory become the center of the miner's hopes, and he hangs over the process in silent expectancy while the mysterious investigation goes on, or comes at the end of the day to learn the result, with an expression on his face blended of the flush of lively hope and the habitual stoicism of the silver-seeker. In one corner of the cabin stands the assayer's small, square brick furnace and his kegs of charcoal. Against the wall are fastened the shelves that hold his few tools, his bottles of acid and his knickknacks. Upon a heavy post, converted into a table for the sake of its solidity, rest his bucking-board and muller, and a similar post gives firm foundation for his diminutive anvil, while close at hand hang the various sieves, samplers, tongs, and so forth, which his business calls for. Very likely only a calico curtain divides his furnace from his bed; but if it

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happens that he lives elsewhere, then the cleanest corner of the office will be devoted to a writing-table and a few books of metallurgy and chemistry, between the severe bindings of which Bret Harte or Thackeray will very likely have found a snug resting-place.

Leadville is situated upon a slope, the inclination of which is diagonally across her squares. The result is that no street is wholly level; yet, except upon the sides of the outlying hills, where the mines are, the grade is nowhere steep. There are few fences and everybody goes 'cross-lots, making the best of the grade. Before the town was built, shaft-holes had been sunk in many places on its site, but unsuccessfully. These are now used in some cases as wells and stand right in the street with rude little sheds over them like shrines. There are no sidewalks except along the business streets, and as these were built by each owner to suit the level of his own door, the result is a very uneven line, making a step or two up or down necessary every few yards. The business buildings thus far are almost without exception of wood, and many of them are made of logs and canvas. It is astonishing how good a house can be made of a big tent. A floor is laid, scantling is set up to make a frame-work more enduring than rope-guys, and over this is stretched a tent. In place of the flaps in front, a door-frame is tacked in and a piece of tin sewed into the roof gives safe exit to a stove-pipe. It rarely rains in Leadville,—snow takes the place of rain at ten thousand feet above the sea; and even such perishable materials as millinery and photographic apparatus are kept in large quantities and well displayed in an ordinary large army tent. Three-fourths of the lodging-houses and restaurants, the freight dépôts, small grocery stores and offices are under canvas, while a beer garden and a theater boast no better quarters. That which was intended to serve as a temporary make-shift at a time when everybody was racing to be first in his particular business, has proved so serviceable as to be retained permanently. But though the buildings are so small and rude,—mere sheds at best, for the most part,—the business done is immense. There are well-appointed shops in every variety of trade. Even manufactories of such articles as there is a large home-demand for, like bedding and rough furniture, are in successful operation. It is this business activity which keeps the constant stream of freight teams between here and Denver, Colorado Springs and Cañon City in motion, and which imparts to the town its populous air. Nor is this populous air a fictitious effect. Twenty thousand people are tributary to this center for their daily supplies, and ten thousand gather within the city's walls, so to speak, every night. It is three miles in a straight line across the solid part of the town up and down the gulch, and cabins are scattered irregularly all around the suburbs.

It is surprising, when one thinks how all this wide civilization has usurped the forest within two years, that so much order and regularity appears. At first, so that there was a roof over his head, and the chinks between the logs were filled with mortar, nobody cared. But this summer has seen a beginning of improvement. One great lack was decent water; so commissioners prospected up the gulch for a fountain, and to-day a complete system of mains, pipes and hydrants distributes the melted snows of Mosquito over the whole town, and well-equipped hose companies are ready to employ it against any conflagration. When the pipes were being laid, soft solder was scarce in the camp, and these reckless commissioners battened the joints with bullion. Is there another city in the world whose water-pipes are soldered with silver?

The streets in the center of the town were next carefully graded, and a regiment of men set at work hauling slag from the furnaces to make the best of macadamized pavements. A gas company proposes to illuminate the dark corners, and a street-railway to carry you about, while a telephone exchange is already organized with a hundred connections, and a corps of lively messengers; a glittering police force ornaments the young city, mounted newsboys carry the "Chronicle," "Eclipse" and "Reveille" morning and evening, to all outlying hamlets, and ragged youngsters beg the privilege of polishing your boots at every crossing. Leadville made up its mind one day to cease being a mining camp, and to become a city; lo! it is done.

One of the striking things about the community is the all-absorbing interest in the mines. You pass group after group of men on the sidewalks, or about their work; you sit at the hotel table and take tea in a lady's parlor; you meet persons of every grade and calling, and no matter what their position or occupation, their whole conversation

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is of mining. "Struck it"—"contact"—"carbonates"—"surveyed in"—"claims," and so on to weariness. The salutation is "How deep are you?" A man tries a new boarding-place and then leaves it because it doesn't "assay well"; forsakes a business because it did not "pan out enough;" expresses his admiration for a pretty girl by the remark, "She runs mighty high!" You hear such phrases over and over.

A barber shaving chins to-day at two bits apiece, becomes a millionaire to-morrow because part-owner in a mine, which has just "struck it rich." Not only your banker, but your baker and grocer, and the man who saws your wood, has some cash interest in the silver diggings; not little two-pence-ha'penny investments either, but solid wealth, although 90 per cent. of it may be purely prospective. He discounts his chances, though, and in his self-importance, fancies himself a capitalist already. Yet this imaginative opulence does not give him the arrogance which perhaps actual wealth would, and he is humble enough toward his neighbors in this camp, where no man long deems himself better than the next one, unless he is aching for a fight. Nevertheless, there are plenty of poor, unfortunate ones and some regular beggars. Men of money and wit have wasted both in carbonates for months past, perhaps forsaking good places in the East to try their luck here, and yet they see no

IN THE WOODS.

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returns. Take it all in all, he is luckiest who wholly escapes the fever and takes no risk.

Strolling about, one sees many curious things, but if his steps lead him to the cemetery he will be both amused and saddened. It stands close by the dusty road, and is guarded by no paling. The interments have been made closely side by side, as in a soldier's cemetery, and the rows are startlingly long and numerous. Two or three have head-stones of marble, but the rest are only marked by a piece of board, inscribed with pencil or lamp-black, and rarely telling more than the name. Three men were digging graves as I entered.

"We have to keep 'em dug ahead," one said; "no telling when there may be a rush on us."

Stampeding to death is consistent in Leadville. Just then an undertaker's wagon drove up to a hole in the gravel, and the sexton ran across the plat to meet it. I saw him help lift out a large pine box and lower it into the ground. The driver of the dead-wagon whipped his horses and rattled away. The sexton pulled up the ropes from the coffin, and leaving his assistant to shovel in the earth and stones, came back to be polite to me. Such was the only funeral I witnessed in the camp.

Some of the signs you see (and never a town had so many signs to the square rod!) are queerly made and spelled. "This House for Sale" is startlingly frequent and suggestive, especially if it is spelled "sail." "Board $7" is another common placard on log houses in the suburbs, and every tenth shanty in the whole camp is a "Laundry." Not a Chinaman is allowed to come into town. They nearly made an end to an unfortunate Mexican bull-whacker, not long ago, through suspicion that he was a Celestial in disguise; this was a sad mistake, for a "Greaser" is kin to an entirely opposite part of the universe. It is hinted that there is an opium-smoking den, however. Many of the chimneys are external, as in the Southern states, built up in the rudest way, and surmounted by a corn-cob pile of fagots or slabs, a headless barrel or an old powder canister. One large house has a fine tree growing through the roof. Men go galloping through the streets on horses and mules at the most reckless pace, with here and there some fellow astride a shaggy little burro, so small the rider can hardly keep his keels off the ground. It is out of the question to judge a man by the clothes he wears. Flannel shirts, shapeless sombreros, rough coats and trowsers of canvas, big boots and blue goggles are the rule in this fierce climate, where the year is made up of nine months winter and three months mighty late in the fall. Everybody is on the jump every minute at his work, and leaves you to yours with sublime indifference. You meet an unknown man on the road out of town and he will stare you in the face but never offer to say "good-morning." A general air of half unconscious suspicion pervades all intercourse; yet nowhere is it easier to get acquainted, or will more genuine surprises await the student of human nature. Men who have once been distinguished in position, or noted for refinement and wide information are so common and inconspicuous in democratic Leadville that King Cetywayo or the immortal Daniel Pratt would attract only momentary attention. It's a frightfully uncongenial atmosphere for vanity and self-importance.

One thing that ought not to be missed in Leadville is the placer-washing for gold. This is down the gulch, a mile or so from the post-office, and the gravels that are being worked over are the same that were tossed about by thousands of eager hands a score of years ago. There is a vast wilderness of bare pebbles and bowlders there from which long ago all the soil was denuded, and this desert is being broadened and its high banks slowly crumbled under chisels of water. The water is brought in eight-inch iron pipes from a height of nearly 200 feet, which furnishes an enormous "head." The nozzles are two and one-half inches wide and work in a universal joint, so that the tremendously powerful stream that bursts from them can be pointed in any direction. The water they project springs from each nozzle white as snow, in a solid beam, scattering fleecy clouds as it loses the solidity of its round stem, and dashes squarely against the vertical face of the gravel bank to be cut down. With what lovely confusion it flies upward and backward from this obstruction! Yet every drop does its work, and steadily the fierce and ceaseless flood carves out a cave from which flows a riotous cataract of water, mud, gravel and gold, to find its way into the sluice below, and pay toll for freedom in the great Arkansas, by leaving all its golden grains. It is a fascinating sight to watch the fearful power and effect of this concentrated beam of water, with no propulsive force behind it but its and none of the

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romance is destroyed in finding here and there the water cuts down into some cabin, a relic of Bough Town, that had become utterly buried.

After dinner, when work is over, we go up to a cottage we wot of, which commands a pleasant view, and, lighting our pipes, sit watching the night gradually put the shading into the picture. It is a great map of new, bare houses spread out before us, seemingly without arrangement or form. The steady drone of late planing-mills and the subdued, eager rasp of steam-saws begrudging the approach of darkness, tell how grows this magic town that is overrunning the plateau, exploring the gulches, and swarming up the flanks of the half-cleared foot-hills. It is a town without high buildings or towers, church-spires or foliage. In the clearness with which every detail is seen at a great distance, the houses look smaller than they really are. It is all rough and ragged, yet all the more picturesque. Here and there one sees striking exceptions to the general rule of squalid cabins. On Capitol Hill, the fashionable quarter of the camp, are several houses of imposing architecture, for they have more than four angles, have ornamental cornices, and are painted. There are a few even that have porches. As a rule, the later-built houses, having been put up in less haste, are an improvement, and two or three geniuses, to show what could be done in that line, have constructed the most charming of rustic residences by nailing slabs *en chevron* outside the logs, until their cottages look as toy-like as one of the arbors in Central Park. As to interiors, there are all the grades from a mud floor and rough-rock fire-place, with a bunk for a bedstead, to the elaborate structure with muslin ceiling and calico walls,—in two colors, after Eastlake,—Brussels carpet, piano, and St. Louis furniture. I never knew how useful a thing building paper was until I saw a cottage lined with it; nor comprehended the true beauty of geological maps, flaming with brilliant, irregular splatches of red and orange, yellow and blue, until I saw them decorating the panels of a Leadville home.

For, in spite of the utter crudeness of things in Leadville, and the immense disproportion of single over married men, there are real homes in the carbonate camp. You feel sure of it when you pass a log cabin or low frame building, and find the lace curtains in the window a misty background for masses of in-door blossoms, and a vista of cabinet-organ, sewing-machine, and low rocking-chair through the open door—homes where the mines, the worry of strife for riches, and the hard attrition of rough men are shut out, and where, even more than the body, the mind rests in sweet companionship, and dwells upon serene thoughts. Can I ever forget that low-cowled cabinette, in its miniature pine grove beside the queer little stream, up on the hill-side? Or fail to feel a warmth about my heart when I remember the tender grace of hospitality that exhaled upon every one who knew the keen delight of being welcome there?

Slowly the long, sober twilight deepens in the valley into gloaming, and sinks thence into a gloom out of which, one by one, peep the lights. Still, outlines are not lost, and the massive figures of the foot-hills thrust themselves hugely through the veil that night is dropping, solid and blue and forbidding. It is a picture of perfect sweetness and peace,—a poetic picture in which one can imagine nothing that is harsh, or selfish, or mean. And overhead the mountains tower, rank behind rank, peak crowding peak, the pinnacles vying in being the last to hold the lingering rays of the sun, whose light now enkindles the heights until all the wide snow-fields burn rosily. Then one by one the glittering banks fade into the softest of ash-tints as the reluctant sun bows itself away, and the shadows of the blackening ridges fall athwart the arctic panorama that fills the horizon. Keeping pace, the lights of the city increase, shining duskily through a purple haze of smoke and mist. Clearer above this ethereal stratum of haze, gleam the jewel-points where prospectors and campers have built their fires on the hill-sides, and sit about them boiling their coffee and gossiping on the events of the day and the prospects of the morrow. Then our pipes go out, and we saunter homeward through the quiet air, frosty, though it is June, breathing the resinous flavor of the crisply fragrant spruce, and watching the stars spring hastily over the coruscant line that traces the serrated crest of the Snowy Range.

Leadville at night is a scene of wild hilarity, and yet of remarkable order. The omnipresent six-shooters that used to outnumber the men of a mining camp ten years ago are rarely seen here in public. Men carry pistols, but they are in their pockets; and the shoot-the-lights-out ruffianism of the old Union Pacific days rarely shows even a symptom of revival in this gay but orderly camp. There are wildness

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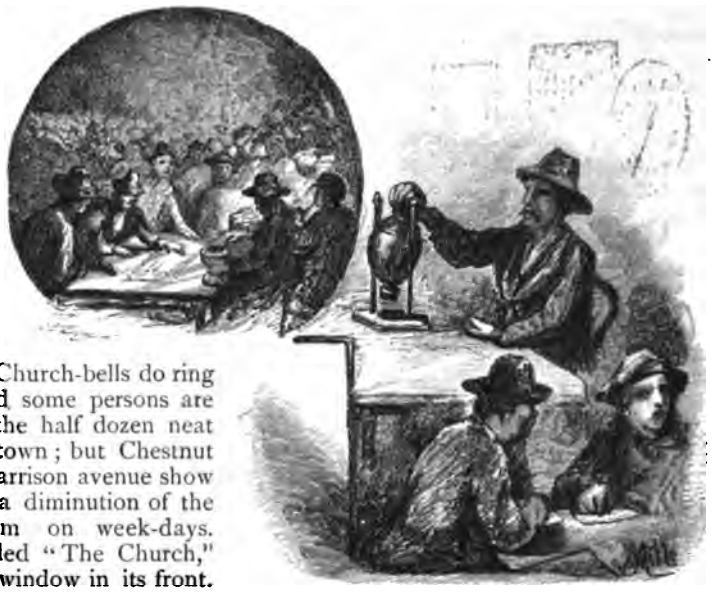
and wickedness, nevertheless, to satisfy the most insatiate seeker of excitement, and one who can lounge about the saloons, gambling-rooms, and hurdy-gurdies through an evening, will likely get new views of relaxation from work, or catch some picturesque phases of human nature. Saturday and Sunday nights are the liveliest. Church-bells do ring on Sunday morning, and some persons are supposed to attend in the half dozen neat chapels that adorn the town; but Chestnut and State streets and Harrison avenue show an increase rather than a diminution of the throngs that fill them on week-days. There is a saloon labeled "The Church," on account of a Gothic window in its front. It is not long ago that the Saturday newspapers contained regular notices of all-day meetings there on the morrow. One Sunday there was a bear-baiting and another a boxing-match. Keno is never so much in its glory as then.



AT THE CASINO.

On such an evening, while the women and children play about the door-steps in the suburbs, making little fires of the door-yard rubbish, the center of the town is crowded with an eager throng of men. Along Chestnut street are the "silver exchanges," otherwise gambling rooms,—dozens of them, with wide-open doors, and music playing. Harrison avenue has fewer of these, but rejoices in the largest hotel and the most elegant liquor-rooms. Every variety of humanity is here, from the well-dressed New Yorker who has just sauntered in to watch the games, or the liberal-handed miner suddenly become a capitalist, to the buckskin-clothed mountaineer who shoots deer for the Leadville market, or the dirty freighter from Cañon City. The tawny paw of the native prospector and the white fingers of a hotel clerk reach out together to bet on the queen or copper on the jack; with equal *sang froid* (the etiquette of the "exchange" permits no emotion) the gambler loses and wins, or smiles benignantly across the table as the dealer divides a "split." More look on than play, and there is little boisterousness. The "firing out" or forcible ejection of some misbehaving lout excites no attention. A shooting affray causes a brief rush to the scene, but scarcely interrupts the turn of the cards. The traditional gambler, tall, slim, well-dressed, clerical-looking, with sharp features, thin, firmly set lips and iron nerve, is not here. I never saw him but once in all the West. The dealers are impassive enough, but that is habit and natural stolidity. They have nerve enough, but that is the courage of a rowdy. It is needless to say that the respectable people of the camp do not sit at these tables or lean over the bars, and the gambling is not for sufficiently high stakes to make it interesting to an outsider, yet there are stories of one and another man with a romantic history, noted for quiet benevolence and general Christian virtues, who for weeks together has been seen night after night at the same table, winning and losing thousands on the turn of a single card. For many a month past custom has justified the running of these casinos through the whole twenty-four hours, regular reliefs of dealers and bar-tenders superseding each other day and night.

The drinking saloons and worse places are equally full. Under a flaming lantern is a wide door-way, passing which you wind your way through a nest of card-tables, and enter a theater. The floor is packed with men hidden under broad umbrella-like hats. All are smoking and many drinking. On either side are tiers of boxes, for admission to which an extra price is charged, and where it is expected you will buy so-called wine at five dollars a bottle. The stage is a scene of constant buffoonery and broadly

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vulgar jokes; but the final act, at one o'clock in the morning, beggars description for all that is vile. Even the bedizened girls in the boxes turn their back for shame. Yet the half-drunken crowd hoot with glee, —mainly, I believe, at the effrontery of the show, and now and then shower silver dollars on the stage in place of bouquets. It is not surprising, therefore, that the streets of Leadville at night are not safe places for the unwary, or for men known to have wealth upon their persons. Shooting and stabbing and garroting are of daily occurrence, both by enticing careless men into dens where the deed may be secret, and by open attack. Yet, I repeat, for a Western camp of its character and size, this is a safe and law-abiding community.

ON THE PIPING SHEPHERD OF FORTUNY.

GONE is Hellas, fane and idol,
Gone are those symmetric men
Wise to bridle
Luxury with simplest regimen;
Yes, her temples are the robber's den.

Outer Goths and inner Vandals
Hurled the dainty columns down.
Art her sandals
Dusted of the vileness that the town
Boasted 'mid the symbols of renown.

But the ocean held its azure
As when triremes smote the foam,
Nor could Asia
That corrupt, nor shameful acts at home,
No, nor all the pompous wealth of Rome.

Horns of tender yeanlings budded,
Grasses sang and flow'rets blew;
Sunshine flooded
Cape and steep with glory ever true,
Ruined isles with beauty always new.

On a time there seized a shepherd
Thought that caught him like the spring
Of a leopard,
Forcing him aside his cloak to fling,
Pipe a stave, and wondrous wild to sing—

Not of Athens, nor the splendor
Of the arts in olden time
But of tender
Tasks of love and deeds of manly prime,
Modern life in many a homely rhyme—

Sing his joyous lot in breathing
Winds of ocean, air and earth,
And of wreathing
Dance and hymnal to the sunbeam's birth,
Crowns of ivy to the god of mirth.

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As the flocks about him hovered
One from Spain who loved the old and new;
Him discovered
While again his pipe he blew,
He with joy the pretty shepherd drew.

Who was he so gleeful-hearted
Save Fortuny, man and child?
He departed
Art from out the air and sea beguiled.
Art once more on Magna Græcia smiled.

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FIELD SPORTS IN MINNESOTA.

THE fall of 1877 will long be remembered by the people of Minnesota, as the time when the destructive locust took his farewell meal from their wheat-fields. Visited by this scourge for three years in succession, our farmers, of the grasshopper districts, were generally in a deplorable condition. Many had staked their all upon the yield of '77, and between hope and fear, all stood awaiting their fate. With the warm sunshine of May and June, the insects appeared in countless millions, but, strange to say, in most instances without the usual voracity of appetite. Disappearing entirely in some districts, they asserted themselves in others by devouring everything before them. Fortunately the damage was limited to a narrow belt of country, and the rest of the state produced an unheard-of crop, which, coming in a time of need, was doubly welcome.

Kandiyohi County, with others, had again suffered severely from the visitation, and its wheat-fields were in a bad condition for harvesting. Fields that might have yielded from three to five bushels of wheat per acre were not gleaned at all, but left to be plowed over in the fall. To such fields as these the wild fowl, for which the state is noted, resorted undisturbed, and geese, brant, cranes and ducks fairly reveled in their bounty.

It may well be imagined that news of this state of affairs sent numerous hunting parties out along the two lines of railroad that penetrate the afflicted region, viz., the Sioux City and St. Paul, and the St. Paul and Pacific roads. During the last week in September of that year, the writer found himself with a party of three friends *en route* by the second-named road for a few days' stay among the wild fowl in Kandiyohi County. With every possible convenience for camping out, the outfit comprised also a portable Bond boat, and a full complement of decoy-ducks, together with a dozen or more goose-decoys, all of our own manufacture. W——, our "Senior," brought along his retrieving setter and constant companion, "Prince." B——, our "Junior," from Lake City, Minnesota, exhibited with pardonable pride his "Royal Fan," a dark liver-and-white pointer, the first prize winner in her class at the New York Bench Show of 1877. "Turk," a dark-brown Irish water-spaniel, accompanied his master J——, the most tireless hunter of the party. "Fuller" and "Occie," a matched pair of black-and-white setters, were the property of the writer, and, with those before mentioned, comprised the dogs of the party.

A run of six hours brought us to Swede Grove, where we left the cars and were met by Mr. William Wilcox, *alias* "Bill," a well-to-do farmer and an ardent sportsman. His two-horse team and wagon furnished us transportation to his house, where we were to pass the first night out.

"I'm glad you've come," said Bill, as we drove up briskly to the open door of his roomy dwelling; "for the sand-hill cranes have been goin' for what little corn the plaguey 'hoppers left standing, and 'pears to me, gentlemen, with such guns as you have got along, you might make it right lively for 'em."

"Yes," chimed in his wife; "you can hear them even now, gentlemen. The noise is gettin' unbearable; and, if you'll step up here on the porch, you can see them plain."

We assured her, while taking a look at the large birds, as they covered the field like a flock of sheep, that nothing would please us better than an immediate attack; but even as we debated on a plan of assault, the cranes, to the number of several hundred, as if they scented danger, took wing and with discordant cries circled about until they attained a certain altitude, when they left in the direction of Big Marsh.

"Oh, never mind," said Bill's oldest girl, a little "nut-browne mayd" of ten, "they'll come back again in the morning; long before sister and I are up we can hear 'em screaming."

This prospect filled me with delight. I had long desired to make the closer acquaintance of these birds, incited a little, too, by many a failure to stalk them. On the sly, for fear of being laughed at by my companions, I had brought along three crane-decoys, neatly cut out of card-board and painted light gray, in fair imitation of the sand-hill crane. Here, at once, was the opportunity to make a test of their merit. So, leaving the rest of the party at a favorable moment, I took my way to the corn-field, where all was now quiet. The ground had been beaten hard in places by the busy feet of the marauding cranes, and corn-stalks lay here and there, as the hungry birds had

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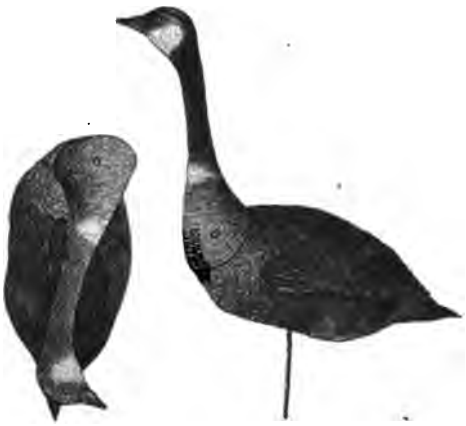
wantonly tossed them. It did not take long to select a convenient "shock" for a "blind," or ambush, and I returned to the house filled with anticipations of the coming sport. Upon the floor of Bill's cozy sitting-room, surrounded by his children, who regarded my movements with open-mouthed attention, I proceeded with some diffidence to unwrap the package of decoys. Presently the crane counterfeits stood disclosed, and a ripple of merriment went round the circle, ending in a perfect roar upon the entrance of my friends, who relentlessly joined in.

"If you think, mister," said one of the plow-boys, after the merriment had somewhat subsided, "that you can fool a crane with such nonsense, I guess you'll find yourself much mistaken. Why, I'd be willin' to pay you a dollar apiece for all you can shoot over them things."

"You shall have a chance," I said, somewhat nettled. "When you ride out to your plowing in the morning, come to my stand, and you may have an opportunity to invest your small change."

The little folks exhibited great glee over my menagerie, and raced about the room, each one astride of a crane-decoy.

When at last it was light enough to distinguish objects about me, I had been at my post in the corn-field a full hour, almost breathless with expectation. What if the cranes should fail to come, and I be compelled to return to the house empty-handed and face my more fortunate companions, the distant report of whose guns had been repeatedly borne to me from the direction of Crow River and Wilcox Pass? Worse than this would be the triumph of the knight of the plow-share. For the sixth time, certainly, I walked off a little distance and took a survey of my ambush, about which the



GOOSE-DECOYS, READY FOR TRANSIT AND FOR USE.

three "base libels" were so naturally grouped as to give me quite a start when my eyes fell suddenly upon them. The smoke curled lazily upward from the farm-house chimney, and lost itself in a veil of mist which slowly ascended from the lake on the right of the house. Now the upper edge of the cloud mist took on a rosy hue, due to the first warm rays of the sun, which seemed to be rising from an early morning bath in Wilcox Lake. The varying beauties of the veil of mist were duplicated by reflection in the still water beneath. The beauty of the scene made me quite forget my disappointment.

There is considerable activity now among

THE MENAGERIE.

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Bill's barn-yard fowls, and I can even see his little folks scampering about the yard. A gentle breeze has ruffled the surface of the lake, and carried away every trace of the fog which made the sunrise so beautiful. My slender decoys feel the influence of the wind, and nod in a ludicrous, if not most natural, manner. But in another minute I am scampering back to my blind, for in the clear sky above Big Marsh I have discovered a flock of cranes, winging their way in a direct line for this field. Stepping quickly into my blind, I grasp my trusty gun, and somewhat nervously await their approach. Though scarcely considered fast flyers, they are not long in traversing the intervening space, and presently are circling about over me, evidently scanning the ground closely. Of course, when directly overhead the decoys are invisible to them, but are again clearly seen when they have swung off at an angle. A little more maneuvering, and they seem to conclude there is no enemy about, for they set their wings, and, with long legs awkwardly dangling in the air, come on slowly, preparing to alight. Almost before I am aware of it, they are upon me,—one, indeed, so near that, were I to fire now, he would be fearfully mangled. The leader of the flock offers a tempting shot at thirty-five yards; him I give the contents of my right barrel, and he doubles up instantly over my sight. Not wasting an instant, in the hope of making a "right and left," I "cut away" again at the now thoroughly alarmed flock, and one more of the immense birds comes to the ground. Too elated with my success to exercise patience or even to think of caution, I do not pause to reload, but, dropping my gun, run rapidly to bag. The first is found dead within forty yards; giving him only a glance, I pass on to the other, which is not less than sixty yards from the blind. The old fellow seems dead enough, and without much ado I stoop to pick him up, when he astonishes me by instantly rising to his feet, with every feather ruffled and his long wings beating the air. His ugly, sharp bill is extended and emits a hissing noise, and altogether he is a very unpleasant-looking bird. For a full minute we gaze at each other, at least one of the two at a loss what to do next. It is becoming more and more evident to me that I do not care so much for him now as I did a short time ago. We are yet eying each other as I catch the sound of voices mingled with the confused tramp of horses, and feel certain that the plow-boys are approaching. Not caring to appear in a ridiculous light, above all others to these men, I determine to put an end to the scene, and accordingly make a quick attempt to seize the crane by the neck. This he successfully dodges, and in a twinkling wounds me in the wrist. Altogether out of patience, I make a bold dart

A CLOSE SHOT.

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for my gun, when to my astonishment the irate crane gives pursuit. At this moment the farm hands come into full view, and I offer them the spectacle of the "city hunter," as they are pleased to style me, running away from a crane! The rest of the scene must be imagined. I do not attempt a settlement with the tormentors, but after finishing my enemy with a vengeful charge at close range, return to my blind, where I have the satisfaction of knocking over three more cranes before the summons to breakfast comes booming over the stubble.

My companions hang up in Bill's cool cellar thirty-one mallards, mostly greenheads. My adventure with the crane is freely discussed over juicy crane-steak sliced from the breast, which, together with good coffee and some of Mrs. Wilcox's best griddle-cakes smothered in cream and white sugar, constituted a breakfast heartily enjoyed by all. After allowing me to be well teased, our host puts a somewhat more serious color upon the matter by assuring us that it was rather a dangerous proceeding to face a wounded crane, which, like the heron, always strikes for the eye. Once, to his knowledge, the bill penetrated through the eye of an Indian, producing instant death.

Twenty-eight miles or more lie between us and Kandiyohi, where we intend camping, and there is no alternative but instant departure after breakfast. By nine o'clock we are waving our adieus to the Wilcox family, whose worthy head accompanies us as driver, friend and companion. Our outfit, none of the smallest, is snugly stowed away. The day is exceedingly pleasant, and the entire party is in the very best of spirits. The rolling prairie road offers no hindrance, and we jog on at a fair pace. The neat appearance of the farm-houses and their immediate surroundings shows plainly the thrift of the owners, who are mostly Swedes or Norwegians. A likely looking prairie bordering a stubble causes us to tie up the duck retrievers, Turk and Prince, and cast off Royal Fan and the two setters; this is done with the hope of finding a brood of pinnated grouse or (as they are invariably called in this state) prairie-chickens.

Fan led off at a round pace and quartered her ground thoroughly, showing beautiful style and action with thorough training. B——, her proud owner, from his seat in the wagon, controlled her movements by the "call" and by the motion of the hand. I could not help wishing that Macdona might see her now, and behold in her superb action and style a confirmation of

CORNERED BY A CRANE.

his judgment of her on the bench. Not much behind her in either pace or style were the two black-and-white setters, as with heads well up they dashed over the prairie; ranging in perfect accord with each other, yet entirely independent, they cast furtive and anxious glances in Fan's direction, evidently fearful lest she should secure a "point" before them or they lose an opportunity to "back."

Now Fan is slackening her pace, and is investigating a narrow strip of corn, which from neglect has become lodged. E——'s quick eye has detected the presence of game by the change in Fan's pace and manner. The two setters are down wind from her about forty yards distant, and are evidently scenting the same birds, for they come trotting up with their black noses high in the air, and with the peculiar elastic step seen only under these circumstances. Fan, in the meantime, proceeds with more caution, the scent becoming stronger; a moment or two of suspense on our part, and the little beauty comes to a stand. We prepare to jump out, guns in hand, but desist as she makes a few steps in advance, every motion indicating her intense and increasing excitement. Presently she is rigid! The setters

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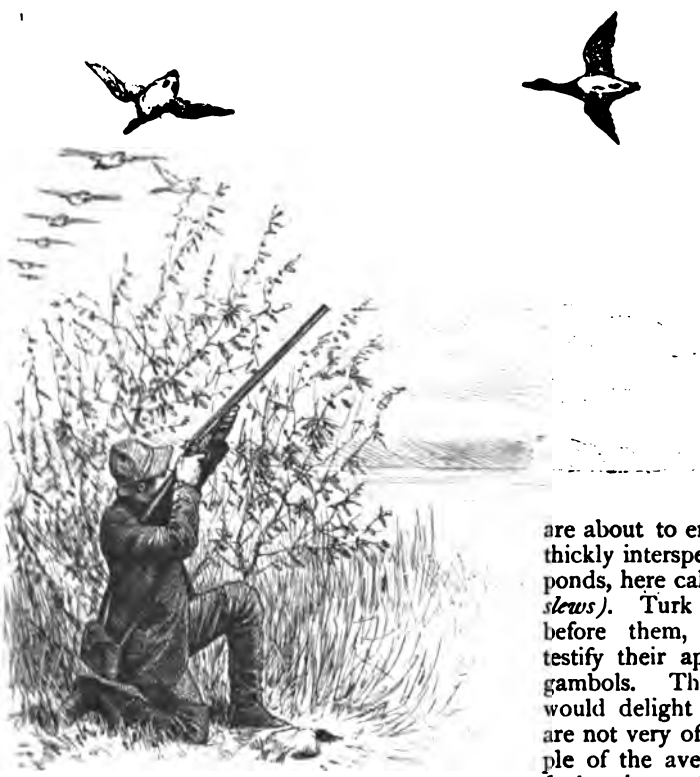
have approached within a few yards, and the instant she makes her final stand become rigid also, backing her point stanchly. The trio form a picture no sportsman could fail to regard with pleasure: Fan is erect, yet exhibiting the characteristic point looked for in her species (not much does it resemble in its intensity of action the vacillation of a "puppy point"); her two companions, who seem to have attained an unnatural length, appear to be crouching for a spring, their usually kind faces showing lines and wrinkles indicative of strong excitement. "Are you all ready?" is B's question when we have ranged ourselves in position back of the dogs. Even as he speaks he makes one step forward, and



A SIDE SHOT.

a cock grouse flushes before him. He throws his gun quickly to his face; with the sharp report the bird drops into the corn, and a long stream of feathers drifts down the wind, their number showing his perfect aim. Fan drops to "wing," instantly followed by Fuller and his mate. A step forward by our party and a pair flushing before W—— gives him an opportunity for a right-and-left, which he fully improves. Still the dogs maintain their recumbent attitudes, though it is easy to see their growing impatience. Another pair has bit the dust in response to a quick double from my gun, and poor J——, who seems to be fated, for so far not a bird has flushed to him, is becoming tired of the monotony of the thing. Then B—— and W—— each bring down another bird.

At the word "Fetch!" the eager dogs "seek dead," and in a twinkling come trotting proudly back each with a bird, on being relieved of which they are again sent in with a like result. Not much do these birds resemble the puny little ones bagged on the fifteenth of August, for they are full grown, hardy and strong, and very swift of wing. Number seven shot backed by a good charge of powder has done the work. September grouse seldom lie so close as did this brood, every one of which lay safely bagged before us.

The three dogs, having had barely a taste of sport, show much unwillingness to take up again their position back of the wagon; but it is now the duck retrievers' turn, for we are about to enter a section of country thickly interspersed with small lakes or ponds, here called sloughs (pronounced *slews*). Turk and Prince, having work before them, are set free and soon testify their appreciation by eccentric gambols. The two setters and Fan would delight in retrieving ducks, but are not very often indulged; the example of the average "duck dog," as he dashes in at the crack of the gun, is apt to have a demoralizing effect upon the steadiest of pointers and setters, and they are tempted to "break shot" at all times, which would be disastrous on almost any game other than ducks.

Mallards, widgeons and sprig-tails delight in those small grassy ponds, which are generally thickly grown with wild rice, reeds and rushes. A musk-rat house here and there furnishes sunning opportunities,

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A "BOND" IN WET WEATHER.

and also enables them to mount guard. While Bill is securing his team to a convenient fence, we are planning an assault on one of these sloughs which the little prairie-knoll ahead of us hides from our view. We employ the usual tactics, by surrounding it, each one approaching it from a different direction in deep silence, though we are not able from the shore to discover a feather. When every one is posted in as good cover as possible, Bill, according to previous arrangement, fires a random shot from his "pin-fire" over the water. In an instant, with a quacking and a terrible fluttering, the well-concealed ducks spring into the air, and make a break in the direction of one of the large lakes. This will bring them over J——, and I watch them nearing the fatal stand. Now the barrel of his gun points upward from the clump of reeds in which he is concealed, and two birds topple over almost before the double report of his piece has drifted across the puddle. This reception has startled the flock, and in considerable disorder they turn only to be met by a similar reception from W——. Again are they repulsed and seek a new direction, which brings them over my stand, but such a height have they attained that only one drops dead to my gun. But Bill is the champion, for he stops three ducks with one barrel of his gun, having had time to exchange his finer shot for "number one," which tells with good effect at such long range. B —— alone has not soiled his gun, but by working the dogs has succeeded in bagging most of the ducks killed. Fuller and Occie are sent over the hill after those knocked down by Wilcox, and we are once more on our way.

To me there is not much real sport in this style of shooting, though the game is

A MISHAP.

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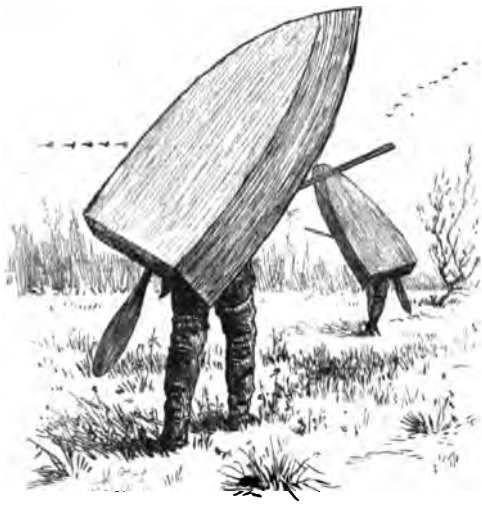
large and fine; it lacks the excitement of the "pass" shooting, and many birds are lost by falling into the matted reeds and grass where the dogs have great trouble finding them; the incessant popping of the guns also has a tendency to divert their attention from



BOND(ED) GOODS IN TRANSIT.

the careful search necessary to find skulking wounded ducks. These sloughs or ponds occur very frequently upon the St. Paul and Pacific and Sioux City and St. Paul railroads, and under proper guidance a party of four or five will take heavy tribute from each as they go along. For this kind of shooting a Bond boat offers superior advantages: composed of sheet-iron sides and a wooden bottom, it is made in two water-tight compartments, besides an air-chamber, to prevent sinking in case of an upset; it is of trifling weight and easily transported. Two sportsmen, by each shouldering one half of the boat, can make portage after portage, shooting out one pond and then carrying to another, no great distance ever intervening. These boats in transit upon a hunter's back have a most ludicrous aspect, and dull indeed must he be who cannot extract much humor out of the novel spectacle. Should a rain-storm arise, one of the compartments of the boat set up on end makes a very good shelter. The inadvertent kicking away of the supporting paddle to your novel roof will certainly justify the laugh sure to be indulged in by your more careful companion; but unlike the turtle which you so closely resemble as you look out from under your temporary shell, you *can* crawl out of it.

It was quite late, with frequent stopping on our route from one cause or another, when our destination was reached. We were well used to camping-out, and our tent was very soon in position and in readiness for the straw bedding hauled from a neighboring stack. This was at once stuffed into a wide empty tick brought along for that purpose, and we had a bed fit for a king, and one on which no tired hunter can long remain awake.

It devolved upon our good-natured senior, W——, to prepare the supper, which in this case, on account of the lateness of the hour, was to consist only of tea, bread and butter, and a mutton chop. The latter delicacy our thoughtful hostess at Swede Grove had kindly sent along for the first day out. After placing a well-filled tea-kettle upon the roaring camp-stove, W——, followed by his constant and faithful attendant, Prince, sought a convenient spot to carve the mutton. This he soon discovered in a short log, which he immediately bestrode. Finding it impossible to place both the frying-pan and the meat in front of him, the former was carefully balanced behind him and he proceeded with his carving in a very deliberate manner. His dog had made at least thirty miles that day on a slim breakfast of Spratt's biscuit and skim-milk, and was in just the condition to allow his feelings to get the better of his judgment. So when his master dropped a slice of meat into the pan behind his back, Prince gulped it down immediately. Again and again was the poor dog tempted, and as often did he yield. My companions and myself were witnesses of this, and, though very well

HOW PRINCE GOT HIS BREAKFAST.

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aware that our supply of mutton was limited to the piece our friend was carving, we enjoyed the joke too well to spoil the fun by warning him. "Let's see, boys," presently said W——, whose back was toward us; "we are just five, and I have cut six pieces of mutton; five will be enough for supper, and if you have no objections I would like to give the piece I have left to poor Prince, who seems very tired and hungry." With difficulty retaining our composure, we assured him that we had no objections; he then called up the dog in the most endearing manner and gave him the bit of meat, meanwhile assuring him that "he was a good dog, y-e-s he was!" Still unaware of his loss, he very deliberately wiped the blade of his knife on the grass, turned and took up the pan!—a startled glance at the empty utensil, another at us now convulsed in laughter, and a third at Prince, who gulped down the last piece and stood regarding his kind master with *such* a thankful look,—and W—— took in the situation immediately. And then——but perhaps it would not be fair to tell how the secretary of a State Historical Society behaves under such provocation. I will only say that it was some time before we got the dog-hairs out of the frying-pan and restored it to its former shape; a torch enabled us to find the boots, paddles and valises that chased the dog when fleeing from his master's indignation.

A coach candle in an improvised socket, fastened to the inside of the tent-pole, sufficiently illuminated the interior, and enabled us to get in readiness for the morning's work. "Chicken shells" were taken out, and suitable ones for duck-shooting substituted; no one forgetting to place a few loaded with

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"dbl. B" shot in a certain pocket of the Holabird shooting-coat; these last for a stray goose or two which has been known to fly over this pass more than once, in the memory of our mess.

Such an inviting bed as we had before us could not long remain untried, and one by one our party turned in. The full moon flooded our tent with a subdued light, and brightly illuminated our surroundings. Through the tent-opening could be seen one arm of Little Kandiyohi and the two peninsulas, joined by a rickety bridge of hewn timber, which formed this well-known pass, and over which

A COLD MORNING.

we are to have a "flight" in the morning twilight.

I am quite certain that I have not been unconscious for more than fifteen minutes, when I am rudely awakened by a severe thump in the side, which I am half inclined to return with interest, until I see that my friends are up and dressed. The candle is burning, and a bright fire roars and crackles in the stove, diffusing an agreeable warmth throughout the tent. The steaming coffee-pot sends forth an aroma that is decidedly fragrant, and somewhat suggestive of the Vienna Bakery; though, with a tin cupful of the hot nectar in one hand and a well-buttered biscuit in the other, as we form a circle about the stove, the resemblance to a party of Centennial tourists is not very striking.

All of us are decidedly sleepy, and we should perhaps be still in bed, were our inclinations strictly followed, and we show less impatience to face the keen morning air than do our dogs, whom Bill has set free on his way to feed the team. The moon has long since disappeared and inky darkness has succeeded, and we feel our way along as we go down to our stands upon the peninsula. The air, for a September morning, is quite chilly, and in spite of the cup of hot coffee and plenty of wrappings, I am soon all of a tremble, and cannot help contrasting this with the warm and cozy bed out of which we had lately crept. I feel much pity for my two faithful dogs, who are lying crouched at my feet, impatient for the word to plunge into the dark and chilly current for a duck. Some are already passing over, as we know by the sound of wings swiftly cutting the air. By rubbing the phosphorus of a match the dial of my watch is rendered visible, and it is some satisfaction to know that it is nearly five o'clock, and dawn is at hand. In a few minutes we shall be able to discern objects overhead, and by exercising skill and judgment, or "bull-head luck," as an old veteran of the pass calls it, a little execution may be done.

I now proceed to take off my gloves and my "gum coat," which had been donned for warmth, and to fill the pockets of my "Holabird" with shells which are in this instance loaded with five drams of Dupont's ducking powder, and one and a quarter ounces of number six shot, for the early flight. Shells loaded with numbers four and five shot are used later in the day when the ducks begin to "climb" as they cross. The icy-cold gun-barrels strike a chill to my bare hands, but my pulse has gained a number of beats in the last few minutes, a pleasant thrill of excitement pervades me, and I am fast warming up to the work. Standing in a regular skirmish line about thirty yards apart, in the position of "ready," with guns in hand, and both the hammers raised, we strain our eyes to catch a glimpse of the game that is streaming over, but the veil of darkness prevents our seeing. Who will draw first blood? More than once have our guns been quickly thrown to our faces, and our fingers rested on the triggers, but none of us has acquired the art of shooting "by ear," and slowly and reluctantly we lower them again. But now from our junior's stand a blinding flash shoots up into the air at an acute angle, accompanied by a deafening crash, which rolls like a burst of thunder along the surface of the lake, until it is echoed

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back by the heavy belt of timber in a faint but perfect imitation. The sound that interests us most, however, is the plunge of the retrievers into the lake, and the splashing in front of my friend's blind as one or more victims flutter upon the surface of the water.

A bunch of four or five swiftly moving, shadowy objects now draw my fire, and before the echo of my double shot has fairly died away, J—— and W—— have each made their first shots of the morning and with good effect. Prince is now climbing the bank close by with a fine drake canvas-back, one of the two killed by the first gun of the morning. My two setters are swimming a race neck and neck for first choice on a pair that fell to my fire. As for Turk, he is absolutely diving for a wounded duck which has so far managed to elude his gaping jaws. At each fresh failure to secure it, Turk gives a yelp of rage, but finally manages to seize the duck by one wing and makes for the shore. The slight hold he has obtained allows the duck to flutter vigorously, filling its captor's eyes with water, much to his disgust.

But the sport in the air eclipses in interest that in the lake, and at W——'s sharp "Mark! east!!" every one goes down behind his blind, out of sight of an approaching flock of red-heads. They come on, unconscious of impending trouble, not over two yards above the surface of the water. Their first hint of danger is taken from seeing the dogs which are swimming for shore, and they make an extraordinary effort to mount high in the air. This gives us a splendid opportunity, for from our point of sight they appear to stand still, and a volley at this instant gives the dogs more work to do. Our second barrels are put in with telling effect, and the badly demoralized flock now presents a far different appearance from that of a few moments before. The Bond boat is now used to recover the birds that fell on the west side of the peninsula and that would drift away before the dogs could attend to them.

A momentary lull in the flight gives an opportunity to look about us and count our spoils. My friends have seventeen ducks between them, while my own string shows six—three canvas-backs, all drakes but one, two red-heads, and a widgeon—not very bad luck, certainly, and the flight is not half over.

The canvas-backs are handled with a degree of satisfaction that even the green-head and more gaudy mallard fail to inspire. To use the words of the lamented "Frank Forrester": "This is the royalty of ducks. No other water-fowl to him is equal, or second, or in any way comparable." While it is not unusual for a novice to mistake the red-head for the canvas-back, which it is true they resemble, the difference is yet quite marked. The attention once carefully drawn to the head of the latter, no red-head can ever again be mistaken for it. Aside from the color of the bill, which in the case of the latter is light blue and in the other black, the length and shape of both head and bill differ greatly, as may be seen in the sketch (page 833).

But what has become of my ducks? The two I had been fondling a minute before are gone! A search about the stand fails to discover them, and I give it up for the present, for my attention is drawn to the west, where there is some disturbance among the water-fowl, and a number are circling in the air that may possibly be tempted to cross. A sharp growl from Occie causes me to look around, and lo, the culprit! Prince, the rascal, is marching off with one of my ducks in his mouth, which he deposits on his master's pile of game, while the latter is seemingly in the very best of humor over my loss and his gain. I do not wish to imply for a moment that this little diversion of Prince's is the result of special training. No, indeed. W——'s character is above reproach, and, besides, he shoots too well to be compelled to resort to strategy for increasing his string. Evidently the dog and he are friends again, and the little "crookedness" was an effort on the dog's part to touch his master's heart. Whether the latter would have meted out punishment to Prince had he been allowed the time will never be known, for an incident happened which suddenly claimed our undivided attention.

This is nothing more nor less than the steady honking of an approaching flock of wild geese, which have left Kandiyohi Lake and are flying up the narrows toward us on their way to the fields. A bird's-eye view of our party at this moment would have been most amusing, for every one of us seemed struck with a sudden and ardent desire to lay hands on something, and that in a most incredibly short space of time. Each of us had in one or more of the numerous pockets of one or more of our shooting-coats one or more shells placed

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THE BRIDGE STAND.

there for just such an emergency as the present. To find and substitute these shells quickly and without alarming the rapidly approaching geese is the occasion of our frantic efforts. Meanwhile, all unsuspectingly, they are rapidly nearing us, the increasing loudness of their honking alone indicating the fact, for we have no time to waste looking in their direction. Those of us who had started out that cool morning enveloped in at least three coats apiece, and had laid them aside from time to time in as many different places, were in trouble indeed. W—— had left his goose ammunition in his shell-pouch by the blind, but having walked away a few rods while his dog was pilfering my ducks, he was now making for the coveted shells on all fours, so as not to be visible, with a celerity that would have astonished the many friends of this usually dignified gentleman. B——, who had in vain searched his numerous pockets, was calling appealingly to his neighbor J——, the only one ready, to throw him a "double B shell, for goodness sake! quick!"

Three of the huge birds are now heading for my blind, and the rest of the flock veer off in the direction of my comrades. My two expectant setters are already crouching for a spring, when the shell which I have with some difficulty found, and which I am placing with some nervous trepidation into the opened breech of my gun, begins to stick; in the haste and excitement, I bear hard upon it, but it does not budge a particle. I then attempt to extract the shell; but no, it sticks as if it had always been there. Though I struggle like a madman in my efforts to dislodge it I can make no impression, and have the mortification of beholding the geese sail over a rod or two above me, near enough, in fact, to have used even my No. 6 shot with deadly effect. "Bang! bang!" comes a volley from my right, and two of the "old honkers" tumble headlong into the lake, displacing at least a barrel of water as they strike the surface.

The main flight having passed over, and out of which we have taken fair toll, we are favored with more "singles" than flocks; the shooting is consequently more interesting, because more difficult. Clean misses at these swift-flying birds are frequent. It seems at times next to an impossibility to swing the gun rapidly enough to cover and

A TIGHT SHELL.

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avoid shooting behind. Shooting into flocks "for general results," without singling out a bird, may be excusable in a Sunday "pot-hunter," or in a novice anxious to give a new Scott, Purdy or Parker a good airing; but in a true sportsman—never. High or long shots should seldom be attempted here, as misses beyond fifty or sixty yards are common, and scores of birds are struck whose wounds prove fatal only after long suffering. Side shots are most deadly; but proper allowance must be made for distance and speed of flight. Opportunities for double shots occur continually, and to make them it is often necessary to use the first barrel of the gun on an incoming bird, and the second will then, in all probability, be a side or quartering shot.

To stop an "incomer," raise the gun carefully in the line of his flight; move quickly ahead of the duck, when you judge him to be in range; and, when you lose sight of head and bill over your gun, pull instantly. The flight of a duck is ordinarily at the rate of about sixty miles an hour; but when accelerated by fear, or a brisk wind, or both, it is nearly double, and must be experimented upon to be fully appreciated. To become a good "pass shot," some of the requisites are: to be able to judge distances quickly and accurately; to be able to cover well the moving bird, and not to check the motion of the gun at the moment of discharge. Because it is necessary for most men to hold some distance ahead of swiftly flying game in close range, it does not follow that this is the best thing to do; it shows, rather, that such a one is in the habit of checking or arresting entirely the motion of his piece as his finger presses the trigger. Most sportsmen flinch at that supreme moment, and unless the habit is entirely overcome, they cannot expect ever to become good wing shots. The "choke boring" of guns, in limited use long ago, has only very recently come into favor and rather more general use. Upon the pass or elsewhere, it adds at least one-fourth more distance to the killing range of the gun. This is done by the effect it has upon the "pattern" made by the shot, causing the gun to throw a greater number of shot pellets into a given circle than can be done by the cylinder, or straight bore. One barrel of the duck-hunter's gun should surely be bored in this manner.

The old tree in the rear of our tent fairly groaned as it bent under the load of game, the total bag of that morning's sport; and the honest Swede farmers, whose teams were in the habit of passing over the little bridge, must have thought it bore strange fruit.

Kandiyohi was once famous for its black-duck flights; but of late they seem to have abandoned it, and more mallards, red-heads and canvas-backs are found here. Vallisneria, often miscalled wild celery (I say miscalled because it bears no resemblance in taste to the common celery), is beginning to grow thickly in places, in addition to the wild rice, and may account for this fact.

It was in this vicinity that the pair of canvas-backs were killed by that veteran sportsman, General H. H. Sibley,—well known to the readers of the old "Spirit of the Times"

STOPPING AN INCOMER.

under the *nom de plume* of "Hal-a-Dakotah,"—and by him sent to his friend "Frank Forrester," thereby settling a controversy between the two gentlemen, and proving conclusively—what Forrester had before denied—that the true *Vallisneria* is found away from the sea-coast.

To have any thing like sport in the pur-

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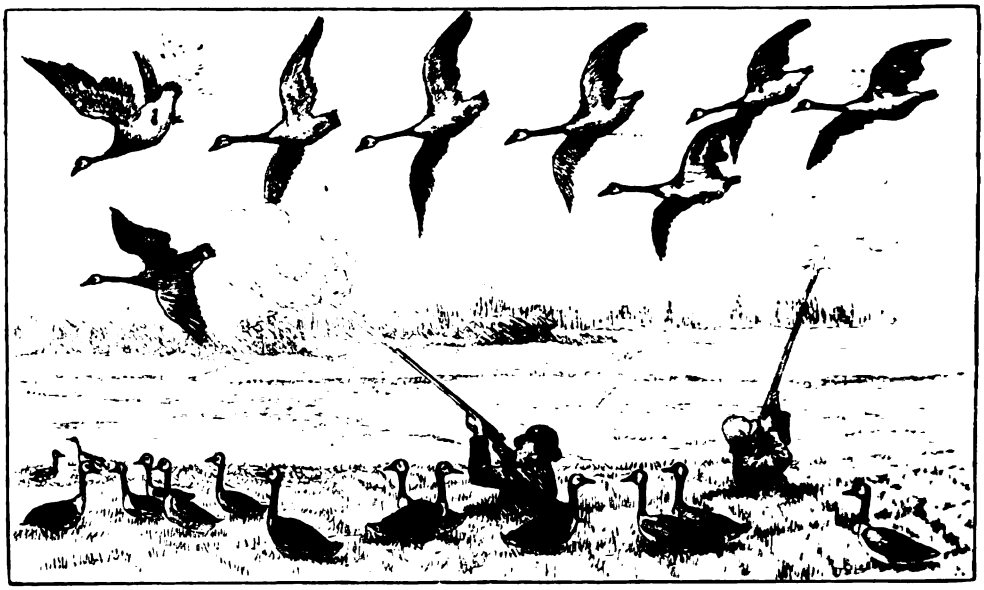

GOOSE-SHOOTING FROM STUBBLE.

suit of the common wild goose *(Bernicla Canadensis)*, the ordinary methods of hunting water-fowl hardly answer here; besides, the lakes they frequent are not large enough to justify the use of the bay-shooting tactics from sink-boats, and from blinds near the water. These birds are exceedingly wary when upon the fields, and are very seldom bagged by stalking. In their watchfulness they have but one rival, and he an effective ally, in the sand-hill crane, which often feeds in their midst, thus adding to the difficulty of approach within effective range. The difficult problem of their successful capture was at last solved for us by Colonel Sam Doughty, of Lake City, Minn., who introduced shooting over decoys from pits dug in the stubble or new breaking, where it has been ascertained geese are in the habit of feeding. The decoys are of the simplest construction and greatest portability, being merely flat forms in good outline painted in imitation of the wild goose; these when seen at right angles to their flat surfaces, at ordinary shot-gun range and beyond, are well calculated to deceive not alone his gooseship but even amateur sportsmen.*

Two flights a day are made by the geese from the large lakes in search of food; one taking place at day-break in the morning and lasting perhaps an hour, and the other at four o'clock in the afternoon, occupying about the same length of time. On these flights they are often accompanied by the snow-goose *(Anser hyperboreus)* and the white-fronted goose *(Anser Gambelii)*, which are here called respectively white and black brant, though they do not much resemble the true brant of the sea-coast *(Branta hemida)*, which may be found occasionally in the midst of flocks of the other kinds, yet are by no means common.

From about the latitude of Kandiyohi County to the Red River of the north, the different species of the wild goose hold high revel and, upon the approach of the cold weather, may be seen in countless thousands massing for the southern flight. An early morning drive along the wheat-fields which they frequent will disclose them feeding either upon stubble or breaking. They must be allowed to depart not only unmolested, but of their own accord, when an examination of the feeding-ground is carefully made, and the pits may then at once be sunk. If there are two shooters, as many pits are necessary, and they are best circular in form, about thirty inches in diameter and forty inches in depth. The earth of the excavation may be partially utilized in constructing a slight embankment around the edges of the pit. The surface of the soil

* Ex-Governor A—— will never forget how natural was the look of Major C——'s decoys on that memorable day near Kirkhoven, when, after crawling a long distance, he emptied his gun in riddling them. They had been left after the early morning flight by their owner, who witnessed the incident from afar.

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have not written in newspapers. This is about the sum of the connections between the two pursuits. In almost all respects they are separate. The success of a man of letters depends upon the high excellence of his few productions. The success of the journalist depends upon the average excellence of his many writings. One, or ten, or a hundred good articles no more make a good journalist than one swallow makes a summer. In the next place literature is written to last. But in writing for newspapers it should never be forgotten that that which is written to-day must be printed to-morrow, and will have been turned into wrapping paper by the day following. The truth is that very fine writing is out of place in newspapers. The capacity for doing and writing is rather a disadvantage than an advantage for the journalist. The journalists who possess this ability succeed rather in spite of it than on account of it. A strong desire to say things perfectly is a hindrance to a newspaper writer. There is not apt to be more than one perfect expression of a thought, and a writer who has, or who thinks he has, achieved this does not care to express it in another and a cheaper way. Now if there is one thing in which a journalist must excel it is in the capacity for incessant and infinitely varied repetition. The journalist should not, therefore, think of himself as a literary man. But he should think of himself as a man of affairs. He should write as if he were counseling the public as to what they should do in the business of the day, and he should give to that council the best reflection which the well-known and understood limitations of his business will allow. A newspaper writer should not make the writing of pleasing articles the object of his life. The sole aim of the literary artist, like other artists, is, very properly, to please. But it will not do for the journalist to make a pursuit of tickling men's ears; he must seek to *effect things*. If the journalist's object is merely to write pleasing articles, his is one of the poorest businesses in the world. This is almost the only trade in which the worker does not improve as he grows older. The writer of pleasing articles is no better at fifty than at thirty; indeed he is not so good, for at fifty he has lost the zest in ink and paper and a fresh proof which he had at thirty. In almost all callings the mind is constantly getting new thoughts, which instruct it for the future, and the judgment is undergoing, from day to day, a process of education which never pauses. "Shall I do this or that?" the worker asks himself almost hourly, and in his own mind argues the "pros" and "cons" of the case with thoughts which are scarcely ever turned into language; which, indeed, most men would be incapable of turning into language. It is only the journalist who takes the right view of his business who gains with years this education of the judgment. His facts increase rapidly; his studiously formed ideas have been corrected and re-corrected by the observation of events which have taken place under his own eyes; his opinion, therefore, is worth more at fifty than at thirty; his judgment is stronger and he is an abler man. Not only will his writing be more profiting and instructing to the reader: to serious readers it will even be more pleasing.

There is one change which must take place before subordinate contributors to newspapers can write as freely and seriously as Mr. Bagehot wrote: they must cease to write anonymously. How this change is to be brought about, or whether it can be brought about at all, I do not now stop to ask. I am sure, however, that the change must take place before newspapers can be so written. Such writing must be perfectly candid and, as between writer and reader, intimate; must state the "cons" as well as the "pros," and must "give the devil his due." It is impossible to write thus if the contributor must be on the lookout to suppress opinions which may conflict with those of his associates. He is writing for the information of a reader who wants to meet with the exactly true opinion, and who cares nothing about the agreement of the contributor's opinions with those of other persons.

There is no doubting the advantages of the anonymous method. The unity and positiveness of expression which characterize anonymous journals produce on the minds of readers a notion of strength which is satisfactory and agreeable. The positive way of writing appears to have been suited to the peculiar nature of our political history. Our questions have been simpler than those which the English have had to consider. The subjects which Mr. Bagehot has had to discuss, such as those which relate to the Eastern question and to the internal affairs of England, were complex and recondite, and it was natural to treat of them in a cautious, scrutinizing and somewhat hesitating manner. In our own re-

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cent history, however, there has been little to divide the opinions of educated men. The better things have been sufficiently known and agreed upon; our misfortune is that the worse have been followed. A decided and even violent manner of writing was, therefore, to be expected in this country and it has not been without its uses. So accustomed had we become to the sight of successful corruption and vulgarity that it was something to have them called by their right names. In the future, let us hope that our politics may get without the region of the minor moralities and become concerned with experiments and enterprises which will demand the most respectful study. This new character of our political life may call for a nicer and more critical consideration of public questions from newspaper writers.

There is little doubt that the opinion of a great newspaper must have more weight than that of an individual. But it may be that an error is often made in attributing to the newspaper a weight which really belongs to the opinion itself. The utterance has weight, not because it is an opinion of the newspaper, but because it is the sentiment of a large mass of a community. If the paper is a party paper, it is the sentiment of the party which is expressed; if the paper is an independent paper, it is often the dominant sentiment of the hour which is expressed. Then, if there is an undoubted advantage in anonymous writing, there is also an advantage in personal writing. Great popular journalists, like Cobbett and Greeley, have succeeded, mainly because they were able to make themselves known to many men. The power of making themselves known has also been possessed by certain writers who, like Mr. Bagehot, have addressed a small number of readers. There must be many thousands of people in any great community who desire to form correct opinions upon political subjects, and who would read studiously the writing of a man who had zealously sought to form those opinions. So few people have the time or the ability to gain definite and thorough views upon current public questions, that one who has such opinions will have only too much influence with his fellows. And why should not a journalist have, like other men of business, the advantage of his reputation? The reader will say, "I have often tried this writer; he seems to labor to form a true idea of things, and to point out the proper course; I should like to see what he has to say now." Such a writer would, no doubt, stimulate curiosity and active thinking in the minds of his readers. It seems to me that all the considerations of improvement to the writer, and profit to the reader, and of inherent value in the things written, favor the plan of signed articles. There are, no doubt, grave reasons why it will not seem possible to adopt it, but I believe that the most that may be said is that no great newspaper with signed editorials has yet appeared. We have seen the once prized and lauded anonymous method abandoned by reviews and magazines; it is not impossible that the same change may come to pass with newspapers.

Mr. Bagehot's style was very conversational and cautious and was, therefore, well suited to express the thoughts of one who was first of all an inquirer, who was rather a judge than an advocate, though he was capable of advocating effectively views which he had accepted with circumspection. It is a style suited to the discussion of complex and delicate subjects and is one which should be more widely practiced. But style, as has often been said, is a matter of character. The *pace* of some minds is swifter than that of others; the pace of the style which expresses them is, therefore, swift. Mr. Bagehot's style moves with the caution of his thoughts. His mind scrutinizes the subject and from its careful way of proceeding adopts a language which is cautious and has but little motion. There are other minds, however, to whom it is natural to express thoughts formed with the greatest deliberation with rapidity and rhythm. Both styles are true, but of the two, the first is the less liable to exaggeration and affected imitation. A deep respect for, and a solicitude about, public action is as necessary to the rapid and eloquent writers as to the cautious and conversational ones. The vigorous writers are also to be men of action, rather than men of letters. To them applies the answer of Demosthenes when asked what were the conditions of eloquence, that the first was action and the second was action and the third was action. Demosthenes meant that an orator should be very reluctant to make a speech the sole object of which was the display of his own powers; but were anything about to be done by some great assembly upon the issue of which the orator's words would have effect, he might then speak with eloquence.

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CONFIDENCE.

BY HENRY JAMES, JR.,

Author of "The American," "The Europeans," "Daisy Miller," Etc.

CHAPTER V.

FOR the three or four days that followed Gordon Wright's departure, Bernard saw nothing of the ladies who had been committed to his charge. They chose to remain in seclusion, and he was at liberty to interpret this fact as an expression of regret at the loss of Gordon's good offices. He knew other people at Baden, and he went to see them and endeavored, by cultivating their society, to await in patience the re-appearance of Mrs. Vivian and her companions. But on the fourth day he became conscious that other people were much less interesting than the trio of American ladies who had lodgings above the confectioner's, and he made bold to go and knock at their door. He had been asked to take care of them, and this function presupposed contact. He had met Captain Lovelock the day before, wandering about with a rather crest-fallen aspect, and the young Englishman had questioned him eagerly as to the whereabouts of Mrs. Vivian.

"Gad, I believe they've left the place—left the place without giving a fellow warning!" cried Lovelock.

"Oh no, I think they are here still," said Bernard. "My friend Wright has gone away for a week or two, but I suspect the ladies are simply staying at home."

"Gad, I was afraid your friend Wright had taken them away with him; he seems to keep them all in his pocket. I was afraid he had given them marching orders; they'd have been sure to go—they're so awfully fond of his pocket! I went to look them up yesterday—upon my word I did. They live at a baker's in a little back-street; people do live in rum places when they come abroad! But I assure you, when I got there, I'm damned if I could make out whether they were there or not. I don't speak a word of German, and there was no one there but the baker's wife. She was a low brute of a woman—she couldn't understand a word I said, though she gave me plenty of her own tongue. I had to give it up. They were not at home, but whether they had left Baden or not—that was too knotty a point. If they are here, why the deuce don't they show? Fancy coming to Baden-Baden to sit moping at a pastry-cook's!"

Captain Lovelock was evidently irritated, and it was Bernard's impression that the turn of luck over yonder where the gold-pieces were chinking had something to do with the state of his temper. But more fortunate himself, he ascertained from the baker's wife that though Mrs. Vivian and her daughter had gone out, their companion, "the youngest lady—the little young lady," —was above in the sitting-room.

Blanche Evers was sitting at the window with a book, but she relinquished the volume with an alacrity that showed it had not been absorbing, and began to chatter with her customary frankness.

"Well, I must say I am glad to see *some one!*" cried the young girl, passing before the mirror and giving a touch to her charming tresses.

"Even if it's only me," Bernard exclaimed, laughing.

"I didn't mean that. I am sure I am very glad to see you—I should think you would have found out that by this time. I mean I'm glad to see any one—especially a man. I suppose it's improper for me to say that—especially to you! There—you see I do think more of you than of some gentlemen. Why especially to you? Well, because you always seem to me to want to take advantage. I didn't say a base advantage; I didn't accuse you of anything dreadful. I'm sure I want to take advantage, too—I take it whenever I can. You see I take advantage of your being here—I've got so many things to say. I haven't spoken a word in three days, and I'm sure it is a pleasant change—a gentleman's visit. All of a sudden we have gone into mourning; I'm sure I don't know who's dead. Is it Mr. Gordon Wright? It's some idea of Mrs. Vivian's—I'm sure it isn't mine. She thinks we have been often enough to the Kursaal. I don't know whether she thinks it's wicked, or what. If it's wicked the harm's already done; I can't be any worse than I am now. I have seen all the improper people and I have learnt all their names; Captain Lovelock has told me their names, plenty of times. I don't see what

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good it does me to be shut up here with all those names running in my ears. I must say I do prefer society. We haven't been to the Kursaal for four days—we have only gone out for a drive. We have taken the most interminable drives. I do believe we have seen every old ruin in the whole country. Mrs. Vivian and Angela are so awfully fond of scenery—they talk about it by the half-hour. They talk about the mountains and trees as if they were people they knew—as if they were gentlemen! I mean as if the mountains and trees were gentlemen. Of course scenery's lovely, but you can't walk about with a tree. At any rate, that has been all our society—foliage! Foliage and women; but I suppose women are a sort of foliage. They are always rustling about and dropping off. That's why I couldn't make up my mind to go out with them this afternoon. They've gone to see the Waterworths—the Waterworths arrived yesterday and are staying at some hotel. Five daughters—all unmarried! I don't know what kind of foliage they are; some peculiar kind—they don't drop off. I thought I had had about enough ladies' society—three women all sticking together! I don't think it's good for a young girl to have nothing but ladies' society—it's so awfully limited. I suppose I ought to stand up for my own sex and tell you that when we are alone together we want for nothing. But we want for everything, as it happens! Women's talk *is* limited—every one knows that. That's just what mamma didn't want when she asked Mrs. Vivian to take charge of me. Now, Mr. Longueville, what are you laughing at?—you are always laughing at me. She wanted me to be unlimited—is that what you say? Well, she didn't want me to be narrowed down; she wanted me to have plenty of conversation. She wanted me to be fitted for society—that's what mamma wanted. She wanted me to have ease of manner; she thinks that if you don't acquire it when you are young you never have it at all. She was so happy to think I should come to Baden-Baden; but she wouldn't approve of the life I've been leading the last four days. That's no way to acquire ease of manner—sitting all day in a small parlor with two persons of one's own sex! Of course Mrs. Vivian's influence—that's the great thing. Mamma said it was like the odor of a flower. But you don't want to keep smelling a flower all day, even the sweetest; that's the shortest way to get a headache. Apropos of flowers, do you happen to have heard whether Captain Lovelock is alive or dead? Do I call him a flower? No; I call him a flower-pot. He always has some fine young plant in his button-hole. He hasn't been near me these ten years—I never heard of anything so rude!"

Captain Lovelock came on the morrow, Bernard finding him in Mrs. Vivian's little sitting-room on paying a second visit. On this occasion the two other ladies were at home and Bernard was not exclusively indebted to Miss Evers for entertainment. It was to this source of hospitality, however, that Lovelock mainly appealed, following the young girl out upon the little balcony that was suspended above the confectioner's window. Mrs. Vivian sat writing at one of the windows of the sitting-room, and Bernard addressed his conversation to Angela.

"Wright requested me to keep an eye on you," he said; "but you seem very much inclined to keep out of my jurisdiction."

"I supposed you had gone away," she answered—"now that your friend is gone."

"By no means. Wright is a charming fellow, but he is by no means the only attraction of Baden. Besides, I have promised him to look after you—to take care of you."

The girl looked at him a moment in silence—a little askance.

"I thought you had probably undertaken something of that sort," she presently said.

"It was of course a very natural request for Gordon to make."

Angela got up and turned away; she wandered about the room and went and stood at one of the windows. Bernard found the movement abrupt and not particularly gracious; but the young man was not easy to snub. He followed her, and they stood at the second window—the long window that opened upon the balcony. Miss Evers and Captain Lovelock were leaning on the railing, looking into the street and apparently amusing themselves highly with what they saw.

"I am not sure it was a natural request for him to make," said Angela.

"What could have been more so—devoted as he is to you?"

She hesitated a moment; then with a little laugh:

"He ought to have locked us up and said nothing about it."

"It's not so easy to lock you up," said Bernard. "I know Wright has great in-

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fluence with you, but you are after all independent beings."

"I am not an independent being. If my mother and Mr. Wright were to agree together to put me out of harm's way they could easily manage it."

"You seem to have been trying something of that sort," said Bernard. "You have been so terribly invisible."

"It was because I thought you had designs upon us; that you were watching for us—to take care of us."

"You contradict yourself! You said just now that you believed I had left Baden."

"That was an artificial—a conventional speech. Isn't a lady always supposed to say something of that sort to a visitor by way of pretending to have noticed that she has not seen him?"

"You know I would never have left Baden without coming to bid you good-bye," said Bernard.

The girl made no rejoinder; she stood looking out at the little sunny, slanting, rough-paved German street.

"Are you taking care of us now?" she asked in a moment. "Has the operation begun? Have you heard the news, mamma?" she went on. "Do you know that Mr. Wright has made us over to Mr. Longueville to be kept till called for? Suppose Mr. Wright should never call for us!"

Mrs. Vivian left her writing-table and came toward Bernard, smiling at him and pressing her hands together.

"There is no fear of that, I think," she said. "I'm sure I'm very glad we have a gentleman near us. I think you will be a very good care-taker, Mr. Longueville, and I recommend my daughter to put great faith in your judgment." And Mrs. Vivian gave him an intense—a pleading, almost affecting—little smile.

"I am greatly touched by your confidence and I shall do everything I can think of to merit it," said the young man.

"Ah, mamma's confidence is wonderful!" Angela exclaimed. "There was never anything like mamma's confidence. I'm very different; I have no confidence. And then I don't like being deposited, like a parcel, or being watched, like a curious animal. I am too fond of my liberty."

"That is the second time you have contradicted yourself," said Bernard. "You said just now that you were not an independent being."

Angela turned toward him quickly, smiling and frowning at once.

"You *do* watch one, certainly! I see it has already begun." Mrs. Vivian laid her hand upon her daughter's with a little murmur of tender deprecation, and the girl bent over and kissed her. "Mamma will tell you it's the effect of agitation," she said,—"that I am nervous, and don't know what I say. I am supposed to be agitated by Mr. Wright's departure; isn't that it, mamma?"

Mrs. Vivian turned away, with a certain soft severity.

"I don't know, my daughter. I don't understand you."

A charming pink flush had come into Angela's cheek and a noticeable light into her eye. She looked admirably handsome, and Bernard frankly gazed at her. She met his gaze an instant, and then she went on:

"Mr. Longueville doesn't understand me either. You must know that I *am* agitated," she continued. "Every now and then I have moments of talking nonsense. It's the air of Baden, I think; it's too exciting. It's only lately I have been so. When you go away I shall be horribly ashamed."

"If the air of Baden has such an effect upon you," said Bernard, "it is only a proof the more that you need the solicitous attention of your friends."

"That may be; but, as I told you just now, I have no confidence—none whatever, in any one or anything. Therefore, for the present, I shall withdraw from the world—I shall seclude myself. Let us go on being quiet, mamma. Three or four days of it have been so charming. Let the parcel lie till it's called for. It is much safer it shouldn't be touched at all. I shall assume that, metaphorically speaking, Mr. Wright, who, as you have intimated, disposes of our destiny, has turned the key upon us. I'm locked up. I sha'n't go out, except upon the balcony!" And with this, Angela stepped out of the long window and went and stood beside Miss Evers.

Bernard was extremely amused, but he was also a good deal puzzled, and it came over him that it was not a wonder that poor Wright should not have found this young lady's disposition a perfectly decipherable page. He remained in the room with Mrs. Vivian,—he stood there looking at her with his agreeably mystified smile. She had turned away, but on perceiving

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that her daughter had gone outside she came toward Bernard again, with her habitual little air of eagerness mitigated by discretion. There instantly rose before his mind the vision of that moment when he had stood face to face with this same apologetic mamma, after Angela had turned her back, on the grass-grown terrace at Siena. To make the vision complete, Mrs. Vivian took it into her head to utter the same words.

"I'm sure you think she is a strange girl."

Bernard recognized them, and he gave a light laugh.

"You told me that the first time you ever saw me—in that quiet little corner of an Italian town."

Mrs. Vivian gave a little faded, elderly blush.

"Don't speak of that," she murmured, glancing at the open window. "It was a little accident of travel."

"I'm dying to speak of it," said Bernard. "It was such a charming accident for me! Tell me this, at least—have you kept my sketch?"

Mrs. Vivian colored more deeply and glanced at the window again.

"No," she just whispered.

Bernard looked out of the window too. Angela was leaning against the railing of the balcony, in profile, just as she had stood while he painted her, against the polished parapet at Siena. The young man's eyes rested on her a moment, then, as he glanced back at her mother:

"Has *she* kept it?" he asked.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Vivian, with decision.

The decision was excessive—it expressed the poor lady's distress at having her veracity tested. "Dear little daughter of the Puritans! She can't tell a fib!" Bernard exclaimed to himself. And with this flattering conclusion he took leave of her.

It was affirmed at an early stage of this narrative that Bernard Longueville was a young man of a contemplative and speculative turn, and he had perhaps never been more true to his character than during an hour or two that evening as he sat by himself on the terrace of the Conversation-house, surrounded by the crowd of its frequenters but lost in his meditations. The place was full of movement and sound, but he had tilted back his chair against the great green box of an orange-tree, and in this easy attitude, vaguely and agreeably conscious of the music, he directed his gaze to the star-sprinkled vault of the night. There were people coming and going whom he knew, but he said nothing to any one—he preferred to be alone; he found his own company quite absorbing. He felt very happy, very much amused, very curiously preoccupied. The feeling was a singular one. It partook of the nature of intellectual excitement. He had a sense of having received *carte blanche* for the expenditure of his wits. Bernard liked to feel his intelligence at play; this is, perhaps, the luxury of a clever man. It played at present over the whole field of Angela Vivian's oddities of conduct—for, since his visit in the afternoon, Bernard had felt that the spectacle was considerably enlarged. He had come to feel, also, that poor Wright's predicament was by no means an unnatural one. Longueville had begun to take his friend's dilemma very seriously indeed. The girl was certainly a curious study.

The evening drew to a close and the crowd of Bernard's fellow-loungers dispersed. The lighted windows of the Kursaal still glittered in the bosky darkness, and the lamps along the terrace had not been extinguished; but the great promenade was almost deserted; here and there only a lingering couple—the red tip of a cigar and the vague radiance of a light dress—gave animation to the place. But Bernard sat there still in his tilted chair, beneath his orange-tree; his imagination had wandered very far and he was awaiting its return to the fold. He was on the point of rising, however, when he saw three figures come down the empty vista of the terrace—figures which even at a distance had a familiar air. He immediately left his seat and, taking a dozen steps, recognized Angela Vivian, Blanche Evers and Captain Lovelock. In a moment he met them in the middle of the terrace.

Miss Evers immediately announced that they had come for a midnight walk.

"And if you think it's improper," she exclaimed, "it's not my invention—it's Miss Vivian's."

"I beg pardon—it's mine," said Captain Lovelock. "I desire the credit of it. I started the idea; you never would have come without me."

"I think it would have been more proper to come without you than with you," Blanche declared. "You know you're a dreadful character."

"I'm much worse when I'm away from

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you than when I'm with you," said Lovelock. "You keep me in order."

The young girl gave a little cry.

"I don't know what you call order! You can't be worse than you have been to-night."

Angela was not listening to this; she turned away a little, looking about at the empty garden.

"This is the third time to-day that you have contradicted yourself," he said. Though he spoke softly he went nearer to her; but she appeared not to hear him —she looked away.

"You ought to have been there, Mr. Longueville," Blanche went on. "We have had a most lovely night; we sat all the evening on Mrs. Vivian's balcony, eating ices. To sit on a balcony, eating ices—that's my idea of heaven."

"With an angel by your side," said Captain Lovelock.

"You are not my idea of an angel," retorted Blanche.

"I'm afraid you'll never learn what the angels are really like," said the Captain. "That's why Miss Evers got Mrs. Vivian to take rooms over the baker's—so that she could have ices sent up several times a day. Well, I'm bound to say the baker's ices are not bad."

"Considering that they have been baked. But they affect the mind," Blanche went on. "They would have affected Captain Lovelock's—only he hasn't any. They certainly affected Miss Vivian's—putting it into her head, at eleven o'clock, to come out to walk."

Angela did nothing whatever to defend herself against this ingenious sally; she simply stood there in graceful abstraction. Bernard was vaguely vexed at her neither looking at him nor speaking to him; her indifference seemed a contravention of that right of criticism which Gordon had bequeathed to him.

"I supposed people went to bed at eleven o'clock," he said.

Angela glanced about her, without meeting his eye.

"They seem to have gone."

Miss Evers strolled on, and her Captain of course kept pace with her; so that Bernard and Miss Vivian were left standing together. He looked at her a moment in silence, but her eye still avoided his own.

"You are remarkably inconsistent," Bernard presently said. "You took a solemn vow of seclusion this afternoon, and no sooner have you taken it than you proceed to break it in this outrageous manner."

She looked at him now—a long time—longer than she had ever done before.

"This is part of the examination, I suppose," she said.

Bernard hesitated an instant.

"What examination?"

"The one you have undertaken—on Mr. Wright's behalf."

"What do you know about that?"

"Ah, you admit it then?" the girl exclaimed, with an eager laugh.

"I don't in the least admit it," said Bernard, conscious only for the moment of the duty of loyalty to his friend and feeling that negation here was simply a point of honor.

"I trust more to my own conviction than to your denial. You have engaged to bring your superior wisdom and your immense experience to bear upon me! That's the understanding."

"You must think us a pretty pair of wiseacres," said Bernard.

"There it is—you already begin to answer for what I think. When Mr. Wright comes back you will be able to tell him that I am 'outrageous'!" And she turned away and walked on, slowly following her companions.

"What do you care what I tell him?" Bernard asked. "You don't care a straw."

She said nothing for a moment, then, suddenly, she stopped again, dropping her eyes.

"I beg your pardon," she said, very gently; "I care a great deal. It's as well that you should know that."

Bernard stood looking at her; her eyes were still lowered.

"Do you know what I shall tell him? I shall tell him that about eleven o'clock at night you become peculiarly attractive."

She went on again a few steps; Miss Evers and Captain Lovelock had turned round and were coming toward her.

"It is very true that I am outrageous," she said; "it was extremely silly and in very bad taste to come out at this hour. Mamma was not at all pleased, and I was very unkind to her. I only wanted to take a turn, and now we will go back." On the others coming up she announced this resolution, and though Captain Lovelock and his companion made a great outcry, she carried her point. Bernard offered no opposition. He contented himself with walking back to her mother's lodging with her almost in silence. The little winding streets

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were still and empty; there was no sound but the chatter and laughter of Blanche and her attendant swain. Angela said nothing.

This incident presented itself at first to Bernard's mind as a sort of declaration of war. The girl had guessed that she was to be made a subject of speculative scrutiny. The idea was not agreeable to her independent spirit, and she placed herself boldly on the defensive. She took her stand upon her right to defeat his purpose by every possible means—to perplex, elude, deceive him—in plain English, to make a fool of him. This was the construction which for several days Bernard put upon her deportment, at the same time that he thought it immensely clever of her to have guessed what had been going on in his mind. She made him feel very much ashamed of his critical attitude, and he did everything he could think of to put her off her guard and persuade her that for the moment he had ceased to be an observer. His position at moments seemed to him an odious one, for he was firmly resolved that between him and the woman to whom his friend had proposed there should be nothing in the way of a vulgar flirtation. Under the circumstances, it savored both of flirtation and of vulgarity that they should even fall out with each other—a consummation which appeared to be more or less definitely impending. Bernard remarked to himself that his own only reasonable line of conduct would be instantly to leave Baden, but I am almost ashamed to mention the fact which led him to modify this decision. It was simply that he was induced to make the reflection that he had really succeeded in putting Miss Vivian off her guard. How he had done so he would have found it difficult to explain, inasmuch as in one way or another, for a week, he had spent several hours in talk with her. The most effective way of putting her off her guard would have been to leave her alone, to forswear the privilege of conversation with her, to pass the days in other society. This course would have had the drawback of not enabling him to measure the operation of so ingenious a policy, and Bernard liked, of all the things in the world, to know when he was successful. He believed, at all events, that he was successful now, and that the virtue of his conversation itself had persuaded this keen and brilliant girl that he was thinking of anything in the world but herself. He flattered himself that the civil indifference of his manner, the abstract character of the topics he selected, the irrelevancy of his allusions and the laxity of his attention, all contributed to this result.

Such a result was certainly a remarkable one, for it is almost superfluous to intimate that Miss Vivian was, in fact, perpetually in his thoughts. He made it a point of conscience not to think of her, but he was thinking of her most when his conscience was most lively. Bernard had a conscience—a conscience which, though a little irregular in its motions, gave itself in the long run a great deal of exercise; but nothing could have been more natural than that, curious, imaginative, audacious as he was, and delighting, as I have said, in the play of his singularly nimble intelligence, he should have given himself up to a sort of unconscious experimentation. "I will leave her alone—I will be hanged if I attempt to draw her out!" he said to himself; and meanwhile he was roaming afield and plucking personal impressions in great, fragrant handfuls. All this, as I say, was natural, given the man and the situation; the only oddity is that he should have fancied himself able to persuade the person most interested that he had renounced his advantage.

He remembered her telling him that she cared very much what he should say of her on Gordon Wright's return, and he felt that this declaration had a particular significance. After this, of her own movement, she never spoke of Gordon, and Bernard made up his mind that she had promised her mother to accept him if he should repeat his proposal and that as her heart was not in the matter she preferred to drop a veil over the prospect. "She is going to marry him for his money," he said, "because her mother has brought out the advantages of the thing. Mrs. Vivian's persuasive powers have carried the day, and the girl has made herself believe that it doesn't matter that she doesn't love him. Perhaps it doesn't—to her; it's hard, in such a case, to put one's self in the woman's point of view. But I should think it would matter, some day or other, to poor Gordon. She herself can't help suspecting it may make a difference in his happiness, and she therefore doesn't wish to seem any worse to him than is necessary. She wants me to speak well of her; if she intends to deceive him she expects me to back her up. The wish is doubtless natural, but for a proud girl it is rather an odd favor to ask. Oh yes, she's a proud girl, even though she has been able to arrange it with her

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conscience to make a mercenary marriage. To expect me to help her is perhaps to treat me as a friend; but she ought to remember —or at least I ought to remember—that Wright is an older friend than she. Inviting me to help her as against my oldest friend—isn't there a grain of impudence in that?"

It will be gathered that Bernard's meditations were not on the whole favorable to this young lady, and it must be affirmed that he was forcibly struck with an element of cynicism in her conduct. On the evening of her so-called midnight visit to the Kursaal she had suddenly sounded a note of sweet submissiveness which re-appeared again at frequent intervals. She was gentle, accessible, tenderly gracious, expressive, demonstrative, almost flattering. From his own personal point of view Bernard had no complaint to make of this maidenly urbanity, but he kept reminding himself that *he* was not in question and that everything must be looked at in the light of Gordon's requirements. There was all this time an absurd logical twist in his view of things. In the first place he was not to judge at all; and in the second he was to judge strictly on Gordon's behalf. This latter clause always served as a justification when the former had failed to serve as a deterrent. When Bernard reproached himself for thinking too much of the girl, he drew comfort from the reflection that he was not thinking well. To let it gradually filter into one's mind, through a superficial complexity of more reverent preconceptions, that she was an extremely clever coquette—*this*, surely, was not to think well! Bernard had luminous glimpses of another situation, in which Angela Vivian's cóquetry should meet with a different appreciation; but just now it was not an item to be entered on the credit side of Wright's account. Bernard wiped his pen, mentally speaking, as he made this reflection, and felt like a grizzled old book-keeper of incorruptible probity. He saw her, as I have said, very often; she continued to break her vow of shutting herself up, and at the end of a fortnight she had reduced it to imperceptible particles. On four different occasions, presenting himself at Mrs. Vivian's lodgings, Bernard found Angela there alone. She made him welcome, receiving him as an American girl, in such circumstances, is free to receive the most gallant of visitors. She smiled and talked and gave herself up to charming gayety, so that there was nothing for Bernard to say but that now at least she was off her guard with a vengeance. Happily he was on his own! He flattered himself that he remained so on occasions that were even more insidiously relaxing—when, in the evening, she strolled away with him to parts of the grounds of the Conversation-house, where the music sank to sweeter softness and the murmur of the tree-tops of the Black Forest, stirred by the warm night-air, became almost audible; or when, in the long afternoons, they wandered in the woods apart from the others—from Mrs. Vivian and the amiable object of her more avowed solicitude, the object of the sportive adoration of the irrepressible, the ever-present Lovelock. They were constantly having parties in the woods at this time—driving over the hills to points of interest which Bernard had looked out in the guide-book. Bernard, in such matters, was extremely alert and considerate; he developed an unexpected talent for arranging excursions, and he had taken regularly into his service the red-waistcoated proprietor of a big Teutonic landau, which had a courier's seat behind and was always at the service of the ladies. The functionary in the red waistcoat was a capital charioteer; he was constantly proposing new drives, and he introduced our little party to treasures of romantic scenery.

More than a fortnight had elapsed, but Gordon Wright had not re-appeared, and Bernard suddenly decided that he would leave Baden. He found Mrs. Vivian and her daughter, very opportunely, in the garden of the pleasant, homely Schloss which forms the residence of the grand dukes of Baden during their visits to the scene of our narrative, and which, perched upon the hill-side directly above the little town, is surrounded with charming old boscages and terraces. To this garden a portion of the public is admitted, and Bernard, who liked the place, had been there more than once. One of the terraces had a high parapet, against which Angela was leaning, looking across the valley. Mrs. Vivian was not at first in sight, but Bernard presently perceived her seated under a tree with Victor Cousin in her hand. As Bernard approached the young girl, Angela, who had not seen him, turned round.

"Don't move," he said. "You were just in the position in which I painted your portrait at Siena."

"Don't speak of that," she answered.

"I have never understood," said Bernard,

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"why you insist upon ignoring that charming incident."

She resumed for a moment her former position, and stood looking at the opposite hills.

"That's just how you were—in profile—with your head a little thrown back."

"It was an odious incident!" Angela exclaimed, rapidly changing her attitude.

Bernard was on the point of making a rejoinder, but he thought of Gordon Wright and held his tongue. He presently told her that he intended to leave Baden on the morrow.

They were walking toward her mother. She looked round at him quickly.

"Where are you going?"

"To Paris," he said, quite at hazard; for he had not in the least determined where to go.

"To Paris—in the month of August?" And she gave a little laugh. "What a happy inspiration!"

She gave a little laugh, but she said nothing more, and Bernard gave no further account of his plan. They went and sat down near Mrs. Vivian for ten minutes, and then they got up again and strolled to another part of the garden. They had it all to themselves, and it was filled with things that Bernard liked—inequalities of level, with mossy steps connecting them, rose-trees trained upon old brick walls, horizontal trellises arranged like Italian pergolas, and here and there a towering poplar, looking as if it had survived from some more primitive stage of culture, with its stiff boughs motionless and its leaves forever trembling. They made almost the whole circuit of the garden, and then Angela mentioned very quietly that she had heard that morning from Mr. Wright, and that he would not return for another week.

"You had better stay," she presently added, as if Gordon's continued absence were an added reason.

"I don't know," said Bernard. "It is sometimes difficult to say what one had better do."

I hesitate to bring against him that most inglorious of all charges, an accusation of masculine coquetry, of the disposition to invent obstacles to enjoyment so that he might have the pleasure of seeing a pretty girl attempt to remove them. But it must be admitted that if Bernard really thought at present that he had better leave Baden, the observation I have just quoted was not so much a sign of this conviction as of the hope that his companion would proceed to gainsay it. The hope was not disappointed, though I must add that no sooner had it been gratified than Bernard began to feel ashamed of it.

"This certainly is not one of those cases," said Angela. "The thing is surely very simple now."

"What makes it so simple?"

She hesitated a moment.

"The fact that I ask you to stay."

"You ask me?" he repeated, softly.

"Ah," she exclaimed, "one doesn't say those things twice!"

She turned away, and they went back to her mother, who gave Bernard a wonderful little look of half urgent, half remonstrant inquiry. As they left the garden he walked beside Mrs. Vivian, Angela going in front of them at a distance. The elder lady began immediately to talk to him of Gordon Wright.

"He's not coming back for another week, you know," she said. "I'm sorry he stays away so long."

"Ah yes," Bernard answered, "it seems very long indeed."

And it had, in fact, seemed to him very long.

"I suppose he is always likely to have business," said Mrs. Vivian.

"You may be very sure it is not for his pleasure that he stays away."

"I know he is faithful to old friends," said Mrs. Vivian. "I am sure he has not forgotten us."

"I certainly count upon that," Bernard exclaimed, "remembering him as we do."

Mrs. Vivian glanced at him gratefully.

"Oh yes, we remember him—we remember him daily, hourly. At least, I can speak for my daughter and myself. He has been so very kind to us." Bernard said nothing, and she went on: "And you have been so very kind to us, too, Mr. Longueville. I want so much to thank you."

"Oh no, don't!" said Bernard, frowning. "I would rather you wouldn't."

"Of course," Mrs. Vivian added, "I know it's all on his account; but that makes me wish to thank you all the more. Let me express my gratitude, in advance, for the rest of the time, till he comes back. That's more responsibility than you bargained for," she said, with a little nervous laugh.

"Yes, it's more than I bargained for. I am thinking of going away."

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Mrs. Vivian almost gave a little jump, and then she paused on the Baden cobble-stones, looking up at him.

"If you *must* go, Mr. Longueville—don't sacrifice yourself!"

The exclamation fell upon Bernard's ear with a certain softly mocking cadence which was sufficient, however, to make this organ tingle.

"Oh, after all, you know," he said, as they walked on,—"after all, you know, I'm not like Wright—I have no business."

He walked with the ladies to the door of their lodging. Angela kept always in front. She stood there, however, at the little confectioner's window until the others came up. She let her mother pass in, and then she said to Bernard, looking at him:

"Shall I see you again?"

"Some time, I hope."

"I mean—are you going away?"

Bernard looked for a moment at a little pink sugar cherub—a species of Cupid, with a gilded bow—which figured among the pastry cook's enticements. Then he said:

"I will come and tell you this evening."

And in the evening he went to tell her; she had mentioned during the walk in the garden of the Schloss that they should not go out. As he approached Mrs. Vivian's door he saw a figure in a light dress standing in the little balcony. He stopped and looked up, and then the person in the light dress, leaning her hands on the railing, with her shoulders a little raised, bent over and looked down at him. It was very dark, but even through the thick dusk he thought he perceived the finest brilliancy of Angela Vivian's smile.

"I shall not go away," he said, lifting his voice a little.

She made no answer; she only stood looking down at him through the warm dusk and smiling. He went into the house, and he remained at Baden-Baden till Gordon came back.

CHAPTER VI.

Gordon asked him no questions for twenty-four hours after his return, then suddenly he began:

"Well, haven't you something to say to me?"

It was at the hotel, in Gordon's apartment, late in the afternoon. A heavy thunder-storm had broken over the place an hour before, and Bernard had been standing at one of his friend's windows, rather idly, with his hands in his pockets, watching the rain-torrents dance upon the empty pavements. At last the deluge abated, the clouds began to break—there was a promise of a fine evening. Gordon Wright, while the storm was at its climax, sat down to write letters, and wrote half a dozen. It was after he had sealed, directed and affixed a postage-stamp to the last of the series that he addressed to his companion the question I have just quoted.

"Do you mean about Miss Vivian?" Bernard asked, without turning round from the window.

"About Miss Vivian, of course." Bernard said nothing and his companion went on. "Have you nothing to tell me about Miss Vivian?"

Bernard presently turned round looking at Gordon and smiling a little.

"She's a delightful creature!"

"That wont do—you've tried that before," said Gordon. "No," he added in a moment, "that wont do." Bernard turned back to the window, and Gordon continued, as he remained silent. "I shall have a right to consider your saying nothing a proof of an unfavorable judgment. You don't like her!"

Bernard faced quickly about again, and for an instant the two men looked at each other.

"Ah, my dear Gordon," Longueville murmured.

"*Do* you like her then?" asked Wright, getting up.

"No!" said Longueville.

"That's just what I wanted to know, and I'm much obliged to you for telling me."

"I am not obliged to you for asking me. I was in hopes you wouldn't."

"You dislike her very much then?" Gordon exclaimed, gravely.

"Wont disliking her, simply, do?" said Bernard.

"It will do very well. But it will do a little better if you will tell me why. Give me a reason or two."

"Well," said Bernard, "I tried to make love to her and she boxed my ears."

"The devil!" cried Gordon.

"I mean morally, you know."

Gordon stared; he seemed a little puzzled.

"You tried to make love to her morally?"

"She boxed my ears morally," said Bernard, laughing out.

"Why did you try to make love to her?"

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This inquiry was made in a tone so expressive of an unbiased truth-seeking habit that Bernard's mirth was not immediately quenched. Nevertheless, he replied with sufficient gravity:

"To test her fidelity to you. Could you have expected anything else? You told me you were afraid she was a latent coquette. You gave me a chance, and I tried to ascertain."

"And you found she was not. Is that what you mean?"

"She's as firm as a rock. My dear Gordon, Miss Vivian is as firm as the firmest of your geological formations."

Gordon shook his head with a strange positive persistence.

"You are talking nonsense. You are not serious. You are not telling me the truth. I don't believe that you attempted to make love to her. You wouldn't have played such a game as that. It wouldn't have been honorable."

Bernard flushed a little; he was irritated.

"Oh come, don't make too much of a point of that! Didn't you tell me before that it was a great opportunity?"

"An opportunity to be wise—not to be foolish!"

"Ah, there is only one sort of opportunity," cried Bernard. "You exaggerate the reach of human wisdom."

"Suppose she had let you make love to her," said Gordon. "That would have been a beautiful result of your experiment."

"I should have seemed to you a rascal, perhaps, but I should have saved you from a latent coquette. You would owe some thanks for that."

"And now you haven't saved me," said Gordon, with a simple air of noting a fact.

"You assume—in spite of what I say—that she *is* a coquette!"

"I assume something because you evidently conceal something. I want the whole truth."

Bernard turned back to the window with increasing irritation.

"If he wants the whole truth he shall have it," he said to himself.

He stood a moment in thought and then he looked at his companion again.

"I think she would marry you—but I don't think she cares for you."

Gordon turned a little pale, but he clapped his hands together.

"Very good," he exclaimed. "That's exactly how I want you to speak."

"Her mother has taken a great fancy to your fortune and it has rubbed off on the girl, who has made up her mind that it would be a pleasant thing to have thirty thousand a year, and that her not caring for you is an unimportant detail."

"I see—I see," said Gordon, looking at his friend with an air of admiration for his frank and lucid way of putting things.

Now that he had begun to be frank and lucid, Bernard found a charm in it, and the impulse under which he had spoken urged him almost violently forward.

"The mother and daughter have agreed together to bag you, and Angela, I am sure, has made a vow to be as nice to you after marriage as possible. Mrs. Vivian has insisted upon the importance of that; Mrs. Vivian is a great moralist."

Gordon kept gazing at his friend; he seemed positively fascinated.

"Yes, I have noticed that in Mrs. Vivian," he said.

"Ah, she's a very nice woman!"

"It's not true, then," said Gordon, "that you tried to make love to Angela?"

Bernard hesitated a single instant.

"No, it isn't true. I calumniated myself, to save her reputation. You insisted on my giving you a reason for my not liking her—I gave you that one."

"And your real reason——"

"My real reason is that I believe she would do you what I can't help regarding as an injury."

"Of course!" and Gordon, dropping his interested eyes, stared for some moments at the carpet. "But it isn't true, then, that you discovered her to be a coquette?"

"Ah, that's another matter."

"You did discover it all the same?"

"Since you want the whole truth—I did!"

"How did you discover it?" Gordon asked, clinging to his right of interrogation.

Bernard hesitated.

"You must remember that I saw a great deal of her."

"You mean that she encouraged you?"

"If I had not been a very faithful friend I might have thought so."

Gordon laid his hand appreciatively, gratefully, on Bernard's shoulder.

"And even that didn't make you like her?"

"Confound it, you make me blush!" cried Bernard, blushing a little in fact. "I have said quite enough; excuse me from drawing the portrait of too insensible a man. It was my point of view; I kept thinking of you."

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Gordon, with his hand still on his friend's arm, patted it an instant in response to this declaration; then he turned away.

"I am much obliged to you. That's my notion of friendship. You have spoken out like a man."

"Like a man, yes. Remember that. Not in the least like an oracle."

"I prefer an honest man to all the oracles," said Gordon.

"An honest man has his impressions! I have given you mine—they pretend to be nothing more. I hope they haven't offended you."

"Not in the least."

"Nor distressed, nor depressed, nor in any way discomposed you?"

"For what do you take me? I asked you a favor—a service; I imposed it on you. You have done the thing, and my part is simple gratitude."

"Thank you for nothing," said Bernard, smiling. "You have asked me a great many questions; there is one that in turn I have a right to ask you. What do you propose to do in consequence of what I have told you?"

"I propose to do nothing."

This declaration closed the colloquy, and the young men separated. Bernard saw Gordon no more that evening; he took for granted he had gone to Mrs. Vivian's. The burden of Longueville's confidences was a heavy load to carry there, but Bernard ventured to hope that he would deposit it at the door. He had given Gordon his impressions, and the latter might do with them what he chose—toss them out of the window, or let them grow stale with heedless keeping. So Bernard meditated, as he wandered about alone for the rest of the evening. It was useless to look for Mrs. Vivian's little circle, on the terrace of the Conversation-house, for the storm in the afternoon had made the place so damp that it was almost forsaken of its frequenters. Bernard spent the evening in the gaming-rooms, in the thick of the crowd that pressed about the tables, and by way of a change—he had hitherto been almost nothing of a gambler—he laid down a couple of pieces at roulette. He had played but two or three times, without winning a penny; but now he had the agreeable sensation of drawing in a small handful of gold. He continued to play, and he continued to win. His luck surprised and excited him—so much so that after it had repeated itself half a dozen times he left the place and walked about for half an hour in the outer darkness. He felt amused and exhilarated, but the feeling amounted almost to agitation. He, nevertheless, returned to the tables, where he again found success awaiting him. Again and again he put his money on a happy number, and so steady a run of luck began at last to attract attention. The rumor of it spread through the rooms, and the crowd about the roulette received a large contingent of spectators. Bernard felt that they were looking more or less eagerly for a turn of the tide; but he was in the humor for disappointing them, and he left the place, while his luck was still running high, with five thousand francs in his pocket. It was very late when he returned to the inn—so late that he forbore to knock at Gordon's door. But though he betook himself to his own quarters, he was far from finding, or even seeking, immediate rest. He knocked about, as he would have said, for half the night—not because he was delighted at having won five thousand francs, but rather because all of a sudden he found himself disgusted at the manner in which he had spent the evening. It was extremely characteristic of Bernard Longueville that his pleasure should suddenly transform itself into flatness. What he felt was not regret or repentance. He had it not in the least on his conscience that he had given countenance to the reprehensible practice of gaming. It was annoyance that he had passed out of his own control—that he had obeyed a force which he was unable to measure at the time. He had been drunk and he was turning sober. In spite of a great momentary appearance of frankness and a lively relish of any conjunction of agreeable circumstances exerting a pressure to which one could respond, Bernard had really little taste for giving himself up, and he never did so without very soon wishing to take himself back. He had now given himself to something that was not himself, and the fact that he had gained five thousand francs by it was an insufficient salve to an aching sense of having ceased to be his own master. He had not been playing—he had been played with. He had been the sport of a blind, brutal chance, and he felt humiliated by having been favored by so rudely operating a divinity. Good luck and bad luck? Bernard felt very scornful of the distinction, save that good luck seemed to him rather the more vulgar. As the night went on his disgust deepened, and at last the weariness

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it brought with it sent him to sleep. He slept very late, and woke up to a disagreeable consciousness. At first, before collecting his thoughts, he could not imagine what he had on his mind—was it that he had spoken ill of Angela Vivian? It brought him extraordinary relief to remember that he had gone to bed in extreme ill-humor with his exploits at roulette. After he had dressed himself and just as he was leaving his room, a servant brought him a note superscribed in Gordon's hand—a note of which the following proved to be the contents:

"Seven o'clock, A. M.

"MY DEAR BERNARD: Circumstances have determined me to leave Baden immediately, and I shall take the train that starts an hour hence. I am told that you came in very late last night, so I wont disturb you for a painful parting at this unnatural hour. I came to this decision last evening, and I put up my things; so I have nothing to do but to take myself off. I shall go to Basel, but after that I don't know where, and in so comfortless an uncertainty I don't ask you to follow me. Perhaps I shall go to America; but in any case I shall see you sooner or later. Meanwhile, my dear Bernard, be as happy as your brilliant talents should properly make you, and believe me yours ever, G.W.

"P. S. It is perhaps as well that I should say that I am leaving in consequence of something that happened last evening, but not—by any traceable process—in consequence of the talk we had together. I may also add that I am in very good health and spirits."

Bernard lost no time in learning that his friend had in fact departed by the eight o'clock train,—the morning was now well advanced; and then, over his breakfast, he gave himself up to meditative surprise. What had happened during the evening—what had happened after their conversation in Gordon's room? He had gone to Mrs. Vivian's—what had happened there? Bernard found it difficult to believe that he had gone there simply to notify her that, having talked it over with an intimate friend, he gave up her daughter, or to mention to the young lady herself that he had ceased to desire the honor of her hand. Gordon alluded to some definite occurrence, yet it was inconceivable that he should have allowed himself to be determined by Bernard's words—his diffident and irresponsible impression. Bernard resented this idea as an injury to himself, yet it was difficult to imagine what else could have happened. There was Gordon's word for it, however, that there was no "traceable" connection between the circumstances which led to his sudden departure and the information he had succeeded in extracting from his friend. What did he mean by a "traceable" connection? Gordon never used words idly, and he meant to make of this point an intelligible distinction. It was this sense of his usual accuracy of expression that assisted Bernard in fitting a meaning to his late companion's letter. He intended to intimate that he had come back to Baden with his mind made up to relinquish his suit, and that he had questioned Bernard simply from moral curiosity—for the sake of intellectual satisfaction. Nothing was altered by the fact that Bernard had told him a sorry tale; it had not modified his behavior—that effect would have been traceable. It had simply affected his imagination, which was a consequence of the imponderable sort. This view of the case was supported by Gordon's mention of his good spirits. A man always had good spirits when he had acted in harmony with a conviction. Of course, after renouncing the attempt to make himself acceptable to Miss Vivian, the only possible thing for Gordon had been to leave Baden. Bernard, continuing to meditate, at last convinced himself that there had been no explicit rupture, that Gordon's last visit had simply been a visit of farewell, that its character had sufficiently signified his withdrawal, and that he had now gone away because, after giving the girl up, he wished very naturally not to meet her again. This was, on Bernard's part, a sufficiently coherent view of the case; but nevertheless, an hour afterward, as he strolled along the Lichtenthal Alley, he found himself stopping suddenly and exclaiming under his breath: "Have I done her an injury? Have I affected her prospects?" Later in the day he said to himself half a dozen times that he had simply warned Gordon against an incongruous union.

Now that Gordon was gone at any rate, gone for good, and not to return, Bernard felt a sudden and singular sense of freedom. It was a feeling of unbounded expansion, quite out of proportion, as he said to himself, to any assignable cause. Everything suddenly appeared to have become very optional, but he was quite at a loss what to do with his liberty. It seemed a harmless use to make of it in the afternoon to go and pay another visit to the ladies who lived at the confectioner's. Here, however, he met a reception which introduced a fresh element of perplexity into the situation that Gordon had left behind him. The door

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was opened to him by Mrs. Vivian's maid-servant, a sturdy daughter of the Schwartzwald, who informed him that the ladies—with much regret—were unable to receive any one.

"They are very busy—and they are ill," said the young woman, by way of explanation.

Bernard was disappointed, and he felt like arguing the case.

"Surely," he said, "they are not both ill and busy! When you make excuses, you should make them agree with each other."

The Teutonic soubrette fixed her round blue eyes a minute upon the patch of blue sky revealed to her by her open door.

"I say what I can, *lieber Herr*. It's not my fault if I'm not so clever as a French mamsell. One of the ladies is busy, the other is ill. There you have it."

"Not quite," said Bernard. "You must remember that there are three of them."

"Oh, the little one—the little one weeps."

"Miss Evers weeps!" exclaimed Bernard, to whom the vision of this young lady in tears had never presented itself.

"That happens to young ladies when they are unhappy," said the hand-maiden; and with an artless yet significant smile she carried a big red hand to the left side of a broad bosom.

"I am sorry she is unhappy; but which of the other ladies is ill?"

"The mother is very busy," said the young woman.

"And the daughter is ill?"

She looked at him an instant, smiling again, and the light in her little blue eyes indicated confusion, but not perversity.

"No, the mamma is ill," she exclaimed, "and the daughter is very busy. They are preparing to leave Baden."

"To leave Baden? When do they go?"

"I don't quite know, *lieber Herr;* but very soon."

With this information Bernard turned away. He was rather surprised, but he reflected that Mrs. Vivian had not proposed to spend her life by the banks of the Oos, and that people were leaving Baden every day in the year. In the evening, at the Kursaal, he met Captain Lovelock, who was wandering about with an air of explosive sadness.

"Damn it, they're going—yes, they're going," said the captain, after the two young men had exchanged a few allusions to current events. "Fancy their leaving us in that heartless manner! It's not the time to run away—it's the time to keep your rooms, if you're so lucky as to have any. The races begin next week and there'll be a tremendous crowd. All the grand-ducal people are coming. Miss Evers wanted awfully to see the grand duke, and I promised her an introduction. I can't make out what Mrs. Vivian is up to. I bet you a ten-pound note she's giving chase. Our friend Wright has come back and gone off again, and Mrs. Vivian means to strike camp and follow. She'll pot him yet; you see if she doesn't!"

"She is running away from you, dangerous man!" said Bernard.

"Do you mean on account of Miss Evers? Well, I admire Miss Evers—I don't mind admitting that; but I aint dangerous," said Captain Lovelock, with a lusterless eye. "How can a fellow be dangerous when he hasn't ten shillings in his pocket? Desperation, do you call it? But Miss Evers hasn't money, so far as I have heard. I don't ask you," Lovelock continued,—"I don't care a damn whether she has or not. She's a devilish charming girl, and I don't mind telling you I'm hit. I stand no chance—I know I stand no chance. Mrs. Vivian's down on me, and, by Jove, Mrs. Vivian's right. I'm not the husband to pick out for a young woman of expensive habits and no expectations. Wright's the sort of young man that's wanted, and, hang me, if Mrs. Vivian didn't want him so much for her own daughter, I believe she'd try and bag him for the little one. Gad, I believe that to keep me off she would like to cut him in two and give half to each of them! I'm afraid of that little woman. She has got a little voice like an edge-tool. But for all that, if I could get away from this cursed place, I would keep the girl in sight—hang me if I wouldn't! I'd cut the races—dash me if I wouldn't! But I'm in pawn, if you know what that means. I owe a beastly lot of money at the inn, and that impudent little beggar of a landlord wont let me out of his sight. The luck's dead against me at those filthy tables; I haven't won a farthing in three weeks. I wrote to my brother the other day, and this morning I got an answer from him—a cursed, canting letter of good advice, remarking that he had already paid my debts seven times. It doesn't happen to be seven; it's only six, or six and a half at most. Does he expect me to spend the rest of my life at the Hôtel de Hollande? Perhaps he would like me to engage as a waiter there and work off my debt by serv-

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ing at the *table d'hôte*. It would be convenient for him the next time he comes abroad with his seven daughters and two governesses. I hate the smell of their beastly *table d'hôte!* You're sorry I'm hard up? I'm sure I'm much obliged to you. Can you be of any service? My dear fellow, if you are bent on throwing your money about the place I'm not the man to stop you." Bernard's winnings of the previous night were burning a hole, as the phrase is, in his pocket. Five thousand francs had never before seemed to him so heavy a load to carry, and to lighten the weight of his good luck by lending fifty pounds to a less fortunate fellow-player was an operation that not only gratified his good-nature but strongly commended itself to his conscience. His conscience, however, made its conditions. "My dear Longueville," Lovelock went on, "I have always gone in for family feeling, early associations, and all that sort of thing. That's what made me confide my difficulties to Dovedale. But, upon my honor, you remind me of the good Samaritan, or that sort of person; you are fonder of me than my own brother! I'll take fifty pounds with pleasure, thank you, and you shall have them again—at the earliest opportunity. My earliest convenience—will that do? Damn it, it *is* a convenience, isn't it? You make your conditions. My dear fellow, I accept them in advance. That I'm not to follow up Miss Evers—is that what you mean? Have you been commissioned by the family to buy me off? It's devilish cruel to take advantage of my poverty! Though I'm poor, I'm honest. But I *am* honest, my dear Longueville; that's the point. I'll give you my word, and I'll keep it. I wont go near that girl again—I wont think of her till I've got rid of your fifty pounds. It's a dreadful encouragement to extravagance, but that's your look-out. I'll stop for their beastly races and the young lady shall be sacred."

Longueville called the next morning at Mrs. Vivian's, and learned that the three ladies had left Baden by the early train, a couple of hours before. This fact produced in his mind a variety of emotions—surprise, annoyance, embarrassment. In spite of his effort to think it natural they should go, he found something precipitate and inexplicable in the manner of their going, and he declared to himself that one of the party, at least, had been unkind and ungracious in not giving him a chance to say good-bye. He took refuge by anticipation, as it were, in this reflection whenever, for the next three or four days, he foresaw himself stopping short, as he had done before, and asking himself whether he had done an injury to Angela Vivian. This was an idle and unpractical question, inasmuch as the answer was not forthcoming; whereas it was quite simple and conclusive to say, without the note of interrogation, that she was, in spite of many attractive points, an abrupt and capricious young woman. During the three or four days in question, Bernard lingered on at Baden, uncertain what to do or where to go, feeling as if he had received a sudden check—a sort of spiritual snub—which arrested the accumulation of motive. Lovelock, also, whom Bernard saw every day, appeared to think that destiny had given him a slap in the face, for he had not enjoyed the satisfaction of a last interview with Miss Evers.

"I thought she might have written me a note," said the captain; "but it appears she doesn't write. Some girls don't write, you know."

Bernard remarked that it was possible Lovelock would still have news of Miss Blanche; and before he left Baden he learned that she had addressed her forsaken swain a charming little note from Lausanne, where the three ladies had paused in their flight from Baden, and where Mrs. Vivian had decreed that for the present they should remain.

"I'm devilish glad she writes," said Captain Lovelock; "some girls do write, you know."

Blanche found Lausanne most horrid after Baden, for whose delights she hourly pined. The delights of Baden, however, were not obvious just now to her correspondent, who had taken Bernard's fifty pounds into the Kursaal and left it there. Bernard, on learning his misfortune, lent him another fifty, with which he performed a second series of unsuccessful experiments; and our hero was not at his ease until he had passed over to his luckless friend the whole amount of his own winnings, every penny of which found its way through Captain Lovelock's fingers back into the bank. When this operation was completed, Bernard left Baden, the captain gloomily accompanying him to the station.

I have said that there had come over Bernard a singular sense of freedom. One of the uses he made of his freedom was to undertake a long journey. He went to the East and remained absent from Europe for

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upward of two years—a period of his life of which it is not proposed to offer a complete history. The East is a wonderful region, and Bernard, investigating the mysteries of Asia, saw a great many curious and beautiful things. He had moments of keen enjoyment; he laid up a great store of impressions and even a considerable sum of knowledge. But, nevertheless, he was not destined to look back upon this episode with any particular complacency. It was less delightful than it was supposed to be; it was less successful than it might have been. By what mysterious element the cup of pleasure was adulterated, he would have been very much at a loss to say; but it was an incontestable fact that at times he sipped it as a medicine, rather than quaffed it as a nectar. When people congratulated him on his opportunity of seeing the world, and said they envied him the privilege of seeing it so well, he felt even more than the usual degree of irritation produced by an insinuation that fortune thinks so poorly of us as to give us easy terms. Misplaced sympathy is the least available of superfluities, and Bernard at this time found himself thinking that there was a good deal of impertinence in the world. He would, however, readily have confessed that, in so far as he failed to enjoy his oriental wanderings, the fault was his own, though he would have made mentally the gratifying reflection that never was a fault less deliberate. If, during the period of which I speak, his natural gayety had sunk to a minor key, a partial explanation may be found in the fact that he was deprived of the society of his good friend Wright. It was an odd circumstance that the two young men had not met since Gordon's abrupt departure from Baden. Gordon went to Berlin, and shortly afterward to America, so that they were on opposite sides of the globe. Before he returned to his own country, Bernard made by letter two or three offers to join him in Europe, anywhere that was agreeable to him. Gordon answered that his movements were very uncertain, and that he should be sorry to trouble Bernard to follow him about. He had put him to this inconvenience in making him travel from Venice to Baden, and one such favor at a time was enough to ask, even of the most obliging of men. Bernard was, of course, afraid that what he had told Gordon about Angela Vivian was really the cause of a state of things which, as between two such good friends, wore a perceptible resemblance to alienation. Gordon had given her up; but he bore Bernard a grudge for speaking ill of her, and so long as this disagreeable impression should last, he preferred not to see him. Bernard was frank enough to charge the poor fellow with a lingering rancor, of which he made, indeed, no great crime. But Gordon denied the allegation, and assured him that, to his own perception, there was no relaxation of their intimacy. He only requested, as a favor and as a tribute to "just susceptibilities," that Bernard would allude no more either to Miss Vivian or to what had happened at Baden. This request was easy to comply with, and Bernard in writing strictly conformed to it; but it seemed to him that the act of doing so was in itself a cooling-off. What would be a better proof of what is called a "tension" than an agreement to avoid a natural topic? Bernard moralized a little over Wright's "just susceptibilities," and felt that the existence of a perverse resentment in so honest a nature was a fact gained to his acquaintance with psychological science. It cannot be said, however, that he suffered this fact to occupy at all times the foreground of his consciousness. Bernard was like some great painters; his foregrounds were very happily arranged. He heard nothing of Mrs. Vivian and her daughter, beyond a rumor that they had gone to Italy; and he learned, on apparently good authority, that Blanche Evers had returned to New York with her mother. He wondered whether Captain Lovelock was still in pawn at the Hôtel de Hollande. If he did not allow himself to wonder too curiously whether he had done a harm to Wright, it may be affirmed that he was haunted by the recurrence of that other question, of which mention has already been made. Had he done a harm to Angela Vivian, and did she know that he had done it? This inquiry by no means made him miserable, and it was far from awaiting him regularly on his pillow. But it visited him at intervals, and sometimes in the strangest places—suddenly, abruptly, in the stillness of an Indian temple, or amid the shrillness of an oriental crowd. He became familiar with it at last; he called it his Jack-in-the-box. Some invisible touch of circumstance would press the spring, and the little image would pop up, staring him in the face and grinning an interrogation. Bernard always clapped down the lid, for he regarded this phenomenon as a rather senseless piece of play. But if it was more frequent than any pang of conscience connected with the

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remembrance of Gordon himself, this last sentiment was certainly lively enough to make it a great relief to hear at last a rumor that the excellent fellow was about to be married. The rumor reached him at Athens; it was vague and indirect, and it omitted the name of his betrothed. But Bernard made the most of it, and took comfort in the thought that Gordon had recovered his spirits and his appetite for matrimony.

(To be continued.)

ENGLISH SPELLING AND SPELLING REFORM: II.

In 1755 appeared the first edition of the English Dictionary of Samuel Johnson. Judged by the modern standard of requirement, it is not a work that is entitled to the highest praise in any point of view, and in some points of view deserves no praise at all. But compared with anything that had previously existed, it was possessed of merits so transcendent that the date of its publication may be almost said to constitute an epoch in the history of the lexicons of our tongue. And in nothing is the influence it exerted so conspicuously manifest as in the matter of English orthography. This was practically fixed by Johnson's dictionary, and as he left it, such it has, with unimportant exceptions, remained. Yet, without denying the value of the work, there is little hazard in asserting that, as regards the spelling of our language, it has been productive of far more evil than good. Johnson's incapacity to comprehend the principles that underlie this particular branch of his subject was strikingly seen in the very declarations with which he set out. He ridiculed the men who endeavored to accommodate orthography to pronunciation, asserting that such an attempt was to measure by a shadow—to take that for a model or standard which is changing while they apply it. He failed, apparently, to perceive the consequences of the position he had assumed. For, if pronunciation is changing constantly, while spelling remains fixed, it then becomes simply a question of time when the spelling and pronunciation shall have diverged so far from one another that they bear no relation to each other at all. Carrying out this principle to its remotest results, we shall in time be making use of a set of symbols not, indeed, so elegant in appearance, but as arbitrary in sound, as Arabic numerals, which have the same form in every tongue, but are sounded differently in all; or, stating it briefly, we shall write one language and speak another. To this point, in fact, in the case of some words we have already come.

But the injury that Johnson did the orthography of our tongue can hardly be ascribed to his teachings; it sprang rather from the slavish deference which soon began to be paid to the particular spelling he had adopted, and for this it is hardly fair to hold him directly responsible. It has already been pointed out that previous to his time there had been a steady movement toward a fixed standard; and although with a large number of words the spelling was still unsettled and discordant, yet in a rough way it may be said that there existed pretty general uniformity. But about this orthography there was no sanctity. Men did not fall down before it and worship it, and any change that was proposed stood a fair chance of adoption, if it were recommended by convenience or countenanced by the analogies of the language. It may be altogether too much to assume that, under the conditions then existing, the orthography would, in course of time, have righted itself; but certainly the temper of the public would have been such that any rational scheme of reform would have been welcomed with satisfaction, and accepted or rejected upon its merits. Johnson's dictionary, however, almost instantly petrified the forms of the words included in it. The universal adoption of the spelling employed by him arrested even the few processes toward simplification that were then going on. But, worse than all, it begot a devotion to his orthography, alongside of which all other forms of devotion known to human observation and experience are faint and transitory. There has, indeed, been manifested toward it, and still continues to be manifested toward it, not simply a love which passeth all understanding, but what, in many men's eyes, is affection of a far higher type—that love which is entirely devoid of understanding. Under the influence of this feeling all attempts at reform have been defeated, not necessarily because the changes they proposed were inadequate or absurd, but because it was

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regarded as a sort of sacrilege to propose any change at all. The strangest result of the feeling is the fancy that springs up in the minds of many with large anxieties for the language, but with limited knowledge of what it is, that, in insisting that certain words shall continue to be spelled in certain ways, they are somehow contributing to the preservation of the purity of the English tongue.

Wherein lies the chief strength of the present orthography? It is certainly not, even to the most partial eye, a thing of beauty; why, then, should we be so anxious to make it a joy forever? Reasons are constantly given for this prejudice in its favor, based sometimes upon history which sometimes has been misapplied or etymology which has been perverted, or, most usually, upon mistaken conceptions of the functions of both. But the real ground of the aversion to change is mainly due to association. We like the present orthography because we are used to it. In that one sentence the chief argument for it is stated. The influence of this feeling is not only mighty in itself, but the whole tremendous enginery of education is constantly at work to sustain and strengthen it. The spelling of English according to the existing standard, requires not the slightest exercise of the judgment, involves not in the least the application of phonetic principles, or, indeed, of general principles of any kind,—is, in short, nothing but an arbitrary exertion of memory in its very lowest forms of activity; yet it has come to be one of the most essential and distinctive requirements in the training of a cultivated man. It assumes in our school life a factitious importance which, though it may be warranted and even rendered necessary by the state of the public mind, has nothing either in reason or in the nature of things to recommend it. To such extreme lengths is it carried that at an early age every child is forced to go through the process of learning the spelling of a number of words which he has never heard of before, and which, unless he is exceptionally unfortunate, he is never likely to hear of again. But the effect wrought by this constant pressure upon opinions and beliefs is something that can not well be overestimated. It leads to the wildest fancies, it begets the absurdest notions, it erects a barrier not alone against reform but against any consideration of the question of reform, upon which reason wastes its strength in vain. Illustrations of the state of mind produced by it can be found everywhere and in countless numbers; one will suffice for the present purpose. In 1873 a controversy was going on in England as to the proper way of spelling words ending in *or* or in *our*. In the course of it, a correspondent sent to the periodical entitled "Notes and Queries," a communication which contained the following expression of his sentiments—for it would obviously be an abuse of language to call it an expression of thought:

"I think that 'honour' has a more noble and 'favour' a more obliging look than 'honor' and 'favor.' 'Honor' seems to me just to do his duty and nothing more; 'favor' to qualify his kind deed with an air of coldness. 'Odor,' again, may be a fit term for a chemical distillation; but a whole May garden comes before me in the word 'odour.'"

Now it is easy enough and just enough to call such remarks as these twaddle. But for all that, the writer of them is not merely an individual, he is the representative of a class, and of a class by no means uninfluential. The feelings to which he gives expression crop out constantly in books, in periodicals, in newspapers, though it is true they are rarely clothed in the sentimental garb that they here assume. This fact is but one of many illustrations of the tremendous inertia due to ignorance and prejudice that must be overcome before any reform whatever can be discussed from the point of view of reason. Argument upon those who feel thus is indeed thrown away. Nothing but the logic of accomplished results will ever make such persons recognize the principle that the spoken word has rights to which the written is subservient. But there is a large body of educated men, who scornfully repel the charge that their opposition to orthographic reform is based at all upon sentiment; who would, in truth, be the first to ridicule such expressions as those just quoted. They pride themselves upon the fact that their conclusions have been reached by processes purely logical. Yet it will be no hard matter to show that their belief on this subject rests on a number of fallacies which, when critically examined will be found to have their origin in most cases in feeling, and not in reflection; and when not in feeling pure and simple, in a hasty assent to incorrect statements which they have never taken the pains to consider with care. Without being aware of it their convictions are due to sentiment, and not to reason. To an investigation of the most common and most important of these falla-

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cies the remainder of this article will be devoted.

Of all these fallacious arguments, that based on etymology has perhaps the strongest hold upon the educated class. It is constantly brought forward as if it were sufficient of itself to settle the question. Words, we are told, have a descent of their own; and the ties which bind them to the past are not to be ruthlessly severed. Letters which are never heard in the spoken speech and, indeed, cannot be pronounced by any conceivable position of the vocal organs, are not to be dropped from the written speech, because they seem to remind us, or at any rate some of us, of forms in the languages from which they originally came. It sends a peculiar thrill of rapture, we are assured, through the heart of the student to find, for illustration, in *deign*, *feign*, *reign* and *impugn* a letter *g*, which he can never possibly use. Silent as it is to the ear, it is nevertheless eloquent with all the tender associations connected with *dignor*, *fingo*, *regno* and *impugno*. That persons with little education—and, on the other hand, those with the highest linguistic training—should not share in these feelings, is not at all to the purpose. They are not really the ones to be consulted. Between these two classes lies a vast body of educated men whose wishes in this matter must be considered paramount. That the argument in their behalf may not be charged with misrepresentation, it is desirable to quote the following words of Archbishop Trench, who has most ably stated this view of the question:

"It is urged, indeed, as an answer to this, that the scholar does not need these indications to help him to the pedigree of words with which he deals, that the ignorant is not helped by them; that the one knows without, and that the other does not know with, them, so that in either case they are profitable for nothing. Let it be freely granted that this, in both these cases, is true; but between these two extremes there is a multitude of persons, neither accomplished scholars, on the one side, nor yet wholly without the knowledge of all languages save their own, on the other; and I cannot doubt that it is of great value that these should have all helps enabling them to recognize the words which they are using, whence they came, to what words in the languages they are nearly related, and what is their properest and strictest meaning."

The proper answer to any such argument is, of course, that the only legitimate office of spelling is to represent pronunciation; that it was for that purpose alone that the alphabet, the greatest of human inventions, was originally designed; and that to turn aside orthography from this, its proper function, is not a praiseworthy application of it, but an actual perversion. But, equally, of course, such an answer as this would utterly fail to satisfy him who makes use of the argument. In his mind the derivation of the word, its connection with a remote ancestry, is a weighty, if not the most weighty, consideration. It becomes, therefore, a matter of importance to subject this fallacy to a strict examination. Nor need it be denied that the advocates of etymological orthography, so far as that can be said to exist at all, have a certain support for their views in the character of that part of our speech taken not indirectly, but directly, from the Latin. In such cases the spelling generally represents with great accuracy the derivation. Thus, *portion* is the very root of *portio*, seen in the genitive *portionis*. There is accordingly an air of plausibility about the reasoning which is directed against changing the forms of such words, and it is perhaps not wonderful that to those who fix their attention solely, or even chiefly, upon this class, the argument against any change should seem unanswerable. They forget that not only are such words as these comparatively few in number and little used, save in special styles of composition, but that they are the ones which in any reformed orthography, would require the least alteration. Moreover, the alteration which they would undergo would follow certain precise and invariable rules, and the rules once being known, the application of them would always be a matter of little trouble.

But the moment we come to words derived from the Anglo-Saxon the argument turns out a conspicuous failure. The same remark is true, though perhaps to a less extent, of words taken from the Latin through the medium of the Norman-French; and these are the two classes that make up the warp and woof of our speech. In the case of both, it is perfectly safe to say that the present spelling, in a large number of instances, not only offers no such clue to the derivation as would a phonetic spelling; it is itself often absolutely misleading. In point of fact, the advocates of the fallacy of etymology are necessarily driven into the wildest inconsistencies in order to sustain it. They affirm in regard to one class of words what they are compelled to deny in regard to another. How true this is, a glance at a few examples will make strikingly manifest.

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To begin with the Anglo-Saxon element, let us assume an extreme case, that a serious effort is put forth to drop the silent *k* of the word *knave*. Nobody ever pronounces it now,—there is not the slightest probability that anybody will ever pronounce it in the future. Yet it requires no violent effort of the imagination to picture both the sorrowful and the indignant protests that such a proposal would call forth, if there existed any chance of its adoption. Countless would be the references to the story of the word. We should be told over and over again how it represents the Anglo-Saxon *cnafa*, a boy, and how the *k* still connects it for us directly with the German *knabe*. It might be thought by some a sufficient answer to this that as we have to a certain extent disregarded the derivation by substituting for *c* a letter *k*, which properly did not belong to the Anglo-Saxon alphabet, no great harm would result if we dropped it altogether; and that this particular letter the Germans have the best reason in the world for retaining, from the fact that they sound it. But as this to the believer in etymological orthography would be unsatisfactory, let us carry his argument one step further. An initial *h*, followed by *l*, *n* and *r*, began many words in the earliest English from which it is now dropped. Thus, for example, *lot* was originally *hlot*, *loud* was *hlud*, *nut* was *hnut*, *roof* was *hrôf*. If it be an outrage to drop the *k* of *knave*, what are we to think of that earlier outrage, which has dropped the *h* from such words as these? If etymology is so important in the one case, what right have we to persist in the use of a spelling which disregards it in the other? Or is there, in this respect, a privilege granted to our fathers which is denied to us? In all these instances, the letters referred to have that charm, so dear to many hearts, of perfect uselessness as regards pronunciation; but they are equally essential to derivation. The only defense of the present inconsistency lies in the fact that to the one way of spelling we are accustomed, and to the other we are not accustomed. But this, necessarily, takes the subject at once outside of the domain of reason, and places it within that of sentiment.

But the inconsistency of the advocates of etymological spelling appears full as conspicuously in the case of words taken from the Latin through the medium of the Norman-French. No better illustration, to start with, can be found than in *honor* or *honour*, a word about which an orthographical battle, not particularly creditable to the human intellect, has raged for more than a hundred years. From the time of Johnson the importance of writing it with a *u* has been strongly insisted upon; and the impropriety, and even depravity, of writing it without that letter has exercised the minds, and disturbed the hearts of a large number of worthy members of society. The remote Latin original is *honor*. What is the objection to spelling it in that way? The answer is not that this form would represent with no more exactness the pronunciation; it is that by this method the immediate derivation would be hid. The French word from which it came is, we are told, *honneur*, and that contains a *u*—not to speak of one or two other letters which it has never been found convenient to take into consideration. The only proper course therefore is to write it *honour*, for otherwise we should all of us forget about the French *honneur*, and think only of the Latin *honor*; and to escape from such a calamity measures too energetic can hardly be taken.

Unfortunately it was not from *honneur* that the English *honour* was derived, as indeed the difference in orthography might at once suggest. The Latin *honor* came into Old French with a large number of spellings. Burguy, in his glossary of that tongue during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, gives fifteen different ways in which this word was written, preference being given by him to the ancient form *honor*. Curiously enough among these fifteen ways, *honour* is not found; the nearest approach to it is *hounour*. But such an orthography must have been common in the fourteenth century, at which period the word was adopted into English, for then it usually, in fact almost invariably, appears as *honour*. That form doubtless represented the pronunciation then prevalent; for in those days of darkness it was the intention and aim to spell phonetically. So it continued to be written for a hundred and fifty years. But after the revival of classical learning, a change took place in the thoughts and feelings of men on almost every conceivable subject; and among other things their opinions on the proper office of spelling underwent more or less modification. The sixteenth century had its orthographical etymologists as well as the nineteenth. In both periods there is little difference as to the character or amount of knowledge displayed by the upholders of this doctrine; but as they looked at the

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matter from entirely different points of view, they were naturally led to follow entirely different lines of action. In the sixteenth century the tendency made itself strongly manifest to disregard the immediate original in the case of words coming from the Old French, and go directly back to the form found in the Latin. Two methods of spelling the same term were in consequence to be found side by side. The inevitable result of such a state of things was to add a new element of disorder to the existing chaos, when one form came to be arbitrarily selected as the standard; when, for illustration, men were taught to write in one case *actor* and *torpor*, after the Latin, in another case *governour* and *labour*, after the Old French. So in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the word which had been written *honour* came frequently and perhaps generally to be written without the *u*. Thus in the Shakspere folio of 1623, where it occurs several hundred times, it appears in the great majority of instances as *honor*, but occasionally likewise as *honour*. The modern advocates of etymological orthography may claim that the argument in this case really makes for their own side; and that it is our duty to rectify the errors of our fathers. But they cannot stop at this point. What is to be done with that large body of words whose immediate origin has been disguised by the perverse learning of the ancient advocates of etymological orthography? Take the two familiar illustrations of *debt* and *doubt*. In these nobody, unless some "racker of orthography," as Shakspere expresses it, ever attempted to pronounce the *b*. In the Old French from which the words were taken, they appear generally as *dete*, *dette*, and *dote*, *doute*. At any rate it was from *dette* and *doute* that they came into our tongue; for these are the forms in which they are found in the writings of Chaucer and his successors. But in the sixteenth century men had learned that the remote Latin primitives of those words were *debitum* and *dubitare*, and consequently a *b* was inserted. There it has since continued to remain. The silent letter, indeed, in these two instances is eloquently eulogized by Archbishop Trench, although its addition has had precisely the same effect as the dropping of the *u* in *honor*, the obscuring of the immediate French original. Even he who rejoices in its uselessness as regards pronunciation might justly bewail the way in which the present spelling darkens derivation. Yet in this matter so much are we under the control of sentiment and not of reason, that life would be made miserable for many of us were the *b* of *debt* and *doubt* to be dropped.

In fact, the spelling of our language is in too many cases a melancholy result of ignorant effort to make the orthography fulfill the illegitimate function of denoting derivation, instead of its legitimate one of representing pronunciation. For this, that middle class so highly lauded by Archbishop Trench as "neither accomplished scholars, on the one side, nor yet wholly without the knowledge of all languages save their own, on the other," are mainly responsible. Etymology is a science requiring for its mastery years of special study: it involves in many instances drudgery of the dryest sort; yet there is no one subject of human investigation upon which men who have dabbled a little in language pronounce opinions more positively; and the positiveness is usually in pretty exact proportion to the ignorance. It is to their zeal without knowlege that we owe the introduction of most of those monstrous forms, which, as the poet says of Vice,

"We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

The half-learning which so vigorously fights reform of English orthography now has been equally active in the past in foisting upon the language barbarous spelling founded upon absurd derivation.

In this point of view the story that can be told of two common words is suggestive. These are *whole* and *hot*. In the case of the former, nobody from the first moment of recorded time ever pronounced the *w*, and there is not the slightest probability that anybody ever will. Worse, even, than this, it is a letter that not only does not aid the spelling, but actually hides the derivation. The Anglo-Saxon original was *hal*, from which we still have the adjective *hale*. For a long period this word, which now begins with *w*, was spelled *hole* or *hol*. But in the sixteenth century the application of crazy etymology to orthography began. Such words as *who* and *whoop* have always had a *w* belonging to them, though no longer pronounced, and by a false analogy with these the letter was sometimes also prefixed to *hot*, which had for its primitive the form *hât*. For an illustration of the latter fact, out of scores of instances which might be quoted, take the following from the second book of the "Faery Queene":

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"He soone approached, panting, breathlesse, *whot.*"
Canto IV., 37.

"From their *whot* work they did themselves withdraw."
Canto VII., 37.

"Upon a mightie fornace, burning *whott.*"
Canto IX., 29.

Excluding minor variations, *whole* during the sixteenth century was sometimes spelled *whole* and sometimes *hole*; *hot* was sometimes spelled *hot* and sometimes *whot*. As luck would have it,—for it was throughout a mere matter of chance,—the intruding letter triumphed in the one case and was defeated in the other; and accordingly we write *hot* without the *w*, and *whole* with it. In the instance of the latter, a return to a form at once phonetically and etymologically correct would be quite impossible in the present state of public sentiment; but to suppose that in retaining this absurd blunder of our fathers we are governed by reason and not by feeling is a delusion which the history of the word at once dissipates.

Nor must it be imagined that processes like those which have given a *w* to *whole*, an *s* to *island*, an *h* to *rhyme*, a *g* to *sovereign* and *foreign*, a *gh* to *delight*, are no longer in operation, though it must be granted that their power of producing harm is constantly growing weaker. Still the men who get their etymology by inspiration are like the poor, in that we have them always with us. One illustration will suffice. A conflict between a true and a false spelling is now silently going on in the case of the word *controller*, more usually written *comptroller*. This latter orthography is in utter defiance of the derivation, the original meaning of the term and its present pronunciation. Its history makes this at once clear. *Controller* is in Norman-French *countre-rouler*, in law Latin *contra-rotulator*; and these again were taken from the Latin *contra*, against, and the diminutive *rotulus*, *rotula*, a little wheel, which, in the middle ages, acquired the meaning of "roll." The controller, in consequence, was the one who kept the counter-roll or register, by which the entries on some other roll were tested. How naturally the possession of such an office would be apt to give him holding it "control" over certain others, in the modern sense of the word, it needs but a glance to see plainly. But as early as the sixteenth century, some member of that class, "neither accomplished scholars, on the one side, nor yet wholly without the knowledge of all languages save their own, on the other," got the notion into their heads that the word came from the French *compter*, to count, the original of which was the Latin *computare*. From this absurd derivation sprang the absurder spelling *comptroller*, and the two forms have existed side by side to the present time; but the latter, in spite of its defiance of etymology and pronunciation, is coming to be the one generally preferred.

Such a line of argument as the above is the merest commonplace to scholars; and many of them are disposed in consequence to resent any discussion at all of this fallacy of derivation. As well, say they, might astronomers waste time and labor in undermining the foundations upon which the Ptolemaic system was built. It can certainly be conceded that those who think most of etymology in matters of orthography are the ones who know least of it. Yet no careful observer of the controversy on the question of spelling reform can fail to see that this fallacy is the one which has the strongest and deepest hold upon the feelings of the educated class. It is constantly advanced by men, who, though not at all proficient in linguistic studies, have attained deservedly high distinction in literature; and the authority which they have legitimately won in other fields is naturally, even if irrationally, extended to subjects about which their opinions are worth absolutely nothing. The wide acceptance of such a view accordingly raises a barrier which must be utterly broken down before there can be a reasonable prospect of the adoption of any reform whatever. The strength of it, moreover, is largely re-inforced by the prevalence of another generally received fallacy, connected indirectly with this question, that a knowledge of the derivation of words is a desirable, if not an essential, requisite to their proper use, and that in consequence the spelling should be made to conform to the etymology for that particular reason. The existence of great authors in every literature, who had either no knowledge or incorrect knowledge of the sources of the speech which they wielded at will, is an argument against this absurd assumption which may be, and ordinarily is, ignored, but can never be squarely met. It is not from their originals nor from their past meanings that men learn the value of the terms they employ; it is from actual experience or observation or from the

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present usage of the best speakers and writers. Is the meaning of "nausea" any plainer after we have learned that it is a Greek word which comes from *naus*, a "ship," and in consequence strictly denotes sea-sickness? One hour's experience of the feeling will give any person a keener appreciation and a preciser knowledge of the signification than a whole year's study of the derivation. Will "stirrup" be employed with greater clearness after one has learned that in the earliest English it was *stige-râp*, and that it consequently meant originally the "rope" by which one "sties" or mounts the horse? The information thus gained has an independent value of its own; it may likewise be of interest; it may satisfy an intelligent curiosity; it may show that the first stirrups were probably made of ropes; but it implies a mistaken and confused conception of the benefit to be gained by etymological study to fancy that one result of it will be to enable a man to use the language he speaks with more marked precision and expressiveness. It is only in exceptional cases, when a word is beginning to wander away from its primitive sense, that a knowledge of the derivation imparts accuracy. But even here there is a difficulty existing in the fact that this transition of meaning is either a natural development which ought not to be held in check, or it is a general perversion which the etymological training of the few is in most instances utterly unable to arrest. How powerless the latter influence is can be seen clearly in the change now going on before our eyes in the use of the term "avocation." It is at present, in this country at least, frequently employed to denote its exact opposite "vocation"; for, as the derivation at once makes plain, a man's avocations have little or nothing to do with his regular calling; they are the things, whether duties or pleasures, which take him away or divert him from his calling. But while there is an obligation resting upon every one to fight against such perversions while they are taking place, there is no need of lamenting their existence after they have once become established. The history of language is the history of blunders, which one age perpetrates ignorantly, and the following age clings to loyally. No one can ever discuss intelligently the phenomena of speech as manifested in the use of words until he has learned the primary principle that a tongue never grows debased or corrupt till the men who employ it have themselves become debased and corrupt; that the former will be very certain fitly to represent the elevation of thoughts and feeling of the latter; and that if the latter will take care of themselves, the former may be safely left to take care of itself.

Closely allied to this fallacy of derivation is what may be called the fallacy of history. So closely allied is it, indeed, that when the one is spoken of, it is the other that is usually meant. The opponent of change in the existing orthography is apt condescendingly to assure the advocates of it, that in their efforts after reform they forget that words have a history of their own; and after he has made this far from novel remark, he usually goes on to make clear by illustration that he himself has no conception of what it means. "Shall we," asks a recent writer, after reciting this well-worn formula,—"shall we mask the Roman origin of Cirencester and Towcester by spelling them Sissiter and Touster," as they are pronounced? It is evident in this case from the connection, that this decryer of change intends to say that by altering the orthography of these proper names, their history would be obscured; what he actually says is that their derivation, that is a single point in their history, would be shut out from sight. For the leading idea at the bottom of such an argument, if it has any idea at all, must necessarily be that the particular form which the word has assumed at the first period of its existence is the form that ought always to be preserved. Now if orthography is to represent etymology, there is method in this madness, at least if we are able to both obtain and retain the earliest spelling. But the former we cannot do, save in very few cases; the latter we have scarcely done in any case at all. On the other hand, the maintenance of one form through all periods not only contributes nothing to the history of a word, it actually does all that it can to prevent its history being known. This is a point plain enough to him who thinks on these matters; but, as in the discussions of this subject the feelings are usually brought into play and not the reason, it is no wonder that it escapes the notice of most.

But a little reflection will make manifest at once, that as a matter of fact, it is the spoken word only that can have a history: it is in the changes which the written word has undergone that this history is recorded and preserved. If the latter remains in a petrified condition, all knowledge of the suc-

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cessive stages through which the former has passed, or may pass, at once disappears, unless it can be gained from outside sources. The moment the word comes to have a fixed, unchangeable exterior form, no matter what alterations may take place in its interior life, that is to say in its sound, that moment its history, independent of the meaning it conveys, becomes doubtful and obscure. Two terms designating common diseases will serve as illustrations of the opposite condition of things here indicated. They are "quinsy" and "phthisic." The one can be traced through the successive forms of "squincy" and "squinacy," "squinancy" to its immediate Romance original, and from that still further back to the Greek. In this case a history is unrolled before us. But the word "phthisic," as it is now generally written, gives no such information. At first, to be sure, it was ordinarily spelled as it was pronounced. In Milton it can be found with the orthography "tizzic"; and such a form makes evident at once how it was then sounded, just as do the corresponding *tisico* in Italian and *tisica* in Spanish. But what possible contribution to its history can be furnished by going back to the Greek original, and imposing for all time upon the word a combination of letters which we would not pronounce if we could, and could not if we would? Archbishop Trench has pointed out the transition by which "emmet" has passed into "ant" through the intermediate spellings of "emet" and "amt," which must of course have represented this change of sound. By this means a history has been preserved to us. But he certainly has no right to felicitate himself on such a result. If his theories are true, while we pronounce the word "ant" we ought to write it "emmet"; because, to use his own argument, letters silent to the ear would still be most eloquent to the eye, and in this particular case some of us would be made happy by being reminded of the Anglo-Saxon original *amet*.

Even using history in the narrow and imperfect sense in which those who talk about it constantly employ it, we are no better off. Nearly every old word in the English language has had different forms at different periods of its existence. Which one of these is to be taken as the standard? When does this so-called history begin? Shall we write "head" because it is the custom to do so now? or shall we go back to the Anglo-Saxon original, *heáfod*? or shall we adopt any one of the numerous later forms such, for instance, as "heved" or "heed" or "hed"? We do not, in fact, cling to the present spelling of the word because it gives us a knowledge of its history, for it does not do this at all; nor because it gives us a knowledge of its derivation, for this it does very little; nor because it conforms to pronunciation, for this it does still less; we cling to it simply because we are used to it. Even in the case of Cirencester and Towcester, above mentioned, the same statement is true, though strictly they would not enter into the discussion of this question. Proper names, being individual in their nature, are more or less under the control of the individuals who own them, and who can and do exercise the right of changing them at will. But for the sake of the argument let us assume that it would be a gross outrage to spell the names of these two places as they are pronounced; let us admit that all knowledge of their Roman origin would be lost by such a change to those who did not care enough about it to make it a subject of special study. It is, accordingly, a legitimate inference that, in the designation of towns, the main office of the orthography is to point out their origin. But this principle, if worth anything, ought to be carried through consistently. What shall be done then in such a case as that of Exeter? The ancient name was Exancester, which subsequently became Exscester, still later, Excester, and as early at least as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, usually Exeter. If it be the object of spelling to impart this interesting information about the origin of places, ought we not to return at any rate to the form Excester, to show that the Romans once had a permanent military station on the banks of the Exe? The value of all such knowledge is invariably something assumed, not estimated. The few who need it can always easily acquire it without the necessity of perverting orthography from its legitimate functions to the business of imparting it. How many of the inhabitants of Boston in Lincolnshire and of Boston in Massachusetts lead happy, honored and useful lives, and go down to their graves in blissful unconsciousness of the fact that the name of their city has been shortened from Botolph's town! How many of them are aware, indeed, that such a saint as Botolph ever existed at all? In every case our prejudices are in favor of the actual spelling now employed, whether it represent pronunciation or derivation, and those prejudices are due simply to the fact

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that we are used to it, and to nothing else whatever. It is sentiment that rules us, not science. This may or may not be well; but it is not well for any man to deceive himself or others by allowing the former to masquerade in the garments of the latter. There is no middle ground in this question. The cause of the present orthography may be upheld by an appeal to the feelings: it can never be helped by resort to reasoning. He who sets out to justify the existing system by arguments addressed to the intellect finds himself at once involved in a maze of contradictions and absurdities, and wearies himself in fruitless efforts to explain the unexplainable, and to defend the indefensible.

There is still another fallacy, founded purely upon ignorance, which was once the most potent and prevalent of all; but which, with the ever-increasing knowledge of the history of our speech, is now rarely heard. This is the opinion that the current orthography has been in existence from some very remote period, and has therefore about it that sanctity which, when everything else praiseworthy is lacking, we are apt to accord to antiquity. The facts in regard to this have already been stated indirectly, and it is in consequence not necessary to do anything more than recapitulate them here. The present spelling was reached approximately in the latter part of the seventeenth century; that is to say, the majority of words had then assumed the form which they now have. There was still, however, wide variation in usage, as a comparison of different books published at that period clearly shows. Yet while a tendency toward a mechanical uniformity, under the influence of the printing-office, went steadily on from that time, it was not until the appearance of Johnson's dictionary in 1755, that the orthography can be said to have become fixed. Even from that established by this lexicographer, there has been some little change. The final *k*, which he insisted on retaining in words that denoted the same sound by *c*, as "publick" (Latin, *public-us*) and "back" (Anglo-Saxon, *bäc*), in the largest number of cases has now been discarded; but not without protest from many who saw in this innovation a blow dealt at the foundations of the language. It must not be supposed that this was a reform intelligently planned and consistently carried out. Had such been the fact there might have been occasions for fear that lurking somewhere in secret, a rational principle was at work in the effort to bring harmony and order out of the chaos in which English orthography is plunged. To avoid even such a suspicion, everything was left to chance; and as a result of it we write "hammock," for illustration, with a *k*, and "havoc" without one. But in the main the forms which Johnson adopted have been preserved unchanged from his day to our own; and while variations still exist, it may fairly be claimed that, roughly speaking, we have attained uniformity. It is accordingly just to say that the present spelling has all the sacredness which springs from being one hundred to one hundred and fifty years old. The fact has come to be so generally known, that it requires now more than ordinary proficiency in ignorance to advance the argument of antiquity, which once did the most effective service. The decline and fall of this belief is but one of the numerous illustrations of the miserable realities into which the magnificent pretensions of modern orthography sink, when subjected to the scrutiny of history.

There is still an objection to change, which is gravely brought forward by Archbishop Trench, and seems to be regarded by some as so serious that it requires a passing notice. This is to the effect that great confusion would be caused by writing alike words which have the same sound to the ear but are now distinguished by the spelling to the eye, such, for instance, as "son" and "sun," "rain" and "reign" and "rein." This is one of those difficulties which are very formidable on paper, and nowhere else. There is scarcely a common word in the English language that does not have a wide variety of meanings, sometimes possessing apparently little connection with one another. Does this difference of sense produce real practical inconvenience? Does any one experience trouble, on hearing a sentence containing the adjective "thick," in determining whether the word is an adjective or a noun, or whether it denotes "dense" or "turbid," or "abundant," or a measure of dimension? Given the connection in which it is employed, does any one ever mistake "rain" for "reign" or "rein"? The negative answer, which must be made to such questions as these, disposes at once of a difficulty that has no existence outside of the imagination. For if no trouble is experienced in determining the meaning of words sounded alike, in the hurry of conversation, when the hearer has but a moment to compare the connection and

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comprehend the thought, it is certainly borrowing a great deal of unnecessary anxiety to fancy that any embarrassment could be caused in reading, where there is ample opportunity to stop and consider the context and reflect upon the sense which the passage must have. The actual existence of such a difficulty would imply a want of capacity in human nature, which were it ever justified to the mind of him who asserts it by his individual consciousness, it would be manifestly unfair to attribute to the whole race.

These are the objections to any alteration of English orthography that are most commonly urged. There are others, but they are directed not against reform in itself, but rather against proposed methods of reform. The object of these articles has been to show the existence and nature of a disease, not to discuss methods of cure. For the difficulty in this matter is that having become acclimated in childhood we have forgotten in what an unhealthy orthographical climate we are living, or have become indifferent to it. Yet it is not so much that the public is opposed to remedying what it deems evil; it simply does not see that there is an evil. To remove the hold that the present spelling has upon the feelings of most persons is one of the first steps that must be taken before reform of any kind can hope to receive serious consideration; and because its hold is upon the feelings and not the intellect, it is necessarily a work that cannot be accomplished in a day. The ignorant and almost puerile prejudices that are displayed in reference to this subject are likely to end for nearly all who are now swayed by them only with their lives; but it is possible to prevent their perpetuation and spread. We cannot expect any reform to be fairly examined so long as in the eyes of educated men the spelling of a particular word in a particular way is a particular evidence of total depravity. There is no objection under our present system to any person writing "metre" with *re* and its compound, "diameter," with *er*. It is only when he insists that where everything is irrational, his particular irrationality shall be looked upon as a contribution to the purity of the English tongue, that his ignorance makes of him a nuisance. It is full time for us to abandon a groveling superstition, which in the minds of many has confounded the worship of the letter with the worship of letters. If we cannot free ourselves from the trammels of our present orthography, we can certainly free ourselves from the absurd notion that there is anything about it either respectable or reasonable; and those who come after us may be at liberty to consider and remedy some, if not all, of the evils under which we are now suffering. If in the future, to schemes of reform can be given that careful and candid examination which hitherto every single one of them has been prevented from receiving by stupid prejudices and stupid fancies which their owners have dignified with the name of ideas; if this can be given, we may hope that after numberless failures, success will at length be attained; that the language we speak will not be forever disgraced by an orthography, to the vicious variations of which, when we set out to learn it, we can see no end, and in which, after having learned it, we can find no sense.

WIDOWED.

She did not sigh for death, nor make sad moan,
Turning from smiles as one who solace fears,
But filled with kindly deeds the waiting years;
Yet, in her heart of hearts, she lived alone,
And in her voice there thrilled an undertone
That seemed to rise from soundless depths of tears;
As, when the sea is calm, one sometimes hears
The long, low murmur of a storm, unknown
Within the sheltered haven where he stands,
While tokens of a tempest overpast
The changing tide brings to the shining sands;
So on the surface of her life was cast,
An ever present shadow of the day,
When Love and Joy went hand in hand away.

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SLEEP OF YEARS.

No green that greets the early Spring
When first her presence quickens there,
Glows as the crown her maidens bring
When Autumn binds her yellow hair.

No bird may build its sheltered nest
In bough with gladdening verdure grown;
But silence dwells, a sweeter guest,
When leaves are gone and broods have flown.

No light e'er lay in loved one's eye,
Or passion on the lover's tongue,
As tenderly as thoughts will lie
The dimmest memories among.

No smiles that rising morn may wear
Are blest as shades when evening nears;
No wakefulness, however fair,
As beautiful as sleep of years.

"HAWORTH'S." *

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Surly Tim, and Other Stories," Etc.

CHAPTER LII.

"HAWORTH'S IS DONE WITH."

ALMOST at the same moment, Haworth was reading, in his room at the Works, the letter which had been left for himself.

"I have borne as much as I can bear," it ended. "My punishment for my folly is that I am a ruined man and a fugitive. My presence upon the scene, when the climax comes, would be of no benefit to either of us. Pardon me, if you can, for the wrong I have unintentionally done you. My ill-luck was sheerly the result of circumstances. Even yet, I cannot help thinking that there were great possibilities in my plans. But you will not believe this and I will say no more. "In haste,

"Ffrench."

When Rachel Ffrench had finished reading her note she had lighted a taper and held the paper to it until it was reduced to ashes, and had afterward turned away merely a shade paler and colder than before. Haworth having finished the reading of Ffrench's letter, sat for a few seconds staring down at it as it lay before him on the table. Then he burst into a brutal laugh.

After that, he sat stupefied—his elbows on the table, his head on his hands. He did not move for half an hour.

The Works saw very little of him during the day. He remained alone in his room, not showing himself, and one of the head clerks, coming in from the Bank on business, went back mystified, and remarked in confidence to a companion that "things had a queer look."

He did not leave the Works until late, and then went home. All through the evening his mother watched him in her old tender way. She tried to interest him with her history of the Briarley's bereavement and unexpected good fortune. She shed tears over her recital.

"So old, my dear," she said, wiping her eyes. "Old enough to have outlived her own,—an' her ways a little hard," "I'd like to be grieved for, more, Jem—though perhaps it's only nat'ral as it should be so. She hadn't no son to miss her as you'll miss me. *I* shouldn't like to be the last, Jem."

He had been listening mechanically and he started and turned to her.

"The last?" he said. "Aye, it's a bit hard."

It was as if she had suggested a new thought to him of which he could not rid himself at once. He kept looking at her, his eyes wandering restlessly over her frail little figure and innocent old face.

"But I haven't no fear," she went on, "though we never know what's to come. You're a strong man, and there's not like to be many more years for me—though I'm so well an' happy."

"You might live a score," he answered

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in an abstracted way, his eyes still fixed on her.

"Not without you," she returned. "It's you that's life to me—an' strength—an' peace." The innocent tears were in her voice again, and her eyes were bright with them.

He lay down awhile but could not lie still. He got up and came and stood near her and talked and then moved here and there, picking up one thing and another, holding them idly for a few seconds and then setting them aside. At last she was going to bed and came to bid him good-night. He laid his hand on her shoulder caressingly.

"There's never been aught like trouble between us two," he said. "I've been a quiet enough chap, and different somehow —when I've been nigh you. What I've done, I've done for your sake and for the best."

In the morning the Works were closed, the doors of the Bank remained unopened, and the news spread like wildfire from house to house and from street to street and beyond the limits of the town—until before noon it was known through the whole country side that Ffrench had fled and Jem Haworth was a ruined man.

It reached the public ear in the first instance in the ordinary commonplace manner through the individuals who had suddenly descended upon the place to take possession. A great crowd gathered about the closed gates and murmured and stared and anathematized.

"Theer's been summat up for mony a month," said one sage. "I've seed it. He wur na hissen, wur na Haworth."

"Nay," said another, "that he wur na. Th' chap has na been o' a decent spree sin' Ffrench coom."

"Happen," added a third, "*that* wur what started him on th' road downhill. A chap is na good fur much as has na reg'lar habits."

"Aye, an' Haworth wur reg'lar enow when he set up. Good Lord! who'd ha' thowt o' that chap i' bankrup'cy!"

At the outset the feeling manifested was not unamiable to Haworth, but it was not very long before the closing of the Bank dawned upon the public in a new light. It meant loss and ruin. The first man who roused the tumult was a burly farmer who dashed into the town on a sweating horse, spurring it as he rode and wearing a red and furious face. He left his horse at an inn and came down to the Bank, booted and spurred and whip in hand.

"Wheer's Ffrench?" he shouted to the smaller crowd attracted there, and whose views as to the ultimate settlement of things were extremely vague. "Wheer's Ffrench an' wheer's Haworth?"

Half a dozen voices volunteered information regarding Ffrench, but no one knew anything of Haworth. He might be in a dozen places, but no one had yet seen him or heard of his whereabouts. The man began to push his way toward the building, swearing hotly. He mounted the steps and struck violently on the door with his whip.

"I'll mak' him hear if he's shut hissen i' here," he cried. "Th' shifty villain's got ivvery shillin' o' brass I've been savin' for my little wench for th' last ten year. I'll ha' it back, if it's to be gotten."

"Tha'lt ne'er see it again," shouted a voice in the crowd. "Tha'dst better ha' stuck to th' owd stockin', lad."

Then the uproar began. One luckless depositor after another was added to the crowd. They might easily be known among the rest by their pale faces. Some of them were stunned into silence, but the greater portion of them were loud and passionate in their outcry. A few women hung on the outskirts, wiping their eyes every now and then with their aprons, and sometimes bursting into audible fits of weeping.

"I've been goin' out charrin' for four year," said one, "to buy silks an' satins fur th' gentry. Yo' nivver seed *her* i' owt else."

And all knew whom she meant, and joined in shouts of rage.

Sometimes it was Ffrench against whom their anger was most violent—Ffrench, who had been born among them a gentleman, and who should have been gentleman enough not to plunder and deceive them. And again it was Haworth—Haworth, who had lived as hard as any of them and knew what their poverty was, and should have done fairly by them, if ever man should.

In the course of the afternoon Murdoch, gathering no news of Haworth elsewhere, went to his house. A panic-stricken servant let him in and led him into the great room where he had spent his first evening, long ago. Despite its splendor, it looked empty and lifeless, but when he entered, there rose from a carved and satin upholstered chair in one corner a little old figure in a black dress—Jem Haworth's mother, who came to him with a white but calm face.

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"Sir," were her greeting words, "where is he?"

"I came to see him," he answered, "I thought——"

"No," she interrupted, "he is not here. He has not been here since morning."

She began to tremble, but she shed no tears.

"There's been a good many to ask for him," she went on. "Gentlemen, an' them as was rough, an' didn't mind me bein' a woman an' old. They were harder than you'd think, an'—troubled as I've been, I was glad he was not here to see 'em. But I'd be more comfortable if I could rightly understand."

"I can only tell you what I know," he said. "It isn't much. I have only gathered it from people on the streets."

He led her back to her chair, and did not loosen his light grasp on her hand while he told her the story as he had heard it. His own mood was so subdued that it was easier than he had thought to use words which would lighten the first weight of the blow.

She asked no questions after his explanation was over.

"He's a poor man," she said at last,—"a poor man, but—we was poor before."

Suddenly her tears burst forth.

"They've said hard things to me to-day," she cried. "I don't believe 'em, Jem, my dear—now less than ever."

He comforted her as best he could. He could easily understand what they had told her, how much of the truth and how much of angry falsehood.

"When he comes back," she said, "I shall be here to meet him. Wherever he is, an' however much he's broke down with trouble, he knows that. He'll come here to-night, an' I shall be here."

Before he went away he asked if he might send Christian or his mother to her. But though she thanked him, she refused.

"I know how good they'd be," she said, "an' what a comfort in the lonesomeness, but when he comes he'll want to be alone, an' a unfamiliar face might trouble him."

But he did not come back. The day went on, and the excitement increased and waned by turns. The crowd grew and surged about the Bank and shouted itself hoarse, and would have broken a few windows if it had not been restrained by the police force, who appeared upon the field; and there were yells for Haworth and for Ffrench, but by this time Mr. Ffrench had reached Rotterdam and Haworth was—no one knew where, since he had not been seen at all. And when at length dusk fell upon the town, the crowd had dwindled away and gone home by ones and twos, and in Jem Haworth's house sat his mother, watching and waiting, and straining her ears to catch every passing sound.

She had kept up her courage bravely through the first part of the day, but the strangers who came one after the other, and sometimes even two or three together, to demand her son with loud words and denunciations and even threats, were a sore trial to her. Some of them flung their evil stories at her without remorse, taking it for granted that they were nothing new to her ears, and even those who had some compunction muttered among themselves and hinted angrily at what the others spoke outright. Her strength began to give way, and she quailed and trembled before them, but she never let their words pass without a desperate effort to defend her boy. Then they stared or laughed at her, or went away in sullen silence, and she was left to struggle with her grief and terror alone until some new call was made upon her, and she must bear all again. When the twilight came she was still alone, and sat in the darkened room battling against a dread which had crept slowly upon her. Of all those who had come none had known where he was. They did not know in the town, and he had not come back.

"He might go," she whispered, "but he'd not go without me. He's been true and fond of his mother, let them say what they will. He'd never leave me here alone."

Her thoughts went back over the long years from his birth to the day of his highest success. She remembered how he had fought with fate, and made his way and refused to be conquered. She thought of the wealth he had won, the power, the popularity, and of his boast that he had never been beaten, and she began to sob in the shadow of her corner.

"He's lost it all," she cried. "An' he won it with his own hands an' worked for it an' bore up agen a world! An' it's gone!"

It was when she came to this point that her terror seized on her as it had never done before. She got up, shaking in every limb.

"I'll go to him myself," she said. "Who should go to him but his mother? Who should find him an' be a help to him if I

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can't? Jem—Jem, my dear, it's *me* that's comin' to you—*me!*"

He had been sitting in a small back office in the Bank all through the day when they had been calling and searching for him. He had got in early and locked the door and waited, knowing well enough all that was to come. It was no feeling of fear that made him keep hidden; he had done with fear—if, indeed, he had ever felt it in his life. He knew what he was going to do and he laid his plans coolly. He was to stay here and do the work that lay before him and leave things as straight as he could, and then at night when all was quiet he would make his way out in the dark and go to the Works. It was only a fancy, this, of going to the Works, but he clung to it persistently.

He had never been clearer-headed in his life—only, sometimes as he was making a calculation or writing a letter he would dash down his work and fall to cursing.

"There's not another chap in England that had done it," he would say. "And it's gone!—it's gone!—it's gone!"

Then again he would break into a short laugh, remembering the M. P. and his speech and poor Ffrench's stumbling, overwhelmed reply to it. When he heard the crowd shouting and hooting at the front, he went into a room facing the street and watched them through a chink in the shutter. He heard the red-faced farmer's anathemas, and swore a little himself, knowing his story was true.

"Tha shalt have all Haworth can give, chaps," he muttered, "an' welcome. He'll tak' nowt with him."

He laughed again but suddenly stopped, and walked back into the little office silently and waited there.

At night-fall he went out of a back door and slipped through unfrequented by-ways, feeling his heart beat with heavy thuds as he went. Nothing stood in his way and he got in, as he believed he should. The instant his foot crossed the threshold a change came upon him. He forgot all else but what lay before him. He was less calm, and in some little hurry.

He reached his room and lighted the gas dimly—only so that he could see to move about. Then he went to his desk and opened it and took out one of a pair of pistols, speaking aloud as he did so.

"Here," he said, "is the end of Jem Haworth."

He knew where to aim, the heavy thuds marked the spot for him, and his hand was steady.

He had said he would count three before he pulled the trigger, and he had counted but two when he stopped and his hand fell at his side with his weapon in it.

For at the door stood his mother. In an instant she had fallen upon her knees and dragged herself toward him and was clinging to his hand.

"No—Jem!" she panted. "No, not that, my dear—God forbid!"

He staggered back though she still clung to him.

"How," he faltered,—"how did you come here?"

"The Lord led me," she sobbed. "He put it into my heart and showed me the way, an' you had forgot the door, Jem—thank God!"

"You—saw—what I was going to do?"

"What you *was* goin' to do, but what you'll never do, Jem, an' me to live an' suffer when it's done—me as you've been so good an' such a comfort to."

In the dim light she knelt sobbing at his feet.

"Let me sit down," he said. "And sit down nigh me. I've summat to tell you."

But though he sank into the chair she would not get up but kept her place in spite of him and went on.

"To-day there have been black tales told you?" he said.

"Yes," she cried, "but——"

"They're true," he said, "th' worst on 'em."

"No—no!"

He stopped her by going on monotonously as if she had not spoken.

"Think of the worst you've ever known—you've not known much—and then say to yourself, 'He's worse a hundred times'; think of the blackest you have ever known to be done, and then say to yourself, 'What he's done 's blacker yet.' If any chap has told you I've stood at naught until there was next to naught I'd left undone, he spoke true. If there was any one told you I set th' decent ones by the ears and laughed 'em in the face, he spoke true. If any o' 'em said I was a dread and a by-word, they spoke true, too. The night you came there were men and women in th' house that couldn't look you in th' face, and that felt shame for th' first time in their lives—mayhap—because you didn't know what they were, an' took 'em to be as innocent as yourself. There's not a sin I haven't tasted, nor a

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wrong I've not done. I've had murder in my mind, an' planned it. I've been mad for a woman not worth even what Jem Haworth had to give her—and I've won all I'd swore I'd win—an' lost it! Now tell me if there's aught else to do but what I've set my mind on?"

She clung to his heavy hand as she had not clung to it before, and laid her withered cheek upon it and kissed it. Bruised and crushed as she was with the blows he had dealt, she would not let it go free yet. Her words came from her lips a broken cry, with piteous sobs between them. But she had her answer ready.

"That as I've thanked God for all my life," she said, "He'll surely give me in the end. He couldn't hold it back—I've so believed an' been grateful to Him. If there hadn't been in you what would make a good man, my dear, I couldn't have been so deceived an' so happy. No—not deceived—that aint the word, Jem—the good was there. You've lived two lives, may be, —but one was good, thank God! You've been a good son to me. You've never hurt me, an' it was your love as hid from me the wrong you did. You did love me, Jem—I wont give that up—never. There's nothing you've done as can stand agen that, with her as is your mother. You loved me an' was my own son—my boy as was a comfort an' a pride to me from the first."

He watched her with a stunned look.

"You didn't believe *them*," he said hoarsely, "and you don't believe *me?*"

She put her hand to her heart and almost smiled.

"It hasn't come home to me yet," she said. "I don't think it ever will."

He looked helplessly toward the pistol on the table. He knew it was all over and he should not use it.

"What must I do?" he said, in the same hoarse voice.

"Get up," she said, "an' come with me. I'm a old woman but my heart's strong, an' we've been poor before. We'll go away together an' leave it all behind—all the sorrow of it an' the sin an' the shame. The life I *thought* you lived, my dear, is to be lived yet. Theer's places where they wont know us an' where we can begin again. Get up and come with me."

He scarcely grasped what she meant.

"With you!" he repeated. "You want me to go now?"

"Yes," she answered, "for Christ's sake, my dear, now."

He began to see the meaning and possibility of her simple, woman's plan, and got up, ready to follow her. And then he found that the want of food and the long day had worn upon him so that he was weak. She put her arm beneath his and tried to support him.

"Lean on me, my dear," she said. "I'm stronger than you think."

They went out, leaving the empty room and the pistol on the table and the dim light burning. And then they had locked the gate and were outside with the few stars shining above and the great black Works looming up before them.

He stopped a moment to look back and up and remembered the key. Suddenly he raised it in his hand and flung it across the top of the locked gate; they heard it fall inside upon the pavement with a clang.

"They'll wonder how it came there," he said. "They'll take down the name tomorrow. 'Haworth's' is done with!"

He turned to her and said, "Come." His voice was a little stronger. They went down the lane together, and were lost in the darkness.

CHAPTER LIII.

"A BIT O' GOOD BLACK."

GRANNY DIXON was interred with pomp and ceremony, or, at least, with what appeared pomp and ceremony in the eyes of the lower social stratum of Broxton.

Mrs. Briarley's idea concerning the legacy left her had been of the vaguest. Her revered relative had shrewdly kept the amount of her possessions strictly to herself, if, indeed, she knew definitely what they were. She had spent but little, discreetly living upon the expectations of her kindred. She had never been known to give anybody anything, and had dealt out the money to be expended upon her own wants with a close hand. Consequently, the principal, which had been a mystery from the first, had accumulated in an agreeably steady manner.

Between her periodic fits of weeping in her character of sole legatee, Mrs. Briarley speculated with matronly prudence upon the possibility of the interest even amounting to "a matter o' ten or fifteen shillin' a week," and found the pangs of bereavement materially softened thereby. There was a great deal of consolation to be derived from "ten or fifteen shillin' a week."

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"I'll ha' a bit o' good black," she said, "an' we'll gi' her a noice buryin'." Only a severe sense of duty to the deceased rescued her from tempering her mournfulness with an air of modest cheer.

The "bit o' good black" was the first investment. There was a gown remarkable for much stiffness of lining and a tendency to crackle upon every movement of the wearer, and there was a shawl of great weight and size, and a bonnet which was a marvel of unmitigated affliction as expressed by floral decorations of black crape and beads.

"Have thee beads i' thy bonnet an' a pair o' black gloves, mother," said Janey, "an' tha'lt be dressed up for onct i' thy loife. Eh! but I'd loike to go i' mournin' mysen."

"Aye, and so tha should, Jane Ann, if I could afford it," replied Mrs. Briarley. "Theer's nowt loike a bit o' black fur makkin foak look dressed. Theer's summat cheerful about it, i' a quoiet way. But nivver thee moind, tha'lt get these here things o' moine when I'm done wi' 'em, an' happen tha'lt ha' growed up to fit th' bonnet by then."

The occasion of the putting on of the festive garb was Mrs. Briarley's visit to Manchester to examine into the state of her relative's affairs, and such was the effect produced upon the mind of Mr. Briarley by the air of high life surrounding him that he retired into the late Mrs. Dixon's chair and wept copiously.

"I nivver thowt to see thee dressed up i' so much luxury, Sararann," he said, "an' it sets me back. Tha does na look loike thysen. Tha looks as though tha moight be one o' th' nobility, goin' to th' Duke o' Wellington's funeral to ride behoind th' hearse. I'm not worthy o' thee. I've nivver browt thee luck. I'm a misforchnit cha——"

"If tha'd shut thy mouth an' keep it shut till some one axes thee to oppen it, tha'd do well enow," interposed Mrs. Briarley, with a manifest weakening toward the culprit even in the midst of her sternness. "He is na so bad," she used to say, leniently, "if he hadna been born a foo'."

But this recalled to Mr. Briarley such memories as only plunged him into deeper depression.

"Theer is na many as axes me to oppen it i' these days, Sararann," he said, with mournfulness. "It has na oppen't to mich purpose for many a day. Even th' hospittyblest on 'em gets toired o' a chap as sees nowt but misforchin. I mowt as well turn teetotal an' git th' credit on it. Happen theer's a bit o' pleasure to be getten out o' staggerin' through th' streets wi' a banner i' th' Whit-week possession. I dunnot know. I've thowt mysen as happen th' tea a chap has to drink when th' excitement's ower, an' th' speeches ud a'most be a drorback even to that. But I mun say I've thowt o' tryin'."

It may be remarked that since Mrs. Briarley's sudden accession to fortune, Mr. Briarley's manner had been that of an humble and sincere penitent whose sympathies were slowly but surely verging toward the noble cause of temperance. He had repeatedly deplored his wanderings from the path of sobriety and rectitude with tearful though subdued eloquence, and frequently intimated a mournful inclination to "jine th' teetotals." Though, strange to say, the effect of these sincere manifestations had not been such as to restore in the partner of his joys and sorrows that unlimited confidence which would allow of her confiding to his care the small amount he had once or twice feebly suggested her favoring him with, "to settle wi'" a violent and not-to-be-pacified creditor of whom he stated he stood in bodily fear.

"I dunnot know as I ivver seed a chap as were as desp'rit ower a little," he remarked. "It is na but eighteen pence, an' he ses he'll ha' it, or—or see about it. He stands at th' street corner—near th' 'Who'd ha' Thowt it,'—an' he will na listen to owt. He says a chap as has coom i' to property can pay eighteen pence. He wunnot believe me," he added weakly, "when I say as it is na me as has getten th' brass, but yo'. It mak's him worse to try to mak' him understand. He will na believe me, an' he's a chap as would na stand back at owt. Theer wur a man i' Marfort as owed him thrippence as he—he mashed i'to a jelly, Sararann—an' it wur fur thrippence."

"Aye," said Mrs. Briarley, dryly, "an' theer's no knowin' what he'd do fur eighteen pence. Theer's a bad lookout fur *thee*, sure enow!"

Mr. Briarley paused and surveyed her for a few seconds in painful silence. Then he looked at the floor, as if appealing to it for assistance, but even here he met with indifference, and his wounded spirit sought relief in meek protestations.

"Tha has na no confydence in me, Sararann," he said. "Happen th' teetotals would na ha' neyther, happen they wouldn't, an' wheer's th' use o' a chap thinkin' o' jinin'

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'em when they mowt ha' no confydence i' him. When a mon's fam'ly mistrusts him, an' has na no belief in what he says, he canna help feelin' as he is na incouraged. Tha is na incouragin', Sararann—theer's wheer it is."

But when, after her visit to Manchester, Mrs. Briarley returned, even Mr. Briarley's spirits rose, though under stress of circumstances and in private. On entering the house Mrs. Briarley sank into a chair, breathless and overawed.

"It's two pound ten a week, Janey!" she announced in a hysterical voice. "An' tha can ha' thy black as soon as tha wants it." And Mrs. Briarley burst at once into luxurious weeping.

Janey dropped on to a stool, rolled her arms under her apron and sat gasping.

"Two pound ten a week!" she exclaimed. "I dunnot believe it!"

But she was persuaded to believe by means of sound proof and solid argument, and even the proprieties were scarcely sufficient to tone down the prevailing emotion.

"Theer's a good deal to be getten wi' two pound ten a week," soliloquized Mr. Briarley in his corner. "I've heerd o' heads o' fam'lies as wur 'lowanced. Summat could be done wi' three shillin' a week. Wi' four shillin' a chap could be i' parydise."

But this, be it observed, was merely soliloquy, timorously ventured upon in the temporary security afforded by the prevailing excitement.

At the funeral the whole family appeared clothed in new garments of the most somber description. There were three black coaches and Mrs. Briarley was supported by numerous friends who alternately cheered and condoled with her.

"Tha mun remember," they said, "as she's better off, poor thing."

Mr. Briarley, who had been adorned with a hat-band of appalling width and length, and had been furthermore inserted into a pair of gloves some inches too long in the fingers, overcame his emotion at this juncture sufficiently to make an endeavor to ingratiate himself. He withdrew his handkerchief from his face and addressed Mrs. Briarley.

"Aye," he said, "tha mun bear up, Sararann. She *is* better off—happen—an' so are we."

And he glanced round with a faint smile which, however, faded out with singular rapidity, and left him looking somewhat aghast.

CHAPTER LIV.

"IT WILL BE TO YOU."

THEY found the key lying within the locked gate, and the dim light burning and the pistol loaded upon the table. The great house stood empty with all its grandeur intact. The servants had been paid their wages a few days before the crash and had gone away. Nothing had been moved, nothing taken. The creditors, who found to their amazement that all was left in their hands to dispose of as they chose, agreed that this was not an orthodox case of absconding. Haworth was a more eccentric fellow than they had thought.

One man alone understood. This was Murdoch, who, amid all the buzz of excited amazement, said nothing even to those in his own house. When he heard the story of the pistol and the key, his first thought was a sudden recollection of the silence of the great place at night—the deadness of it and the sense of desolation it brought. It was a terrible thing to remember this and then picture a ruined man standing alone in the midst of it, a pistol in his hand and only the low light burning. "We did not understand each other very well," he said, drearily, "but we were friends in our way." And the man's farewell as he stood at the carriage door in the shadow, came back to him again and again like an echo repeating itself: "If there's aught in what's gone by that's for me—remember it!"

Even before his return home, Murdoch had made up his mind as to what his course for the next few years was to be. His future was assured and he might follow his idlest fancy. But his fancies were not idle. They reached forward to freedom and new labors when the time came. He wanted to be alone for a while, at least, and he was to return to America. His plan was to travel with a purpose in view, and to fill his life with work which would leave him little leisure.

Rachel Ffrench had not yet left her father's house. Saint Méran had gone away with some suddenness immediately after the dinner party at which the political economist had reigned. Various comments had been made on his departure, but it was not easy to arrive at anything like a definite conclusion. Miss Ffrench was seen no more in the town. Only a few servants remained with her in the house, and these maintained that she was going to Paris to her father's sister, with whom she had lived before her

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return from abroad. They added that there was no change in her demeanor, that she had dismissed their companions without any explanation. One, it is true, thought she was rather thin—and had "gone off her looks," but this version was not popular and was considered out of accordance with the ideal of her character held in the public mind.

"She does na care," it was said. *She* is na hurt. *Her* brass is safe enow, an' that's aw as ud be loike to trouble her. Pale i'deed! She's too high an' moighty."

Murdoch made his preparations for departure as rapidly as possible. They were rather for his mother and Christian than for himself. They were to leave Broxton also and he had found a home for them elsewhere. One day, as they sat in the little parlor, he rose hurriedly and went to Christian and took both her hands.

"Try to be happy," he said. "Try to be happy."

He spared no effort to make the future bright for them. He gave no thought to himself, his every hour was spent in thinking for and devising new comfort for them.

But at last all was ready, and there was but one day left to them.

The Works were still closed, and would not be re-opened for some weeks, but he had obtained permission to go down to his room and remove his possessions if he chose. So on the morning of this last day he let himself into his "den," and shut himself up in it. Once behind the closed doors, he began a strange labor. He emptied drawers and desk, and burnt every scrap of paper to ashes—drawings, letters, all! Then he destroyed the delicate models and every other remnant of his past labors. There was not so much as an envelope or blotting-pad remaining. When he had done he had made a clean sweep. The room was empty, cold, and bare. He sat down, at last, in the midst of its desolate orderliness.

At that moment a hand was laid upon the door-handle and the door opened; there was a rustle of a woman's dress—and Rachel Ffrench stood before him!

"What are you doing here, in Heaven's name?" he said, rising slowly to meet her.

She cast one glance around the bare room.

"It is true! You are going away!"

"Yes," he answered, "I am going. I have done my last work here to-day."

She made a step forward and stood looking at him. She spoke under her breath.

"Every one is going. My father has left me—I——"

A scarlet spot came out on her cheek, but she did not withdraw her eyes.

"Saint Méran has gone also."

Gradually, as she looked at him, the blood receded from her face and left it like a mask of stone.

"I"—she began, in a sharp whisper, "do you not see? Do you not understand? Ah—my God!"

There was a chair near her and she fell into it, burying her face in the crushed velvet of her mantle as she bowed herself upon the table near.

"Hush!" she cried, "do not speak to me! That it should be I who stooped, and for this—for this! That having battled against my folly so long, I should have let it drag me to the dust at last!"

Her passionate sobs suffocated her. She could not check or control them. Her slender fingers writhed in their clasp upon each other.

"I never thought of *this*, God knows!" he said, hoarsely, "though there have been hours when I could have sworn that you had loved me once. I have thought of all things, but never of this—never that you could repent."

She lifted her head.

"That *I* should repent!" she cried. "Repent! Like this!"

"No," he returned, "I never thought of that, I swear!"

"And it is you," she cried, with scorn, —"*you*, who stand there and look at me and tell me that it is all over!"

"Is it *my* fault that it is all over?" he demanded. "Is it?"

"No," she answered, "that is my consolation."

He drew nearer to her.

"You left me nothing," he said,—"nothing. God knows what saved me—I do not. *You* loved me? You battled against your love?" He laughed aloud. "I was a madman under your window night after night. Forget it, if you can. I cannot. 'Oh! that I should have stooped for this,' you say. No, it is that I who have loved you should stand here with empty hands!"

She had bowed her face and was sobbing again. But suddenly she rose.

"If I did not know you better," she said, "I should say this was revenge."

"It would be but a poor one," he answered her coldly.

She supported herself with one hand on the chair.

"I have fallen very low," she said, "so

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low that I was weaker than I thought. And now, as you say, 'it is over.' Your hands are empty! Oh! it was a poor passion, and this is the fitting end for it!"

She moved a little toward the door and stopped.

"Good-bye," she said.

In a moment more all that was left was a subtle breath of flower-like fragrance in the atmosphere of the bare room.

It was an hour before he passed through the iron gates, though there had been nothing left to be done inside.

He came out slowly, and having locked the gate, turned toward the Broxton road.

He was going to the little grave-yard. It had been a dull gray day, but by the time he reached the place, the sun had crept through the clouds and brightened them, and, noting it, he felt some vague comfort. It was a desolate place when there was no sun.

When he reached the mound he stood looking down. Since the night he had lain by it looking up at the sky and had made his resolve, the grass had grown longer and thicker and turned from green to brown and rustled as it moved.

He spoke aloud, as before.

"It is done," he said. "Your thought was what you dreamed it would be. I have kept my word."

He stopped as if for an answer. But it was very still—so still that the silence was like a Presence. And the mound at his feet lay golden brown in the sunlight, even its long grass unstirred.

They left Broxton the next day and in a week he set sail. As the ship moved away he stood leaning upon the taffrail watching a figure upon the shore. It was a girl in a long cloak of gray almost the color of the mist in which she stood—a slender motionless figure—the dark young face turned seaward.

He watched her until he could see her face no longer but still she had not stirred.

"When I return," he said, scarcely conscious that he spoke, "it will be to you."

Then the grayness closed about her and she faded slowly from his sight.

THE END.

A SAILOR IN THE COTTON FIELD.

I WAS not well adapted for the struggle for a livelihood into which I was forced after the civil war, for I had been brought up in the navy, and knew little of the ways of landsmen. What little money I had left after the war, I invested in an unprofitable business in a Southern sea-port, and failing in that, I undertook my present business of cotton planting.

The first sight of the land where my wife and I determined to settle was not encouraging. There was not a house or a fence on it. A large portion of it had not been cultivated since the beginning of the war—about eleven years—and was covered by a wilderness of briars, vines and young forest trees; affording shelter to innumerable rabbits, opossums, raccoons, catamounts, rattlesnakes and "cotton-mouth" moccasins, while beavers reveled undisturbed in the sluggish stream that wound its hidden way through the dense jungle. Another part of the tract, known in the language of the country as "old field," was kept bare by hundreds of cattle that sought it for pasture. The whole was the type of thousands of acres still lying uncultivated in these Gulf states.

Our place is fifteen miles from the nearest railway station, and in certain seasons of the year the country roads that lead to the market towns are nearly impassable.

As may readily be imagined, the society in such a neighborhood was not very polished—that is, when taken as a whole; for it is, perhaps, peculiar to our Southern states that one may so often discover oases of refinement and intelligence in the midst of their solitudes, hundreds of miles from the great centers of civilization. Sometimes it is a single family bringing with them into the wilderness the mode of life acquired in a more refined community; at others, it was an entire neighborhood.

However, the home in which we found a temporary resting-place as boarders, was the type of home most common in the South. Mr. Clacker, its head, was a widower about sixty years old, with a family, still dependent on him, of four buxom

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daughters. His house was an unplastered frame building of six rooms, glaring white, without a shade-tree within fifty yards. Every room had its feather-bed,—some of them plethoric-looking beds, that seemed aspiring to reach the joists above, and defying invasion, except by the aid of scaling-ladders; but which, when one conquered their apparent difficulties, yielded suddenly and buried him over head and ears.

Mr. Clacker's picture gallery was not extensive, being made up in the main of wood-cuts taken from the illustrated weeklies, and pasted irregularly about the walls.

The table groaned under a load of solid food; one meal differing little from another, heaping dishes of fried bacon, fried chicken and hot biscuits being always on duty. Breakfast was served at day-break, dinner at noon, and supper at dusk.

Mr. Clacker had been an overseer, but he bore no more resemblance to the traditional monster of that name, than did the late Admiral Farragut to the sailor of the stage; for though his face is very red, it is one of the most benevolent-looking I ever beheld. He is a man well-to-do for this out-of-the-way place, for he not only has his farm, but a store at the cross-roads that brings him in a good profit. One of our neighbors who passes for a wit says that Mr. Clacker, from motives of economy, carries the sign of his store in his face.

As Mr. Clacker had lived in the country for many years, I sought his advice as to settling in my new home and bringing the land into cultivation; but like most people who ask advice, I had no notion of taking it unless it coincided with my own ideas. It must be acknowledged that my undertaking was a difficult one—nothing less than to build a house, and then clear, inclose and cultivate a farm, without the slightest knowledge of any mechanical or agricultural implement, and after being accustomed for years to a sedentary life.

"You'll never do it in the world," said Mr. Clacker. "What! go to choppin' in the woods this time o' the year? Why, a nigger can't hardly do it, let alone a white man. And one, too, as is never been used to work! Pshaw!"

"Well," I said, "my business here is to bring that land into cultivation, and as I see no prospect of hiring any hands, now that they are all busy with their crops, I am compelled to do, at least, a part of the work myself."

"I doan' keer," was the reply; "I tell you no white man can't work here in the summer time a-splittin' rails."

"Did you ever try it?" I asked.

"Of course I never did," with a look of surprise.

"Did you ever know any white man to try it?"

"Of course I never did, for everybody's done heard 'em say no white man can't split rails here in the summer time."

Paying no heed to what Mr. Clacker had heard 'em say, I entered upon my new career of woodman on the 12th day of June, 1871. The primitive forest where I began my work was grown up in undergrowth some twenty to thirty feet high, which by cutting off all circulation of air made it as hot as a furnace. The tree selected for my first experiment in rail-splitting was a white oak, about two feet and a half in diameter, growing near a little stream, whose pools were kept cool by the deep channel in which it flowed. I began operations in the early morning while the temperature was yet pleasant, and after repeated "spells" to catch breath, I had the satisfaction to see the great tree sway to and fro, as if loth to abandon its exalted position, and then plunge headlong to the earth. It was the first large tree I had ever felled, and I had the exultation a young hunter feels in bagging his first deer.

The next step was to cut the trunk into sections, preparatory to splitting it up, and this I undertook in the manner I had seen old woodmen do—standing on the trunk, and cutting to the heart first from one side and then from the other. I got along well enough while my work was in the shade, but the fallen tree had left a great vacant space in the forest, to which the sun mounted in the forenoon, shining down upon me with an ardor and persistency worthy a better cause. That was an arrangement I had not bargained for; but nature provides a remedy for most evils if we only know how to apply it. It was while standing ax in hand, nearly suffocated with heat, that I discovered why timber trees grow near the banks of cool streams, and instantly made the most of it by throwing down the ax and plunging into the nearest pool.

What a glorious change it was from the hard labor under the broiling sun to the sandy bed of the cool, clear water! Only I had not come into the woods for the purpose of sitting neck deep in water all day. There were the fallen tree and the ax and

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other implements to remind of that fact. Suppose Mr. Clacker should happen to come along: wouldn't his triumph be more than I could stand? Impelled by such reflections, I made a desperate rush for the ax, and set to work again with renewed ardor, my dripping clothes keeping me cool for a time in spite of the sun. But only for a time. With every successive blow of the ax, my longing for the water became more and more intense, until after a few minutes of rapid work the ax was again abandoned, and again I was musing neck deep in the water.

I followed this improved method of splitting rails, until the sun sank behind the trees, when I finally reckoned up my day's work, and found myself the possessor of twenty-one rails—twenty-one thousand being the whole number I required. Rather discouraging it undoubtedly was, but I put on a bold face with Mr. Clacker, and boasted to him that I found there was no truth in what he had "heard 'em say."

With a little more practice I became more successful, and one day a professor of the art of rail-splitting appeared on the scene, and advanced matters very much. I was hard at work splitting up a "cut," when I became aware of the presence of a spectator. At a little distance from me was a man squatting on the ground, with his knees drawn up to his chin, and his eyes fixed on me, or rather on my work. He was clad in a "hickory" shirt and yellow jean trowsers, the latter hung upon him by suspenders of bed-ticking three inches wide. A shabby straw-hat, with a rim twisted in every conceivable direction, half hid his dark, sun-burned face. A passing thought suggested that I was in the presence of some evil spirit of the woods.

"Good-morning," I said, when I had partly recovered from my surprise.

"Mornin'," was the reply, with which the conversation ceased, and I resumed work.

Some minutes elapsed, when my strange visitor again broke the silence:

"Seen any hogs?" he asked.

"I've not seen any lately. Have you lost any?"

"A bunch uv 'em strayed from me 'bout a week ago. Gone to the swamp, I reckon."

There was another pause, my visitor still retaining his remarkable posture, and still watching my work.

"Got any trading stock?"

Did I look like a man who dealt in stocks? and was this a capitalist in disguise looking for a profitable investment? I stared at the man in blank astonishment, and my perplexity was relieved only when he continued:

"I've got a young mar', jest four year old, I wouldn't mind tradin' for a mule. She's as good a cr'atur' as you ever shake plow-lines over."

I declined trading for his "mar'," whereupon he rose to his feet as suddenly as if he were worked by steel springs, and said he would go to the swamp to look for that "bunch o' hogs"; but turning suddenly after he had bid me "mornin'" and walked away a few steps he said: "Let me show you how to split them rails," and without more ado took possession of my implements, and went to work.

Look at any man while occupied with his specialty and you will find it worth your while. There is nothing in the thing itself, but everything in the way in which it is done. This wild man of the woods, so uncouth-looking and so ignorant of all that the world places under the head of knowledge, won my heart-felt admiration, as he deftly placed the wedges, and burst asunder, with apparent ease, the fibers of the mighty oak. The lesson he gave me made it clear that I had been doing double the work necessary for the result accomplished. "But it's powerful hot to be a-splittin' rails," he said as he laid down the maul, and, with a final "mornin'," disappeared in the forest.

I have since seen more of my instructor (he rejoiced in the name of Bill Gumball), and have found that there is nothing of the fool in his composition. Indeed, were he transferred to Wall street, given the jargon of that locality instead of his own, and trained to sit in a chair, he is made of the very stuff that would be apt to render him successful, for he possesses the speculative instinct in a superlative degree, and was never known to come out "second best" in a horse-trade: that, too, in a country where the chief use to which "the noble animal" is put is to swap him for another.

For me the wild woods of my native South have ever possessed a peculiar fascination. They are associated with my earliest memories; for they were my play-ground when a child; and all their sights and sounds, their trees and flowers and birds, have ever been familiar to me; and often when, on my lonely watch at sea, thoughts of home have stolen over me, it was the old primeval forest that I longed for the most. So in turning woodman I was going

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on old, familiar ground, and I would have proved a woodman more than willing to spare the tree had there only been a way to coax the rails out from under the bark without the help of ax and wedge.

I used to be on the ground, ready for work, at the break of day, and to do so had to make my way through the darkness. This was running a great risk, as I proved one morning nearly at the cost of my life, for I heard close at my heels the terrible warning of the rattle-snake. I must have stepped over him in the dark and narrow path. (I have since met these deadly reptiles on still more intimate terms, having killed one in the bedroom where I am now writing.) But in spite of such hidden dangers, the early morning is the time when the forest is in its glory. The gloom and mystery the night had thrown over it are then just breaking away. The songs of the wood-thrush and the oriole have begun, and the last notes of the owl and the chuck-will's-widow still linger on the air—the merry music of the morning exorcising the sad voices of the night.

Audubon is just in his commendation of the wood-thrush. One of these birds occupied for many mornings the "verra topmost, towering height," of a sycamore that stood where my path led by the margin of a pond, and poured forth a flood of music that often tempted me to play the truant to my work. There is a common law in the South that renders infamous the shooting of a mocking-bird; but no such "divinity hedges" our other sweet songsters, and they have perceptibly diminished since every negro in the land has become a so-called sportsman.

In spite of all drawbacks, when the month of October came I had accomplished more than is often done in this section by trained labor, having split some two thousand rails and cut logs enough to build six single cabins. The next thing in order was to haul them out of the woods, and I hired two negro men, Mike Brown and Pete Penny, to do this with a team of oxen.

The animals were rather the worse for wear, having been hauling, on short rations, for several weeks from the railroad, fifteen miles distant. One old fellow, that rejoiced in the name of "Lion," seemed so heart-broken, and at the same time so humble, that he hardly dared chew the cud while you looked at him. One eye had been knocked out by some brutal driver, and the other was weak and watery. He was literally skin and bones, and his comrades in the team were not much better.

The oxen came to the rendezvous at their slow, swinging gait; Mike seated on the tongue, bearing aloft a goad attached to a pole eight feet long, and Pete astride of the coupling-pole (the wagon was without a body), "picking a jig" on the jew's-harp. The old wagon creaked and rattled and groaned in accompaniment, while eight or ten half-starved curs yelped through the woods, or snapped and snarled at one another about the wheels,—for here a negro owns from two to ten curs, which he keeps alive by hook or by crook, even though himself and his family be hungry and ragged. No one in the country pretends to keep sheep, else one might readily know "upon what meat" these canine Cæsars feed.

"I am afraid, boys, you are overloading the team," I said, as Mike and Pete piled log after log upon the wagon.

"Ef 'twa'n't fur dat bad place on de branch, sah, dey mout pull it."

"Is there no way of avoiding that place?"

"No, sah, it's onpossible to 'void it."

"Then you know you are putting on more than the team can pull over it?"

"Dey'll all pull, sah, scusin' Lion,"—"scusin'" being for excusing, which our negroes invariably use for excepting.

"In plain English, you have a heavier load on the wagon than the team can haul to where I wish the logs taken."

"Ef 'twarn't fur dat bad place in de branch ——"

It was quite useless appealing to Mike's reasoning faculties, seeing that he had none; and as for Pete, he was even a grade lower in intelligence than his partner, and was accustomed to regard as law all that fell from the latter's lips. I made them throw off a part of the load, notwithstanding which the oxen came to a dead "balk" at the ford. The whole blame was laid on Lion, and the poor old animal was flogged unmercifully in consequence. It failed to make him pull, for doubtless he had already put forth all his strength.

"Twis' he tail, Pete," said Mike; "twis' he tail, while I start the turrers wid de whip."

Whereupon Pete took the old ox's tail in both hands and twisted it till it fairly squeaked. But still old Lion refused to budge.

"Lor', gemmen," exclaimed Pete, still twisting away as if his life depended on getting the tail entirely off, "dis ole steer been

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had he tail twis' so much he ain' been keer nuttin mo' 'bout it."

At last I interfered, as doubtless humanity should have prompted me to do sooner:

"It is very easy to throw some of these logs off, and then put them on again, after the wagon is drawn over this bad place."

"Dat's so, sah," responded Mike.

It was accordingly done, and there was no more trouble that day. But the next day I heard Mike and Pete, who were still engaged on the job, making a great uproar at the ford; and, going to the spot, I found that they were trying to get the overloaded wagon across by the plan that had failed the day before,—Pete still twisting Lion's tail, and Mike flogging the rest of the team. As on the former occasion, they readily agreed with me when I suggested that the wagon be unloaded.

When it came actually to building even a log house, I was as much at sea as if I had undertaken to duplicate St. Peter's. All the time I was getting the material together, I was trusting to the hope that some good angel would come to the rescue at the right moment. And he did, in the shape of a master workman, and, as it happened,—also fortunately,—he was a Virginian, familiar with the tobacco barns of his native state, which are generally built of logs. Under his supervision, my double log cabin, with a kitchen in the rear, rose rapidly into shape, and a month after its foundation was laid, we moved into it.

By this time the winter was well upon us, and it being too cold to "daub" the house, an operation that must be performed by hand, I made use of the gray moss so common here to stop the spaces between the logs. It presented a very picturesque appearance, the moss hanging down in irregular festoons as it grows on the forest trees. I congratulated myself on the adaptation, for I had never seen it so used before, and we went to bed that night, my wife and I, as pleased as a child with a new toy. The cold wind whistled without, but our rude cottage was warm and comfortable. We had been working hard all day, and we slept soundly—soundly, but not long, for in the small hours of the night, there were noises about the house that would have waked the Seven Sleepers. We heard the trampling of many hoofs, the tinkling of bells and the lowing of herds. Rushing to the door without stopping to put on even a coat, I found that the cows had gathered from near and far to feast on my moss. Smarting under the injury, I armed myself with a long pole, and, still *sans culotte*, I began a furious attack on the depredators. They were soon routed from the house, and then began a flight and pursuit scarcely paralleled in history. They were by moonlight, over hill and dale, across brooks and through thickets. The enemy broke into detachments, and after pursuing one of those for some distance, I returned home only to find that I had been flanked by an entire army-corps that had taken possession of my camp, in spite of the feeble efforts of my wife to dislodge them. They fled at my approach with the pole, and we went to bed once more, but not to sleep, for we had scarcely closed our eyes, when I was again summoned to the fray. And in that way we passed our first night in our quiet home in the wilderness.

With the new year it was necessary to make preparations for my first cotton-crop, and the most important step of all was to obtain work-animals. As I expected to reenforce my own labor with that of "the man and brother," I thought it best to obtain a pair of mules instead of horses, for it is the firm belief of many people, based on long experience, that the negro and the mule were created to work together.

Mr. Bill Gumball, my champion rail-splitter, knowing that I would need mules, took the field at an early day in order to be prepared to act as broker. One morning he made his appearance at my house, having first announced his presence by a loud "hello!" I found him squatting on the ground as I had first seen him in the woods.

"Fine mornin'," he said after the pause that followed our first greeting.

I agreed with him, and there was another pause. Then Mr. Gumball rose to his feet, and remarked that he had to go home; to which I made no objection, and bidding me "mornin'" he started to go. Then he turned and made known his real business.

"I heerd you wanted to buy a pa'r o' mules," he said, "and I thought I'd sorter step over and let you know whar you kin git 'em. Ole man Bowser, lives on the Ripton and Jackson road, got as fine a pa'r for sale as you ever see. I'll sorter bring 'em over in the mornin', neighbor-like, you know, as I ain' got nothin' pertiklar to do."

He was as good as his word, and appeared the next day with two little mules in excellent order and well matched, for which

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I paid $125 apiece. I learned afterward that Gumball made just $25 by his "neighbor-like" transaction.

Never had I seen animals apparently more kind and tractable. Surely, we thought, the mule has been much maligned in these Southern states, for how often do we hear the phrases, "stubborn as a mule," "vicious as a mule," "a mule will play you some trick sooner or later," etc., etc.! Now it was perfectly plain to me, and to my good wife as well, that if mules in general deserve such hard names, which we doubted, here were our new mules, Kitty and Jinny, to prove exceptions to that rule; for who could look on them and think any evil of them as they stood there in the lot, with eyes half closed and shaven tails battling with the flies. It is only ill treatment, we argued, that makes the mule vicious, and it is only in the South that he has a bad name.

"Poor things!" said my wife one day, "they must be so tired of this lot. How they would enjoy a run for a few hours in the open fields!"

They were accordingly turned out and certainly did enjoy themselves, if running was enjoyment, for when I tried to drive them back into the lot, they ran, with me in pursuit, till darkness and exhaustion on my part put an end to the performance for that night. The next day I hired Mike and Pete to help me pursue them, and after chasing them five miles we caught them by the merest accident, having driven them into a sort of blind alley formed by two fences that joined at an acute angle. The next day one of them, without any provocation, kicked me down; and I had not owned them long before both had more than once "bucked" me over their heads, —a feat that is performed by the animal throwing its head between its fore legs, humping its back into a sharp curve, and springing rapidly into the air as often as is necessary to dislodge its rider—which, in my case, was not often. At the first symptom of a "buck" I generally came down promptly, like Davy Crockett's 'coon. It is astonishing how often a man may be tossed into the air and fall sprawling to the earth without breaking any bones.

The next thing in course was to hire a permanent hand, a thing that was no easy matter in a country where, instead of labor seeking employment, there is a competition among the employers for the labor. After several unsuccessful attempts, I succeeded in securing, for the year, a middled-aged negro man named Tony Love; a very solemn-looking darky, who seemed to have some great care on his mind. At times he would sigh in a way that was absolutely startling, and when asked what was the matter would only answer:

"Nuttin much, sah, jes moanin' ober family conflagrations, sah."

He was a married man living with his wife, Mandy, in one of the cabins I had lately built. One day I learned the secret that weighed like a mill-stone on his heart.

"My trouble is all 'bout womens, sah," he began with a heart-rending sigh. "I had to sue for a revorce, you see, and de jedge he wus so precocious, I had ole wuks wid 'im, I tell you, sah."

"Was it Mandy that you tried to get 'revorced' from?"

"Oh no, sah," with a pensive smile, "'twarn't Mandy. I done had Mandy, you see, sence I sued fur de revorce. In fac', I sorter tuk up wid her 'fore dat, and dar's whar my tribulation done begin."

"Your other wife was opposed to your introducing a rival into the house?"

"Lor', sah, dar warn't no arribal at de house! Mandy, you see, libed in a nudder house. But Suzan, dat was my fust wife, she tuk on mightly, an' de fust thing I knowed she had me up 'fore de jedge, and de whole ob de jury. An' de jedge he did warnt know ef dem was my chillen 'long wid Suzan, and wherrer or not I gub 'em wittels and close, and ef I didn't gub 'em, I mus' gub 'em. Well, I didn't make no answer right away, but dar wus de jedge, and de jury, and de lyeyrs a-settin' round, and I thought to myself, I gwine nebber hab a better charnse to sue fur a revorce, so I clars my throat, jes so, and I sez: Marse jedge, and gen'l'men ob de jury and de lyeyrs: Whar's de jestice in makin' me buy wittels and close for dem chillen, enny more'n makin' de mudder what bar' 'em buy wittels and close fur 'em? Whar's de jestice? I tell you how to settle dish 'ere thing, sez I, lookin' de jedge squar' in de face, and sorter studyin' 'fore I went on. I tell you how to settle dish 'ere case, sez I. Gub me a revorce, sez I, sort o' risin' like, as I hollered: Gub me a *revorce!* and let dat 'oman go 'long 'bout 'er bus'ness. De lyeyrs and de jurymans dey all larf, but de jedge he was dade ag'in me from de start, and he holt out as I was boun' to s'port dem chillen. Den, sez I, Marse jedge, I repeal de case. Ef I carn

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git jestice in dish 'ere court, I'll repeal the case to the gubnor of Vicksburg; and ef I carn git jestice from the gubnor of Vicksburg, I'll repeal to the gubnor of Tennessee, and ef he don't gub me a revorce, I'll repeal to de gubnor of St. Louis. Then the jedge he hollered to the sheriff to 'rest me for temptin' de court; but 'fore de sheriff could cotch me, I broke out o' dat place, and de naix thing dat jedge knowed, I'd done repealed de case to gubnor Alcorn in Jackson. He was a gen'l'man, sah; he gub me a revorce widout any more repealin', an' here I is now. But lordee, ef Suzan was to find out whar I is!"

"Why, what would it matter since you are 'revorced' from her?"

"Lor', sah, you doan know dat 'oman! She'd raise sich a circumvention roun' me, I'd have to repeal for anudder revorce!"

By what authority Governor Alcorn granted a divorce it is not easy to explain. I only know that had he given Tony a funeral ticket or a circus bill for a writ of "revorce," that person would have been perfectly satisfied.

Six years have passed away since Tony unburdened his heart as above described, and at the present writing he is still near me, with Suzan and Mandy under one roof, yet apparently in the enjoyment of domestic peace; the two former rivals having tacitly agreed to divide their lord's affections between them. Such a state of things is the rule rather than the exception with the newly enfranchised.

The whole month of January was spent by Tony and myself in hauling from the woods the rails to inclose the land, and that done, we began clearing up the jungle mentioned in the first part of this paper. This work occupied us till the first of March, and then we began plowing. Here was work entirely new to me, but I soon became as expert at it as if I had been trained to the plow all my life. The mules were docility itself while at their work. It was only in their "hours of ease" that they were, like woman, "uncertain, coy and hard to please."

One evening we were riding from the field, Tony in advance on Jinny, and I following on Kitty. Suddenly, without any warning, Tony's mule performed the evolution known as "swapping ends," which resulted in shooting her rider, like an arrow from a bow, head foremost a distance of ten feet, more or less. For a moment I thought the negro's neck was broken, but my anxiety was soon relieved when I saw him rise slowly from the ground, casting a pitying rather than reproachful look upon the mule, that stood, the picture of innocence, quietly grazing by the side of the path.

"Now I done know it," said Tony. "I was jes studyin' 'bout de way dat mule dash folks, and now I done know it. Gen'l'men, dat mule see sperrits!"

"What sort of foolish talk is that, Tony?"

"She see sperrits! Dat mik 'er jump roun' so sudden-like. You know she kin see 'em when we kearnt. De very fuss lizard I kotch I's gwine to bile 'im 'live, and 'n'int dat mule's eyes wid de licker."

I have Tony's word for it that he carried his diabolical threat into execution a few days later, notwithstanding which the mule continued to see "sperrits,"—that is, if her continuing to throw Tony occasionally was proof of it.

"Nebber min'," was his usual exclamation after such mishaps; "de naix lizard I kotch I'll boun' I'll bile 'im in de crease o' de moon!"

"In the increase or decrease, Tony?"

"Dunno 'bout dat, sah. All I knows is, it mus' be in one o' de creases."

After a few months had passed, I had "laid by" as fine a crop of cotton as one could wish to see. An area of thirty acres, more or less, that the year before had been a wilderness, was now one level sea of green, spangled with the red and the white blooms. Experienced planters who saw my crop estimated that it would not fall below twenty bales, worth in the gross, at the price of cotton then, fully $1,500. In addition to the cotton crop, I had some twenty other acres in corn, sweet-potatoes, cow-pease, etc. I had paid out $75 for extra labor. My own work in the crop had equaled Tony's in every respect, and, so far as I could judge, I had stood the test as well as he.

To walk about the crop, marking its rapid growth, was my great delight. One morning, in a low, damp place in the field, I discovered some half dozen green, striped worms stretched at full length on the leaves of cotton they had partly devoured. This was the advance-guard of the dreaded "army worm." The date of their appearance was the first of September. By the middle of that month every plant in the field had been stripped bare of leaves and young bolls. The damage was all the greater from my crop being a late one, and the plants on that account young and tender. Instead of twenty bales, I gathered only eight, and, to

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add to my misfortune, the great financial panic occurred about that time, and the price of cotton fell from eighteen and twenty cents a pound to eight and ten. That first cotton crop of mine brought me in debt about $600. I have since recovered from the blow, and, though still poor in purse, I yet have all the necessaries of life in abundance: bread and meat of my own raising, milk and butter, an orchard of choice fruits, a well-filled kitchen-garden, at my very door.

I think that my experience may be of value to others. It proves that, although a man's life may have been a sedentary one, and himself unskilled in the use of ax, hoe or plow, he may yet prove competent to make his way in the wilderness, as did the first settlers of the country.

THE NEW YEAR.

Oh, not where winter comes through fields of snow,
With half-worn shoes, the new-born year begins;
But where the streams of life unfettered flow,
And blossoms o'er the sun-lit meadows blow
The fragrant hope that straight our credence wins.

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RIO DE JANEIRO.

Rio is a picturesque place; it would be so merely from its surroundings; even the odd jumble of ancient and modern buildings has a certain fitness under the other odd jumble of crooked mountains. Within the city limits there are lesser hills and rocks not a few; some of these are surmounted by convents or churches, or irregular clusters of houses. The streets climb over the mountain-sides, and end nowhere.

Our boatman lands us in the city; the sunshine is a trifle too warm even at this early hour; but you must expect all sorts of weather at Rio. So we put up our umbrellas and walk over to the Rua Primeira de Março. There is nothing essentially tropical about this part of the city, unless it be the tile roofs and the hintings of early Portuguese-Brazilian architecture. That square edifice on our left is the Department of Agriculture and Public Works. It is one of the few government buildings that show something like artistic taste; for Brazilian architecture just now is in a transition stage, characterized by nothing but tawdriness and a poor attempt to imitate the French; I like better the substantial old buildings, which are plain but have a character of their own.

At the upper end of the street there are two or three churches of uncertain architecture,—the Imperial Chapel, commenced by the Benedictine Brothers in 1761, but only concluded during the early part of the present century; and The Igreja do Carma, built from 1758 to 1770. Farther on is the new post-office, much more showy but far less artistic than the agricultural building. For the rest there are rows of warehouses and offices; buildings three or four stories high, and very plainly finished.

On the street corners there are gayly painted and decorated pagodas called *kiosques;* where groups of laborers are gathered, and where they get their coffee and lunch, and discuss the probabilities of the lottery in which their savings are often invested.

The two extremes of Rio commercial life are represented by the Rua Primeira de Março and the adjacent market. Rua Primeira de Março is the banking and commission-house center. It runs near the water-front. The road-way is broad and well paved; the buildings, for the most part, dingy and respectable; the counting-rooms rather dark. It might be a down-town street in New York, only there is not so much bustle. On the whole, it is as untropical as possible. You get the impression of a quiet, but thriving, business. In the counting-houses you see clerks writing at long desks. The money brokers pass foreign gold and silver over their tables, in exchange for Brazilian notes. The banks are never thronged; a few people come and go noiselessly; the bank people take their own time, and the waiting ones do not fret and fume. The commission and importing business, on this and other streets, is largely carried on by English and German firms; but there are some Brazilian and a few French and American houses. These large firms—some of them as old as the century—are the strength of Brazilian com-

RUA PRIMEIRA DE MARÇO.

merce, almost every shop-keeper in the country being more or less directly dependent on them.

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The market is twenty rods off, by the water side. It is a great square building, with slight architectural pretensions. On the land side there is a small square, where the fruit-women congregate in force and make the air hideous with their jabbering. Large docks or basins are walled in from the bay; there the market-boats unload their cargoes of fish and vegetables. The city possesses two or three other markets, but most of the fishing-boats come to this one. In the morning the basins are crowded with them, making as odd a jumble as you will find about Rio; the waters near the city furnish an astonishing variety of fish, edible crustacea and mollusks. The fishermen crowd and jam one another in their efforts to reach the shore, but they are good-natured enough about it. We miss the Indian faces of the Pará market, most of these boatmen being mulattoes or black-bearded Portuguese. The fishing-boats are broad and heavy, with an occasional round-bottomed narrow dug-out canoe, as different as possible from the Amazonian ones; the paddle is long, and lance-shaped, and is used on the two sides alternately; the canoes themselves being very crank.

The main market-building and the smaller one behind it are partitioned off into passage-ways and stalls much as in the Fulton and Washington markets. Beside these there is a court with stalls on each side, and stands in the middle; fruit dealers, turbaned negresses, seated under huge white umbrellas; poultry sellers with their great arched baskets of doomed chickens and ducks obtruding stupid heads and remonstrating after their fashion; trays of fish and flesh and vegetables; bunches of greens mingled with golden oranges, and pine-apples in glorious array; a combined odor of fish and fruit, with hints of fifty other things, not always pleasant; a mingling of noises, like a school-room at play, with that negro click, click, rising over all; a confusion of figures that ever change and are always picturesque.

The more practical side is disappointing; the market is not well ordered, and everything is abominably dear. One can understand this in regard to the fish, for the fisheries are not rich, however great the variety of products may be, but it is difficult to understand why oranges and pine-apples, sweet potatoes and onions, should cost three times as much as in New York. Time was when the demand at Rio was well and cheaply filled from market gardens around the head of the bay; but what with the seductions of coffee-raising, and the rush into speculation that followed the Paraguayan war, these gardens have been abandoned, and the city looks for supplies to distant villages and plantations.

In front of the main building the produce is sold as it comes in from the country; and

A NARROW STREET.

here the peculiar volubility of the market-men finds fullest scope. Very little of the produce goes to the market itself, the larger part being taken by street hawkers, of which there is a small army at Rio. The hawkers are almost the only men in Rio who appear to be in a hurry; they pass through the streets at a dog-trot, never stopping unless summoned with the peculiar *pstsch*, that universal unwritable word of the Portuguese language. We can observe them to advantage on the fashionable Rua do Ouvidor. The shops are usually small for a place of 350,000 inhabitants, though very numerous. In this street they are really artistic, and there is no lack of plate-glass or showy signs. The windows might be in Paris or New York, with the exception of two or three which are bright with feather-flowers and pinned butterflies, a not unimportant branch of Rio commerce. Prices are high here, as in the markets, and the quality of the goods is poor.

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FRUIT AND CAKE SELLER.

The Ouvidor is only a narrow alley like most of the streets in this part of the city. Besides the shops, coffee-rooms open upon the pavement, and there are two or three picture galleries with execrable paintings. On the whole the Ouvidor is lively and pleasant. In the evening it is brilliant; in carnival time and periods of public rejoicing, the arches of gas jets overhead are all lighted and the street is crowded for half the night; promenaders saunter indifferently on the sidewalks or in the roadway.

From the Ouvidor we turn through the Rua Quitanda toward the northern part of the city, where the docks and great warehouses lie. The streets are narrow, for the most part, and not very clean. Here, during the sickly season, the yellow fever gathers in its victims by scores. The disease usually begins with the boatmen; one hears of occasional deaths in December and January; in March and April, when the weather is warm and oppressive, the disease is at its height, and includes the whole city. Foreigners from the North are especially liable to its attacks; almost every year some prominent American or Englishman is carried off. From July until January, there need be no fear of yellow fever in Brazil, except, possibly, in Pará. In truth, if sanitary regulations were properly enforced, the disease would never gain force. The real cause of its appearance is the filthy condition of the streets and the imperfect sewerage. Yet these narrow and dirty streets are not without their picturesque aspects. Some of the older buildings date back two centuries, and exhibit, in its perfection, the architectural peculiarities of the earlier colonial times. The Portuguese colonists built solidly of stone and cement in the manner of the mother country, and after two hundred years the walls and tile roofs are as good as ever, only the whitewash has been softened down with black mold until every tower and cornice is a delight to the eye. Strangely in contrast are the modern dresses and the horse-cars that pass through every street. The low trucks and half-naked negro coffee-carriers are more in keeping with

CHARCOAL SELLER.

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these moldy walls, albeit the buildings speak rather of repose than of active commercial life. We see a most modern-looking coffee-packing establishment on the ground floor of what might have been a viceroy's palace, or a colonial prison.

Farther on, there are the Pedro Segundo docks, where all except very heavy draught ships can take in cargo directly from the wharf. These docks, lately finished, have become exceedingly popular with shippers. They are handsomely ornamented, but with the Brazilian tendency to extravagance of decoration in public works. But these streets and docks might be in Baltimore, or New York; the characteristic places are on the outskirts. Rio is a great sprawling, shapeless city; the main business part is indeed quite compact, but beyond it sends spider-like prolongations along the shores on either side and back among the picturesque valleys, to the very foot of the Corcovado and Tijuca. Perhaps the prettiest of these suburbs is Botafogo. It is built beside one of those picturesque bays that open into the harbor of Rio; a placid stretch of clear water, with rocky headlands here and there, a broad sand-beach, and the sugar-loaf rock in the background. Some years ago an enterprising American, conceived the idea of uniting this place with the Ouvidor by a street railway; at that time people who did not keep a carriage were obliged to ride in dirty, crowded omnibuses, or to go on foot. The Yankee idea was received with about equal favor and opposition; it was, however, carried out, and now the Botafogo line is probably the finest of its kind in the world; the stock is three or four hundred per cent. above par, and not to be had at that. Since this one was built, street railroads have risen in favor: many other lines are in operation, but none so successful as the first.

In Botafogo, nearly all the houses are of the better class, though the architecture is sufficiently confusing. But the glory of the place is its crown of gardens; stately tropical gardens, with avenues of royal palms, and gorgeous flowering shrubs, and dark-leaved, densely foliaged trees. A raven-haired splendid tropical belle is Botafogo, reclining there under the Corcovado, and gazing at herself in the quiet waters of the bay.

What a glorious harbor it is! a clear approach, an unobstructed entrance, wide enough, but not too wide, and fifty square miles of anchorage ground within. I have been with matter-of-fact men—phlegmatic ones—who grew enthusiastic when they passed the sentinel Sugar-loaf Rock, and saw this splendid bay for the first time. It is not alone the mountains,—those are strange and grand, rather than beautiful,—but the rocky points, the picturesque side-bays, the green hills and islands, the nooks and by-places and glens. Away beyond the city the blue water stretches almost to the base of the Organ Mountains,—land of purple romance, where jagged rocks are all melted and dissolved in the soft haze, and you see nothing but the outlines, with the finger-like *Dedo de Deus* at one end of the range.

POULTRY SELLER.

Rocks on either side are of no insignificant size. There is the conical Sugar-loaf at the entrance of the bay—a mass 1,200 feet high; beyond the city, a huge cluster, with the Corcovado and Tijuca rising above it. Farther back, the Gavia and

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UP THE BAY.

Tres Irmãos; across the bay other clusters, not so high, but everywhere with abrupt hills and precipices of the purple-brown gneiss. Even the water is not free from these peaks; there are rocky islands here and there, some of them crowned with buildings,—forts, naval store-houses, convents. Riding at anchor in the bay are monitors —expensive toys of the Brazilian government—and gun-boats and war steamers; English ships, French, Portuguese, German, —rarely one that carries the American flag. Everybody knows that American ships sail under English colors; during the war they were forced to do so as a protection against privateers, and since then our stupid laws have kept them under what is essentially a false flag; for the ship may belong to Americans, may be commanded and armed by Americans, may trade, for example, only between the United States and Brazil, and yet there are the colors that proclaim her English nationality. The explanation lies here: For the last fifteen years a large portion of our American ships have been built in Nova Scotia, because the cost is less than at home. Now a Nova Scotia built ship cannot legally be the property of a citizen of the United States; therefore it is registered in the name of some real or supposed Englishman in Nova Scotia who, in truth, has nothing at all to do with it; the captain passes a required examination of the English Board of Trade, and so the ship is placed under the English laws. Ship-masters like this because of the superiorities of the English consular system and the protection afforded by English laws.

Once a month, however, the United States flag may be seen flying at the stern of the finest steamers that enter this port. I am not acquainted with Mr. John Roach,

THE SUGAR-LOAF, FROM THE WEST.

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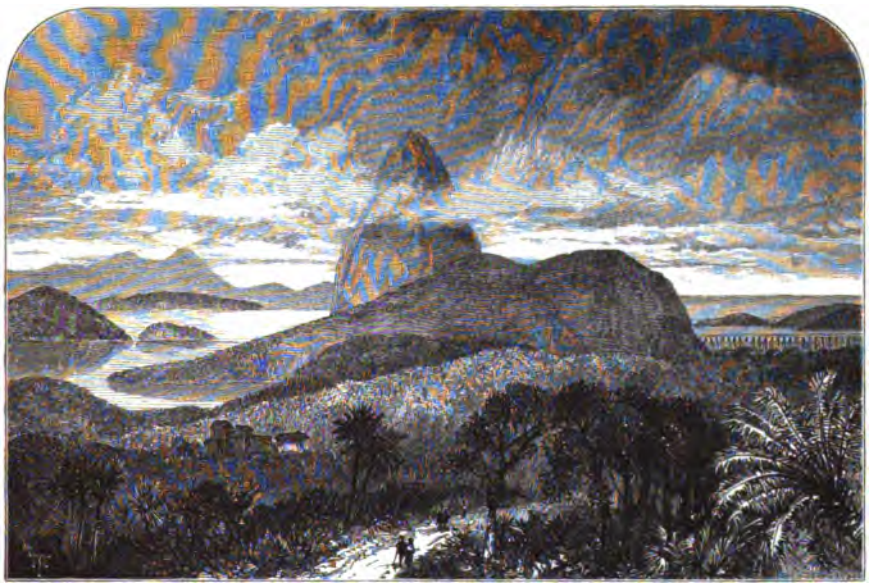
but I heartily admire the plucky spirit he showed in building two such magnificent ships for the Brazilian trade.

Ever since the Centennial year our newspapers have been full of glowing articles on the South American empire, and the immense commercial field that is open to us there. Long columns of statistics have shown us that the value of our importations from Brazil reaches $45,000,000, and of our exports to that country only $7,000,000; while England sends $45,000,000 worth to Brazil, and takes only a small part of her products. Why, it was asked, do we not pay for Brazilian goods with American goods? And the questioner clinched the argument by showing that we could manufacture many articles cheaper than Europe. "Behold," cried these gentlemen, "a country where Americans can make money—a commercial paradise." And forthwith a crowd of young adventurers rushed to Brazil with samples of American goods. But by and by they came trooping back with long faces; after two years we cannot see that our exports to Brazil have increased in any very surprising degree; and yet the figures were all right and the argument most convincing.

I think we may set it down as a commercial axiom that people will buy where they can buy cheapest, all other things being equal. So, if American goods can be delivered in Rio or the Feejee Islands cheaper than English and German goods, and placed in the market under equal advantages, there can be no earthly doubt that the Rio or Feejee merchants will buy of us rather than of our European neighbors.

Having read some glowing account of those countries, Jenkins, representing several American manufacturers, arrives at Rio or the Feejee Islands, with samples of goods. He brings letters, of course, to prominent American merchants, who, having seen fifty men fail, and knowing in advance that Jenkins will fail also, receive him politely. He visits the house of Pereira and Carvalho, and exhibits samples of goods. These gentlemen are old customers of Brown & Co., English merchants, and though it is true that Jenkins can undersell that house, yet our native firm prefers to continue at present with these established friends. Perhaps they are somewhat involved with Brown & Co. and so could not change if they would. They will be glad to see Mr. Jenkins at some future time. Or again, he has goods which might do for the West Indian trade, but were clearly never intended for Brazil or the Pacific Islands; consequently they are not wanted at any price. Finally, Jenkins is probably on his first voyage; Portuguese and Feejee are alike unknown tongues to him; all his eloquence is lost on people who cannot under-



SUGAR-LOAF, FROM THE SOUTH.

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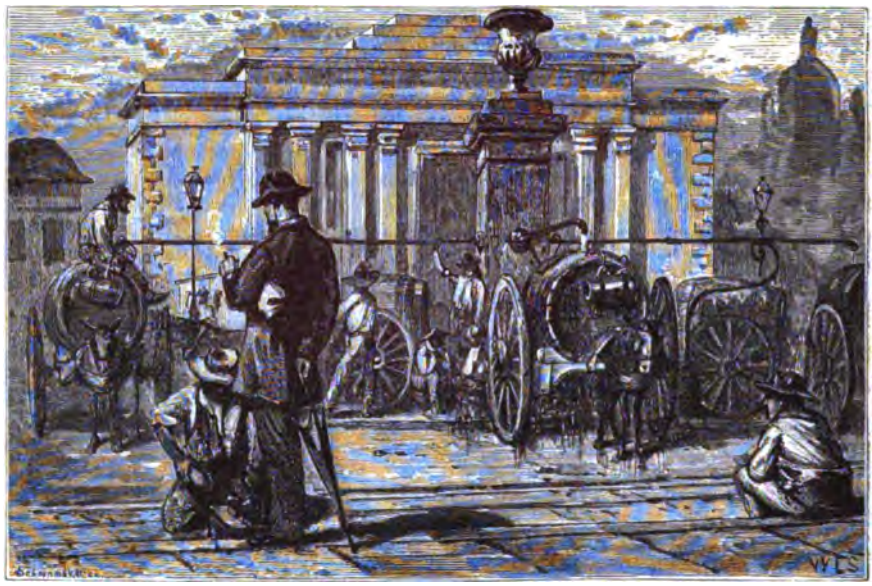

WATER-CARTS OF RIO.

stand him, and his goods remain unsold. Jenkins canvasses vainly, and becomes discouraged; his board bill is running up (he is certain to have taken rooms in the most stylish hotel), and worse than all, he finds that there are established American merchants who can sell as cheaply as he can; so after a month or two he packs up his trunks and goes home, light in pocket, sad in heart. Jenkins says that Brazil and the Feejee Islands are humbugs, and he thirsts for the blood of all newspaper correspondents.

If American manufacturers wish to push their wares in Brazil, they will do well to take a lesson from the English houses. English manufacturers employ resident commission merchants at Rio, or very often they have branch houses. Young boys are sent out from London to be educated to the foreign business; they enter these established houses as clerks, readily learn Portuguese, and become accustomed to the details of Brazilian trade before they take more responsible positions. Eventually these boys become partners in the house; they either take charge of the Rio branch, or they return to England with a thorough knowledge of the necessities of Brazilian trade, so that they can adapt their business of manufacture to it.

At present it is not probable that our manufacturers will venture to establish branch houses in Brazil, though it would be precisely the wisest course; only the profits would be little or nothing for the first year or two, until the firm was well established. Such branch houses have the advantages that they save the commission on goods, and, being directly responsible, can be trusted even for large orders; besides, they can make their own prices suited to the market, and they can have stock on hand for immediate delivery when required. I believe that such a house established, let us say, by one of our cotton manufacturers, would be almost certain to make its way. But if this cannot be done, at least the services of established commission merchants may be obtained, allowing them liberal terms, and even a certain latitude as to prices; or if young men are sent to Brazil, it should be with the intention of keeping them there on salary; they should have time to study the language, and to study the Brazilian trade as well. Manufacturers should adapt their goods to the Brazilian market, and in order to do that, they should take the judgment of men old in the trade. For instance, the Brazilian merchants demand a certain width and length in cloths. American manufacturers can make them as well as the English and French, and will have to do it if they wish to compete with them.

There is another very grave matter to which it is well to call the especial attention of our manufacturers. Large quantities of

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cheap and spurious goods are thrown upon the Brazilian market as American. The evil is a double one: first-class goods are driven out of the market, and honest manufacturers get an evil reputation. The Brazilian retail merchant buys these imitation goods with a perfect knowledge of their worthlessness, because he knows that he can sell them to his own advantage. I see no way but for our manufacturers to place in the Brazilian market an inferior grade of goods, *marked as such*, but which will yet be better than the worthless foreign things that are sold at the same price. That would drive the imitations out, and preserve our reputation as well. I have heard the complaint over and over again, "American articles are too good for the Brazilian market." An Amazonian trader, for instance, buys English prints because he can get them for seven cents per yard. It matters little to him that the goods are half starch; they are glossy and pretty to look at, and he can sell them to advantage to his Indian and mulatto customers. Why should he pay nine cents for American prints, though he knows they are far stronger and better? But there are grades of American prints that can be delivered in Pará for seven cents per yard, or even six cents, all duties paid. Filled with starch, and smoothed out, they would sell as well as the English ones, if the patterns were well chosen. They would pass for what they are—inferior grades; and if Brazil demands these inferior grades, there is no reason why we should insist on selling her higher ones; only let us have no false pretenses.

There are few manufactories in Brazil, and these do not fill one-tenth of the demand for goods; consequently there is an immense import trade, and to the original cost must be added heavy duties as well as freight. The question arises whether Americans could not establish manufactories in Brazil and thus save themselves duties. In some few instances they might do so with profit; but, in general, the goods made could not compete with foreign ones. The cost of building and carrying on a factory of any kind would be very great in Brazil, both from the import duties on material and the lack of skilled labor. Foreign manufacturers are content with small profits, because their sales are large and rapid, and they can almost always undersell a Brazilian manufacturer, whose operations must necessarily be small and slow. There are a few cotton factories in the country, all of them depending for their support on government aid. Iron foundries have been established in most of the coast cities, but only for irregular work, repairing and the like. Paper-making might pay well, especially if some of the native fibers could be utilized in this way. Cotton rags could be obtained, I think, as they are in the United States, by means of small traders: as it is, they all go to waste. Glass-making also is worthy of consideration; so, possibly, is type-founding, copper-founding, furniture-making, and so on. Small manufactories of soaps, candles, various oils and so forth have done very well. But to ordinary mechanics I can give only one kind of advice, that is: stay away from Brazil unless you are paid to go there, or have money enough to keep you idle for a year or two; even then think long before you decide to leave the United States. It is not that skilled labor is not needed here,—it is, sadly; but a vast number of clumsy workmen drive it out of the market; a mechanic could establish himself only after long and patient waiting;

BOTAFOGO AND THE CORCOVADO.

he would have to master the language, learn the peculiar service demanded of him, and, after all, his family would be deprived of society; he himself must submit to be looked down upon as one of an inferior

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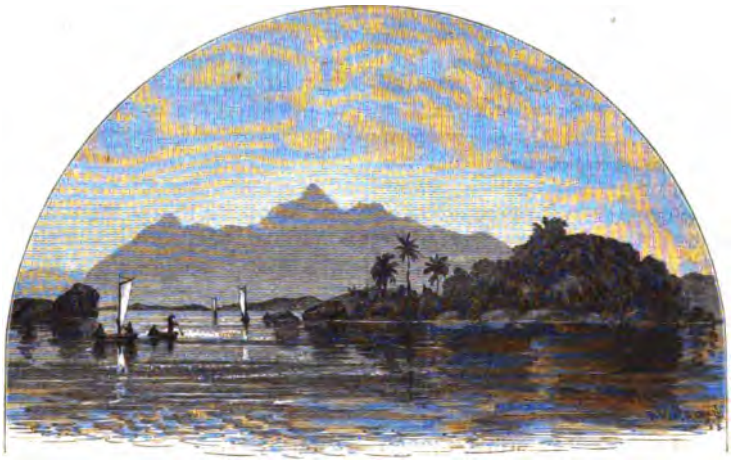
class, by men who are intellectually and morally beneath him; and finally, living expenses (at Rio de Janeiro) are very high, and payment for his work none of the most secure. In nine cases out of ten a poor man will make more money in the United States than in Brazil. American capital and labor have a chance here,—American labor alone, none at all in the southern provinces of Brazil, and little enough in the northern ones. Finally, no one should start in any Brazilian business without a careful study of the ground, not from books, but from personal observation.

Business in Brazil is fatally hampered by long credit, with its attendant evil, large profits. Each retail purchaser pays, in addition to the value of his goods, for money that has been lying idle for twelve or eighteen months. Of late the workings of the long credit system have been still further complicated by an unstable paper currency. Some of the Rio merchants have made efforts to do away with this nefarious system, but with no success, simply because it is so deeply rooted; half the retail houses in Rio would be ruined if they were obliged to take short credit or buy for cash. Indeed, the credit system runs through everything; it cripples agriculture as well as commerce; it extends even to the forests and rivers. In the central provinces the sugar and cotton plantations are often loaded down with debt; and around Rio many coffee-growers are hopelessly entangled. Yet the rotten fabric holds together somehow; failures, though common, are not nearly as numerous as might be supposed. Generous nature gives so freely that each year sees the building patched up and freshly painted, to all appearance as good as new.

In Brazil, the proportion of really refined, educated families is very much smaller than in the United States: too small as yet to exercise much influence over the country at large. When you meet with such families you find a social life differing very little from that to which we are accustomed at home. But in the main, Rio society is a bad imitation of the Parisian; there is a deal of truth in the boastful title which the people have given to their city—"Paris in America." French fashions, French literature, French philosophy, French morals are diffused throughout the educated circles; though, by the influence of old bigoted Portuguese ideas, all this is modified by strong class distinctions which the French have got rid of. Altogether, Rio social life is in a most chaotic condition, and it is not likely to mend greatly at present. What can we expect of a city where marriage is looked upon as a matter of convenience, and women are only grown-up children. I wish I could speak better of the place; but I know of no other city where vice is so brazen-faced, so repulsively prominent as at Rio, in spite of many honorable exceptions. It would not be fair to judge other Brazilian cities by Rio, since this, like all capital cities, is peculiarly a center of vice; Pernambuco, for instance, is immensely better; in truth almost any other place in Brazil will compare favorably in private morals



TIJUCA FROM THE BAY.

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with the metropolis. It is certainly a dark picture; but family life at Rio has a brighter side. As among all the other Latin nations, the affection that is wanting between man and wife is lavished by both upon their children; and when the boys and girls are grown the debt is amply repaid. It is beautiful to see the pride and joy of a Brazilian in his white-haired father. Careful, loving arms guide the old man to his seat in the evening sunshine; quick, youthful feet are ready to supply his every want; the younger ones come in for his blessing and to kiss his aged hand, and strangers are brought to pay

THE ORGAN MOUNTAINS.

their respects to him, as he sits there in his halo of patriarchal glory.

So Rio life goes on with its mingling of good and ill: the ill sadly near the surface, it must be said; the good, perhaps, hidden from sight; and over all is the frosting of French politeness. I can lounge in the cafés and get myself interested in the lively conversation about me; my neighbor lights his cigarette by mine, touches his hat and is quite ready to answer questions. I can saunter through the Passeio Publico garden of an evening, listening to the music and watching the family groups, or the students strolling about the gravel walks and exhibiting themselves. It is a pretty place, this garden; the people are proud of it, and indeed it would be an ornament to any city, with its stately palms and noble old trees. There is a marble-paved promenade fronting the bay, and any fine evening you may find hundreds of idlers here from the pleasure-loving city: people neatly and quietly dressed after the French fashion, conversing in low tones, and politely making way for each other in their walk. There are parties and balls, ceremonious dinners, and quiet tea-drinkings; even church fairs, oddly like the orthodox ones at home, but of course with all the glitter and show of the Catholic church; theaters with actors, for the most part indifferent or bad, but sometimes very good.

The population of Brazil may be divided into four classes. Of the upper one I have already spoken. The second class includes the peddlers, the small shop-keepers, petty eating-house keepers, and finally all mechanics. These men are mostly Portuguese immigrants, sometimes white or half-breed Brazilians; they work hard to keep themselves above the common laborers, whom they look down upon; but they never aspire to the magnificence of the privileged class. With this lower stratum, education means nothing beyond reading, writing and keeping accounts, but even that is enough to secure the respect of the *sans-culottes*, who very often cannot even read. Besides, there is the added dignity of proprietorship; the owner of a street-corner pagoda, who sells coffee and lottery-tickets at his window, is a superior being to the porter or boatman or even the cartman, who may buy his lunch there. Society does not recognize this mechanic-peddler class as a factor in her civilization; but who shall say that it will always be so; for, are not the unrecognized elements in society forever baffling political foresight? Perhaps, after all, South America needs a revolution. Not a horizontal one: surface whirlpools of political strife, that only serve to engulf some hapless hundreds or thousands—the world is surfeited with those now. A good, honest, vertical revolution it should be; one to bring stronger elements to the top and engulf forever the old, diseased ones. Brazilians are expiating, not only the sins of their fathers, but also their own. Society here was unsoundly constituted in the first instance; it is not the fault, but

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THE GAVIA.

the misfortune, of the educated class that they are separated from those below them. I do not mean to say that the mechanics and shopkeepers are better, as a class, than the merchants and gentlemen; they are ignorant and dirty and degraded; that is obvious enough to any stranger. But their work gives them brawn, and their poverty protects them, in a measure, from certain kinds of immorality. Physically, they are the superiors of the upper class; mentally, they might equal them, if they had a chance.

Rather a negative element is the stratum next below them—the free laborers. In this class I include, not only the porters and cartmen and market-men of Rio and the other cities, but all peasants of Brazil, whether it be the *matuto* of Pernambuco, or the Arab-like *sertanejo* vagabond of Ceará, or the Indian of the Amazons; stationary people, who work only when they have to, and never accumulate property. A revolution is not likely to change their condition materially; they would take part in it only as tools of their betters, and when the turmoil was ended they would subside, by dead weight, to their old position. This negative class must exist in every country; only individuals can climb out of it and make men of themselves. In Rio, this third class is made up of Portuguese and free negroes; the latter probably the more intelligent; certainly they are more honest. There are boatmen and cartmen, porters waiting for work at every street corner, hawkers of fish and fruit and poultry; thousands who have no regular employment, but pick up their living by doing "odd jobs." Our bootblacks and newsboys and street Arabs generally might belong to this class; the 'longshoremen would be a grade above it. Certainly the Rio vagabonds are lower, both in intelligence and morals, than the Amazonian Indians, and in the matter of cleanliness the Indian is greatly the superior.

So we come to the fourth and lowest class in Brazil—the slaves. The class that originated in barbarism and selfishness; the class which Brazil, for very shame, is trying to get rid of, but whose influence will curse the children with the sins of the fathers for many dreary years.

I came to Brazil with an honest desire to study this question of slavery in a spirit of fairness, without running to emotional extremes. Now, after four years, I am convinced that all other evils with which the country is cursed, taken together, will not compare with this one. And yet I cannot unduly blame men who have inherited the curse, and had no part in the making of it; who are victims of this evil system more than the blacks themselves. The harm that slavery has done to the black race is as nothing to the evils it has heaped upon the white one—the masters. From his cradle, a Brazilian has the blight upon him. A child's training here consists in letting it have its own way as much as possible; and the small naughtinesses and prides develop into consuming vanity and haughtiness. I am safe in saying that not a third of the population is pure blooded; social distinctions of color are never very finely drawn, though they are by no means abolished, as some writers would have us believe. People who talk of "amalgamation" as a blessing to be hoped for should study its

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IN THE PASSEIO PUBLICO.

effects here, where it is almost an accomplished fact. The mixed races are invariably bad; they seem to combine all the worst characteristics of the two parent stocks, with none of the good ones, and the evil is most apparent where the "amalgamation" is most perfect. A light mulatto or an almost black one may be a very decent kind of a fellow; but the brown half-and-half is nearly always lazy and stupid and vain. So with the whites and Indians: the *mamelucos* are treacherous and passionate and indolent; the dark-brown ones are worse yet.

By the present law, slavery will cease to exist in 1892. I think the northern provinces will free their slaves before that time. At Pernambuco, especially, the emancipation spirit is very strong; it has come out in the form of an abolition society, which embraces almost every prominent man in the place. At the meetings of this society many slaves have been freed by subscriptions. Here and elsewhere the masters frequently celebrate days of public rejoicing by releasing old and faithful servants; sometimes, by testament, a rich man will free his entire household. The slaves have been drained into the southern provinces for years. It is common to find three or four hundred of them on the Rio coffee plantations; rarely there will be as many score on the sugar estates of Pernambuco or Pará. Now mark the result. At Rio there is a constant cry for workmen; the slaves are not sufficient, yet free laborers cannot compete with the forced ones. The planters work their negroes as they never would work their mules, and yet they complain of no profits. In the northern provinces there is free labor enough and to spare; poor men have a chance; rich ones are contented with the fair returns that their money brings them; society is far more evenly balanced, and the level of private character is far higher, than in the south. Of course there are humane masters at Rio also; the city, in this instance, is better than the country around. Many of the negro porters are slaves,—great, brawny fellows, who run in gangs through the streets, each one perhaps with a hundred and thirty pounds of coffee on his head. Sometimes you see five or six trotting together with a piano, the weight evenly distributed on their woolly heads, the men erect, moving in time to the leader's rattle and a plaintive chant. The porters pay their masters a certain sum per day; what they earn over this is theirs, and the best of them sometimes buy their own freedom from these savings.

The crowd drops out of sight: men stand on the street corners, and shop-keepers look out at their doors. With a rattle of wheels and a clatter of hoofs a carriage sweeps by, and a score of guards after it; there are bright trappings and sleek liveries,

PORTERS WAITING FOR WORK.

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and in the midst of all a handsome, white-bearded, bare-headed gentleman, seated in the carriage. Except on fête days, that is all that the Rio porters, or you and I, see of Dom Pedro d'Alcantara, Constitutional Emperor and Perpetual Defender of Brazil. Americans have formed their own opinions of the Brazilian emperor; correct opinions in the main, for he is at home what he was in the United States, a thorough gentleman,—not at all assuming, but with just enough pride and reserve to give him dignity in his office,—a quiet, scholarly man who can converse well on almost any subject

But he is not a Napoleon, this emperor: he is simply a well-meaning, well-informed nobleman, who has the good of his country at heart, but is not always strong enough to force the benefits he would gladly give. He studied our school system, and charmed us by his intelligent questions, but we cannot see that Brazilian schools are greatly the gainers. He studied yellow fever and its preventives at New Orleans, but there remain, in his own capital, the dirty, ill-smelling, badly drained streets,—the pestilence breeders of a year ago. The emperor can hardly see the real faults and needs of Brazil; only the best side is turned toward him. His German and Latin ancestors have bequeathed to him a large fund of good-nature and common sense—adaptability is perhaps the better word. His father had nothing of this adaptability, and so got into trouble with his congress and was forced to abdicate. Perhaps the Brazilians took a lesson from those stormy times; at any rate the present emperor has held his position, in the main peaceably, for thirty-eight years. There are those who murmur for a republic (they do not know that a republican government is the most difficult to carry on), but the people in general are content to let their patriotism evaporate in minor politics; they have a reasonably good monarch, and they prefer this to the chances of an actively bad one. There are not wanting those who predict that a revolution will occur when the present emperor dies.

The Brazilian constitution is good enough, and the laws are good enough,—models of clearness and justice. But we are beginning to learn in these latter days that constitutions do not always determine the fate of a country. One difficulty is that Brazil is sadly over-governed. There are twice as many officials as are required, and the whole government system is bound with tangles of red tape—gibbet ropes for justice and commerce. Many of the posts are indeed filled by gentlemen who are ready enough to do you a service if approached in the right way; but the petty officials are often stupid and tyrannical; they delight in showing their power over their victims; yet before their superiors they cringe like dogs.

Government everywhere is a necessary evil; government in Brazil is rather more evil than there is any necessity for. Broadly speaking, the Brazilian government is too parental. Commerce gets too much petting and coddling, so that it has come to look upon itself as a weakling, and when a need of anything is felt it cries for government aid, which comes in subsidies, guarantees of interest, public help for private enterprises, advances of public money and so on; hardly a railroad or a steamboat or a factory is maintained exclusively by private capital; the very theaters are built by the government; the public libraries, colleges, museums and hospitals are supported by it. The result is that private enterprise is crippled; it cannot stand against the subsidized work, and if it could it is utterly unused to standing alone. Young men seek for government positions because they are the ones that command high salaries; honest work is degraded, and commerce is weakened, by the very efforts that are made in its behalf. After all, too, commerce must pay for even such lame assistance, and it pays roundly in the heavy import duties; but the import taxes will not supply the need, so there are provincial duties on goods passing from one province to another, municipal duties for sea-port towns, and finally export duties on almost everything that leaves the country, or would leave it if the duties were taken off. The argument for their export duties is that they are paid for by foreign consumers, and no doubt this is true when these foreign consumers are limited to Brazil for supply, as they are for rubber, and, so far, for coffee. But when Brazil must compete with other countries, export duties are simply suicidal; the cotton industry has been almost ruined by them; the sugar industry is struggling hard against them, and a dozen valuable products have never got out of the country at all, because they cannot afford to pay fifteen or twenty per cent. on their value.

Wise men call for direct income and land taxes that commerce may be relieved from its burdens; and in the slow course of Brazilian events the change will probably be

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made. I doubt if subsidies and interest guarantees will be abolished; but it is certain the government cannot go on as it is without ending in national bankruptcy. Even with these heavy duties its income does not nearly meet its expenses; there is a yearly recurring deficit, and latterly this deficit has been so enormous that the press and the country cry out in dismay. It is a pity that the government is not wiser in its expenditures; for beyond this, it has shown very good financial management and a national honor that is exceptional among the South American countries. Brazilian bonds stand well in foreign markets because the interest is promptly paid, and holders do not trouble themselves greatly about the far-away principal. Last year, the famine in Ceará forced Brazil to the unhappy expedient of paper money. Before this she had $75,000,000 worth of this money afloat; the new issue made itself felt at once in a decrease of the market value of paper milreis* as compared with English gold,—it would hardly be right to say Brazilian gold, because that is hardly ever seen. Depreciated currencies are common enough in South America, but hitherto Brazil has escaped the evil.

There is something good to offset all this rascality and trickery of Brazilian politics. For instance, there are admirable public institutions at Rio: hospitals, asylums, a polytechnic college, academies, and so on. Some of the city parks are very pretty; and away beyond Botafogo there is the Botanical Garden with its splendid avenue of royal palms, a hundred feet high. In the city there is a museum of natural history, rather showy than good; the collections are badly labeled and badly arranged. But for another institution I have only praise—the National Library, with 120,000 printed volumes and a vast store of valuable manuscripts,—such a library as any city in the United States would be proud of. Then there is the moss-grown, seventy-year-old aqueduct, that brings water to the city from the Corcovado. For two or three miles, where the aqueduct runs along the mountain-side, the government has built a carriage road—a shady, quiet road, with glimpses of the bay and city below. It is a hard climb to the top of the Corcovado; but it is worth it. The peak itself is a mere point, or rather two points with a bridge between them and low parapet walls. From these rocks the descent is sheer fifteen hundred feet to the forest-covered slope below. The Corcorado peak is accessible only from the south; on the other three sides there are bare perpendicular precipices. Down below are the city and bay on one side; on the other the Botanical Gardens, with the picturesque Rodrigo de Freitas Lake before it; in front, the suburb of Botafogo, and the sugar-loaf rock towering above the mouth of the harbor; beyond all, the blue ocean, fading into immensity.

BEER-GARDEN.

* The Brazilian milreis is worth about fifty cents par value; it must not be confused with the milreis of Portugal equal to our dollar.

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ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

To BE born clever is good; to be born lucky is better; to be born both clever and lucky is best. Such was the double dowry with which Arthur Seymour Sullivan entered the world in 1842. Let me, however, begin with his grandfather, for it is probably because of this genial, but extravagant gentleman's existence, that England and the United States are to-day humming the airs of "Pinafore."

That "all partial evil is universal good," this reprehensible grandfather seems to prove. Had not he, an Irish squire, spent his patrimony in riotous living, enlisted in the army and shortly after died, his son would have lived like an Irish gentleman, probably would have married a squire's daughter, and brought up ordinary children in the ordinary way. Fortunately, no such bed of clover fell to the lot of Thomas Sullivan. Being very fond of music, and realizing that he must work or starve, he adopted as a profession the art he loved, and eventually, through the influence of Sir Edward Paget, Governor of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, he was appointed band-master of that institution. He married a lady of Italian parentage by whom he had two children, Frederic and Arthur. Born in London, Arthur, the younger son, was removed to Sandhurst at the age of three and there remained for ten years. Passing most of his time in the band-room, he practiced first on one instrument and then on another, and at ten years of age played on every wind instrument as well as upon the piano, which was taught him by his music-loving mother. Like most boys, Arthur had great talent for mischief. Being lost one day for five hours, he was found in an old college room, picking to pieces a venerable piano, in order to know

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the secret of its construction. His favorite books were the lives of composers. Impressed with the idea that all musicians were educated either at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, or at Westminster Abbey, Arthur's aspirations soared in these directions. The father, however, was determined that his son should have, first of all, a good general education, and sent him to an excellent school in London, where the eleven-year-old boy led his master a sorry life. His career was one of mysterious disappearances. Where could the lad be? What dark deeds was he plotting? Investigation disclosed the pardonable crime of an irresistible fascination for Westminster Abbey. He finally persuaded his father to allow the master to take him to Sir George Smart, organist to the Chapel Royal. The old gentleman cordially welcomed Arthur, who, having a beautiful voice, sang to his own piano-forte accompaniment. So pleased was Sir George, that he at once sent the youthful aspirant to the Rev. Thomas Helmore, priest in ordinary to the Queen and master of the boys attached to the Chapel Royal. Subjected to various tests through which he passed successfully, Arthur was at once admitted to the Chapel Royal, his good luck finding for him the necessary vacancy. Living, as all the chapel boys did, with the master in a lovely old house in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, Arthur's career was similar to that of all boys, plus an ever-growing devotion to music. After eighteen months' instruction, he wrote an anthem and showed it to Sir George Smart, who said it should be sung at the Chapel Royal. The young composer reveled in the seventh heaven of delight, thinking he had attained the acme of his desires. After the anthem's performance, the Bishop of London, Dean of the Chapel Royal, being told of its origin, sent for Sullivan, received him in the vestry after service, patted him on the head, and gave him ten shillings—an enormous sum in the lad's eyes. Success broadens vision, and he who had thought life bounded by an anthem now longed to browse in "pastures new." Six months later Sullivan saw an advertisement announcing a competition for the Mendelssohn Scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music. This scholarship owes its existence mainly to Jenny Lind, who gave a great concert for its endowment, with a view to fostering composition. Fired with ambition, Sullivan obtained permission to enter the list of competitors, he being again lucky in having attained 14 years, the youngest limit of age. There were twenty-four competitors, all of whom sent in original works to the examiners. Out of these twenty-four manuscripts the best two were selected for a second examination; Sullivan's was one of the two. The chairman announced that final judgment would be passed on the following day. It was a day of agony to Sullivan, greater agony than he has since experienced in more crucial periods. Study was impossible. Hour came, hour went, and at every sound his heart leapt into his throat. At six o'clock in the afternoon, the postman brought the expected letter that meant triumph or despair. Sullivan tore it open, read of his victory,—he, the youngest of the twenty-four boys,—and rushed to Mr. Helmore's study, where the good man received him with a kiss. This scholarship was then endowed with $100 a year; which, thanks to Sullivan's exertions, has since been increased to $450. The committee placed him at the Royal Academy of Music, in order that he might continue singing at the Chapel Royal, which he did for one year longer, when his voice broke. At sixteen, the committee sent him to Leipsic, where he studied three years, first as a Mendelssohn scholar, and later at the expense of his father, who allowed him an annual income of $500. These were the happiest of days. A leading spirit among his comrades, Sullivan mingled hard work with constant visits to Dresden, where he divided his time between the opera and the picture gallery. Moscheles, his guardian, was also his banker, and required a strict account of expenditures. Fearing to be scolded if found out in his wanderings, Sullivan put down what was spent in Dresden to "pomatum and socks." This extraordinary consumption of two extraordinary articles astounded Moscheles. When the truth came to light, Sullivan's allowance was increased so as to admit of visits to Dresden without fear and without reproach. Moscheles held Sullivan in high esteem, as all who have read his letters know, and his ward speaks in grateful terms of the maestro's kindness.

While at Leipsic, Sullivan wrote a stringed quartette, which was played at the Conservatoire in the presence of Spohr. The tall old man, who died soon after, sent for Sullivan and, in congratulating him, exclaimed, "So young, and yet so advanced in art!" This effort was followed by symphonies, sonatas, and other works, some of which were per-

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formed, but all of which have since been consigned to oblivion. The first positive gathering of Sullivan's forces was displayed in his eighteenth year. Looking about for inspiration, he turned to Shakspere, and, falling in love with "The Tempest," wrote music incidental to this airy masterpiece which was very successfully produced at the Gewandhaus, under the composer's baton.

Returning to England in 1861, Sullivan quietly pursued his studies, and in the following year brought out his illustrations of "The Tempest" at the Crystal Palace. Though both instrumental and vocal, the instrumental music predominated. The young composer created an honest sensation on that memorable Saturday afternoon, his gratification reaching its climax when, at the conclusion of the performance, he was met by Charles Dickens, who, on shaking him warmly by the hand, said, "I don't know much about music technically; but, as an ardent lover of it, I am delighted." On the repetition of this work the following Saturday, every London musician was present, attracted by curiosity to hear an unknown composer.

From this moment Sullivan's career became easy. At the early age of twenty, he entered the temple of art through the front door, flung wide open to receive him. He at once received a commission from Cramer & Co., for an opera to be brought out by the Pyne and Harrison troupe, the libretto of which, written by Chorley, was entitled "The Sapphire Necklace." Sullivan took great pains, but this serious Necklace in four acts never was heard, as bad luck dissolved the troupe. Sullivan's dislike to the book has prevented later production; but the overture is often played.

In March, 1863, all England was excited over the Prince of Wales's marriage with Alexandra, the Dane. Sharing the general enthusiasm, Sullivan wrote a wedding march, which on the eventful day was played by every military band and theatrical orchestra in the United Kingdom. Soon after, the loyal composer was introduced to the prince, since which time a warm friendship has existed between the two. About the same time, the Duke of Edinburgh, who is passionately fond of music, wrote to Sullivan for advice, and the interview which followed resulted in an intimacy which the duke's wanderings have never broken. Queen Victoria's second son is a violinist of sufficient excellence to play in an orchestra, and with practice would be still more proficient; moreover, his critical knowledge of music is sound.

Visiting Paris for the first time in 1863, where he had for companions Charles Dickens and Henry Chorley, Sullivan met Madame Viardot-Garcia and Rossini, both of whom were exceedingly kind. The latter invited the young musician to call whenever he liked —a privilege Sullivan frequently availed himself of. The old maestro took a warm interest in his enthusiastic visitor, played to him, and gave him valuable advice, especially with reference to dramatic music. One morning Sullivan found Rossini at the piano, trying a new composition.

"What have you been writing, Maestro?"

"A little piece, composed expressly for my dog. It's her birthday, and I always celebrate the occasion by composing a piece, which I dedicate to her, and of which she does me the honor to approve."

Sullivan took notes of his various interviews with Rossini, but unfortunately lost them. It is worth recording that Rossini believed that the young Englishman had great talent for dramatic music.

Going back to London fired by the recollection of Viardot's genius in Gluck's "Orpheus," and by the predictions of the great maestro, Sullivan determined to give his whole time to creation, feeling convinced that teaching, unless in exceptional cases, was incompatible with composition. On leaving Leipsic he was an excellent pianist, and could readily have taught that instrument; but, following the solitary example of Sir Michael Costa, he turned his back upon what would have been an easy road to a good income, preferring temporary poverty to paralysis of the brain. Sullivan could "hitch his wagon to a star" more readily than others, because, in addition to luck, he had the art of making friends. He was well educated and socially sympathetic, and found in Henry Chorley, George Grove, Sir Michael Costa, Tom Chappell and Henry Broadwood, stanch supporters, who did much to advance his interests.

Eager to master all departments of music, Sullivan undertook to write what has proved to be the last grand ballet produced in England. He states privately that he gave the final blow to choreographic art on British soil; but, in reality, "The Enchanted Isle" went beautifully, and was played with short operas at Covent Garden throughout the entire season of 1864. Sir Michael Costa assured Sullivan that this essay in unknown fields would give him great stage experience, as he would be forced to humor dancers, manager and carpenters. Before completing his

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work, Sullivan learned the full measure of stage despotism. At one rehearsal, an old carpenter came to him, saying: "Mr. Sullivan, sir, that iron and slote which Mademoiselle Salvioni crosses the stage with doesn't work very easy. We want more time. Will you give us a few bars more music? *Give us something for the villincellers!*" And Sullivan at once prolonged the agony by giving the "villincellers" a chance to cover themselves with glory. All the parts of this ballet-music, with the exception of three numbers, were burned in the destruction of the first Crystal Palace.

The year 1864 also witnessed the production, at Birmingham, of Sullivan's cantata, "Kenilworth." It was not very successful, nor did it deserve to be, as the words were rubbish and the music weak. Mesdames Sherrington, Sainton-Dolby, Messrs. Santley and Cummings, could not save it; though had the tenor part been sung by Mario, as originally intended, a gentler fate might have befallen the cantata. After rehearsing, the great Italian fell ill and could not fulfill his engagement. However, there was wheat among the chaff. Sullivan did his best in the moonlight scene from "The Merchant of Venice," introduced in the masque which takes place before Queen Elizabeth. This *morceau* is frequently played by orchestras, and always with public approbation.

Sullivan's first great success in song-writing was in 1863, when he sold "Orpheus with his Lute" to Metzler for the insignificant sum of $25. For several years past the publisher has realized an annual income of $2,500 on his original investment. This popular composition was followed by a set of Shaksperian songs, including "O Mistress Mine," "The Willow Song," from "Othello," "Sigh no more, Ladies," and "Rosalind." All are admirable and are fast replacing the settings of former composers. Engaged by Novello to write church music, Sullivan gave much of his time in 1864 to this work. Returning to song-writing some months after, he produced "If Doughty Deeds," and "A Weary Lot," both sung by Santley. Later came the part song "Hush thee, my Baby," probably the most popular ever written. It had an immense sale, and as Sullivan had grown wise enough to keep a royalty on his works, he found a goodly fortune lying in wait for him. The ballad "Will he Come?" succeeded the part song.

To build better than one knows often befalls the cleverest. In 1866, there died suddenly, Charles Burnett, a writer on "Punch," who left his family in sore distress. As usual, the ever-generous dramatic profession arranged a benefit, for which genial F. C. Burnand, whose thoughts are always happy, promised to collaborate a musical piece with Sullivan. However, within a week of the benefit, the unhappy collaborators had collaborated nothing. Living near each other, they were together going to church, when Burnand was seized with an idea. "Let's set 'Box and Cox' to music!" he exclaimed. "Happy thought! Book it," replied Sullivan. Both at once set to work, and in seven days the operetta was written, learned, rehearsed, and produced. A greater triumph never awaited so small a work. Words and music are admirable and their rendering by du Maurier (the draughtsman, so well known in "Punch"), Harold Power (a son of the Irish comedian, Tyrone Power), and Arthur Cecil, was excellent. Transferred from the Adelphi Theatre to German Reed's Entertainments, "Cox and Box" ran for five hundred nights, Arthur Cecil retaining his original character. Having recently witnessed a revival of this operetta, I do not hesitate to state that Arthur Cecil's creation is the finest thing of the kind I ever saw or heard. His singing of the charming "Lullaby Bacon" is exquisite, and his pantomime masterly. When England gives birth to such an artist, it is ridiculous to join in the prevailing fashionable chorus that France alone breeds actors.

A brilliant reception was accorded to Sullivan's Symphony in E, played first at the Crystal Palace in 1866, and repeated several times. In this same year, Sullivan was asked to write for the Norwich Festival, which takes place the first week in November, but, after accepting the flattering invitation, labored in vain. Desperate at failure, Sullivan threatened to give up the idea, but was deterred by his excellent father, who had ever been his best friend. "Don't throw away so fine an opportunity, my boy," he said. "Something will happen to inspire you. Wait." Something did happen: four days later, the kind and appreciative father died. On the evening of his funeral, the unhappy son sat at his desk, almost unconsciously writing on, and on, and on, taking no heed of day or night. In twelve days he composed and rehearsed an overture entitled "In Memoriam," dedicated to his father. It was warmly applauded, and is the first orchestral work in

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which the organ is made prominent. This noble instrument adds greatly to the climax.

Then followed a concerto for violoncellos, played at the Crystal Palace by Signor Piatti, a master. Next came "The Contrabandista," an operetta for which F. C. Burnand supplied the libretto. The first act contains some of Sullivan's best work, but the second act fails to fulfill the promise of the first: both words and music need to be rewritten. 1867 witnessed the production of the overture to "Marmion" by the Philharmonic Society. 1868 chronicled the appearance at the Worcester Festival of Sullivan's "Prodigal Son," a short oratorio, finely rendered by Titiens, Trebelli, Sims Reeves, and Santley, and finely received by the silent but appreciative audience that thronged the Cathedral. The press was so unanimous in its approbation that this oratorio was repeated at the Crystal Palace by the same artists, and found a prominent place in the programme of the Hereford Festival of 1868.

In 1869, the Queen expressed a desire through Sir Arthur Helps, to possess a copy of Sullivan's works, whereupon the composer made a careful collection, bound it, and sent it to a sovereign who once sang prettily, and still does credit to her piano teacher, Mendelssohn. Victoria responded with an autograph letter of thanks, wherein she expressed her intention of becoming familiar with all the music of one who had given her such great pleasure. Sullivan devoted this year to song-writing. Concertos, oratorios, symphonies, may add greatly to fame, but they add nothing to incomes. To be asked to write for a festival is an honor without emolument, and, unless a composer be born with a gold spoon in his mouth,—a fate yet unknown,—he cannot long afford to labor for glory gratis. Songs bring Arthur Sullivan cake as well as bread and butter. These compositions are equally popular in the United States, but, owing to the absence of copyright, the composer has no share in the publisher's large profits. How long will this injustice last?

At the Birmingham Festival of 1870, Sullivan conducted his "Ouvertura di Ballo," which met with a warm reception, and is constantly played. Beginning with a stately polonaise, the *ouvertura* glides into a long waltz movement, and finishes with a brilliant galop, all in strictly symphonic form.

London, being in 1871 the scene of an International Exhibition, Ferdinand Hiller represented German music, contributing an original overture; France sent Gounod with his rhythmic lamentation, "Gallia"; and England selected Arthur Sullivan, who produced a musical contrast between fishermen, their wives, and moorish pirates, entitled, "On Shore and Sea," the words being by Tom Taylor. The material point of interest in this clever composition was the introduction of real Moorish airs, souvenirs of the Moorish band, sent by the Viceroy of Egypt to the Exhibition of 1862. Deeply impressed by this Arab music, Sullivan took notes of it and incorporated these Eastern tunes with great effect.

Upon the Prince of Wales's recovery, in February, 1872, from a fever that had threatened to be mortal, a Thanksgiving Fête was held at the Crystal Palace, at which, by invitation of the Directors and with the Queen's sanction and encouragement, Sullivan produced a Te Deum, dedicated to his royal patron. With a chorus of 2,000, with an orchestra proportionately large, with the Guards' united military bands, with the great organ, with Titiens as soloist, and with an audience of 20,000, the effect was tremendous, especially at the climax when all these great forces were brought together. Our own city of Buffalo has given this Te Deum in its entirety, while there is never—or, at least, hardly ever—a state celebration at the Crystal Palace or Albert Hall, at which the last chorus is not given. Both the Czar of all the Russias and the Shah of all the Persians have listened to it, the latter being most impressed by the red costumes of the contralto singers and the blue costumes of the sopranos. (This highly cultivated monarch, whose march through Europe left havoc in its wake, heard entirely with his eyes.) The last rendering of the Te Deum chorus took place at the Trocadéro during the Paris Exposition of 1878, at the express desire, and in the presence, of the Prince who had inspired it.

Success with the "Te Deum" led Sullivan to turn his attention to severer work, and soon he became absorbed in his oratorio "The Light of the World," brought out in August, 1873, at the Birmingham Festival. For the first time in the history of music, the character of Christ was dramatized. This bold experiment caused Sullivan to await a verdict with great trepidation, as none could foretell the effect upon religious susceptibilities. The result, however, justified the experiment. The "Times" declared that since the production of "Elijah" under

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Mendelssohn at Birmingham, in 1846, no work had created such a sensation. The audience listened in breathless silence until the close, and then burst into prolonged cheering. Ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and the nervous composer left the platform blinded with grateful tears. Twice since then has "The Light of the World" been repeated at Birmingham. It has been given twice at Manchester, Liverpool, Hereford, Brighton and London; once at Leeds and Dundee, and has also been heard elsewhere. Its greatest strength lies in the choruses.

The first work in which Gilbert and Sullivan collaborated was a burlesque, entitled "Thespis," written for the comedian Toole, who, having but two notes in his voice, was no easy subject for the composer. However, Sullivan overcame this difficulty, and "Thespis" ran one hundred nights. Of course the plot unfolds a Gilbertian conceit. The gods are supposed to have grown old, and people are dissatisfied; Jupiter's thunder no longer has the true ring; Diana objects to sitting up o' nights. At this juncture, Thespis and his troupe chance upon Mount Olympus; and, as the gods think they'd like to go below and see what is the matter, Thespis assures them that he and his company are equal to regulating the universe. Accordingly the gods retire, Thespis taking Jupiter's place, casting the leading lady for Juno, and his soubrette for Venus. The second act discloses the Thespians in their new rôles. Heaven and earth are convulsed; as Jupiter has turned on rain and forgotten to turn if off, a deluge is imminent; Apollo and Diana, being in love, insist upon going out together; Bacchus has moral scruples against grapes: he is a teetotaler, and will tolerate nothing stronger than ginger-beer. In the midst of topsyturvy the gods return, dethrone the Thespians and restore order. This most humorous idea is well carried out in the first act, but is weakly treated in the second, both book and music needing revision. The charming song, "Little Maid of Arcadee," originated in "Thespis."

1874 welcomed the songs of "Once Again," "Looking Back," and "O ma Charmante;" the first being the most popular, and the second having the steadiest sale of all Sullivan's compositions. In August, Sullivan visited the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh at Coburg. Evenings were made musical by him and Christine Nilsson, who chanced to be in town. One night on going to the window, the Duchess exclaimed: "Oh, look here!" A thousand people, collected without a sound, stood listening with delight. In London, the concert outside would have been the louder of the two. On leaving Coburg, Sullivan received from the Duke the order of England's royal family.

The spring of 1875 gave birth to "Trial by Jury," which marked a new era in comic opera. Originating with Gilbert, the idea was considered by him and Sullivan so purely experimental that at the last rehearsal both feared an ignominous failure. They were doomed to happy disappointment, as it took the town by storm. Sullivan's elder brother, Frederic, who had been educated as an architect, but drifted naturally to the stage, made a great success as the *Judge*. For two years he lived in a big wig, and, alas! he died in it.

"Trial by Jury" was quickly followed by "The Zoo." Then came the song, "Let me Dream Again," written for Christine Nilsson, and since sung by every soprano in every English-speaking land. Public recognition was instantaneous. The sale of this song and of its successor, "Sweethearts," has attained 70,000 copies.

From 1875 to 1877, Sullivan devoted most of his time to organizing the National Training School of Music, opened by the Queen in May, 1876. About this time, the University of Cambridge bestowed upon Sullivan the honorary degree of Mus. Doc. That noble song, "The Lost Chord," was written in 1877, while he watched beside his dying brother's bed. The moment Sullivan sees words to his liking, conception of a fitting air is instantaneous,—the working out of it, however, occupying much time. The vocal part of "Looking Back" was written in half an hour; the accompaniment consumed hours.

After composing four numbers of incidental music for the revival of "Henry VIII.," at Manchester, Sullivan, toward the end of 1877, evolved "The Sorcerer," a comic opera, which ran until May, 1878. Though much more solid, it is less genial than its younger sister, "Pinafore," which Sullivan wrote between paroxysms of pain, as poor Tom Hood conceived his immortal jokes. The English composer aimed at bright melodies, determined that Offenbach and his school should not monopolize them, and got out of a sick bed to conduct the last rehearsal and first public performance. Most cordial was "Pinafore's" reception;

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but neither Gilbert nor Sullivan predicted a long run. When the hot weather set in, the directors of the opera company for whom "Pinafore" was written became frightened, and talked of closing the theater; whereupon Sullivan, then directing the Covent Garden promenade concerts, placed the music of his opera on his programme, and public interest at once revived. The American furore has also been reflected in London, and the reign of this rhythmic satire goes on like Tennyson's brook.

In taking control of the Promenade Concerts in 1878, Sullivan made a complete revolution in the character of the music and the audiences. The former had been frivolous and the latter largely tainted with vice. Now, Covent Garden is the resort of respectable men and women, who listen to the best compositions. Pandering to vice cost the promoters $15,000 during the season of 1877. Last summer, reform put $10,000 into the promoters' pockets. It is possible, therefore, to make virtue a good pecuniary investment.

Appointed royal commissioner to the Paris Exposition, Sullivan gave the greater part of last year to glory rather than to remuneration. England, like the United States, expects every man to do his duty to his country for nothing. On bringing his mission to a successful issue, Sullivan found himself adorned with the Legion of Honor, this rare decoration having cost him six months' hard labor and $1,500 in expenses.

1879 records the production of a majestic song, inspired by Tennyson's "St. Agnes' Eve," a song too difficult and dramatic to be popular. Following the steps of Cambridge, Oxford in June conferred upon Sullivan the musical degree. The undergraduate heart went out to him, and the sacred organ of the Sheldonian Theatre actually played selections from "Pinafore." Undergraduates welcomed the favorite composer in the name of "his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts," and when a wag from their gallery answered Dr. Evans's solemn "*Placetne vobis domini doctores*" with the audacious query, "What, never?" even Dr. Sullivan, arrayed, unlike the lily, in gorgeous robes, was obliged to laugh.

In the autumn of this year, Mr. Sullivan goes to the United States with Mr. Gilbert, not only to produce a new opera, but to know more intimately a kindred people for whom he has high regard. Whatever those people do to him, let them refrain from offering him words for music. One thousand manuscript songs are now waiting to be set,—six thousand having been returned to despairing authors,—and as Sullivan does not average more than two songs a year, the present generation will have been five centuries in another and a better world before a glorified muse asks for "more."

HER CONQUEST.

MUSTER thy wit, and talk of whatsoever
Light, mirth-provoking matter thou canst find:
I laugh, and own that thou, with small endeavor,
Hast won my mind.

Be silent if thou wilt—thine eyes expressing
Thy thoughts and feelings, lift them up to mine:
Then quickly thou shalt hear me, love, confessing
My heart is thine.

And let that brilliant glance become but tender—
Return me heart for heart—then take the whole
Of all that yet is left me to surrender:
Thou hast my soul.

Now, when the three are fast in thy possession,
And thou hast paid me back their worth, and more,
I'll tell thee—all whereof I've made thee cession
Was thine before.

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ANNUNCIATA.

I.

In the gallery of one of the famous Roman villas which commands a splendid view of the city, Mr. Henry Vincent, a young American, was lounging. Judging by his appearance he was a college graduate, or, to speak more definitely, a graduate of Harvard; for he had that jaunty walk and general trimness of attire which are the traditional attributes of the academical denizens of Cambridge. He swung his arms rather more than was needed to assist locomotion, and betrayed in an unobtrusive manner a consciousness of being well dressed. His face, which was not without fine possibilities, had an air of well-bred neutrality; you could see that he assumed a defensive attitude against æsthetic impressions,—that even the Sistine Madonna or the Venus of Milo would not have surprised him into anything like enthusiasm or abject approval. It was evident, too, that he was a little bit ashamed of his Baedeker, which he consulted only in a semi-surreptitious way, and plunged into the pocket of his overcoat whenever he believed himself to be observed. Such a contingency, however, seemed remote; for the silence that reigned about him was as heavy and profound as if it had been unbroken since creation's day. The large marble halls had a grave and inhospitable air, and their severe magnificence compelled even from our apathetic traveler a shy and reluctant veneration. He tried to fix his attention upon a certain famous Guido which was attached by hinges to the wall, and which, as he had just learned from Baedeker, was a marvel of color and fine characterization; he stood for a few moments staring with a blank and helpless air, as if, for the first time in his life, he was beginning to question the finality of his own judgment. Then his eyes wandered off to the cornice of the wall, whose florid rococo upholstery won his sincere approval.

"Hang it!" he murmured impatiently, pulling a gold watch from his waistcoat pocket. "That loon Jack—he never does keep an engagement."

At this moment, distant footsteps were heard, which, as they approached, resounded with a sepulchral distinctness on the marble pavement. Presently a young man entered breathlessly, holding his hat in one hand and a white handkerchief in the other.

"Harry," he cried, excitedly, "I have found the goddess of the place. Come quick, before she vanishes. It is a rare chance, I tell you."

He seized his companion's arm and ignoring his remonstrances, almost dragged him through the door by which he had entered.

"What sort of lunacy is it you are up to, now, Jack?" the other was heard to grumble. "I'll bet ten to one you have been making an ass of yourself."

"I dare say I have," retorted Jack, good-naturedly; "a man who has not the faculty of making a fool of himself occasionally is only half a man. You would be a better fellow, too, Harry, if you were not so deucedly respectable; a slight admixture of folly would give tone and color to your demure and rigid propriety. For a man so splendidly equipped by fortune, you have made a poor job of existence, Harry. When I see you bestowing your sullen patronage upon the great masterpieces of the past, I am ashamed of you—yes, by Jove, I am."

"Don't you bother about me," was the ungracious response of his comrade. "I cut my eye-teeth a good while before you did, even though you may be a few years older. I'll take care of myself, you may depend upon it, and of you, too, if you get yourself into a scrape, which you seem bent upon doing."

"Now, do be amiable, Harry," urged the other with gentle persuasiveness. "I can't take it upon my conscience to introduce you to a lady, and far less to a goddess, unless you promise to put on your best behavior. You know from your mythology that goddesses are capable of taking a terrible vengeance upon mortals who unwittingly offend them."

Mr. John Cranbrook—for that was the name of the demonstrative tourist—was a small, neat-looking man, with an eager face and a pair of dark, vivid eyes. His features, though not in themselves handsome, were finely, almost tenderly, modeled. His nose was not of the classical type, but nevertheless of a clear and delicate cut, and his nostrils of extreme sensitiveness. On the whole, it was a pleasant, open and enthusiastic face,—a face in which there was no guile. By the side of his robust and stalwart friend, Cranbrook looked almost frail, and it was evident that Vincent, who felt

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the advantages of his superior avoirdupois, was in the habit of patronizing him. They had been together in college and had struck up an accidental friendship, which, to their mutual surprise, had survived a number of misunderstandings, and even extended beyond graduation. Cranbrook, who was of a restless and impetuous temperament, found Vincent's quiet self-confidence very refreshing; there was a massive repose about him, an unquestioning acceptance of the world as it was and an utter absence of intellectual effort, which afforded his friend a refuge from his own self-consuming ambition. Cranbrook had always prophesied that Harry would some day wake up and commit a grand and monumental piece of folly, but he hoped that that day was yet remote; at present it was his rich commonplaceness and his grave and comfortable dullness which made him the charming fellow he was, and it would be a pity to forfeit such rare qualities.

Cranbrook's own accomplishments were not of the kind which is highly appreciated among undergraduates. His verses, which appeared anonymously in the weekly college paper, enjoyed much popularity in certain young ladies' clubs, but were by the professor of rhetoric pronounced unsound in sentiment though undeniably clever in expression. Vincent, on the other hand, had virtues which paved him an easy road to popularity; he could discuss base-ball and rowing matters with a gravity as if the fate of the republic depended upon them; he was moreover himself an excellent "catcher," and subscribed liberally for the promotion of athletic sports. He did not, like his friend, care for "honors," nor had he the slightest desire to excel in Greek; he always reflected the average undergraduate opinion on all college affairs, and was not above playing an occasional trick on a freshman or a professor. As for Cranbrook, he rather prided himself on being a little exceptional, and cherished with special fondness those of his tastes and proclivities which distinguished him from the average humanity. He had therefore no serious scruples in accepting Vincent's offer to pay his expenses for a year's trip abroad. Vincent, he reasoned, would hardly benefit much by his foreign experiences, if he went alone. His glance would never penetrate beneath the surface of things, and he therefore needed a companion whose æsthetic culture was superior to his own. Cranbrook flattered himself that he was such a companion, and vowed in his heart to give Harry full returns in intellectual capital for what he expended on him in sordid metals. Moreover, Harry had a clear income of fifteen to twenty thousand a year, while he, Cranbrook, had scarcely anything which he could call his own. I dare say that if Vincent had known all the benevolent plans which his friend had formed for his mental improvement, he would have thought twice before engaging him as his traveling companion; but fortunately he was so well satisfied with his own mental condition, and so utterly unconscious of his short-comings in point of intellect, that he could not have treated an educational scheme of which he was himself to be the subject as anything but an amiable lunacy on Jack's part, or at the worst, as a practical joke. Jack was good company; that was with him the chief consideration; his madness was harmless and had the advantage of being entertaining; he was moreover at heart a good fellow, and the stanchest and most loyal of friends. Harry was often heard to express the most cheerful confidence in Jack's future; he would be sure to come out right in the end, as soon as he had cut his eye-teeth, and very likely Europe might be just the thing for a complaint like his.

II.

AFTER having marched over nearly half a mile of marble flag-stones, interrupted here and there by strips of precious mosaic, the two young men paused at the entrance to a long, vaulted corridor. White, silent gods stood gazing gravely from their niches in the wall, and the pale November sun was struggling feebly to penetrate through the dusty windows. It did not dispel the dusk, but gave it just the tenderest suffusion of sunshine.

"Stop," whispered Cranbrook. "I want you to take in the total impression of this scene before you examine the details. Only listen to this primeval stillness; feel, if you can, the stately monotony of this corridor, the divine repose and dignity of these marble forms, the chill immobility of this light. It seems to me that, if a full, majestic organ-tone could be architecturally expressed, it must of necessity assume a shape resembling the broad, cold masses of this aisle. I should call this an architectonic fugue,—a pure and lofty meditation——"

"Now do give us a rest, Jack," interrupted

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Vincent mercilessly. "I thought you said something about a nymph or a goddess. Trot her out, if you please, and let me have a look at her."

Cranbrook turned sharply about and gave his comrade a look of undisguised disgust.

"Harry," he said gravely, "really you don't deserve the good fortune of being in Italy. I thought I knew you well; but I am afraid I shall have to revise my judgment of you. You are hopelessly and incorrigibly frivolous. I know it is ungracious in me to tell you so,—I, who have accepted your bounty; but, by Jove, Harry, I don't want to buy my pleasure at the price you seem to demand. I have enough to get home, at all events, and I shall repay you what I owe you."

Vincent colored to the edge of his hair; he bit his lip, and was about to yield to the first impulse of his wrath. A moment's reflection, however, sobered him; he gave his leg two energetic cuts with his slender cane, then turned slowly on his heel and sauntered away. Cranbrook stood long gazing sadly after him; he would have liked to call him back, but the aimless, leisurely gait irritated him, and the word died on his lips. Every step seemed to hint a vague defiance. "What does it matter to me," it seemed to say, "what you think of me? You are of too little account to have the power to ruffle my temper." As the last echo of the retiring footsteps was lost in the great marble silence, Cranbrook heaved a sigh, and, suddenly remembering his errand, walked rapidly down the corridor. He paused before a round-arched, doorless portal, which led into a large sunny room. In the embrasure of one of the windows, a young girl was sitting, with a drawing-board in her lap, apparently absorbed in the contemplation of a marble relief which was suspended upon the wall. From where Cranbrook stood, he could see her noble profile clearly outlined against the white wall; a thick coil of black hair was wound about the back of her head, and a dark, tight-fitting dress fell in simple folds about her magnificent form. There was a simplicity and an unstudied grace in her attitude which appealed directly to Cranbrook's æsthetic nature. Ever since he entered Italy he had been on the alert for romantic impressions, and his eager fancy instinctively lifted every commonplace incident that appeared to have poetic possibilities in it into the region of romance. He remembered having seen somewhere a statue of Clio whose features bore a remote resemblance to those of the young girl before him—the same massive, boldly sculptured chin, the same splendid columnar throat, the same grave immobility of vision. It seemed sacrilege to approach such a divine creature with a trivial remark about the weather or the sights of Rome, and yet some commonplace was evidently required to pave the way to further acquaintance. Cranbrook pondered for a moment, and then advanced boldly toward the window where the goddess was sitting. She turned her head and flashed a pair of brilliant black eyes upon him.

"Pardon me, signorina," he said, with an apologetic cough. "I see you are drawing. Perhaps you could kindly tell me where one can obtain permission to copy in this gallery."

"I do not know, signore," she answered, in a low, rich voice. "No one ever copies here. The prince is never here, and his major-domo comes only twice a year. He was here two weeks ago, so it will be a long time before he will return."

"But you seem to be copying," the young man ventured to remonstrate.

"Ah, *sanctissima!*" she cried, with a vivid gesture of deprecation. "No, signore, I am not copying. I am a poor, ignorant thing, signore, not an artist. There was once a kind foreigner who lodged with us; he was an artist, a most famous artist, and he amused himself with me, while I was a child, and taught me to draw a little."

"And perhaps you would kindly allow me to look at your drawing?"

Cranbrook was all in a flutter; he was amazed at his own temerity, but the situation filled him with a delicious sense of adventure, and an irresistible impulse within him urged him on. The girl had risen, and, without the slightest embarrassment or coquettish reluctance, handed him her drawing-board. He saw at a glance that she was sincere in disclaiming the name of an artist. The drawing was a mere simple outline of a group, representing Briseis being led away from her lover by the messengers of Agamemnon. The king stood on one side ready to receive her, and on the other, Achilles, with averted face, in an attitude of deep dejection. The natural center of the group, however, was the figure of Briseis. The poise of her classic head as she looked back over her shoulder at her beloved hero was full of the tenderest suggestions. She seemed to offer no resistance to the messengers, but her reluctant, lingering steps were more expressive than any violent demon-

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stration. Cranbrook saw all this in the antique relief, but found it but feebly, and, as it were, stammeringly rendered in the girl's drawing. The lines were firmly and accurately traced and the proportions were approximately correct; but the deeper sentiment of the group had evidently escaped her, and the exquisite delicacy of modeling she had not even attempted to imitate. Cranbrook had in his heart to admit that he was disappointed. He feared that it was rude to return the board without a word of favorable comment, but he disdained to resort to any of those ingenious evasions which serve so conveniently as substitutes for definite judgments. The girl, in the meanwhile, stood looking into his face with an air of frank curiosity. It was not his opinion of her work, however, which puzzled her. She had never been accustomed to flattery, and had no idea of claiming a merit which she was well aware did not belong to her. She seemed rather to be wondering what manner of man her critic might be, and whether it would be safe to appeal to him for information on some subjects which lay beyond the reach of her own faculties.

"Signore," she began at last, a little hesitatingly, "I suppose you are a learned man who has read many books. Perhaps you know who that man is with the big helmet. And the maiden there with the bare feet, standing between the men—who is she? She looks sad, I think, and yet the large man who seems to be waiting for her is well made and handsome, and his garments appear to be precious. His shield is finely wrought, and I am sure he must be a man of great dignity."

"You are right," responded Cranbrook, to whom her guileless talk was highly entertaining. "He is a king, and his name is Agamemnon. By nationality he is a Greek ——"

"Ah, then I know why the girl is sad," she interrupted, eagerly. "The Greeks are all thieves, Padre Gregorio says; they all steal and lie. The padre has been in the Greek land and he knows their bad ways."

"The padre probably means the modern Greeks. I know very little about them. But the ancient Greeks were the noblest nation the world has ever seen."

"Is it possible? And what did they do that was so great and noble? *Sanctissima!* the greatest nation the world has ever seen!"

These exclamations were uttered in a tone of sincere surprise which to Cranbrook was very amusing. The conversation was now fairly started. The American told with much expenditure of eloquence the story of "the wrath of Achilles, the son of Peleus," and of the dire misfortunes which fell upon the house of Priamus and Atreus in consequence of one woman's fatal beauty. The girl sat listening with a rapt, far-away expression; now and then a breeze of emotion flitted across her features and a tear glittered in her eye and coursed slowly down over her cheek. Cranbrook, too, as he was gradually tuned into sympathy with his own tale, felt a strange, shuddering intoxication of happiness. He did not perceive how the time slipped by; he began to shiver, and saw that the sun was gone. The girl woke up with a start as his voice ceased and looked about her with a bewildered air. They both rose and walked together through the long, empty halls and corridors. He noticed wonderingly that she carried a heavy bunch of keys in her hand and locked each door after they had passed through it. This then led to some personal explanations. He learned that her name was Annunciata, and that she was the daughter of Antonio Cesarelli, the gardener of the villa, who lived in the house with the *loggias* which he could see at the end of the steep plane tree avenue. If he would like to pick some oranges, there were plenty of them in the garden, and as the prince never asked for them, her father allowed her to eat as many as she liked. Would he not come and see her father? He was a very good and kind man. At present he was trimming the hedge up on the terrace.

During this colloquy they had entered the garden, which seemed at first glance a great luxuriant wilderness. On the right hand of the gate was a huge jungle of blooming rose-bushes whose intertwisted branches climbed the tall stuccoed wall, for the possession of which it struggled bravely with an equally ambitious and vigorous ivy. Enormous bearded cacti of fantastic forms spread their fat prickly leaves out over both sides of the pavement, leaving only a narrow aisle in the middle where locomotion was practicable. A long flight of green and slippery stone steps led up to a lofty terrace which was raised above the rest of the garden by a high wall, surmounted by a low marble balustrade. Here the palms spread their fan-like crowns against the blue sky, and the golden fruit shone among the dark leaves of the orange-trees. A large sculpt-

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ured Triton with inflated cheeks blew a column of water high up into the air, and half a dozen dolphins ridden by chubby water sprites spouted demurely along the edges of a wide marble basin. A noseless Roman senator stood at the top of the stairs, wrapping his mossy toga about him, with a splendid gesture, and the grave images of the Cæsars, all time-stained and more or less seriously maimed, gazed forth with severe dignity from their green, leafy niches.

The upper garden showed signs of human supervision. A considerable area was occupied by flower-beds, laid out with geometrical regularity and stiffness; and the low box-wood hedges along their borders had a density and preciseness of outline which showed that they had been recently trimmed. Stone vases of magnificent design were placed at regular intervals along the balustrade; and in the middle projection of the terrace stood a hoary table with a broken porphyry plate, suggestive of coffee and old-time costumes, and the ponderous gossip of Roman grandees.

Cranbrook had walked for a while silently at Annunciata's side. He was deeply impressed with all he saw, and yet a dreamy sense of their unreality was gradually stealing over him. He imagined himself some wonderful personage in an Eastern fairy-tale, and felt for the moment as if he were moving in an animated chapter of the "Arabian Nights." He had had little hesitation in asking Annunciata questions about herself; they seemed both, somehow, raised above the petty etiquette of mundane intercourse. She had confessed to him with an unthinking directness which was extremely becoming to her, that her artistic aspirations which he had found so mysterious were utterly destitute of the ideal afflatus. She had, as a child, learned lace-making and embroidery, and had earned many a *lira* by adorning the precious vestments of archbishops and cardinals. She was now making a design for a tapestry, in which she meant to introduce the group from the antique relief. Her father allowed her to save all she earned for her dowry; because then, he said, she might be able to make a good match. This latter statement grated a little on Cranbrook's sensitive ears; but a glance at Annunciata's face soon re-assured him. She had the air of stating a universally recognized fact concerning which she had never had occasion to reflect. She kept prattling away very much like a spoiled child, who is confident that its voice is pleasant, and its little experiences as absorbing to its listener as they are to itself.

At length, by many devious paths, they reached a house on a sunny elevation, at the western extremity of the garden. It was a house such as one sees only in Rome,—a wide expanse of stuccoed wall with six or seven windows of different sizes, scattered at random over its surface. Long tufts of fine grass depended from the gutters of the roof, and the plain pillars supporting the round arches of the *loggias* had a humid and weather-beaten look. The whole edifice, instead of asserting itself glaringly as a product of human art, blended with soft gradations into the surrounding landscape. Even the rude fresco of the Mother of Sorrows over the door was half overgrown with a greenish, semi-visible moss which allowed the original colors to shine faintly through, and the coarse lines of the dial in the middle of the wall were almost obliterated by sun and rain. But what especially attracted Cranbrook's attention was a card, hung out under one of the windows, upon which was written, with big, scrawling letters,—"*Appartamento Mobiliato d'Affiarsi.*" He determined on the spot to become the occupant of this apartment whatever its deficiencies might be; therefore, without further delay, he introduced himself to Annunciata's mother, Monna Nina, as a *forestiero* in search of lodgings; and, after having gone through the formality of inspecting the room, he accepted Monna Nina's price and terms with an eagerness which made the excellent woman repent in her heart that she had not asked more.

The next day Cranbrook parted amicably from Vincent, who, it must be admitted, was beginning to have serious doubts of his sanity. They had had many a quarrel in days past, but Jack had always come to his senses again and been the first to make up. Vincent had the comfortable certainty of being himself always in the right, and it therefore never occurred to him that it might be his place to apologize. He had invariably accepted Jack's apologies good-naturedly and consented gracefully to let by-gones be by-gones, even though he were himself the offender; and the glow of conscious virtue which at such times pervaded him well rewarded him for his self-sacrifice. But this time, it seemed, Jack had taken some mysterious resolution, and his reason had hopelessly forsaken him. He even refused all offers of money, and talked about remaining in Rome and making his living by writing for

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the newspapers. He cherished no ill-will against Harry, he said, but had simply made up his mind that their tastes and temperaments were too dissimilar, and that they would both be happier if they parted company. They would see each other frequently and remain on friendly terms. No one was blamable for the separation, except Nature, who had made them so different. With these, and many similar assurances, Cranbrook shook Vincent's hand and repaired to his new abode among the palms and cypresses. And yet his ears burned uncomfortably as he drove away in the *fiacre*. It was the first time he had been insincere to Harry, even by implication; but after what had happened, it was impossible to mention Annunciata's name.

III.

It was the afternoon of Christmas-day, six weeks after Cranbrook's arrival at the villa. The air was soft and balmy and the blooming rose-bushes under the windows sent up from time to time delicious whiffs of fragrance. The sky was strangely clear, and long, cool vistas opened to the sight among the cloud-banks that hung over the tops of the Alban Mountains. Cranbrook was sitting out on the *loggia* reading the scene in the Odyssey where the shipwrecked Ulysses steps out from the copse where he has been sleeping and interrupts the ball-play of Nausicaa and her maidens. How pure and sweet the air that breathed from these pages! What a noble and dignified maiden was this Nausicaa! At this moment the merry voice of Annunciata was heard in the garden below. The young man let his book drop and leaned out over the wall. There she stood, tall and stately, receiving, with the manner of a good-natured empress, a white-haired priest who came waddling briskly toward her.

"*Bona festa*, Padre Gregorio," she cried, seizing the old man's hand. "Mother is going to have macaroni for supper and she was just going to send Pietro after you. For you know you promised to be with us this blessed day."

"*Bona festa*, child," responded the priest smiling all over his large, benevolent face. "Padre Gregorio never forgets his promises, and least of all on a holy Christmas-day."

"No, I knew you would not forget us, padre; but you are all out of breath. You have been mounting the stairs to the terrace again instead of going round by the vineyard. Come and sit down here in the sun, for I wish to speak to you about something important."

And she led the priest by the hand to a stone bench by the door and seated herself at his side.

"Padre," she began, with a great earnestness in her manner, "is it true that the Holy Virgin hates heretics and that they can never go to heaven?"

The good padre was evidently not prepared for such a question. He gazed at Annunciata for a moment in helpless bewilderment, then coughed in his red bandanna handkerchief, took a deliberate pinch of snuff and began:

"The Holy Virgin is gracious, child, and she hates no one. But little girls should not trouble their heads with things that do not concern them."

"But this does concern me, padre," retorted the girl eagerly. "I went this morning with Signore Giovanni, the stranger who is lodging with us,—for he is a very good and kind man, padre; I went with him to the Araceli to see the blessed Bambino and the shepherds and the Holy Virgin. But he did not kneel, and when I told him of the wonderful things which the Bambino had done, he would not believe me, padre, and he even once laughed in my face."

"Then he is not a good man," said the padre emphatically, "and he will not go to heaven, unless he changes his faith and his conduct before God takes him away."

Cranbrook, who had made several vain attempts to call attention to his presence, now rose and through the window re-entered his room. The snatch of the conversation which he had overheard had made him uneasy and had spoiled his happy Homeric mood. He was only too willing to put the most flattering construction upon Annunciata's solicitude for his fate in the hereafter, but he had to admit to himself, that there was something in her tone and in the frank directness of her manner which precluded such an interpretation. He had floated along, as it were, in a state of delicious semi-consciousness during the six weeks since he first entered this house. He had established himself firmly, as he believed, in the favor of every member of the family, from Antonio himself to the two-year-old baby, Babetta, who spent her days contentedly in running from one end to the other of a large marble sarcophagus, situated under a tall stone pine, a dozen

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steps from the house. Monna Nina could then keep watch over her from the window while at work, and the high, sculptured sides of the sarcophagus prevented Babetta from indulging her propensity for running away. Pietro, a picturesque vagabond of twelve, who sold patriotic match-boxes with the portraits of Garibaldi and Vittorio Emanuele, had been bribed into the stanchest partisanship for the foreigner by a ticket to the monkey theater in the Piazza delle Terme, and had excited his sister's curiosity to a painful pitch by his vivid descriptions of the wonderful performance he had witnessed. Antonio, who was a quiet and laborious man, listened with devout attention to Cranbrook's accounts of the foreign countries he had visited, while Monna Nina sometimes betrayed an invincible skepticism regarding facts which belonged to the A B C of transatlantic existence, and unhesitatingly acquiesced in statements which to an Italian mind might be supposed to border on the miraculous. She would not believe, for instance, that hot and cold water could be conducted through pipes to the fifth and sixth story of a house and drawn *ad libitum* by the turning of a crank; but her lodger's descriptions of the traveling palaces in which you slept and had your dinner prepared while speeding at a furious rate across the continent, were listened to with the liveliest interest and without the slightest misgiving. She had, moreover, well-settled convictions of her own concerning a number of things which lay beyond Cranbrook's horizon. She had a great dread of the evil eye and knew exactly what remedies to apply in order to counteract its direful effects; she wore around her neck a charm which had been blessed by the pope and which was a sure preventive of rheumatism; and under the ceiling of her kitchen were suspended bunches of medicinal herbs which had all been gathered during the new moon and which, in certain decoctions, were warranted to cure nearly all the ailments to which flesh is heir.

To Cranbrook the daily companionship with these kind-hearted, primitive people had been a most refreshing experience. As he wrote to a friend at home, he had shaken off the unwholesome dust which had accumulated upon his soul and had for the first time in his life breathed the undiluted air of healthful human intercourse. Annunciata was to him a living poem, a simple and stately epic whose continuation from day to day filled his life with sonorous echoes. She was a modern Nausicaa, with the same child-like grandeur and unconscious dignity as her Homeric prototype. It was not until to-day that he had become aware of the distance which separated him from her. They had visited together the church of Santa Maria in Aracœli, where a crude tableau of the Nativity of Christ is exhibited during Christmas week. Her devoutness in the presence of the jeweled doll, representing the infant Savior, had made a painful impression upon him, and when, with the evident intention of compelling his reverence, she had told him of the miracles performed by the "Bambino," he had only responded with an incredulous smile. She had sent him a long, reproachful glance; then, as the tears rose to her eyes, she had hurried away and he had not dared to follow her.

While pursuing these somber meditations, Cranbrook was seated—or rather buried—in a deep Roman easy-chair, whose faded tapestries would have been esteemed a precious find by a relic-hunter. Judging by the *baroque* style of its decorations, its tarnished gilding, and its general air *à la* Pompadour, it was evident that it had spent its youthful days in some princely palace of the last century, and had by slow and gradual stages descended to its present lowly condition. A curious sense of the evanescence of all earthly things stole over the young man's mind, as his thoughts wandered from his own fortunes to those of the venerable piece of furniture which was holding him in its ample embrace. What did it matter in the end, he reasoned, whether he married his Nausicaa or not? To marry a Nausicaa with grace, was a feat for the performance of which exceptional qualities were required. The conjugal complement to a Nausicaa must be a man of ponderous presence and statuesque demeanor—not a shrill and nervous modern like himself, with second-rate physique and a morbidly active intellect. No, it mattered little what he did or left undone. The world would be no better and no worse for anything he could do. Very likely, in the arms of this chair where he was now sitting, a dozen Roman Romeos, in powdered wigs and silk stockings, had pined for twice that number of Roman Juliets; and now they were all dust, and the world was moving on exactly as before. And yet in the depth of his being there was a voice which protested against this hollow reasoning; he felt to himself insincere and hypo-

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critical; he dallied and played with his own emotions. Every mood carried in itself a sub-consciousness of its transitoriness.

The daylight had faded, and the first faint flush of the invisible moon was pervading the air. The undulating ridge of the Sabine mountains stood softly defined against the horizon, and here and there a great, flat-topped stone pine was seen looming up along the edges of the landscape. Cranbrook ate hurriedly the frugal dinner which was served him from a neighboring *trattoria*, then lighted a cigar and walked out into the garden. He sat for a while on the balustrade of the terrace, looking out over the green campagna, over which the moon now rose large and red, while the towers and domes of the city stood, dark and solemn, in the foreground. The bells of Santa Maria Maggiore were tolling slowly and pensively, and the sound lingered with long vibrations in the still air. A mighty, shapeless longing, remotely aroused or intensified by the sound of the bells, shook his soul; and the glorious sight before him seemed to weigh upon him like an oppressive burden. "Annunciata," came in heavy, rhythmic pulses through the air; it was impossible not to hear it. The bells were tolling her name: "Annun-ciata, Annun-ciata." Even the water that was blown from the Triton's mouth whispered softly, as it fell, "Annunciata, Annunciata."

Cranbrook was awakened from his reverie by the sound of approaching footsteps. He turned his head and recognized, by the conspicuous shovel-hat, the old priest who had prophesied such a cheerful future for him in the hereafter. And was that not Annunciata who was walking at his side? Surely, that was her voice; for what voice was there in all the world with such a rich, alluring cadence? And that firm and splendidly unconscious walk—who, with less than five generations' practice, could even remotely imitate it? Beloved Annunciata! Wondrous and glorious Annunciata! In thy humble disguise thou art nevertheless a goddess, and thy majestic simplicity shames the shrill and artificial graces of thy sisters of the so-called good society. But surely, child, thou art agitated. Do not waste those magnificent gestures on the aged and callous priest!

"Thou art hard-hearted and cruel, Padre Gregorio!" were the words that reached Cranbrook's ears. "The Holy Virgin would not allow any one to suffer forever who is good and kind. How could he help that his father and his mother were not of the right faith?"

The padre's answer he could not distinguish; he heard only an eager murmur and some detached words, from which he concluded that the priest was expostulating earnestly with her. They passed down the long staircase into the lower garden, and, though their forms remained visible, their voices were soon lost among the whispering leaves and the plashing waters. Cranbrook followed them steadily with his eyes, and a thrill of ineffable joy rippled through his frame. He had at last, he thought, the assurance for which he had yearned so long. Presently he saw Annunciata stop, plunge her hands into a side-pocket, and pull out something which he imagined to be a key; then she and the padre disappeared for a few moments in the gloom of a deep portal, and when Annunciata re-appeared she was alone. She walked rapidly back through the garden, without being apparently in the least impressed by the splendor of the night, mounted the stairs to the terrace, and again passed within a dozen yards of where Cranbrook was sitting, without observing him.

"Annunciata," he called softly, rising to follow her.

"Signore Giovanni," she exclaimed wonderingly, but without the slightest trace of the emotion which had so recently agitated her. "You should not sit here in the garden so late. The air of the night is not good for the foreigner."

"The air is good for me wherever you are, Annunciata," he answered warmly. "Come and walk with me here down the long plane tree avenue. Take my arm. I have much to say to you:

'* * * In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,'
etc.

'In such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents
Where Cressid lay that night.'"

She took the arm which he offered her silently, but with a simple dignity which a princess might have envied her.

"I cannot stay out long," she said. "My mother would miss me."

"I shall not detain you long. I have only a confession to make to you. I was sitting on the *loggia* this afternoon when Padre Gregorio came, and I heard what you said to him."

He had expected her to blush or show

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some sign of embarrassment. But she only lifted her calm, clear countenance toward him and said:

"You were kinder and better than all the men I had known, and it gave me trouble to think that you should be unhappy when you die. Therefore I asked the padre; but I do not believe any more that the padre is always right. God is better and wiser than he, and God will find a way where a priest would find none."

There was something inexpressibly touching in the way she uttered these simple words. Cranbrook, although he was, for reasons of his own, disappointed at her perfect composure, felt the tears mounting to his eyes, and his voice shook as he answered:

"I am not afraid of my lot in the next world, Annunciata; and although it is kind of you to be troubled about it, I fear you can do nothing to improve it. But my fate in this world I yearn to lay in your hands. I love you very dearly, Annunciata, and all I need to make me what I aspire to be is to have you give me a little affection in return. What do you say, Annunciata? do you think you could? Would you be my wife, and go with me to my own country and share my life, whatever it may be."

"But signore," she replied after a moment's deliberation; "my mother would not like it and Babetta would cry the whole day long when I was gone."

"I am speaking seriously, Annunciata, and you must not evade my question. It all depends upon you."

"No, it also depends upon mother and Babetta. But I know you would be good and kind to me, Signore Giovanni, and you would always treat me well; for you are a good and kind man. I should like to be your wife, I think, but I do not know whether I should like to go with you across the great sea."

Cranbrook was hopelessly perplexed, and for an instant even inclined to question whether she might not be ridiculing him; but a glance at her puzzled face showed him that she was grappling earnestly with the great problem, and apparently endeavoring to gain time by uttering the first thought that suggested itself to her mind. The gloom of the plane-trees now enveloped them, and only here and there a quivering ray of moonlight pierced through the dense roof of leaves. The marble phantoms of the Cæsars gazed sternly at the daring intruders who had come to disturb their centuries' repose, and the Roman senator at the end of the avenue held his outstretched hand toward them, as if warning them back from the life that lay beyond the moment's great resolution. And yet, before the moon had faded out of the sky, the great resolution was irrevocably taken. When they parted in the hall, leading up to Cranbrook's room, Annunciata consented with the faintest show of resistance to being kissed, and she even responded, though vaguely and doubtingly, to his vehement caresses.

"*Felicissima notte*, Signore Giovanni," she murmured, as she slowly disengaged herself from his embrace. "You are a dear, good man, and I will go with you across the great sea."

IV.

SINCE their first parting, Vincent and Cranbrook had seen little of each other. They had met occasionally in the Vatican galleries, in the palace of the Cæsars, on the Monte Pincio, and had then stopped to shake hands and to exchange a few friendly inquiries, but Cranbrook, for a reason which he strove hard to embellish, had hitherto refrained from inviting Harry to visit him in his dwelling. The latter had of course noticed this omission, but had attributed it to a very pardonable desire on Jack's part to keep him in ignorance as to the real state of his finances. "He is probably living in some cheap hovel," he thought, "and he is too proud to wish me to know it. But he needn't be afraid of my intruding upon his privacy until he himself opens his door to me." Unfortunately for both, Harry was not destined to carry out this amiable intention. A hostile fate led him to encroach upon his friend's territory when he was least suspecting it.

It was a sunny day early in February. Antonio Cæsarelli had saddled an uncommonly hoary and wise-looking donkey, named Abraham, and, as was his wont every Saturday, had repaired with it to the Piazza dei Fiori, where he sold *broccoli* and other vegetables of the cabbage species. About noon, Annunciata came to bring him his dinner, and after having enjoyed for a while the sensation she made among the cabbage-dealers, betook herself on a journey of exploration through the city. Pietro's tale of the miracles performed at the monkey theater had given a lively impetus to her imagination, and being

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unable to endure any longer his irritating airs of superior knowledge, she had formed the daring resolution to put his veracity to the test. She arrived quite breathless in the Piazza delle Terme and with much flutter and palpitation inquired the price of a ticket. The door-keeper paused in his stentorian address to the multitude that was gathered about him and informed her that ten soldi would admit her to the enchanted realm within. Poor Annunciata's countenance fell; she pulled her seven soldi from her pocket, counted them three or four times deliberately in her hand and cast appealing glances at the stony-hearted Cerberus. At this moment she discovered a handsome young gentleman who, with his eyes fixed on her face, was elbowing his way through the crowd.

"Come along, my pretty lass," he said, in doubtful Italian. "Put those coppers in your pocket and let me get your ticket for you."

Annunciata was well aware that it was a dangerous thing to accept favors from unknown gentlemen, but just then her conscience refused to assert itself. Nevertheless, she summoned courage to answer, though in a voice which betrayed inward wavering:

"No, I thank you, signore; I would rather not."

"Oh, stuff, my child! I wont harm you, and your mother need never know."

He seized her gently by the arm and pointed toward the canvas door which was drawn aside to admit another spectator. A gorgeously attired monkey, riding on a poodle, became visible for an instant through the aperture. That was too much for Annunciata's conscience.

"But really, signore, I ought not!" she murmured, feebly.

"But we all do so many things that we ought not to do," answered he, with a brusque laugh. "However, I wont bite you; you needn't be afraid of me."

And before she knew it he had pushed her in through the door and she found herself standing in a large tent, with long circular rows of benches which rose amphitheatrically from the arena toward the canvas walls. It was not quite to her taste that he conducted her to a seat near the roof, but she did not feel at liberty to remonstrate. She sat staring rigidly at the performances of the poodles and the monkeys, which were, no doubt, very wonderful, but which, somehow, failed to impress her as such, for she felt all the while that the gentleman at her side was regarding her with unaverted gaze. The thought of Signore Giovanni shot through her mind, and she feared she should never dare to look into his honest eyes again. Her heart kept hammering against her side, her blood burned in her cheeks, and she felt guilty and miserable. And yet she saw, in a sort of blind and unconscious way, that her escort was a very dazzling phenomenon, and in external finish much superior to her plain and unassuming lover. Gradually, as she accustomed herself to her novel situation, she began to bestow her furtive admiration upon the various ornaments which he carried about his person in the shape of scarf-pin and sleeve-buttons, and she also found time to observe that his linen and his handkerchief were immaculate and of exceeding fineness. The *tout ensemble* of his personality made the impression of costliness which, to her unsophisticated soul, was synonymous with high birth and an exalted social position.

"If only Signore Giovanni would dress like that," she thought, "how much more I should love him!"

That was a very disloyal thought, and her conscience immediately smote her. She arose, thanked her companion tremulously for his kindness, and hastened toward the door. When she was once more under the open sky, she drew a full breath of relief, and then hurried away as if the earth burned under her feet. It was nearly five o'clock when she reached the garden-gate of the villa; she paused for a moment to collect her thoughts, to arrange her excuses, and to prepare for the scolding which she knew was in store for her. She was just about to turn the key when, to her horror, she saw her unknown companion stepping out of a *fiacre* and fearlessly approaching her.

"Surely, child, you didn't imagine you could run away from me in that style," he said smilingly. "Our acquaintance is not to come to such an untimely end. You must tell me your name, and, I was going to say, where you live, but that key will relieve you from the latter necessity. But, in order to prove to you that I am an honest fellow and mean no harm to you, here is my card. My name is Henry Vincent, I am an American and—and—I should like to meet you again, if you have no objection."

Annunciata was now seriously alarmed.

"Signore," she faltered, "I am an honest girl, and you must not speak to me thus."

"By Jove! So am I an honest fellow,

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and no one need be ashamed of my acquaintance. If you had anything to fear from me, do you suppose I would offer you my card and give you my name? But I *must* meet you again; if you don't give me the opportunity, I shall make my opportunity myself, and that might get you into a scrape and be unpleasant for both of us. Well, what do you say?"

The young girl stood for a while pondering. Her first impulse was to cut short the interview by mentioning Cranbrook's name and revealing her own relation to him. She had an idea that Cranbrook was a sort of national character and that all Americans must have heard of him. A second glance at Vincent's splendid attire, however, turned the scale in his favor.

"About noon next Saturday," she said, scarcely audibly, "I shall be in the Piazza dei Fiori. My father will be there, too."

With a swift movement she tore the garden-gate open, slammed it behind her and ran up the path toward the terrace.

V.

MARCH, the very name of which makes a New Englander shiver, is a glorious month in Rome. Then a warmer tone steals into the sky, the clouds become airier and more buoyant in color and outline, and the Sabine Mountains display, with the varying moods of the day, tints of the most exquisite softness and delicacy. Cranbrook, from his lofty hermitage, had an excellent opportunity to observe this ever-changing panorama of earth and sky; but it had lost its charm to him. The long, cool vistas between the cloud-banks no more lifted the mind above itself, pointing the way into a great and glorious future. A vague dread was perpetually haunting him; he feared that Annunciata did not love him as he wished to be loved; that she regretted, perhaps, having bound herself to him and was not unwilling to break loose from him. But what was life to him without Annunciata? He must bide his time, and by daily kindness teach her to love him. That she was not happy might have other causes, unknown to him. Her vehement self-accusations and tearful protestations that she was not true to him might be merely the manifestations of a morbidly sensitive conscience.

Vincent in the meanwhile had changed his attitude completely toward the old masters. After his first meeting with Annunciata, his artistic sense had been singularly quickened. He might be seen almost daily wending his way, with a red-covered Baedeker under his arm, to the gate of a certain villa, where he would breathe the musty air of the deserted gallery for hours together, gaze abstractedly out of the windows, and sometimes, when he was observed, even make a pretense of sketching. Usually it was Monna Nina or Pietro who came to open the gate for him on such occasions, but, at rare intervals, it happened that Annunciata was sent to be his cicerone. She always met him with fear and trembling, but so irresistible was the fascination which he exerted over her, that he seemed to be able to change her mood at will. When he greeted her with his lazy smile her heart gave a great thump, and she laughed responsively, almost in spite of herself. If he scowled, which he was sometimes pleased to do when Monna Nina or Pietro had taken her place for several successive days, she looked apprehensive and inquired about his health. The costly presents of jewelry which he had given her, she hid guiltily in the most secret drawer of her chest, and then sat up late into the night and rejoiced and wept over them.

As for Vincent, it must be admitted that his own infatuation was no less complete. He had a feeling as if some new force had entered his life and filled it with a great, though dimly apprehended, meaning. His thought had gained a sweep and a width of wing which were a perpetual surprise to him. Not that he reasoned much about it; he only felt strong and young and mightily aroused. He had firmly resolved to make Annunciata his wife, and he was utterly at a loss, and even secretly irritated at her reluctance to have their relation revealed to her parents. He could brook no obstacle in his march of conquest, and was constantly chafing at the necessity of concealment. He had frequently thought of anticipating Annunciata's decision, by presenting himself to her parents as a Crœsus from beyond the sea, who entertained the laudable intention of marrying their fair daughter; but somehow the character of Cophetua was ridiculously melodramatic, and Annunciata, with her imperial air, would have made a poor job of the beggar maid.

It was the tenth of March, 186–, a memorable date in the lives of the three persons concerned in this narrative. Cranbrook had just finished a semi-æsthetic and semi-political letter to a transatlantic journal, in which he figured twice a month as "our own cor-

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respondent." It was already late in the night; but the excitement of writing had made him abnormally wakeful, and knowing that it was of no use to go to bed, he blew out his lamp, lit a cigar and walked out upon the *loggia*. There was a warm and fitful spring wind blowing, and the unceasing rustling of the ilex leaves seemed cool and soothing to his hot and overwrought senses. In the upper strata of the air, a stronger gale was chasing dense masses and torn shreds of cloud with a fierce speed before the lunar crescent; and the broad terrace beyond the trees was alternately illuminated and plunged in gloom. In one of these sudden illuminations, Cranbrook thought he saw a man leaning against the marble balustrade; something appeared to be unwinding itself slowly from his arms, and presently there stood a woman at his side. Then the moon vanished behind a cloud, and all was darkness. Cranbrook began to tremble; a strange numbness stole over him. He stood for a while motionless, then lifted his hand to his forehead; but he hardly felt its touch; he only felt that it was cold and wet. Several minutes passed; a damp gust of wind swept through the tree-tops and a night-hawk screamed somewhere in the darkness. Presently the moon sailed out into the blue space, and he saw again the two figures locked in a close embrace. The wind bore toward him a dear familiar voice which sounded tender and appealing; his blood swept like fire through his veins. Hardly knowing what he did, he leaped down the stairs which led from the *loggia* into the court, rushed through the garden toward the terrace, grappled for a moment with somebody, thrust against something hard which suddenly yielded, and then fell down—down into a deep and dark abyss.

When he awoke he felt a pair of cold hands fumbling with his shirt collar; trees were all about him, and the blue moon-lit sky above him. He arose, not without difficulty, and recognized Annunciata's face close to his; she looked frightened and strove to avoid his glance.

"The Holy Virgin be praised, Signore Giovanni!" she whispered. "But Signore Enrico, he seems to be badly hurt."

He suddenly remembered what had happened; but he could bring forth no sound; he had a choking sensation in his throat and his limbs seemed numb and lifeless. He saw Annunciata stooping down over a form that lay outstretched on the ground, but the sight of her was repulsive to him and he turned away.

"Help me, Signore Giovanni," she begged in a hoarse whisper. "He may be dead and there is no one to help him."

Half mechanically he stooped down—gracious heavens! It was Vincent! In an instant all his anger and misery were forgotten.

"Hurry, Annunciata," he cried; "run for a doctor. Great God! what have you done?"

VI.

Six weeks later two young Americans were sitting on the deck of the Cunarder *Siberia*, which had that morning left the Queenstown harbor.

"Jack," said the one, laying his hand on the other's shoulder in a way that expressed an untold amount of friendliness, "I don't think it is good policy to keep silence any longer. I know I have committed my monumental piece of folly, as you prophesied, but I need hardly tell you, Jack, that I didn't know at the time what—what I know now," he finished, hurriedly.

"I never doubted that, Harry," answered the other with a certain solemn impressiveness. "But don't let us talk. I have not reached the stage yet when I can mention her name without a pang; and I fear—I fear I never shall."

They sat for a long while smoking in silence and gazing pensively toward the dim coast-line of Europe, which was gradually fading away upon the eastern horizon.

"Jack," began Vincent abruptly, "I feel as if I had passed through a severe illness."

"So you have, Harry," retorted Cranbrook.

"Oh, pshaw! I don't mean that. That little physical suffering was nothing more than I deserved. But a fever, they say, sometimes purifies the blood, and mine, I think, has left me a cleaner and a wiser fellow than it found me."

The steamer kept plowing its broad pathway of foam through the billows; a huge cloud of fantastic shape loomed up in the east, and the vanishing land blended with and melted away among its fleecy embankments.

"Are you perfectly sure, Jack," said Vincent, throwing the burning stump of his cigar over the gunwale, "that the experiences of the past year have not been all an excursion into the 'Arabian Nights'? If it were not for that fine marble relief in my

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trunk which I bought of that miserable buffoon in the Via Sistina, I should easily persuade myself that the actual world were bounded on the east by the Atlantic and on the west by the Pacific Ocean. I was just considering whether I should try to smuggle it through the custom-house, or whether, perhaps, it would be wiser to give Uncle Sam his due."

"And what does the relief represent?" asked Cranbrook, half indifferently.

"It is a copy from an antique one. Agamemnon robbing Achilles of his——"

Cranbrook gave a start, and walked rapidly toward the other end of the boat. In half an hour he returned, stopped in front of Vincent, grasped his hand warmly and said:

"Harry, let us agree never to refer to that which is passed. In your life it was an episode, in mine it was a catastrophe."

Since that day, Annunciata's name has never passed their lips.

There is an epilogue to this tale which cannot well be left untold. In the winter of 187–, ten years after their first Italian sojourn, the two friends again visited Rome together. One beautiful day in February, they found themselves, perhaps not quite by accident, in the neighborhood of the well-remembered villa. They rang the bell at the garden gate and were admitted by a robust young man who seemed to be lounging among the overgrown hedges in some official capacity. The mossy Triton was still prosecuting his thankless task in the midst of his marble basin; the long stairs to the terrace were yet as damp and slippery as of old, and the noseless Roman senator was still persevering in his majestic attitude although a sprig of maiden-hair was supporting its slender existence in the recess of his countenance which had once been occupied by his stately nose. Vincent and Cranbrook both regarded these familiar objects with peculiar emotions, but faithful to their agreement, they made no comment. At last they stopped before the sarcophagus—and verily Babetta was still there. A clean and chubby-faced Italian baby with large black eyes rose out of its marble depth and hailed them with simple, inarticulate delight. Cranbrook gazed long at the child, then lifted it up in his arms and kissed it. The young man who had opened the gate for them stood by observing the scene with a doubtful expression of suspicion and wonder. As the stranger again deposited the child on the blanket in the bottom of the sarcophagus, he stepped up before the door and called:

"Annunciata!"

A tall, comely matron appeared in the door—and the strangers hastened away.

DICK.

SATURDAY evening, the 11th of January, 1873, I entered the ruins of the old dépôt at the foot of Lake street, in Chicago, to take the Michigan Central night express, for Ann Arbor. My half-finished cigar led me to enter the smoking-car, where I took the second seat from the rear, and presently began studying the very unusual company of passengers in front of me.

The car was nearly filled with men who were returning from California; a wild, rough set of fellows, who had gone out with high hopes and large prospects, but were now coming back disappointed and reckless. They were rudely dressed, and each man wore at his belt, strapped on outside his blouse, either a knife or a revolver, while arms of greater magnitude leaned against every seat.

The party had been traveling for more than three weeks, having been snowed in again and again on the far Western roads. Weary and desperate as they were, they sang roaring songs, and shouted and quarreled; but more than all, they drank. A large demijohn stood on a shelf in the front left-hand corner of the car, and from this the cups and bottles were filled from time to time as it became necessary.

As we swept around the head of the lake, we halted, for the first time since starting, at Michigan City. Here a new passenger entered the car and took the seat immediately behind mine. A hasty glance showed him to be a man of about thirty-five, stout, with dark complexion, brown eyes and hair, heavy mustache, and an air of vigor and business that made me look at him twice.

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He wore a somewhat faded, shaggy overcoat, a fur turban cap, and heavy top-boots into which his trowsers were tucked. He had no baggage, but held a lantern in his left hand, swinging it carelessly between his knees and often looking thoughtfully at it for some minutes at a time. Again and again I found myself half turned in my seat, gazing at him.

Meanwhile the din and rowdyism in the car grew more and more boisterous. Presently one of the loudest and worst-looking of the company, having filled a large bottle from the tank in the corner, began to pass it to each one in turn as he staggered down the aisle. On he came toward the rear, drinking, cursing, yelling; and every man that he passed drank with him. At last he stood at the seat before mine. I saw that he was about to offer me the bottle, and to avoid him, I turned and looked out of the window. As he came even with me, he reached over and pulled me by the shoulder, forcing me to face him, and told me to drink. He was a well-built fellow, six feet and over, brawny, and with two navy revolvers in his belt, and a large dirk-knife at his breast, and he was thoroughly drunk. I looked him straight in the eye, but he only leered at me and renewed his demand. I apologized, told him I never drank, and begged off as best I could, but it was all of no avail. I tried to get out of the seat, and so out of the car, but he stood across the passage, and raising the bottle high over his head with one hand, he held me by the shoulder with the other, and with a terrible oath, commanded me to drink or he would break the bottle over my head. In stature I am five feet eight, and both Howe and Fairbanks agree that I kick the beam at one hundred and twenty-five. Under these circumstances, it occurred to me that discretion was the better part of valor, so, taking the bottle from his hand, I choked down a swallow of its vile contents.

Pushing me back into the seat, the ruffian proceeded to the stranger behind me and offered him the liquor. The man was bending over, holding his lantern with both hands, and slowly swinging it backward and forward. He raised his keen brown eyes to those of the rough, dropped his chin slightly, and then, without emotion, said deliberately,—

"Go to hell!"

The assailant was dazed for an instant, but recovered himself, and renewed his demand. Then the stranger set his lantern upon the floor, stood up to his full height, and said quietly:

"Stranger, I don't want no fuss with you, an' I don't calc'late to have any, but the best way for you to get clear of a knock-down 'll be to get away from here about as quick as you can! Do you hear?"

He looked him full in the eye, and stood there so quiet, yet so determined, that the drunken man, after eying him for a minute, dropped his head, turned, and went, mumbling, to the front of the car and sat down. The stranger stood till the man was seated, and then, seating himself, took up his lantern and quietly swung it as before. I was overwhelmed with shame, and turned and apologized to him.

The keen brown eyes looked frankly into mine as I spoke, and seemed to read me through and through. When I had finished, the man placed his hand almost tenderly upon my arm which rested upon the back of the seat, and said:

"Stranger, don't you fret. You did all right, for a man in your fix. It likely don't hurt you to take a swaller o' whisky, and it would 'a' hurt you to 'a' got a lick over the head with that bottle, the way that feller was handlin' it. You did the best thing for you. Now for me, the thing that I wont do, even if I have to be strung up the next minute if I don't, is to drink whisky!" And after a pause: "It warn't always so, though; for, God knows, I've drunk enough o' the stuff in my time. Lord, stranger, I've seen many a night such as these fellers is havin'. I've seen the time when I wouldn't 'a' asked nothin' better'n to 'a' done just as that feller did that come back here with that bottle a minute ago. But I quit about ten years ago, and since then I haint put a drop between my lips. I'd rather, a thousand times, be took home with a hole in me big enough to drive a yoke o' cattle through! You see, stranger, it aint everybody that's got such a wife as me; and when a man gets such a woman as mine—why, Lord bless you, stranger, if you only knew what a woman Dick is, and something o' what she's lived through, and how she's done it, you wouldn't wonder! You see the difference between you and me now, don't you? But don't you fret, stranger! you did all right."

He had taken his hand from my arm after the first few words, and sat there, swinging his lantern as he talked. At the mention of Dick his eyes grew strangely

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bright. My interest in him grew, as he spoke, and when he stopped, as he did somewhat abruptly, I found myself exceedingly anxious to know more of him, and especially of Dick.

Dropping the subject immediately under consideration, however, I offered the ordinary comments upon the weather and the night. It was bitter cold, the thermometer ranging several points below zero. The moon was full and the sky was clear. The ground was covered with snow to a depth of nearly three feet on a level, and three locomotives were doing their best to "make time" with our train over the heavy track. The wheels ran on with that muffled, echoless hum which only deep snow and extreme cold can produce. The wheels hugged the rails with an icy crunching, while the frosty rattle of frozen iron made one feel that every piece of metal either on or under the train must be as brittle as glass. In reply to my remarks on these matters, my companion went on as follows:

"Yes, it's a bad night for a run, and it wouldn't surprise me any minute to see us go into the ditch. You see I know this road pretty well. I've been braking here on a through freight for something more'n a year now, and when a feller makes four trips a week over a road, in all kinds o' weather, and at all hours of the day and night, he gets to know the thing pretty well, after a while. We're on a pretty scaly piece o' track now, just comin' down to the bridge over Kenney's Run. The bridge went out last fall, and when they put it back they put in a lot of old rails that had been bent and straightened, and they're just about like a string o' clay pipe-stems to-night. If Jack don't take her slow over that hole he'll leave us all in it, as sure as —— there! I thought he'd pull her up. He's a mighty fine fellow, Jack is, and he knows what he's about. See him hold her level, now, 'round this curve just ahead."

As the train sped on, the noisy crowd, one by one, dropped off to a limp and maudlin sleep. My companion seemed pleased to talk and I was equally pleased to listen. Presently a little incident occurred that turned the conversation into the direction I had wished.

Looking out of the window over the snow that glistened under the clear, full moon, he pointed out to me a low log house, half buried in the snow, standing a few rods from the track. It was in sight but an instant as we shot by.

"There," said he, "is the old house where I was born, thirty-seven years ago come May. My father moved out here from New York, more'n forty years ago, when all there was in this region was bears, Indians, timber and ague. I've heard the old man tell about shooting bears right out o' the door o' that old house back yonder. He come out all the way in a wagon, and squatted here in the woods. Lord, he had no idea then that there'd ever be a railroad within five hundred miles of him. He was a regular old pioneer—the old man was—always wanted to be on the go. His name was George Whipple, and I was his oldest boy, and named after him, so I've always had to write 'Jr.' after my name. It's a pity folks can't find names enough for their children, without givin' 'em some that's been all used up in the family afore. But then it took a good many names to go 'round in our family. There was thirteen of us altogether, big and little, old and young. Well, my mother died when I was about fourteen, and after she died, my father married again in a few months. I don't blame him, the way he was fixed; you see he was poor, and had a lot o' children to be took care of, and he had to have somebody; so he got married.

"Well, me and the old woman he got couldn't agree, so I run away and went to Detroit, and began life for myself, a-settin' up nine-pins in an alley, in a whisky saloon. That's a bad place to begin, stranger; but that's the way I begun for myself, and that's where I begun to drink.

"I stayed there for a couple o' years, till I got tired o' that place, and then I went into a livery-stable. I worked there for about three years, till I was pretty near of age, and then I went South,—down to Knoxville, Tennessee, and went into the livery business there for myself. And there's where I first saw Dick. Her father was a planter; had a nice place, with lots o' niggers, about twenty miles up the country from Knoxville; used to live in big style, regular old Southern swell, in fact.

"I wish you could 'a' seen Dick, stranger, just as she was the first time ever I saw her. She'd come down to the ville on a visit to some folks I knowed. You see, it was one evenin', along about the last o' September, and a nigger come down to the stable and ordered up a carriage for the old man. Well, the horses was pretty nigh all out, for it was just as nice an evenin' for a ride as ever grew, and

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everybody was makin' the most of it, and so I had to rig up a team of little black fillies, that we hadn't had in the stable very long, and daresn't trust to Tom, Dick and Harry to drive; so I made up my mind I'd go and drive 'em myself. I tell you they was beauties, stranger; pretty nigh full-blood Morgans,—just as clean-legged and smooth-built as they ever grow, and full o' life; 'd get up and go for all was out, and yet just as gentle as kittens, if you knowed how to handle 'em. I've drove a good many horses in my day, stranger, but I never found anything quite up to a Morgan, and these was just about as nice Morgans as ever I see.

"Well, I rigged up, and lit out. Up to the house, the folks was all ready, a-waitin' out on the porch; I never noticed much about 'em, when I first drove up. You see, when a feller is a-drivin' for folks o' that stripe, about all he wants to do is to 'tend to his team, and mind his own business generally. But Lord, stranger, just as I was standin' there, waitin' for an old woman to get in, I heard some one laugh, comin' down the walk. Heavens, stranger, if you only could 'a' heard that laugh! I turned 'round, and there she was! Bless your life, stranger, it aint no use for me to try to tell you anything about her. I might talk from now till we get to Jackson, and then you wouldn't be no better off 'n you are now. You see, Dick's one o' them kind o' women that you've got to see to know about. She was about fourteen then, not much bigger round 'n my thumb, not very tall, but slim and graceful as a greyhound. And her eyes, and her lips, and teeth, and hair! Oh, it aint no use, stranger, I can't tell you nothin' about her now, no more'n I could then. There aint but one such face in this world.

"Well, she come laughin' down the walk, and lit into the carriage as though she didn't weigh an ounce, and I shut the door, climbed up, and drove off. Lord, stranger, I never took another such a ride as that in my life, afore or since. Why it just seemed to me I was a-sittin' on a cloud, and drivin' an angel right through the sky without ever touchin' ground. You see, that little team was just what I wanted, just as much like dream horses as you could get, and I just gave the little gals the ribbons, and they took 'em, you bet.

"Well, we drove up the river, and then away back o' town, up in the hills, and then down the river, and then back to the house. Dick got out first and ran 'round to the horses and began pettin' Kit. (That was the off one—the same one that I'd been pettin' all the way.) She patted her neck and stroked her head, and, finally, she just put her cheek right down on the filly's face. Kit stood there as quiet as a lamb. And Dick stood there a minute, and then she looked up to me and spoke to me,—the first words she ever said to me in her life. She just looked right at me—I'll be blowed, stranger, if it don't go over me now, just to think o' how she looked at me that evenin'—and then she says: 'You must be good to her, mister driver, for she's little and nice, and not very strong. Fix her up good to-night, wont you?—for she's been an awful long ways for us, and looks tired, poor little thing!'

"Well, stranger, mebbe that filly didn't get well 'tended to that night,—mebbe she didn't! But as near as I can recollect, I didn't leave the stable till about three o'clock in the mornin', and I'll bet you I went into that stall more'n fifty times, to see if there wa'n't something I could do for that little gal.

"Well, all this time I'd been drinkin' pretty steady. I took a drink that night afore I went to drive them folks. I always drank then, right along; didn't think I could do without it. But the next mornin', when I got up, I went right down to the stable, and never took a drop—somehow I couldn't. The first thing I done, I went into Kit's stall and petted her a little, when the boys wa'n't lookin', just as Dick had done. Hanged if I didn't put my face right down against hers, just as Dick done, and felt myself blush clear up to my ears when I done it, too. I kept that filly for more'n five years after that, and I wouldn't 'a' sold her then, only I had to.

"Well, I didn't drink nothin' for more'n a week, and I kind o' kept alone by myself a good deal. Two or three times I went up by the house where Dick had been, but I couldn't get a sight of her. She told me afterward that she went home the next day, up into the country. Then the boys, they got to makin' fun of me. You see I'd quit drinkin', and gamblin', and swearin' mostly—though that was the hardest to get rid of; I haint got quite clear o' that yet. But the boys, they asked me when I got religion, and how soon I was goin' to preachin', and all that; Lord, they hadn't no idea what really was the reason for my doin' as I did, or I reckon they'd 'a' just

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about run me out o' town makin' game of me. When they first begin blowin' I got mad about it, but I saw that only made things worse, so I finally give in, and went to drinkin' again.

"Well, by inquirin' 'round I found out where she lived, and who she was, and all about her. So, along the next spring, I went up that way, sort o' casual like, to buy some horses. I rigged up in the best I'd got, and I could sling it on pretty thick them days, too, if I tried, for it was afore the war and times was flush; I did a good business and owned all my stock. I got up there, and met the old man and talked business with him for a blind, and laid low and kept an eye out for Dick. I saw her at supper, and then I staid all night and spent the evenin' with the family. The old man had Dick play and sing for me. Lord, stranger, but she can sing! Oh no, she can't go so high as some of 'em; but somehow she's got a way of getting off a song that just double discounts anything else I ever heard.

"Oh, well, it's no use makin' a long story out of it! But anyhow, I used to go up there, off and on, for about two years, and I got well acquainted with her; and the better I got to know her, why, the oftener I went to see her. And then, finally, I got to takin' that little team o' blacks up there and goin' ridin' with her; and we used to ride, and talk, and have just the nicest times that two folks ever did have, I reckon. Well, one night we'd been a-ridin' till pretty late, and we got back and found all the folks had gone to bed. We drove up, and a nigger took the little gals to the barn, and Dick and I went and brought some chairs out onto the porch and set down. You see it was along in the fall, and cool nights, and it was full moon, and the porch fronted the south, and it was just too nice to go off and leave. So Dick and I set down there, and didn't say much for a good while—just looked at the sky and the hills and woods. It was about such a night for moonlight as it is out there now, only there wa'n't no snow. Well, while we'd been ridin' I'd been tellin' Dick about my life, and what a rough time I'd had, and all that; and she'd said just the best things to me about it, and told me how sorry she was for me, and so on; and sittin' there on the porch, we got to talkin' the matter over again; and finally, the first I knowed, I'd said it—just asked her to marry me, fair and square! Well, you just ought to 'a' seen her, stranger. She was sittin' in a kind o' low chair, and the moon was a-shinin' right square into her face, so that I could see her just as plain as day. She sat right still and trembled, and just looked right down at her feet, and that made her eyelashes come clear down on to her cheeks. And she's got the longest and cleanest-cut eyelashes I ever see. Well, she never said a word for more'n five minutes. Lord, it seemed like a young eternity to me! And then she looked up, and her eyes was brim full o' tears. She didn't really cry, you know, but just had her eyes full o' tears ready to fall, and tremblin' like, there in the moonlight; and she looked right at me for a minute, and then she says,—and her voice kind o' shook a little when she talked,—'Why, George! What made you say that?' (You see she'd got to know me so well that she just called me George without thinkin'.) 'I'm nothin' but a little girl, and you are a man grown. I never thought you come to see me because you wanted to marry me, but only because you liked me, just as I liked you.' Now wa'n't that a great speech to make to a feller? Oh well, I took it all back, told her to play I never said it, and all that; but somehow, after that night, she always seemed different. It just appeared as if she growed into a woman all in one night.

"It was a long time afore I ever said anything more to her about it. In fact, I don't know as I ever would 'a' said anything about it again, if she hadn't 'a' give me a chance to. I used to go up there, just the same, and go ridin' with her, and all that,—and we used to talk just the same, only about that. But one night, I was sittin' alone out on the porch, where I'd been smokin' with the old man, and the first thing I knew she come and kneeled right down afore me, and put both her hands into mine, and she says, 'George, I never answered that question you asked me so long ago. You haven't forgot it, have you? I've been thinkin' it all over, ever since, and I know now that I've loved you all the time. I don't quite see how it is that you should love me; but I know you do, or you wouldn't say so, and so I've come to say yes.' Well, stranger, may be you know a little how it is yourself about such times. But any how, right there, on that old porch, begun a little heaven below for me and Dick, and it haint let up yet, and we've seen some pretty rough times too, since then."

He paused suddenly, bending forward and listening intently; then, with a slight nod, he said, "That's all right. I was just

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waiting for us to strike a bad joint on this grade. But Jack is up to it." He then resumed:

"This was along in the fall. The old man give his consent, for I was gettin' on fine,—reckon I was good for about ten thousand them times,—and we never set no time to be married. But along in the winter I had a hard run o' luck. First I went on a note for a feller, and he broke, and I had to make it up. It was for somethin' over six thousand, and it run me pretty close to make the raise. That was when I sold Kit. Lord, but I did hate to see her go. But the money had to come. Then, after that, one Sunday night, when I was up to see Dick, the stable got afire, and burned up pretty much all I had left. Then in the spring the war broke out, and I always was a-blowin' round, talkin' just what I thought, no matter who heard, till finally it got too hot to hold me in that region any longer, and so I sold out most o' what I'd got left, and skipped out between two days, and got off to the North. I didn't get a chance to see Dick afore I left. Of course we all expected the thing 'd be all over in a few months any how, and then I thought Dick and me'd be all right again. So I come up here to Jackson, and pretty soon enlisted in the Michigan Cavalry, and went south again. For about a year we was with Halleck over on the Mississippi, but after a while I got transferred to Burnside's division, when he was over in East Tennessee after the Rebs, and went with him up to Knoxville, and you see when I got there I was on my old stampin' ground. Lord, I never thought I'd come back to the old town that kind o' way.

"Well, of course I was all the time thinkin' about Dick, and when I got back to the ville I was going to go right to work to hunt her up. But you see old Longstreet got after us,—got in below us, you know, and shut off our grub, and it took about as good as we'd got in the shop to hold things level for a while. Pretty soon, we got a whack at the old devil down at Fort Sanders, and we just everlastingly cleaned him out. That let up the siege, and we went back into Knoxville, and a part of us boys was detailed to guard the city. While the siege was goin' on things had been runnin' pretty loose all over town, and they looked kind o' rough; so, along about the middle o' January, I was put in charge of a squad o' men and teams to tidy up the city.

"All this time I hadn't heard a word from Dick or knowed a thing of her. You see, here it was more'n two years and a half since I'd seen her. But bless your soul, stranger, don't you think I was afraid she had gone back on me—not much! That aint her style. You see, when a woman does as Dick did that night out on the porch, she aint agoin' to give up and take the first feller that comes along. Oh, I know there's plenty o' men—and women, too, for that matter—that says they will; but such folks haint never known such a woman as Dick.

"Well, one day I was out with my men clearin' up, and I rode into a back yard—I was on horseback—where there was a big pile o' chips, kind o' all scattered round. I got off my horse, and went to the back door and knocked. A woman come to see who was there, and I told her that if she didn't take care o' them chips I should have to, and if she'd got a rake, I'd help her get 'em into shape; and we talked away there a while. She was kind o' sassy; some o' them Reb women was just old business in goin' for the boys, and givin' 'em fits gen'ally. So I stood there talkin' with the old lady, and kind o' devilin' her a little, and the door swung open a little more, and I saw there was another woman in the room. I saw her dress right through the crack between the door and the frame. I didn't think much of it in particular, though I always did somehow feel a little kind o' red in the face and sink-hearted like, when I'd see a woman that I couldn't get a fair enough sight at to tell what she looked like, especially if she was about Dick's size.

"While me and the old woman was talkin' there, this other woman somehow edged out, little by little, till the first I knowed I looked up, and as sure as shootin', stranger, there stood Dick! She was a little taller than when I saw her last, and looked pale and tired and anxious like, just as though she was a-watchin' and a-watchin' for something to come, and was all tuckered out waitin' for it.

"I tell you, it was about as much as I wanted to do to stand still, for about a minute. I knowed her as soon as I got my eye on her, but she didn't know me, for sure. You see I'd changed since she saw me last. I'd been drinkin' right along, and was red in the face, and had a full beard,—I always shaved, as I am now, in the old days,—so it wa'n't no wonder she didn't know me. But I just stopped

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short on my racket with the old woman, and looked Dick right square in the eye. I couldn't stand it no longer, and I just says, 'Dick!' and then—— There it is again, stranger! You see, when a fellow is talkin' about such things as these, there aint no words good enough to tell all you mean. For, you see, that little old time out on the porch begun right over again, just as though it had never stopped, and three years seemed like no time at all. She'd been in the city all through the siege, but somehow I'd missed her till then. But after that, of course, we was happier than ever.

"Her father had lost all his property, pretty near. His niggers had all run off, and the old man was in a bad fix. He was up at the old place, doin' the best he could to get along, and Dick was stayin' with her aunt in the ville. Dick told me that, after I skipped off north, her father said she should never marry that Yankee scoundrel; but that didn't make no difference. You see she's quiet enough, Dick is, but she's got a will of her own.

"But I wa'n't in no hurry about gettin' married. And so things run along for quite a while, till it got to be almost summer, —sometime about the middle o' May,— when things took a turn we weren't a-lookin' for.

"You see, I'd been drinkin' right along all this time. I never used to drink days when I was goin' up to see Dick, but all the rest o' the time, I was pretty full. I used to gamble, too, for all that was out.

"One day, it was the 19th o' May,—I'd been playin' draw poker all day long, and it seemed that day as though the more I drank, the better luck I had. Just about dark, I got orders to rig up a train o' wagons, and go down the country, across the river, for forage, that night. So I got out, and was just about ready to start, when one o' the boys come to me and says, 'George, do you calc'late to ever cage that canary o' your'n up there on the hill? If you do, you'd better be about it; for I heard to-day that the old man was in town, and that he allows to run her off to-night!' It beats every thing, stranger, how some such thing as that 'll brace a feller up when he's full. I was as sober as I am now inside o' two minutes. I turned 'round to the feller that told me, and says I, 'Charley, you take this train down the river, and get the boys to loadin' up, and I'll be there sometime in the night, to come back with you.' Well, I rode right off to the house where Dick was stayin', hitched my horse, and went in. As good luck would have it, the old man wasn't about, and Dick come runnin' to me as pale as a sheet, and tremblin' like a leaf, and told me that it was true, her father was goin' to run her off. Says I, 'Dick, look here. Do you want to marry me, just as I am, and to-night?' And she just come up and put her arms around my neck, and hid her face on my shoulder, and says, 'George, I'll marry you any time, and the sooner the better, for I can't be parted from you again.' Says I, 'That's all right, little girl! Just you put on your sun-bonnet, so as the folks wont think nothin' about it if they do see you, and go down to head-quarters, and I'll go and get the chaplain.'

"Well, as soon as we got the thing fixed up, I took her down to the hotel,—they'd just got a little house started there,—and I give the landlord a hundred dollars; told him that was my wife, and that he must keep her till I come back, for I'd got to go, and there might be some trouble; but if there was he must see her through. Then I went with Dick to her room, took off her sun-bonnet, kissed the tears out of her eyes, and then mounted my horse, and struck out.

"The old man come down after I was gone, but he found out it was all over, and no use raisin' a row, so he just made the best of it, and give Dick his blessin' like a sensible old davy as he was. You see, such old fellows hate to get beat, like the very devil, but just you clean 'em out, on the square, once or twice, and they'll come down as handsome as you please.

"Dick and I staid at the hotel for a couple o' weeks or so, and then we went to keepin' house. You see, the chances was that we should have to stay where we was for a good while, anyhow, and Dick wanted to keep house, so I let her. I was pretty flush for a while after my run o' luck on poker, and I made the most o' what I got on that haul. We got a nice little brick, that I could rent cheap, and bought a lot o' condemned Reb furniture, and set up in good style. The furniture was some of it A1. We had a mahogany bedstead, big high head-board, you know, and tall posts for curtains, and a rosewood dresser, and fine chairs, and all that sort o' thing. It was just nobby; and the way Dick used to fix up that house was a caution, I tell you. I got a nigger woman to do the

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work, and the first thing we knowed, why here we was, all set up, as if for keep.

"But you see I kep' on drinkin' pretty steady all the while. That night when Dick and I was married, and I went ridin' off alone, down the river there, I got to thinkin' over this drinkin' business, and about concluded I'd quit; but when I got back, of course the boys made me set 'em up for the weddin', and that got me started again, and when a feller gets started once, stranger, you see it's pretty hard to stop. But I took it kind o' easy, and was careful never to get chuck full, and I got along so well, that way, that I just about begun to think I could do that thing, right along, just drink enough, and let the rest alone. But I tell you, stranger, if a feller thinks he's agoin' to play that game, and win, he's fooled, sooner or later, you bet; it'll beat the oldest man that ever lived.

"But everything went on smooth as a dollar for about three months, and Dick grew better and better, every day, and we was as happy as the day was long,—all only my drinkin'.

"But one day, along in August, it was all-killin' hot, and I got to goin', and was full afore I knew it, and the boys took me home at night drunk as the devil! Oh, my God, stranger! it don't seem as though it could be true, but it is: I was just beastly drunk—mad drunk. I yelled, and cursed, and tore 'round gen'ally. But Dick just got the boys off that had brought me home as quick as she could, and then she got my feet into hot water, and bathed my head, and bound it up with cold cloths, as tender as though I'd been a baby. After a while she got me quiet, and I went to sleep, and slept like a log, till morning.

"When I woke up, about four o'clock, I was lyin' on the front side o' the bed, with my face to the back. There was a lamp burnin', and soon as ever I opened my eyes, I saw Dick lyin' there lookin' right at me, and she says, 'George, do you want anything?' just as though I was the weakest and sickest man in the world, and she just dyin' with pity for me. My head felt as though it was about as big as the moon, and my throat was as dry and hot as the road to hell. So I told her I'd like a drink o' water but that I'd get up and get it. But afore I could stir, she'd bounced out over the foot o' the bed, and had it for me. It was the first time Dick had ever seen me drunk, or anything but just as kind and gentle as I knew how to be; but she never said a cross word to me. She never cried and took on, the way some women does; but was just as kind and lovin' to me, as though I was the best man in the whole business. Oh, I tell you, Dick's a woman, she is!

"But, stranger, you can't have much notion o' how I felt, about that time. You see if a woman snarls 'round, and cries, and snuffles, and calls in the preacher to pray with you, and talks to the neighbors about such things, why, then, it kind o' gives a feller some excuse for goin' to the devil; but to have her do as Dick did,—never say one word o' blame,—why, then, you see, it don't give a feller anything to go on, and it just cut me up worse'n anything ever I struck afore in my life.

"Well, we got up and got some breakfast, and then we went into the little parlor we had, and I took Dick on my lap, and pulled her head down on my shoulder, and put both arms around her, and then I couldn't stand it any longer; and I just broke right out, 'Oh, Dick!' but that was as far as I got, for then we both broke down and cried. Lord, stranger!—to think o' Dick doin' that, and my makin' her do it.

"After a while I said, 'Dick, by the ever-livin' God, this shall never happen again!' but she put her hand over my mouth, and says she, 'Hush, George. Don't say such an awful thing.' You see Dick's religious, and she couldn't bear to hear me say such a fearful oath. 'Don't say so,' she says, 'for if you can't keep such a vow, don't make it, and break it, for that will only make a bad matter worse.' And then says she, 'George, you know it will just about kill me to have you drink so, but I don't care for that; it'll kill you, too. So, if you can quit, do, and I'll do everything in the world for you." And then she hid her face again, and cried. Oh, it seemed as I should go wild! I sat there and held her, as she sobbed, and cursed myself, to myself, for a heartless devil. I couldn't find curses bad enough for me; but the more I cursed myself, the worse I seemed. And pretty soon Dick looked up, and she says, 'George, am I to blame for this? Have I been a kind of poor, weak wife to you, instead of the good, noble woman you deserve, and so you've been disappointed, and gone to drinking on account of it? Oh, if I have——'

"I didn't hardly mean to tell you that last, stranger; but you see I'm at it, and I might as well tell it all. Did you ever hear

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anything like it in all your life?—to have her blame herself for my drinkin', when I'd been at it for more'n ten years, and wa'n't fit to be thought of in the same year with her! But that's just like Dick. Oh, she's a woman, she is! I can't tell you anything about it, stranger. But anyhow, I just promised Dick by all that was holy, that this should be the last time, and I'd quit forever. And I meant to keep my promise, when I made it. I did, so help me God!

"Well, we sat there, and by and by Dick felt better, and she said just the best things to me,—didn't say one word against me, you know, and kind o' kept talkin' quiet-like about other things, till we both got to feelin' happy again, almost as though nothin' had gone wrong. And then, just afore I had to go, Dick says, 'George, I want to say a little prayer.' And so we kneeled down together, and she put both her hands in mine and hid her face on my neck, and she prayed. She says, 'Oh, Father in heaven, help George to be what he really is, the best man in the world; and help me to be to him the best wife that ever lived. Amen.' Stranger, there aint many words in that prayer; but if the best preacher that ever went to glory had 'a' prayed a month, he couldn't 'a' said anything better'n that. "And then we stood up, and Dick kissed me, and I went out and started down to head-quarters.

"Now, it may seem strange to you, and almost out o' reason, stranger; but as sure as you live, after all that, prayin' and all, *I stopped and got a drink afore I got down town!* It's a fact! Not fifteen minutes after Dick had said that little prayer, and I'd swore I'd never touch another drop, I'd swallowed a glass o' whisky straight. That seems awful, don't it? Well, it was; but it didn't seem so to me then. I didn't mean to be such a confounded liar and sneak as I really was. You see, I made myself think it was the best thing to do. As Joe Jefferson says in 'Rip,' I thought I wouldn't count that time. (I tell you he can play that enough to raise a feller's hair, that knows what's what.) You see, I was all unstrung in my nerves from my spree the day afore, and Dick gettin' hold o' me the way she did unstrung me all the worse; and I thought I'd take just one glass for medicine—just to brace up, you know, and steady my nerves. That's the way I reasoned to myself. But it was all a fraud—just a hellish fraud, and nothing else. What I really wanted was straight whisky, and that's the way with all these fellers that quit only just for medicine, and take bitters, and blackberry cordial, and tincture o' rhuburb, and all that kind o' truck. Oh, I know how they do, for I've been there, and lied it out with the best of 'em."

The train stopped at a station and my companion stepped out upon the platform to banter the boys who were braking a down freight. Returning, he went on:

"I tell you, stranger, man's a curious animal. He'll not only lie to others about whisky, but he'll lie to himself. He'll lie just as fast as he can talk, about anything connected with his drinkin'. That's a pretty rough thing to say, but it's so, and there's millions o' men'd tell you so, if they'd be honest, but they wont be, that's what's the matter with 'em. You see, what a man wants is somebody that he can go to, and just know that they know him from head to foot,—know how infernally weak, and sneakin', and lyin', and mean he is, on this whisky business, and then give himself up and tell 'em the whole thing, just as it is, keep nothin' back, and then have 'em keep track of him. I don't mean in any sneakin' kind of a way, as though they kind o' felt above him, and looked down on him, as though he was a poor devil that they had to be bored by lookin' after; not that, but look after him as a mother would after her baby that was weak, and sick, and couldn't go alone, and had to be helped. I tell you that's what a feller wants when he gets to goin' on whisky! But, Lord, just signin' a pledge don't amount to much, to a real old soaker, if he haint got some friend to back him up.

"Now, you see how it was with me. I promised, just as sacredly as I could, never to drink again, and I meant to do as I said, and yet I've told you just what I did. You see, *I got off alone and got beat by a good excuse.* Well, I took one drink and it steadied me down, and made me feel so good, that pretty soon I took another. You see, I thought then I'd kinder taper off, and it would be easier. That's another good excuse, you see. And that night I went home and spoke up as cheerful to Dick as though it was all right, and I'd kept my word, and she let on as though she thought I had. *And that's where we both missed it!* You see, Dick knew I'd been drinkin', but she loved me so she couldn't bear to let me know she did, and I thought I'd drunk once, and she didn't find me out, and so I

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could again. But the thing run along, and every day I'd drink more or less, and just a-cussin' myself for it every time, too, but still keepin' at it, till one day about a month after my first spree I got to goin' again, and it was the same old story right over, only worse. Stranger, there aint nobody but what's been through something o' the kind that knows anything about it.

"Well, I was brought home again drunker'n ever. But Dick was just the same. She never said, 'I told you so,' or anything like that, but got right to work to get me through, as she did afore, only gentler and better, if such a thing could be.

"It's no use tellin' you about gettin' over that time. It was just about as it was afore, only I was more discouraged, and Dick better and braver'n ever.

"I wanted to promise her again, that this should be the last time, but she said no, as she did afore. But I promised, anyhow, and Dick prayed God to help me to keep my promise, and I meant to, then, more'n ever before; but inside of a week, I was at it again, on the sly. I didn't let even the boys know o' my drinkin'. And I tell you, stranger, when it comes to that, a fellow's got about as low down as he can get.

"So I kep' on till about the first o' November, lyin' to get my liquor, lyin' about drinkin' it, and all the while thinkin' I'd stop. But one day I got on a slide again, and I don't believe I ever did get so full afore. I was fightin' drunk, and that night the boys carried me home on a shutter. Oh, I was used up bad. But Dick begun on me just as before, without a word.—— I don't hardly know whether to tell you all o' this or not, stranger.—Yes, I will—you wont know all o' what a woman Dick is, if I don't.

"Well, after the boys went away, and Dick was workin' over me, I got wild. I raved, and tore 'round the house, broke the furniture, drove the nigger woman out o' the house, and worse'n all, I—I struck Dick! Yes, I did, stranger,—struck her right over the head, with the round of a chair, and cut a gash two inches long, just over her left eye. She carries the mark o' that blow to this day.

"The blow knocked her down for a minute, but she got up and never minded herself, but just 'tended to me, and the blood a-runnin' all down her face—Dick's face, you understand. Well, when I see the blood on her face it kind o' scared me, and after a while Dick got me quiet and off to sleep, and then she went out and got the surgeon, and had her forehead sewed up, and then come back home and sat up with me all night. Oh, you don't begin to know yet what kind of a woman Dick is! That's what she did, stranger. There aint one woman in a million that would 'a' done it, but she did, and would 'a' done it again, if she'd had to, God bless her.

"When I woke up in the morning, Dick was movin' 'round the room tryin' to get a little breakfast. You see the nigger didn't come back after I drove her out, and I don't blame her. I rolled over and got out o' bed, pulled on my clothes, and chucked my feet into an old pair o' slippers, and shuffled toward the door. Dick says, 'Where are you goin', George?' 'I'm goin' out to get a drink,' says I, as harsh as I could speak. (I never spoke to her like that when I was sober, afore or since.) 'I'm gone to the devil any how, and I might as well make a clean job of it while I'm at it. I've been drinkin' right along ever since I promised you to quit, and I can't stop, so I might as well go fast, while I'm goin',' and I started out. Then Dick says, 'George, you needn't to go, I've got some whisky here.' And she went to the closet and took out a quart flask, full, and give it to me! She did, for a fact, stranger! *She'd gone out in the night and got that bottle filled for me to drink!*

"Well, I drank about half the bottle without ever takin' it from my lip and between then and eight o'clock I drank the balance. That steadied me a little, and I eat a little breakfast, and then I went and sat down on the bed by Dick. I didn't say a word. What could I say? I just set down and took hold of her hand. Oh, my God, stranger! It makes me almost faint now to think o' that mornin'.

"Dick was pale, her head was bandaged up, and she'd been sittin' up with me all night. But she let me take her hand, and hold it, too. And she never said one word against me for drinkin', or breakin' up the furniture, or strikin' her, or anything. And we set there, that way, for about five minutes, not sayin' a word, but just lookin' down on the floor and thinkin'. And then Dick says, quiet like, 'George, you can't last long at this rate. I've knowed all the time since you come home that first night, that in spite of all your promises, you was drinkin' all the time, and I did wrong not

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to let you know I knowed it, but I didn't think it would ever be so bad as this. But George, even if you have got so in the habit of drinkin' that you can't stop, can't you do this?—get your liquor and bring it home and drink it here, and not try to deceive me, or have those awful men bring you home so off from the street.'

"I tell you, stranger, that let daylight through me. I saw then that Dick knew me through and through,—that she knew what a lyin'.devil I'd been, and had knowed it all the time. Pretty soon she put her arms around my neck, and said, 'George, you know I'd die in a minute to save you. I promised, when I married you, that I'd stand by you, and be a true wife to you, as long as I lived, and I'll do it; for in your heart of hearts you're the best man in the world, and I can't bear to have you away from me when you're wild with liquor. Oh, George, George! you must not get away from me. I know it all. You are a noble man, but the fiends have got hold of you, and made you what you never shall be; for you and I together will beat them, with God's help and blessing. You must tell me everything after this, and I'll do the same to you. If you must drink, drink here at home with me, and never try to deceive me; but love me, and trust me, and I will you, and then we'll win, for God will bless our honesty and love.' That's what she said, stranger. 'You needn't promise me that you wont drink,' she says, 'only, if you do drink, come and tell me all about it, and just how you broke down, and we'll try again to make that weak place strong. If you can help it, don't ever drink without askin' my advice about it. Don't make excuses why you should drink, without tellin' me about them, and together we can do what we can never do apart.'

"Well, stranger, that got me! You see, there wa'n't nobody, nor nothin', in heaven or on earth, that could 'a' done for me what Dick did. And she just said another one o' them little prayers o' hers, and then I kissed her and prayed the first real prayer I ever prayed in my life,—just prayin' God to bless her,—and then I went out to my work. And afore God, stranger, from that day to this, I've never put a drop o' liquor between my lips, and I never will! As soon as I see that Dick knowed it all, and made up my mind to go to her when I couldn't go alone—then I was all right.

"And so I quit, and all hell couldn't make me begin again, and Dick knows it. She never says anything to me about it, never asks me about it, or suspects me; but we just understand each other in a quiet way, and that's enough. I've learned to distrust myself and to trust Dick. Oh, Dick's a woman, she is!

"We've had a lot o' trouble since then, but we've been mighty happy, and Dick's always tryin' to comfort me and help me, and keeps up wonderful herself.

"Lately she's been beggin' me to leave the road. She's lonesome, I'm away so much, and I've been thinkin' for a good while I'd quit, and now I've made up my mind to, any how. The last trip but one that I made, one of the boys that was brakin' on the freight just ahead o' ours, fell off between the cars somehow, and was all cut up. Well, Dick found out about it, and it nearly set her wild, for she said I'd be brought home that way sometime, and then she'd be left all alone. And she begged me so hard that I told her I'd quit.

"So after I got into Chicago this mornin', I took the passenger back to Michigan City, to meet the pay-car there, and get my discharge. I can get something to do, I know, and Dick says if I can't she's got a sewin'-machine and two wash-tubs, and she'll take in sewin' and washin' rather'n have me on the road. But I don't think I see her doin' that, just yet,—not while I'm alive.

"It'll be two o'clock to-night when I get home, but Dick knows I'm comin'. I telegraphed her this evenin', and she'll be up, and have the coziest little fire and the nicest cup o' coffee, and a little supper made up, that ever was in all the world. And she'll hear me come a-crumpin' along on the sidewalk, and she'll open the door and the light'll shine out —— oh, say, stranger, you couldn't stop over one train and come up and see Dick, could you? Oh well, that's so, 'business is business,' and if you can't, why it's all right; only I'd like to have you know Dick, that's all. For she's the best woman the Lord ever made, and, in spite of all our troubles, she's one o' the happiest women that lives, and I reckon that man don't breathe that's any happier or prouder'n I be. I don't, stranger, for a fact.

"Well, here we are, all safe as a dollar. I thought Jack 'u'd take her through all right. 'Taint every feller that could 'a' done it though, you want to know. Good-night. I've talked a good deal to you,

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but then I've had something good to talk about, that's one thing sure. Good-night! God bless you!

"Oh! I say, stranger, Jack has pulled her down a little further'n common to-night. The brakes didn't hold, I guess, and if it was daylight, I could show you the house where we live, right from here. It's up on the hill, right up to the head o' this street. I'll tell you, though; the train 'll stand here ten minutes, while they change engines, and, if you was to keep watch, may be you'd see the light shine out when Dick opens the door! Good-night. Good-night, stranger!"

He stepped briskly out along the walk, swinging his lantern as he went. I stood and watched the swaying spark far up the street, following it, as on another morning, and in another land, a band of hopeful hearts followed the light that led them to the place where Love Divine had made its home. It grew fainter and fainter in the distance, but ever swung to and fro, till, like the star of old, it came to the place where Love was, and there, like that, it stood.

Suddenly a broad gleam of golden light flashed out into the darkness. It glimmered for a moment and was gone. The door had closed upon George and Dick, shutting them into the sacred radiance of their home, and into my heart forever.

THE UNKNOWN SHIP.

THE white foam broke the livelong day;
The scudding clouds hung harsh and gray;
The sea-mew fled; and cold and dead
The near horizon lay.

Over the shingle's slippery path
The hissing waters slid in wrath,
Cutting the long brown sea-weed down
As a mower cuts his swath.

The rack of a wild, disheveled sky
Flashed on, as war-steeds frighted fly;
And the swollen sea, like a life to be,
Broke with a bitter cry.

Far up, the coast-lamp's fiery head
Watched like a watcher of the dead;
Misted and dim the sea-line's rim
Dipped in its ocean bed.

What is that form so far away,
Mingled and mixed with the dying day?
Nay! 'tis no form, but a phantom born
From the wraith of the dashing spray.

Born of the spray—the billow's sheath!
The shipwrecked mariner's funeral wreath!
The foam that flies in drowning eyes,
Choking the struggler's breath!

What is yon form? It is gliding nearer;
Bold is the hand of its ghostly steerer!
"Down, helmsman, down!" but the hoarse waves drown
The ears of the phantom hearer.

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The twilight shuts like a prison door;
Louder and shriller the breakers roar;
And the wind's wild rout blows the watch-fire out,
Built up on the rocky shore.

All night long the gale had sway;
Men shuddered and dreaded the dawning day;
Till the morning came with an angry flame
Where the sky and the waters lay.

But where was the unknown ship that passed
With her sails blown out on the streaming blast?
With her silent crew and her weird lights blue
At the peak of her straining mast!

She loomed through the tempest; she vanished away
In peril and storm ere the break of day:
Thus the story is told! for never hath rolled
Cargo nor coffer from cabin or hold,
Corpse of sailor nor glittering gold,
To the beach of that rock-bound bay.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Popular Wisdom.

A DISCUSSION has recently been brought to a close in "The Nineteenth Century," under the title, "A Modern Symposium," on the question: "Is the popular judgment in politics more just than that of the higher orders?" The leading participants in this discussion were Messrs. Gladstone, Grey, Hutton, Lowe, and Lord Arthur Russell. The most that seems to be proved is that much may be said on both sides, though the preponderance of opinion seems to be on the affirmative side of the question. Much is made in the discussion of the parliamentary history of the last seventy years, in its exhibition of the popular judgment upon political matters. After all, Mr. Lowe puts the matter in a nutshell when he says: "Take two persons, one from the lower and one from the higher classes, and propose to them any political question,—which will be likely to give you a right answer, the man who has had some kind of education, or the man who has not passed beyond a very moderate acquaintance with reading and writing, probably somewhat the worse for wear?" The massing or multiplication of ignorance can hardly amount to wisdom. The best men will do the best thinking and the best work.

We have in this country, as they have in England, the curse of trades unions, and it seems to us that the management of these in America has pretty conclusively proved that what would be called in England the "lower orders," have the very poorest judgment. Certainly, no educated, intelligent man, or body of men, would pursue the course of these men in the management of their interests. Nothing more utterly suicidal can be imagined than the policy which inaugurates and perpetuates strikes, and organizes for labor a struggle with capital as its enemy. In the long depression of industrial interests from which this country has suffered, we have seen capital keeping labor employed, sometimes at a loss, never at a profit, and always for the benefit of labor, while labor has quarreled with its bread and butter. Even under these extreme circumstances, laborers have struck for higher wages, and compelled the closing of mills and the shutting down of gates; and when business has revived, and capital has at last won its chance for a modest remuneration, the most unreasonable demands from labor have made its enterprise a torment. Nothing more unfair than the demands of labor, and nothing more unwise than its action, can be imagined. Everybody but the laborers themselves have seen that they have done themselves harm and not good, and that the result of their policy has been bad upon every interest involved. Certainly we are not to regard the outcome of trades unions in this country as an evidence of the superiority of the judgment of the common people in politics. Men who manage their own affairs so badly can hardly be regarded as fit men to guide the state. Men who are incapable of seeing that other interests beside their own must thrive, or the latter can have no basis of thrift, could not be trusted with legislation.

We doubt whether there was ever a time in the history of the country when Congress was more a representative of the popular will than at present, and we have good reason to believe that the nation

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has never seen the time when every good interest was in such dread of Congress as it is at present. If Congress could not meet again for the next five years, there is hardly an interest or a class in the community that would not feel profoundly relieved. The members of both houses have, in so many instances, come from their constituencies so possessed by and charged with crude theories of government and finance, based in popular ignorance and caprice, that the country at large has no faith in them. The popular estimate of the silver question and the soft money question, in many localities that make themselves felt in Congress, is absolutely dangerous to every political, commercial and industrial interest. There are multitudes to-day who honestly believe that the resumption of specie payments is a great public calamity—that an honest dollar is a curse to a poor man—that the poor man is harmed by the fact that a dollar in paper is as good as a dollar in gold. Still the heresy lingers in the popular mind in many localities that money can, by some process, be made cheap, so that by some hocus-pocus the poor man can get hold of it without paying its equivalent for it. They do not reason upon the subject at all. They seem incapable of understanding that no value can be acquired without paying for it, and that a good dollar will buy just as much more of the commodities of life as it is dearer than "a cheap dollar." They have but to look back a few years to the time of cheap money: their labor, it is true, commanded nominally a large price, but their rent was twice what it is now, and food and clothing were proportionally dearer than they are now; but this seems to teach them nothing. They seem incapable of comprehending the fact that by an unchangeable law money will command only what it is worth, and will certainly command from them what it is worth. They have an idea that there should be more money when it is the testimony of all who know that the volume of money is quite large enough for all purposes, only it cannot be had without rendering an equivalent for it. It has to be worked for and earned, but when it is acquired it is good money, without any discount,—competent to enter the markets of the world on even terms.

The popular estimate and treatment of the silver question are as wild as the popular estimate and treatment of the soft money question. The effect that silver was to have upon the laboring man's interests was to be little less than miraculous. It was to increase his debt-paying power. No wise financier could see how this was to be done. Nobody wanted the silver to handle, and nobody wants it now, when he can get gold or paper, but there were sections of the people represented in Congress, who believed there was in silver a panacea for their financial ills; but they have learned that a silver dollar costs as much as any other dollar, and that its coinage does nothing toward putting it into their pockets. So the dollars which everybody dislikes accumulate in the treasury, and go on accumulating, for the business world has no use for them.

Nearly all these financial schemes have had their birth in ignorant brains, have been adopted by ignorant people, and pushed in Congress by demagogues fresh from the people, and sworn to the service of those who sent them. These men, representing these people, are the bane and terror of the country, in all its great interests and enterprises. So true is this that the one danger that stands as a menace of all national prosperity and safety is Congress. We dread Congress as we do pestilence. It is a stench and an abomination. It was well that the writers of "A Modern Symposium" did not appeal to the present conduct of American affairs for evidence of the superiority of the political wisdom of the common people. They certainly would have appealed in vain. Everything in our history shows us that brains, well cultivated, are needed for government. In great crises, when the moral element is involved, when right and wrong are to be decided upon, and the patriotic sentiment and impulse are to be appealed to, the people can be trusted, but of the science of government, of true political wisdom, and of the knowledge of political economy, they are as innocent as children, and cannot be trusted to take care of themselves.

Good Talking.

THERE is an impression among people who talk and write that the art of conversation has died, or is dying out; that there are not as many remarkable talkers in the world as there were, and that the present generation will leave no such records of brilliant conversation as some of its predecessors have done. We suspect that the impression is a sound one, and that for some reason, not apparent on the surface, less attention has been bestowed upon the art of talking than formerly. It may be that the remarkable development of the press which has given opportunity for expression to everybody, with a great audience to tempt the writer, has drawn attention from an art demanding fine skill, with only the reward of an audience always limited in numbers, and an influence quite incommensurate with the amount of vitality expended.

Still, there are doubtless many who would like to be good talkers. Social importance and consideration are perhaps more easily won by the power of good talking than by any other means, wealth and the ability to keep a hospitable house not excepted. A really good talker is always at a social premium, so that a knowledge of the requisites of good talking will be of interest to a great many bright people. For it must be confessed that men's ideas of the art are very crude and confused. When we talk of "the art of conversation" people really do not know what we mean. They do not know what the art is, or how it may be cultivated; or, indeed, that it is anything more than a natural knack.

The first requisite of a good talker is genuine social sympathy. A man may not say, out of some selfish motive, or some motive of personal policy, "Go to! I will become a good talker." He must enjoy society, and have a genuine desire to serve and please. We have all seen the talker who talks for his own purposes, or talks to please himself.

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He is the well-known character—the talking bore. The talker who gets himself up for show, who plans his conversations for an evening, and crams for them, becomes intolerable. He lectures: he does not converse; for there is no power of a talker so delightful as that of exciting others to talk, and listening to what his own inspiring and suggestive utterances have called forth. Genuine social sympathy and a hearty desire to please others are necessary to produce such a talker as this, and no other is tolerable. Social sympathy is a natural gift, and there is a combination of other gifts which constitute what may be called *esprit*, that are very essential to a good talker. This combination includes individuality, tact and wit—the talents, aptitudes, and peculiar characteristic charm which enable a man to use the materials of conversation in an engaging way, entirely his own; for every good talker has his own way of saying good things, as well as of managing conversation based on his *esprit*.

Yet it is true that there are no good talkers who depend upon their natural gifts and such material as they get in the usual interchanges of society. For the materials of conversation we must draw upon knowledge. No man can be a thoroughly good talker who does not know a great deal. Social sympathy and "the gift of gab" go but a short way toward producing good conversation, though we hear a great deal of this kind of talk among the young. Sound and exact knowledge is the very basis of good conversation. To know a great many things well is to have in hand the best and most reliable materials of good conversation. There is nothing like abundance and exactness of knowledge with which to furnish a talker. Next to this, perhaps, is familiarity with polite literature. The faculty of quoting from the best authors is a very desirable one. Facts are valuable, and thoughts perhaps are quite as valuable, especially as they are more stimulating to the conversation of a group. The talker who deals alone in facts is quite likely to have the talk all to himself, while the man who is familiar with thoughts and ideas, as he has found them embodied in literature, becomes a stimulator of thought and conversation in those around him. Familiarity with knowledge and with the products of literary art cannot be too much insisted on as the furniture of good conversation.

Beyond this, the good talker must be familiar with the current thought and events of his time. There should be no movement in politics, religion and society that the good talker is not familiar with. Indeed, the man who undertakes to talk at all must know what is uppermost in men's minds, and be able to add to the general fund of thought and knowledge, and respond to the popular inquiry and the popular disposition for discussion. The man who undertakes to be a good talker should never be caught napping, concerning any current topic of immediate public interest.

How to carry and convey superiority of knowledge and culture without appearing to be pedantic, how to talk out of abundant stores of information and familiarity with opinion without seeming to preach, as Coleridge was accused of doing, belongs, with the ability to talk well, to "the art of conversation." It has seemed to us that if young people could only see how shallow and silly very much of their talk is, and must necessarily be, so long as they lack the materials of conversation, they would take more pains with their study, would devote themselves more to the best books, and that, at least, they would acquire and maintain more familiarity with important current events. To know something is the best cure for neighborhood gossip, for talk about dress, and for ten thousand frivolities and sillinesses of society. Besides, a good talker needs an audience to understand and respond to him, and where is he to find one if there is not abundant culture around him?

A Reply from Mr. Kiddle.

WE have received the following letter from Mr. Henry Kiddle:

TO THE EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY:

Will you permit me the privilege of a reply to the paper on my book which you published in the July number of the Monthly?

This book has received a peculiar treatment at the hands of critics,—very naturally, of course, and certainly not unexpected by me. The history of literature shows that of all writers literary critics are the most shallow, the most pretentious and dogmatic, and the most unreliable in their judgment and utterances. Of my book you say, "It has come, and has *gone*"; but this statement only shows how little you really know of the success of the book thus far, and how unable you are to judge of its future. The class for whom you write may, indeed, reject it upon your arbitrary dictum; but tens of thousands who never read a page of SCRIBNER will peruse this book with satisfaction, and "pass it around" to be read by others. Were you to read the letters which I have received from those who have read the book faithfully and humbly, you would perceive your mistake in the form of the participle used, and say not "gone" but "*going*."

Now, my dear sir, will you seriously assert that you have fairly reviewed this book? Ignoring every claim set up, and sought to be established in this certainly remarkable volume, you have undertaken to judge it exclusively from a literary stand-point; and even from this stand-point you have misjudged it—denounced it not only wrongfully and unjustly, but in terms which should never have fallen from your pen—in language which I can show is far more deficient in rhetorical and grammatical propriety than any which you can point out in my book. You say: "There is not one sentence in it, from beginning to end, to indicate a heavenly origin, but everything to show that it is the offspring of a very commonplace and immature mind;" that its literary quality is "simply and irredeemably wretched;" that all the communicating intelligences "write exactly alike;" that all "utter the same 'hifalutin'' pious slang;" that it is "simply impossible bosh;" that the communicating intelligence must be an "unconscionable liar;" etc., etc. Are these the choice phrases and epithets,—is this the pure English that "passes muster" in a magazine office?

To disprove your sweeping assertions, I should have to quote a large part of the book; but I will cite a few passages that seem *to me* to "indicate a heavenly origin":

1. [From Bryant.] "In my own home on earth, I was respected for talents and mental capacities; while *here* I exhibit characteristics that outshine human faculties, and all the actions of my life stand forth in my external appearance, as never to be conceived of by mortal power. Take heed, friends, that in this judgment each day, each hour, each moment, bear testimony to the righteous working of your souls for God's glory."

Now, I ask, does not that express a most important, nay, an awful truth, with an appropriate injunction? And could it have been said in much better or stronger language?

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2. [From J. Edmonds.] "Think of a life of sin to be gazed at by a multitude of angels, good and bad. Will you be satisfied to say Amen! to that? Alas! methinks, you will strive to hide yourselves under your *lies*, if you can find a spot to escape to. But in this you will never succeed, *for the eyes of the blind see there*, and the picture, as it were, which you present, is one of pleasure or disgust."

In other words, in spirit life, you appear to yourself and to others *just as you are*.

3. [From Dr. Muhlenberg.] "Earnestly I entreat you as the sons of God to do good deeds, to clear your heart from malice and hate; to practice the teachings and sacred precepts of your Bible, and to love God *as the spirits* delight in doing; and oh! oh! the light of earth will flee away to enchanting visions of rapturous bliss."

Certainly this *appears* to have a heavenly origin.

I refer you also to the communications from Edgar Poe, Bishop Janes, and several of those from Judge Edmonds, for specimens of heavenly thoughts in good English. If all this is "simply impossible bosh," according to your taste and conception, I can only say I am sorry for such a taste. To my mind it presents considerable divinity, both in thought and style; and many of the statements made are such as could have emanated only from those having experience in the world beyond our own.

Now as to the literary objections. These are of course hard to meet, since there is no fixed standard of literary or poetical excellence. You say, "Byron simply could not have written these lines, and every literary man in the world knows it." What lines do you refer to? To the following, descriptive of the spirits in darkness?

"Oh! my friends in God's love, whose hapless fate
It is now to feel, when, alas! too late,
The sorrows that come from a sinful career,
Not mine to exult; but in anguish and fear
To gaze into that dark abyss of wo, where
They are suffering the horrors of black despair;
While sighing and mourning, and lingering awhile
Round the sacred ashes of a funeral pile.
Oh! dark is the vision for them and for me,
For, alas! too plainly my spirit can see
That no ray of light is around them thrown,
All hope in the mercy of God having flown."

Now, I ask which is the more poetical, correct in rhythm and expression, and the more beautiful in imagery,—the above, or the following, from Byron's poem, "The Island," descriptive of the shipwrecked mariners?

"But 'tis not mine to tell their tale of grief,
Their constant peril, and their scant relief;
Their days of danger, and their nights of pain;
Their manly courage even when deem'd in vain;
The sapping famine, rendering scarce a son
Known to his mother in the skeleton;
The ills that lessen'd still their little store,
And starved even Hunger till he wrung no more."

In this brief article, I cannot discuss the points you raise in regard to Shakspere. Your dictum at the close of the article shows so clearly your utter ignorance (excusable, of course) of the whole subject of which this book treats, that it only provokes a smile, and I let it pass.

Now, Mr. Editor, you speak very kindly of me as a man and an official. You accredit me with far more ability than I claim. We have been so circumstanced as to know each other very well. Now, it does of course appear to you astonishing that such a "hard-headed, keen-minded possessor of common sense," as you say the editor of this book is, should have presented this narrative to the public. Your present solution is that he has suddenly lost all the good and strong mental qualities you attribute to him; but let me ask you to reconsider this solution, and see if you cannot devise another. Suppose all these messages are really authentic; and suppose also that you had had the *actual experience* in receiving them, and were convinced of their authenticity, and their importance to the world in its present state of materialism, infidelity, selfishness, vice and crime; would you have been willing to face the scoffing and derision of the world in performing your duty to make them known to mankind? Well, this is what I have done: and I have never wavered in my faith that the future results will fully justify me in the sacrifice which I have made.

Very truly your friend,

HENRY KIDDLE.

[1. We admit the above reply for the same reason that we originally noticed Mr. Kiddle's book—from personal regard for the author, and not on account of any special importance in the book itself.

2. When a man cites such extracts as the above, to prove the heavenly origin of "Spiritual Communications," there is, of course, nothing to be done with him. We can only fold our hands helplessly, and exclaim: "Is it possible that an educated man, in his senses, can put forward this twaddle and doggerel, and earnestly argue his justification from it?" Think of the dear, modest, old Bryant, talking about himself in the way the extract represents! And think of Dr. Muhlenberg exclaiming: "And oh! oh! the light of earth will flee away to enchanting visions of rapturous bliss!" Things like these amount to inexcusable slanders upon the dead.

3. Mr. Kiddle calls attention to his heroism in promulgating his book. We could have more respect for this if we did not so profoundly pity the weakness and credulity which first accepted the "communications" as genuine, and the blindness which has thus far failed to discover in these crude and insignificant utterances the poor, thin rhapsodies of his mistaken children.

4. We understand the character of Mr. Kiddle's audience and do not doubt that it will be large among those already prepared to accept him and his book. The people who, the other day, in a Western town, held a wedding party for the marriage of a daughter in the spirit world, who died three weeks old, to a son of President Pierce, have, doubtless, a copy of Mr. Kiddle's book in the house. They are, we presume, just as firm in the belief of this marriage, in a country where "they neither marry nor are given in marriage," as Mr. Kiddle is in the authenticity and importance of the celestial nonsense contained in his book, and can offer just as good reasons for it.

5. We have watched the effect of the delusion which has taken possession of Mr. Kiddle upon a great number of people. When it has seized upon a gross man it has usually purified him at the beginning, by a very natural process; but there is no growth in it, and it has usually ended in a process of degeneration. Men cannot live upon the east wind. We dismiss Mr. Kiddle sadly and hopelessly to his new companionships and new influences.]

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HOME AND SOCIETY.

Parlor Plays.

MR. EDMUND W. GOSSE, one of the younger members of the choir of English singers, after having ventured on a tragedy, has now written a play in verse, for amateur actors of tender years. Mr. Gosse has called his play "The Unknown Lover," and he prefixes to it an essay on "The Chamber Drama in England." By the term "chamber drama" he means plays written for amateur actors and acted by them; and Mr. Gosse sets forth a goodly list of chamber dramas, beginning with Daniel's "Cleopatra," and certain of Ben Jonson's masques and the "Comus" of John Milton. Parlor players and private playwrights can find in Mr. Gosse's list a noble pedigree; and they will find there, too, this defense of the amateur actor: "The taste for acting seems inherent in the human mind. Perhaps there is no imaginative nature that does not wish, at one time or another, to step into the person of another, to precipitate his own intelligence on the action of a different mind, to contemplate from the interior, instead of always observing the exterior. To act a part is to widen the sympathy, to increase the experience, and hence the diversion of private theatricals has been held to be no small part of education by some of the most serious of men." Mr. Gosse does not here make mention—as well he might—of the Latin play annually performed at the Westminster Public School, nor of the custom, well-nigh universal in schools of the last century, of getting up a play, in which the scholars acted, while one of the teachers recited a prologue or an epilogue of an elegant Latinity, and of his own making. Nor in his list of private plays does he put the first English comedy, "Ralph Roister Doister," by Nicholas Udall, of King's College, Cambridge,—where Queen Elizabeth, in the summer of 1564, was entertained by the performance of a later play of the same writer's, a tragedy, "Ezechias," a sacred drama founded upon the Second Book of Kings. Nor did Mr. Gosse—being a Briton, alas!—put in his list "The Mercenary Match," a tragedy "written by Barnaby Bidwell, Esq., and played by the students of Yale College, under the auspices of the late Rev. Ezra Styles, D.D., president." "The Mercenary Match" is one of the earliest of American plays, and is qualified by Dunlap, the historian of our stage, as a "very pleasant and laugh-provoking tragedy."

Mr. Gosse's play is much what might have been expected from the preface, although, as is often the case, the portico is more imposing than the edifice behind it. "The Unknown Lover" is in blank verse; its four acts are contained in thirty-one openly printed pages; it is simple and altogether slight, and reminds one of the pretty and unpretending little proverb-plays of which the French are prolific, and which they wisely limit to one act. But in spite of its slightness, "The Unknown Lover" would on occasion serve; in a country-house full of children at Christmas, or in a summer hotel where there were four bright young people fairly in their teens, it might be attempted with success.

For children of a larger growth, young men and maidens, in the spring when vagrant fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, and therefore feels the need of something higher in tone and fuller of poetry than the ordinary dialogue play, what can be better than the fairy comedies of Mr. W. S. Gilbert? They are in general easy to mount and to dress. "The Princess" is perhaps too involved, and "Pygmalion and Galatea" is doubtless too difficult; but "The Palace of Truth" and "The Wicked World,"—why are not these just the thing for ambitious amateurs? In "The Wicked World" there is but one scene for the three acts; it may be noted, also, that the author has even chosen to obey the pseudo-classic unity of time, and the single action of his play takes place in its one scene, within the space of one day.

And this suggests another remark. In the ever-changing and ever-improving physical conditions of the stage, it has at last become evident that it is always advisable and generally possible not to change the scene during the act; that is, to play each act in a single scene. And this principle has been applied to old plays as well as new,—even to Sheridan and Shakspere. "The School for Scandal" has been arranged, with but very slight alteration, to be shown in five consecutive scenes. And in all the recent magnificent revivals of Shakspere's plays an attempt has always been made to bring them, too, under the new conditions, and with singular success. It cannot always be done, but a great simplifying of action and place is possible. This is what those who have prepared the new acting versions of Shakspere have tried to do. Those who prepared the old acting versions—Colley Cibber, David Garrick, John Philip Kemble—had no such idea, and their alterations of Shakspere (the regular acting edition, as it is called) is now not merely a little behind the times, but wholly out of date. And therefore, amateurs who intend rashly to risk themselves in a Shaksperean play, or wisely to confine themselves to a single scene from Shakspere, will do well to avail themselves of the aid of the series of "Prompt-Books" of standard plays, as acted by Mr. Edwin Booth and edited by Mr. William Winter. Here they will find the result of the collaboration of literary skill and trained technical knowledge of the theater; and this result approaches closely the ideal acting edition of Shakspere.

In this department, in the number of this magazine for November, 1877, a writer gave a list of French plays suitable for reading aloud or acting by American amateurs, vouching for their innocuousness and seeking to combat the notion that the dramatic literature of France is wholly given over to the

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devil. A few additions to that list are here made. "Le Piano de Berthe," of Barrière; "La Fée," of M. Octave Feuillet; and "Un jeune Homme qui ne Fait Rien," of M. Legouvé, are in one act; the last little comedy is in verse, but it is easy and flowing verse, not very difficult. In two acts is "Le Gentilhomme Pauvre," by MM. Dumanoir and Lafargue, a charming and especially to be recommended play, of which the English version is called "The Poor Nobleman." In three acts there are "Les Vivacités du Capitaine Tic," an amusing and lively little comedy by M. Labiche, and "Par Droit de Conquête," a vigorous and virile play, by M. Ernest Legouvé, interesting and healthy. Among the longer and more important French dramas which the American young lady may safely venture to read are "Les Faux Bonshommes," of Barrière; "Le Duc Job," of Léon Laya; "Le Marquis de Villemer," of George Sand; and "L'Honneur et l'Argent," the fine rhymed comedy of François Ponsard.

Other volumes have been issued of the "Théâtre de Campagne," the two earlier volumes of which were highly commended in the paper in the November number. They contain various little plays in one act, in prose and verse, with two, three, and four parts each, sparkling and airy, and likely to suit the taste of the general reader and the amateur actor. A comedy by M. Henri Meilhac is not so innocent; but I doubt whether any honest American girl could see deep enough into the Frenchman's wit to detect any harm in it, and so its presence need not rule out the volume which holds it. Besides these comedies, there is a poem by M. Alphonse Daudet, the author of "Jack," called "Les Prunes;" it is written in triolets, and is the first instance of a poem of eight stanzas written successfully in this most difficult and peculiar meter.

ARTHUR PENN.

A Short Essay on Washing.

EXPERIENCED housekeepers very seldom give clear and positive instructions in housework. Their success seems to be the result of some uncommunicable knack. Years of experiment and uncertainty appear to be required in reaching positive knowledge in regard to housework, and that a knowledge which must die with the discoverer.

Whoso desires to escape all uncertainty in one important department of housework, is recommended to read the following complete guide to the whole art of washing.

To begin with, clothes should not be soaked overnight; it gives them a gray look, and the soiled parts lying against the clean portions streaks them. Before beginning to wash, the clothes should be assorted, and the fine ones kept separate all through the washing. Rub the clothes in warm—not hot—water. Hot water sets, instead of extracting, the dirt. Turn them and rub them till perfectly clean in the first water. If the water becomes much soiled, throw it out and take fresh, for if the water is allowed to become very much soiled, the clothes will be dingy. The clothes should then be rubbed out as thoroughly in the second as in the first water. No amount of rinsing or boiling will ever make clothes white which have not been thoroughly rubbed out.

After the second rubbing, put the clothes in cold water to boil, without rubbing soap on them or putting soap in the water; they are soapy enough. Too much soap makes clothes yellow and stiff. As soon as they begin to boil, remove them to the "sudsing"-water. If they boil long, they will be yellow. Let each article be well "soused" up and down in the sudsing-water, rubbing them out thoroughly with the hands, to get the suds out; wring dry and throw in the "rinsing-water," which is the last water. Let this be slightly blued. Excessive bluing is the careless washerwoman's refuge. The rinsing is to be as thorough as the sudsing.

After rinsing, starch. The old-fashioned idea, that clothes require to be dried before being starched, is not sustained by intelligent observation. Dip the articles in boiling hot starch, plunging the hands constantly into cold water, to prevent their being scalded, and rubbing the starch well in.

Next hang out, and be sure to stretch every inch possible to the sun and the wind. Garments hung double, or in bunches or festoons, will not bleach.

Wash flannels in lukewarm water, and rinse in water of the same temperature. Avoid rubbing soap upon the flannels. Stretch them, when thoroughly clean, snap them energetically, and hang them up immediately,—by the fire if the weather is bad. Two waters are enough for flannels.

When sprinkling clothes, dip collars, cuffs, and shirt-bosoms in cold starch, made so thin as to look like water with a little milk in it. Clothes starched thus need no wax, lard, nor other preparation to make them iron easily. A smooth, dead white is generally more highly esteemed now than the glazed look which shirt manufacturers give to their linen.

Clothes washed by the above directions will be white as the driven snow.

MARY DEAN.

ALL-WOOL dress goods or colored flannels should be washed out quickly in tepid water, rinsed in water of the same temperature, wrung dry, and then folded up for a time, together with one or two sheets, so that the moisture shall be extracted by the cotton or linen; they should then be ironed till dry. A patent wringer (made of India rubber rollers, which can be adjusted) is almost indispensable in washing. It does not wear the clothes like the twisting and wrenching of hand-wringing, and saves the most exhausting part of the wash, besides leaving the clothes drier than can be the case with ordinary hand-wringing.

Salt or beef's-gall, in the water, helps to set black. A table-spoonful of spirits of turpentine to a gallon of water sets most blues, and alum is very efficacious in setting green. Black or very dark calicoes should be stiffened with gum-arabic,—five cents' worth is enough for a dress. If, however, starch is used, the garment should be turned wrong side out.

S. B. H.

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Fall Work in the Rose Garden.

THE fall months afford a very favorable season for starting new plantations of roses.

All of the improved varieties are apt to be covered with a fresh and profuse bloom in September or later, and after the flowers drop, the buds will be found in the state best adapted for putting forth new shoots, and the process of rooting will also take place readily if slips are now cut from the parent stem, and set out and properly cared for in suitable soil.

If it is desired to make the attempt on a large scale, select a spot in your garden close to a north wall, or at least, so situated as to be protected in some way against the blasts of the north wind. Dig out the ground, if of hard clay, to the depth of one foot, making a trench about one yard long, and filling it half up with rich manure; then put in a layer of good garden-loam, and on top of that at least three inches of clear sand. Set in your slips with their lower ends slanting from the north, and be sure to fix them firmly in the sand. Let the slips be placed about four inches apart. They will need no protection from sunshine, unless the weather is exceptionally hot. But when the winter approaches, cover them with boughs of evergreen, or with a slight structure of a few planks. Leave them undisturbed till the weather has become settled in spring, when many of them will be found to have taken root. Prepare the ground into which they are to be transplanted just as for tomato-plants, and do not let the distance between them be less than three feet. We find that roses grown in this way, at home, make much more vigorous, hardy plants than those forced by the florists in hot-beds; the experiment having been tried of raising them side by side, it was found that in one year those grown at home had gained largely upon those purchased abroad.

Roses may also be propagated from the slip by rooting them in water, and then transferring them to small pots, where they can remain until large enough to take their permanent places upon the lawn or in the flower-garden. The water should be put in black or dark-green bottles, and a little raw cotton wrapped around the slip. The water need not be changed except occasionally, but the bottles must always be kept filled up to the neck.

M. S. S.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Stickney's "True Republic." *

THE indignation which the average voter of intelligence feels when he sees incompetent men forced upon him as candidates for office under the general and State governments, finds its outlet for the most part in the daily press, where the politician and party hack furnish the chief subject for chronic grumbling. Now that really great questions are not before the country, the impudence of the politicians in the Republican and Democratic ranks becomes painfully clear. Which is the better? the voter keeps asking; and since both parties are so worthless, can we not have a third that will deal with real issues and no longer use the old transparent stalking horses to cover their desperate hunt for office and the patronage of office? Indeed it is safe to say that one-third of the Republicans throughout the country and a large portion of the Democrats, including the best material of the Democratic party, simply adhere to their own standard owing to the dishonesty and imbecility of the men in positions of trust among their opponents. It is a fact that there are more recent examples of Republican misconduct than Democratic, but alas, that is simply because the Republicans have had their innings. Where the Democrats get the upper hand they outvie the Republicans in brazen disregard of honesty and justice. With both parties, according to our system of government the old rhyme is true:

> The devil was sick, the devil a monk would be;
> The devil was well, the devil a monk was he!"

It is to the task of pointing out the reason for this state of things and of indicating a remedy, that Mr. Stickney's book addresses itself. He tries to take an entirely impartial view of the matter. If one can gather so much from these pages, it would appear that during the war Mr. Stickney had Republican leanings; but that since then he has become hostile to the dominant party,—a course, it need hardly be said, which is by no means uncommon, and which inheres naturally in the system of our politics. When a party grows careless, from long continuance in office, enough disgusted voters turn to the other side and bring the balance down.

Mr. Stickney, however, wants all the old balance system done away with. His thesis is to prove that parties are wrong in themselves; that they have started in our country questions of entirely secondary importance, and made them the cause of foreign and civil wars; that when the country has been plunged into danger, they do all they can to thwart action and pile up expenses; that they seldom or never attempt the reform of actual evils, but are chiefly kept alive to gratify personal greeds and ambitions. These ambitions the politicians are enabled to gratify, owing to the short tenure of office. They are able to make a living and a trade of politics, because our changes of officials are so incessant that new combinations are forever forming, which these politicians exist to control. Tenure for life, or during good behavior, is Mr. Stickney's remedy for the evils of bad officials and of politicians. With one exception, he thinks the offices should not be filled by popular election. The President or Chief Exec-

* A True Republic. By Albert Stickney. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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utive should be elected by the process now in vogue; but all below him should be appointed by him and his appointees downward. Believing that the people of the United States would elect for life only a good incumbent, and believing, further, that such incumbent, having no ambition beyond, would make wise selections of life incumbents for the various departments of state, Mr. Stickney proposes to do away, at one stroke, with the tedious, expensive, and demoralizing present system of elections, and carry in the train of that change, the reforms of the Civil Service which, under three successive presidents since the war, it has been essayed in vain to carry out.

Before formulating the grievances of intelligent voters, Mr. Stickney points out the inadequacy of the governmental system of Great Britain, to serve as an answer to those Americans who, captivated by the exterior of things, imagine that a centralized government of that stamp is better than our own. But the greatest space is given to showing the failure of our system in the new combinations of population of to-day, and to a demonstration that we can move forward only by a reform of our own plan, in accordance with modern needs, not by reverting to models now existing among population quite different from ours in Europe. This writer is not alone in his criticisms, nor is he the first who has suggested many of the changes given in this volume. Dr. C. C. P. Clark, of Oswego,* issued last year, on his own account, a book taking somewhat similar ground. There is no evidence that Mr. Stickney has seen this book, which has had little circulation, and both may be looked upon as independent evidences of the profound dissatisfaction of thinking men with the present state of affairs. Dr. Clark is a physician of this state; Mr. Stickney is a lawyer of good standing in New York city; both are trying to forge a plan by which our public officers shall be appointed from the best material, retained in office as long as they work well, and thus be encouraged to make themselves as learned and skillful in their own department as any professional man in private life.

It is a pleasure to read Mr. Stickney's clear-cut, logical summary of the question. It is true that his own profession gives a color to his views. The book reads somewhat in the nature of an indictment. He would strike still further at the election of judges, for the ultimate verdict on all political questions should be the bench, and it is therefore imperative that the bench be kept unswayed by private or partisan influences. It will be charged that he is too impatient of things as they are, too sweeping in his changes to hope from practical use of his plan. Notwithstanding his leaning toward the Democrats, Mr. Stickney is really a centralizer. He is the antipodes to all that the Democrats profess to seek. His life tenure of office will be called the institution of an aristocracy, and his proposed withdrawal of the power of the people to vote for anyone except the President, a sinister attempt to deprive men of their sovereign rights. He does not sufficiently appreciate the strength of the American fear of usurpation, although the noise made about "Cæsarism" and "the man on horseback" might lead one to think that it is a bugbear full of life. Mr. Stickney also forgets, or does not deign to consider, how much our present vicious and irresponsible system does for the education of the common voter. The next thing after abolishing short tenures of office and the consequent excitement at the polls, would be a change in the jury system, by which, as at present managed, the dullest minds are selected and able lawyers are enlisted in order to hammer ideas into them. But in spite of its radical, and, perhaps, premature nature, Mr. Stickney's thesis is most suggestive and admirable. It would have a good reason for existence if it did nothing more than insist upon it that the American theory of any man being good enough to fill an official position, is foolish, wasteful and perilous.

*The Commonwealth Reconstructed. By C. C. P. Clark, M.D. New York: A S. Barnes & Co., 1878.

Jeffries's "Color-Blindness."*

It was by a letter addressed to Joseph Priestly by Joseph Huddurt in 1777, that the defect of color-blindness was first brought to the attention of the scientific world. It does not appear, however, that any further immediate consideration was given to the subject. It was toward the latter end of the century that the great Manchester *savant*, John Dalton,—through his atomic theory the founder of modern chemistry,—made the first important contribution to the study of the subject, taking his own case as the text. He suffered from red-blindness, and the story of how he was beguiled into wearing the scarlet gown of the doctorate to which he had been elected, and against the color of which his scruples as a Quaker led him to rebel, is well known.

In 1855 came the work of Professor George Wilson of Edinburgh, the first regular treatise on the subject. From that time the question did not excite any very marked interest among physiologists, and scarcely any at all among the outside world until the publication in 1877, just a century after attention was first called to the subject, of the work of Professor F. Holmgren of the University of Upsala, Sweden, entitled "De la Cécité des Couleurs, dans ses Rapports avec les Chemins-de-fer et la Marine" (Stockholm, 8vo, pp. 144). †

Holmgren's plan for the determination of color-blindness does not contain anything original either as regards the materials (colored Berlin wools) or the method (comparison of the colors and shades, independent of their names). Seebeck had used the materials and the method years before. What Holmgren did was to shorten the method without lessening its accuracy and thus make it practical for extensive examinations. By Seebeck's method more than twenty-five persons could not be examined in an hour, whereas, according to Holmgren's plan a hundred or more can be examined in that time. Holmgren's method

*Color-Blindness: Its Dangers and its Detection. By B. Joy Jeffries, A.M., M.D., etc.: Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

† An abridged translation of this work is to be found in the Report of the Smithsonian Institution for 1877.

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is as follows: A large assortment of Berlin wools of all colors and shades of color (150 to 200 skeins) is spread before the person to be examined, and a bright green skein (not inclining to either yellow or blue) is laid aside as a "sample." He is then told to select from the pile those skeins which appear to him of the same color but of different shades, *i. e.*, lighter or darker. If he can make this selection properly he is not color-blind. If, however, he lays by the "sample" other colors, particularly brown or gray, he is color-blind. This examination, when the person examined is one of ordinary intelligence, is made in a minute or even less time and the question of color-blindness is settled. Practically, this is sufficient, but if it is desired to know the particular color to which the individual is blind, another examination must be made. At present three kinds of color-blindness are recognized—corresponding to the three so-called primary colors red, green and violet or blue. As violet, or blue-blindness, is exceedingly rare, an examination as to the first two is sufficient, particularly as they are the two colors most important in practical life. In this second examination, a pure purple is laid aside as a "sample" and the person examined is told to select shades appearing to him like it. If he selects grays or greens he is green-blind; if violet or blue he is red-blind; if orange or yellow he is violet-blind. The reasons leading to this differential diagnosis are too elaborate to be considered here, and for them the reader is referred to Holmgren's book, or to that of Dr. Jeffries.

This volume is the third monograph that has been written on the subject, and appears in a rather startling binding of red, green and violet. It is but little more than a transcript of Holmgren's and Wilson's books—page after page of translations being given, particularly from the former. But it has a value of its own, since it corroborates the methods and results of Holmgren and adds a very large number of examinations to the statistics. Up to the time the book went to press, Dr. Jeffries had made over 18,000 examinations, of which over 10,000 were of boys.

As the work is intended for the laity as well as the profession, it is written in as untechnical language as the nature of the subject will admit of, and each chapter is made, as far as possible, independent of the others. Taken as a whole, the work is perhaps the most complete to be found in any language. The eighteen pages of closely printed bibliography appended to the work are worthy of particular attention. The results of examinations made in various parts of the world to this time, aggregating over 100,000, show that one male in about every twenty-five whites (four per cent.) is color-blind in a greater or less degree. It would seem from a limited number of examinations of Jews by Cohn and Magnus in Breslau, that this race is more subject to color-blindness than Christians, and from some examinations by Dr. Swan M. Burnett, of Washington, of the negroes in the public schools of that city (3,050 in number), it appears that that race is less affected with the color-blindness than the white race. The female sex is rarely affected—only about one in four hundred. As a rule the defect is congenital, though it is sometimes acquired through disease, and it is frequently hereditary.

The importance of a true sense of color to railway and marine employés, where the lives of many persons depend on a proper discrimination between a red (danger) and a green (safety) signal is apparent, and it is evident that a law should be passed requiring an examination of such employés in respect to their color-sense. Dr. Jeffries has succeeded in having such a law passed by the Massachusetts legislature, and it is to be hoped, in the interest of humanity, that the matter will be pressed to the same result in all the states, or in our national Congress.

An Editor and his Correspondents.*

IF there is any one man more than another who is entitled to consideration it is the editor of a magazine; for whatever he may do he is certain to make enemies, and tolerably certain to lose friends. Of course, rejected contributors dislike him. "And equally of course accepted contributors like him," one would think; but unfortunately the rule does not hold good, for nine times out of ten the most unreasonable contributor is the one who has been accepted oftenest, and who ought to be the most considerate. He is the one from whom the long-suffering editor prays most fervently to be delivered, for he knows how to plant—and generously does plant—the sharpest thorns in his cushion. Such an one was Lord Brougham, who was as great a bully in literature as in politics, and whose correspondence with Mr. Napier must have been a constant source of irritation to that gentleman. Who Mr. Napier was does not particularly concern us, except that he was the editor of the Supplement to the "Encyclopedia Britannica," and, at a later period, of the "Edinburgh Review." He was not a man of brilliant talents; but he was a man of strong sense and sound judgment, or he would not have been selected as the successor of Lord Jeffrey, nor could he have filled his place, as he did, for upward of eighteen years, greatly to his own credit and to the success of the "Edinburgh Review." There was no reason to have thought that he would make a mark in literature, for his talents as a writer were by no means remarkable; but he has done so, nevertheless, through his connection with greater writers than himself, over whom he exercised editorial authority, and with whom, by virtue of that authority, he was compelled to correspond largely. It is by this correspondence, of which only a vestige of his share has been preserved, that he is likely to be remembered. It is interesting from the light which it sheds upon the relations that existed between the editor of the "Edinburgh Review" and his contributors, and portions of it are curious ad-

* Selections from the Correspondence of the late Macvey Napier, Esq. Edited by his son, Macvey Napier. London: Macmillan & Co.

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ditions to the literary history of the time. What can be more curious, for example, than Jeffrey's critical estimate of Bryant: "He is Felicia Hemans in breeches"? Equally curious is Carlyle's depreciation of Byron less than ten years after his death: "His fame has been very great, but I see not how it is to endure; neither does that make *him* great. No genuine productive thought was ever revealed by him to mankind; indeed, no clear undistorted vision into anything, or picture of anything; but all had a certain falsehood, a brawling, theatrical, insincere character. The man's moral nature, too, was bad; his demeanor as a man was bad. What was he, in short, but a huge *sulky dandy;* of giant dimensions, to be sure, yet still a dandy; who sulked, as poor Mrs. Hunt expressed it, like a schoolboy that had got a plain bunn given him instead of a plum one? His bunn was, nevertheless, God's universe, with what tasks are there; and it had served better men than he. I love him not; I owe him nothing only pity and forgiveness; he taught me nothing that I had not again to forget." But Carlyle was not to have it all his own way; for, about a month after penning this, even-handed justice, in the person of Jeffrey, commended the poisoned chalice to his lips, in the shape of a letter to Mr. Napier: "I fear Carlyle will not do,—that is, if you do not take the liberties and the pains with him that I did, by striking out freely and writing in occasionally. The misfortune is that he is very obstinate, and, I am afraid, conceited; and, unluckily, in a place like this he finds people enough to abet and applaud him, to intercept the operation of the otherwise infallible remedy of general avoidance and neglect. It is a great pity, for he is a man of genius and industry, and with the capacity of being an elegant and impressive writer." The most voluminous of Mr. Napier's correspondents was Macaulay, and the most troublesome Brougham, who was always objecting to something or other, and whom nothing satisfied long. He was disagreeable and dictatorial, prone to give advice and averse to receiving it, and opinionated to the last degree. There was no friendship between him and Macaulay, whom he called the second or third greatest bore in society that he had ever known, and whose writing was distinguished for vulgarity and want of reasoning power. His enmity was no secret to this brilliant writer, who remarked to Mr. Napier, in 1838: "If, during the last ten years, I have gained any reputation, either in politics or in letters; if I have had any success in life, it has been without his help or countenance, and often in spite of his utmost exertions to keep me down." Macaulay was the least troublesome of Mr. Napier's correspondents, for with all his cleverness he was modest, and his opinions were always intelligent and well considered. They were certainly independent, as may be gathered from his opinion of Scott, concerning whose character he declared to Mr. Napier that he had not the high estimate that most people seemed to entertain, and that it would be expedient for the "Edinburgh Review" to express. "He seems to me to have been most carefully and successfully on his guard against the sins which most easily beset literary men. On that side he multiplied his precautions and set double watch. Hardly any writer of note has been so free from the petty jealousies and morbid irritabilities of our caste. But I do not think that he kept himself equally pure from faults of a very different kind—from the faults of a man of the world. In politics a bitter and unscrupulous partisan, greedy of gain, profuse and ostentatious in expense, agitated by the hopes and fears of a gambler, perpetually sacrificing the perfection of his compositions and the durability of his fame to his eagerness for money; writing with the slovenly haste of Dryden, in order to satisfy wants which were not, like those of Dryden, caused by circumstances beyond his control, but which were produced by his own extravagant waste or rapacious speculation. This is the way in which he appears to me. I am sorry for it, for I sincerely admire the greater part of his works. But I cannot think him a high-minded man, or a man of very strict principle." He was equally independent in regard to Hannah More, whom he declined to review, though he had many reasons to remember her with affection. "She is exactly the very last person in the world about whom I should choose to write a critique. She was a very kind friend to me from childhood. Her notice first called out my literary tastes. * * She was to me what Ninon was to Voltaire,—begging her pardon for comparing her to a strumpet, and yours for comparing myself to a great man. She really was a second mother to me. I have a real affection for her memory. I, therefore, could not possibly write about her, unless I wrote in her praise; and all the praise which I could give to her writings, even after straining my conscience in her favor, would be far indeed from satisfying any of her admirers." Macaulay's papers were variously criticised by his fellow-contributors, notably his famous paper on Bacon, which Jeffrey alone praised heartily. There was some talk of cutting it, on account of its length, to make it fit better into the "Review"; but Jeffrey scouted the idea. "It would be worse than paring down the Pitt diamond to fit the old setting of a dowager's ring. It is altogether magnificent—*et prope divinum.* Since Bacon himself, I do not know that there has been anything so fine. I have read it, not only with delight, but with emotion—with throbbings of the heart and tears in the eye." Brougham admitted that it was a striking paper (as Mr. Napier had said), and no doubt the work of an extremely clever man; but it was redundant and mannered, not to say insufficient and wrong-headed. "Greater blunder never was committed than the one Macaulay has made on the Inductive Philosophy. He is quite ignorant of the subject. He may garnish his papers as he pleases with references; it only shows he has read Bacon for the *flowers*, and not the *fruit;* and this is indeed the fact. He has no science at all, and cannot reason. His contemporaries at Cambridge always said he had not the conception of what an argument was." Among those whom Mr. Napier hurt by his editorial criticisms upon their contributions was Leigh Hunt, whose manner of writing he characterized as not "gentlemanlike," and who in his

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sensitiveness appealed to Macaulay, who probably introduced him to his captious editor. Hunt seems to have clung to his more successful brother author—so much so that the latter wished, on one occasion, that he could say, with his correspondent, that he had heard nothing from him. "I have a letter from him on my table, asking me to lend him money, and lamenting that my verses want the true poetical *aroma* which breathes from Spenser's 'Faerie Queene.' I am so much pleased with him for having the spirit to tell me, in a begging letter, how little he likes my poetry, that I shall send him a few guineas, which I would not have done if he had praised me; for, knowing his poetical creed as I do, I should have felt certain that his praises were insincere."

The general impression which we receive from this correspondence between Mr. Napier and his contributors is that he performed the difficult task which was committed to him quite as well as—if, indeed, not better than—a more brilliant man would have done,—with more satisfaction and less heart-burnings,—and that we are glad that it has been preserved. With the exception of Brougham, his contributors appear to advantage; and the glimpses which we obtain of them are such as will be welcomed by their future biographers. It will interest the biographer of Thackeray, for example, to know that once upon a time he reviewed Mr. N. P. Willis's "Dashes of Life," and that so great a writer as Macaulay considered him no better than Willis himself! It may, also, interest later biographers of Dickens to know that an American editor was, in his eyes, almost invariably an atrocious scoundrel!

Blanc's "Grammar of Painting and Engraving." *

AUGUSTE ALEXANDRE CHARLES BLANC has enjoyed opportunities for becoming an accomplished critic of art which fall to the lot of very few men. A student of sculpture and workman at copper-plate engraving, the rise of his brother Louis Blanc into the foremost ranks of politics set his pen early to work on art-criticism, and in 1848 gave him the highest position in the governmental management of the fine arts in Paris. Since that time he has been writing standard works of art—a history of painters of all the schools, another of French painters of the nineteenth century, "L'Œuvre Complet de Rembrandt," "Le Trésor de la Curiosité," and others. He has also shared with his brother many of the ups and downs of that agitator, and been compelled to make hasty journeys to Flanders and England, not without much profit to himself, both in widening his views of life and in seeing the treasures of art preserved in those countries. His "Grammaire des Arts du Dessin," which appeared at Paris in 1864, was therefore a summing up of quite a life of art-criticism. It is curious to note, in the way in which Blanc managed his grammar, how race-characteristics show. Had a German or Englishman undertaken the task after being so thoroughly equipped, we should have got a thick quarto or a pair of heavy octavos at the least. The German would have gloried in being *gründlich*, or exhaustive; the Englishman would have tried to include in his plan descriptive passages, by reference to which an artist or artisan could proceed to work. Blanc, as a thorough Frenchman, tried neither to be laboriously *gründlich*, nor diffusely practical; his grammar is an elegant treatise, adorned, rather than painfully illustrated, with half a hundred wood-cuts from pictures and sculptures of renown. But every sentence tells. If the work does not explain methods in all their details, it leaves the imagination room to play about more needful generalizations. Blanc tells us that it was written for those who have finished their school work and are about to enter upon active life. The art education of the young does not exist; the graduate of high school and college has read of the ancient Greeks, the captains, orators, philosophers, but he knows neither their sublime ideas upon painting and statuary, nor their wonderful gods and temples of marble. Blanc came to write his grammar in consequence of a conversation over a dinner, where the guests were unanimous in the opinion that art-criticism resolved itself merely into the expression of individual tastes or likings. Blanc held, to the contrary, that there were laws of criticism, but he could not point to any one book which covered the whole field and contained those laws in a small area. There were works on the beautiful, treatises on architecture, painting and sculpture, but no lucid *résumé* of all accepted ideas touching the arts of design. The difficulty lay in being concise without being obscure, clear without being superficial. That M. Blanc has succeeded better than any one else in the perilous undertaking is evident from the numerous editions his grammar has entered into. In the United States, where, until quite recently, the sale of such books was necessarily limited, the present is a third edition. Fortunately, this Western edition is also much cheaper than any previous, and the valuable precepts which have been so clearly and ably put by Charles Blanc are likely to reach a much larger audience than heretofore. After reading the grammar, it will be found very profitable to take up the "Æsthetics" of Eugène Véron, published in English translation by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., and such works of Viollet-le-Duc as may be found in book-shops or large libraries. Under engraving we have short notices of engraving on copper, aquafortis engraving, mezzotint, aquatint, wood-engraving, engraving in colors and lithography.

Vincent's "Gates into the Psalm Country." *

THESE sermons on the Psalms are characterized by warm devotional feeling, a direct and popular style, and fertility of illustration. They will be

* The Grammar of Painting and Engraving. Translated from the French of Blanc's "Grammaire des Arts du Dessin." By Kate Newell Doggett. Third edition. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

* Gates into the Psalm Country. By Marvin R. Vincent, D.D., Pastor of the Church of the Covenant, New York. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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acceptable to that large class of readers who welcome genuine religious sentiment in the channels of the old and familiar theology, free from its harsher and more dogmatic forms of expression, yet not agitating the mind by unsettling tendencies of thought. There is in the Psalms a wonderful richness; they are at once deeply colored by the time and place of their origin, and so imbued with the feelings of universal humanity that they adapt themselves easily to the religious needs of all ages and nationalities. Dr. Vincent does not concern himself greatly with their historic aspect, or, we should rather say, is not receptive toward the new light which modern historical research throws upon their origin, and which Stanley, for example, employs with admirable effect in one of the best chapters of his "Jewish Church." But he has a true appreciation of those elements in them which blend with the Christian ideas of righteousness, repentance, forgiveness, joy, and gratitude. He uses them in the service of practical and devotional religion, in an earnest and vivid way, which can hardly fail to be successful with the class to which they are best adapted. The criticism we should make from the practical stand-point is, that the applications and illustrations are too strictly confined to the sphere of religion in its technical and narrower sense,—to those conscious experiences of the soul's higher relations, which, however genuine and deep, must form but a small part of the actual life of even the best of men in this busy age. The type of piety which this volume illustrates is the type which was generated in the cloister and the church; it embodies elements which can never cease to be of the highest value, but as a whole it has not sufficiently adapted itself to the changed conditions of society. But it is the type which we suppose is still presented in the great majority of our pulpits, though not often as heartily and effectively as in these genuine and useful sermons.

Bishop's "Detmold." *

THE explanation of his position as a novelist which Mr. Bishop gives at the end of his romance only adds to the impression of uncertainty of aim which the story makes. It is in some sense an apology for tameness, but results in a mere negation. The attempt has been to draw one young Italian and three young Americans just as they are in the present day, that is, not bad people in their way, but also without any heroic attributes. The natural result is that these young persons are dull. It has also appeared to Mr. Bishop that extraordinary enchainments of plot do not occur in the lives of the ordinary young man and woman; he therefore assumes that such things belong to the spirit of the past and are unnatural "in these days of comparative quiet." Nevertheless he is compelled to lend interest to the meeting of Detmold and Alice, by making them turn out to be the children of two thievish business men, partners in trade, who bequeath a disgrace to their children without a liability to fall. The pressing need for something uncommon is still better shown in the scarcely explainable breaking of the mirror at the ball of the Castelbarcos, and in the death of young Castelbarco, when a shadow on the road frightens his horse, which has nothing to do with the story, since he was never a serious competitor for the hand of Alice. That young woman is indeed like many others in her unemotional, almost calculating mind, but it seems that we are expected to admire her. She has nothing but good looks and quiet manners to recommend her.

In minor points a good deal may be said for Mr. Bishop's first novel. Descriptions of places are well given, and no little information about northern Italy is insinuated into the course of the story without reminding one of the guide-book or the teacher. Small talk between the characters is easy and generally natural. The author belongs to the school of which Mr. Howells and Mr. James are the heads, a school that also includes Mr. Aldrich. He has caught their tone, and emulates their nicety of touch in subordinate parts. He is often so good in this way that one pays him the compliment of all others most detested by a writer, that of wishing the main lines were as good as the chosen passages. But the volume must be accounted negative, like its apparent argument, and destined merely to give Mr. Bishop a facility of composition which will stand in good stead if he applies himself to a work of more definite aim and stronger grasp.

Walford's "Cousins." *

IF any one looks for a stirring plot in this novel, the expectation will not be gratified. There is, to be sure, a railway catastrophe, but it is told in such a fashion that it is hardly more thrilling than the boating expedition in which for the first time the hero shows his preference for the youngest of his pretty cousins. On the other hand there is the same pleasant vein of observation, amounting nearly to satire, which appeared in its most brilliant phase in "Mr. Smith." As in that clever presentment of ordinary English family life, there is in "Cousins" a parcel of fresh, lively, envious, but not wickedly envious, girls, to whom the advent of the hero is the great subject of conversation, and his doubtful maneuvers the chief cause of action. The heroine is the youngest of the sisters, and by a piece of blundering which one might suppose that even a heavy English dragoon-officer would not commit the eldest sister receives the impression that his attentions are meant for her. This is rendered likelier from the fact that the cut-and-dried, uneventful life of the highly proper family renders it inconceivable to its various members, with one important exception, that the middle-aged land-owner, the East Indian colonel, the awe-inspiring, much-traveled cousin, should prefer a girl hardly out of

* [illegible]mance. By W. H. Bishop. Boston: Hough-

* Cousins. By L. B. Walford, author of "Mr. Smith." New York: Henry Holt & Co.

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short frocks to the mature charms and well-attested beauties of mind and body possessed by her eldest sister. And when the dreadful fact appears to the gallant colonel and he is in danger of being married to the wrong sister, it is certainly overstrained and unlike a person of his type to think that he must marry the one he does not love. L. B. Walford—is it Mr., Mrs., or Miss ?—has put the reader in a dilemma as to the hero, for the latter appears to be either a fool, or not really in love. However, the dilemma of the hero himself furnishes that stronghold of novelists,—reason for a ruffle-ment of the course of true love. It is a slender scaffolding on which to erect so large an edifice, but there are many good points scattered here and there through the novel, which the reader who knows how to skip will doubtless discover for himself.

Molloy's "Autumn Holiday on French Rivers." *

To THIS half-humorous book, Linley-Sambourne, the decorative initial draughtsman for London "Punch," has furnished a half-humorous title-page,—a sketch of the four young Londoners tugging at their oars in their outrigger. It is taken as if from a bridge: Bow and Stroke are looking up, and in the face of Bow we are sure we get the likeness of Mr. Molloy. Of the men in the waist and the coxswain nothing is seen but the tops of their straw hats. The story of their ascent of the Seine and descent of the Loire is told at a rattling pace, evidently suggested by the movement of the *Marie*, through waters unused (except about Paris) to such swift and narrow craft. The good-humor which comes from steady exercise in the fresh air and a pleasant change of scene is reflected in the book. The four vacation-takers were "on a lark," and, in consequence, the book is "larky." Yet, it would not do to withhold from it what credit for serious information it contains, for although the record is primarily for amusement, the manner in which provincial France was seen by Mr. Molloy has not become so hackneyed that his journal fails to throw a fresh light on national characters and customs. The impression is very favorable to the French people, and still more so to their twin specialties of pretty maidens and good dinners.

Green's "Readings from English History." †

JOHN RICHARD GREEN has made such a mark for himself with his "Short History of the English People," and the large history which he has written on the slightly modified lines contained in the former, that his authority as editor of a minor text-book will not readily be questioned. There is a resemblance between his previous system of taking rallying points or centers in history, in order to group subordinate facts about them, and the arrangement of these "Readings"; these, though drawn from many different historians, form similar *nuclei* bound together by the simplest thread of history. Gibbon yields him five admirable pages on the English conquest of Britain; Freeman, an extract on the conversion of the English; Stopford Brooke, a notice of Cadmon and early English literature. Part first relates the greatest events between the time of Hengist and the battle of Cressy; part second takes the reader to Cromwell; part third ends the book with W. H. Russell's account of Balaklava. The leaps in each case are far wider than in Mr. Green's own histories and the connecting links are reduced to the shortest, but the system remains the same. Its reasonableness is apparent. Instead of fatiguing the mind with a mass of detail, and making it incapable of retaining the important points, a series of tableaux are presented, varying in interest with the brilliancy of the author, but alike in throwing aside the unnecessary for the grand points.

Out of the eighty-two readings in the volume, sixteen are taken from Mr. Green's own history, a proceeding which is warranted by the manifest excellence of his work. Compared with Southey, for instance, from whom are taken the descriptions of the battle of the Nile and the death of Nelson, Mr. Green shines as a clear and pointed historian Guizot furnishes three excellent readings on the escape of Charles the Second, the driving out of the Long Parliament, and the death of Cromwell; Michelet describes the battle of Agincourt; Thierry, the battle of the Standard between the Scotch and the North-of-England barons after the death of Henry I. According to his practice, Mr. Green does not give all his space to wars, but slips in readings on literature and political economy. In part first the extract from Brewer on the friars and the English towns gives a glimpse of the life of the Commons in the middle ages; in part second Kingsley furnishes a romantic view of the life of Puritans in England. Spencer Walpole is the authority on the Reform Bill, one of the greatest political war-cries in the England of this century. In addition to all these English and French writers, the American publishers have inserted seven readings from Bancroft, Motley and Kirk, of whom the second is certainly an author who reflects nothing but credit on his countrymen. Unfortunately, one cannot say the same of Bancroft, whose "Bunker's Hill," although written without bravado, is neither remarkable for style nor contents. His description of Wolfe's victory at Quebec is marred by generalizations that do not stand the criticism of to-day. It will not do to call Montcalm's garrison Celts and the besiegers Saxons, when officers among the latter bore French names, and, of their rank and file, a large proportion were of Irish and Highland Scotch blood. The readings from Motley are excellent. It should be remembered that Mr. Green is not responsible for the American contingent. If fault is to be found with him it attaches to the natural bias in favor of England which allows a repetition of the comparison instituted between English history and that of Rome. It would be hard to find two civilizations of Western Europe, more unlike in their spirit, development and natural surroundings.

* Our Autumn Holiday on French Rivers. By J. L. Molloy. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

† Readings from English History Selected and edited by John Richard Green, LL.D. Three parts in one. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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THE WORLD'S WORK.

Experiments in Automatic Telegraphy.

A SYSTEM of telegraphy has been recently constructed, having radical resemblances to that of Mr. Edison, described in this number. Three forms of apparatus are required. The first resembles a type-writer, the operator sitting at the key-board and touching a key for each letter. Instead of printing the letters, the machine, by means of two small lance-like knives, cuts slits of various lengths in a roll or fillet of paper. The machine feeds the paper to the knives automatically, as fast as the operator can touch the keys, or at a speed equal to the ordinary pace of the type-writer, and only requires a moderate amount of foot, steam or other power. At the same time, at the head of each message is cut in the paper the "call" for the station to which the message is to be sent. At every station on the line is a second machine designed to transmit and receive the prepared message. The fillet of paper is fed to this machine by a suitable automatic feeding device and the machine is started. The first operation is to transmit the call, not in the form of a sound or signal, but in an electrical impulse over the line that sets a corresponding machine in the other station in motion, the movement being answered by a return call from the distant station. The paper passes under dull knives that follow the surface till the slits are reached, when the blades drop into the slits and remain there so long as the slit is passing, when they slide out of the slit, each movement opening and closing the circuit over the line. At the receiving station the machine is supplied with sharpened knives controlled by the current and cutting slits in a passing fillet of paper and thus reproducing all the slits cut in the original ribbon. This ribbon is then placed in a third machine, also supplied with knives that follow the slits as in the second machine, by their movement printing on another fillet of paper the letters corresponding to each slit. This system, though apparently complicated, has the advantage of being in part automatic, so that messages may be dispatched to a distant office without attendance at the farther end, the message being automatically cut in the paper and left till a convenient time for printing. The sending of the message also gives a record of the message that may be printed whenever desired. Various ingenious appliances are also in the system for securing exact uniformity of movement in the various machines and for sending messages to particular stations on the line or to all stations at once as may be desired.

Polar Pantagraph.

THE ordinary pantagraph has been recently modified and applied to new uses by arranging the two arms side by side and connecting them by a simple system of gearing. The apparatus consists of two metallic arms secured in a small frame in such a manner that they are free to slide in the direction of their longer axis. On each is secured a rack, gearing into a pinion placed in the center of the frame that supports them. The slightest movement of one arm forward or backward, causes the other arm to move in the opposite direction, and the apparatus thus becomes a pantagraph, working always in opposite directions in the same plane. To one arm is now fixed a pencil for tracing, and to the other is secured a curved arm, turning on a pin placed in a line with the center of the pinion and the pencil. On this curved arm is carried a shorter arm, also freely turning on a center that carries the tracing point. When properly adjusted for work, the apparatus is brought up to any curved surface and the pointer moved over it, when the pencil reproduces on paper all the curves of the surface traversed by the point. The apparatus was designed for reproducing the tread of car-wheels to show the wear. It may be used to reproduce the figure of any curved surface, as the interior of bells, surface of rails, and models of irregular forms.

Regenerative System applied to Gas-light.

THE idea of heating the gas and the air needed for its combustion, on the principle of the regenerative furnace, has been tried with success in some new gas-lamps designed for large reflector lights. Three iron tubes, fitting one within the other quite loosely, are placed upright at the place where the light is to stand. The central pipe is designed for the gas, and is mounted with a gas jet. The spaces between this pipe and the two outer pipes are filled with fine wire netting designed to absorb heat, and thus form miniature regenerators. The annular space between the central gas-pipe and the second tube is open at the bottom, and is designed for the entrance of the air needed for combustion. The annular space between the second tube and the outer tube is designed for the escape of the products of combustion and also opens to the air. The entire group of pipes is surmounted by an air-tight glass globe that also serves for a shade for the lamp. On lighting the gas the globe is put on and soon becomes filled with hot air, which having no other means of escape, is forced out through the outer annular space between the tubes, and parting with its heat to the netting as it escapes. In a short time the accumulated heat spreads to the other tubes and netting, and the fresh air flowing up the interior annular space, and the gas itself becomes highly heated, and as a result, the combustion is more active and the flame larger and more brilliant. Such a system of gas-lighting, while not convenient for domestic lamps, seems to be valuable for lamps where a powerful light is needed. This lamp and the other improved gas-lamps recently brought out, are the direct outcome of the present active competition between electric and gas lighting.

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In addition to the new forms of burners, a new carburetting process, for enriching the gas, is announced that promises well. The naphthaline is cast in the form of small sticks or pellets, and is placed in a vessel near the gas-lamp and designed to be heated by the flame. The enriching is said to give a bright white light, very pleasing to the eye, while the apparatus is simple, easily managed and entirely safe.

Testing Machine for Fabrics.

THE custom of testing iron, wood and other building materials, and testing wire, ropes, cables, etc., and using these tests as a measure of the commercial value of the materials, has proved to be so advantageous that the same idea is being applied to woven fabrics of all kinds. For testing the strength of fabrics, a new machine has been introduced, designed to report pulling strains from half a kilo up to 250 kilos. The machine consists of an upright standard, supporting a horizontal hollow beam of iron, containing scale levers with a brass weighing scale having a sliding weight and a graduated scale. Suspended from the weighing apparatus, is a clamp lined with leather, and so arranged, that when the end of the piece of fabric, to be tested, is clamped between the jaws the strains will be evenly balanced and distributed. Below this on the base of the machine is a roller controlled by a hand-wheel, and round this the other end of the fabric is wrapped, when, on turning the wheel, the strains are applied, and by moving the weight on the scale-beam, so as to keep it continually balanced, a point is reached where the fabric is torn apart. This point shows the breaking strain of the material. The percentage of stretching before breaking may also be found in the same manner. If all fabrics were tested in such a machine, and the breaking point carefully noted and marked on the goods when offered for sale, data would be provided which would place the money value of the goods on an exact basis.

Further Advance in Metallurgy.

ALMOST simultaneous with the improvements made in the Bessemer furnace reported in this department in the August number, comes another discovery, also employing the Bessemer converter, and effecting important changes in the methods of treating a large class of metals. The main idea underlying this discovery is found in the fact, that certain mineral substances may be used in the converter as a fuel, thus replacing coal. A little coke is used to start the furnace, precisely as kindling is used to start coal, and a charge is given to the furnace consisting in part of sulphides, and in part of siliceous ores. A current of air is forced through the furnace, when it is found the fire may be maintained indefinitely without the use of coal, by the heat produced by the rapid oxidation of the molten sulphides, so long as the proper ores are supplied to the furnace. This, in brief, is the main idea and it has opened a wide field for experiment and research. Very encouraging results have already been obtained, though with the use of comparatively inferior apparatus, and it is thought the process will lead to new methods of separating ores, to greater economy in the use of all ores containing sulphides, to the utilization of hitherto valueless and low-grade ores, and to the introduction of metallurgical processes in places where ores exist in abundance, but are valueless on account of the cost of coal for smelting. Further details of this interesting and promising discovery will be given as soon as the experiments now going on reach a commercial stage.

Memoranda.

A NEW process for making white bricks from ordinary red-brick clays employs magnesian limestone, burned, slacked and ground with the clay. The limestone, reduced to a flour, is passed with the clay through grinding-mills till it is intimately mixed, and is then passed to a brick machine, and submitted to high pressure, the bricks being dry-pressed and ready for immediate burning. The bricks are reported to be of a good color, and furnished at one half the cost of the usual white bricks.

It is recommended to add to fresh plaster of Paris from two to four per cent. of powdered marsh-mallow root, to obtain a plaster that will submit to turning in a lathe. The materials are mixed dry, when the water may be added to form a paste. The plaster sets in about an hour and becomes sufficiently hard to be cut into dominoes, chess-men, and other small articles. A larger percentage, up to eight per cent., of the marsh-mallow root increases the hardness of the plaster. To hasten the setting a little alum may be added to the mixture.

Professor Böttger, who has brought out several new metallurgical and chemical processes of value, offers a new process for bronzing iron and porcelain. The article to be coated with bronze is painted with soluble glass and the solution sprinkled over it from a sieve and then dried, when the surplus powder is rubbed off with a brush. The process is simple and is said to resist heat or washing with alcohol, and takes the burnisher readily. It would seem as if the process might be valuable in decorating stoves and iron-work exposed to the weather.

A new form of mariners' compass has two horizontal hands, resembling the hands of a clock, and free to turn round over the entire surface of the compass card, are made parts of an electrical circuit. The course of the steam-ship having been laid, the hands are brought together on either side of this point, leaving only a space of a few degrees between them. The card is still free to move in any direction, but if it touches the hands on either side, electrical connection is made and a bell rings in the captain's cabin, or in any other part of the circuit, as desired. By this arrangement any deviation by the steersman from the course laid down for him is reported by the bell that rings continuously till the ship's course is corrected.

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BRIC-À-BRAC.

A Pair of Quatrains.

[DEDICATED, WITH THE UTMOST RESPECT, TO ALL RETURNING SUMMER WANDERERS.]

I.

NIAGARA AND SARATOGA.

ARISE, O Muse, and sing
How just I am to all:
I go to the Falls in the spring,
And I go to the Springs in the fall.

II.

PARIS.

To Paris Yankee pilgrims fly,
Both good and bad. I'll tell you how:—
The good ones go there when they die,
The bad ones go there now.

A. Z.

The Fools of Killogue.

BY IRWIN RUSSELL.

Is IT tell yez a shtory? Be aff wid yez, childher! Sure it's mesilf that ought to be afther wathering thim gladioilusthes that yer mother is so partickiler about—sure me hairt is broke wid them intoirely. Shtories, indade! Well, well, annyhow—we'll see what can be done, av ye'll wait till me shmoke is out; for the saints resave the poipe that has touched me lips the day, barrin' three, at all at all.

Per'aps y' 'ave haird about the fools av Killogue? No? Sure yer hishthorical education is been moightily nayglicted, av yez don't know that. Killogue, do ye moind, was a shmall bit av a village—and so it is to this day—in the south av Oireland; and a matther av some hundred yares ago, may be more, there was a King ruled over thim pairts by the name av Brian Rhua. You see, they called him that by raison av his auburn hair—for the maning of Brian Rhua signifoys Rid Brian. Av the accounts is thrue, he was a foine man to look at: bein' aylivin fate hoigh, no liss, and wearin' goold and diminds and grane vilvit till it 'd make yer oyes wink to luk at 'm. And the bit o' blackthorn he carri'd was two yairds long, and that heavy that only himsilf c'd lift it. Now in thim days the counthry was greatly in nade av public roads. There was only wan in the whole kingdom, and that was a short wan, for it was betune the palace and Mrs. Rafferty's shebeen-house—where the king, rest his sowl, used to go ivery avening to shmoke his dudeen and dayliberate on the affairs av the nation, along wid Lanty Feeney, his proime ministher,—and an iligant boy Lanty was. There the two av thim w'u'd sit and make up laws, for the parleymint to inact afther thim and be rishponsible for; the mimbers av that same bein' app'inted by the King, and li'ble to be hung whin annything wint wrong wid the counthry; and as there was no salaries ped, office-holdin' was not popilar. Considherin' the absince av hoighways, and the great naycissity their was for thim, wan day the King says to Lanty:

"Lanty," siz he.

"Sorr,—Yer Majesty, Oi mane," siz Lanty.

"Tell wan av the byes to have the kyar befoore the doore nixt Wednesday mornin'," siz Brian Rhua, "for Oi'm goin' to thravel over me kingdom. And come you and the rist av the coort along wid me on horseback. Wheriver we pass, that shall be a public road foriver; and aich town we come to we'll take tin min out av it for the parleymint, for it is gettin' thinned out, it is, lately."

Whin the paple av Killogue haird of this—for it was gev out in all the newspapers—it med thim very onaisy in their moinds. None av thim was willing to be imprissed for the parleymint, as was natural, av coorse; but that was not all. There was a large foine meadow all around the town, which belonged to thim all together, and they all farmed it, sharin' aloike, ye undhershtand; and, av a road was run through it, it would go near to ruin it altogether, widout the throuble and ixpinse av buildin' walls was gone to. So they laid their hids together, and med up a plan to kape the King from comin'.

On the Wednesday mornin', Brian Rhua and his coort shtarted out, wearin' their hats on the ind av their shticks, and singin' "Ayrin go Bragh" in the hoighth av milody, whin they mit a man that was goin' the other way.

"Who are you?" axed Brian Rhua.

"Patsy Doolan, sorr, av ye plaze," answered the man.

"And where have you been this foine mornin'?" siz the King.

"'Tis lookin' for Tim O'Rourke's bit av a pony Oi am," siz the man.

"Do you live about here?" inquoired the King.

"Oi do not, worse luck, yer honor," siz Patsy; "Oi did be livin' at Killogue, beyant; but a fortnight ago come next week Sathurday the river rose wid the rains and kivered the place intoirely, so that sorra taste av the town is lift ixcipt the lake that shtands over it."

Thin Brian Rhua, who hated wather worse nor annything, immadiately turned off in another diriction and niver wint nare Killogue at all; and the paple av that town rayjoiced in the succiss av their schame, and how they had fooled him. But by and by the matther kem to the King's ayres, and he sint Lanty Feeney to invistigate the thruth av it. Whin the Killogue paple got news av the proime ministher's comin', as they did, they wor tirribly froightened; and, afther considheration, they decoided to thry and make Lanty belaive thim all to be fools and idiots altogither, that they moight not be punished as they desarved. And so they did. Lanty wint to Killogue, and whin he kem back he med repoort to the King.

"Soire," siz he, "thim is omadhauns that lives at

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Killogue, aich mother's son av thim. Oi niver saw the loike sence Oi was borrn, as Oi saw there. Wan man was chaining up his cat to kape her from jumping in the river, w'u'd you belave it? Others was blowin' their breath at the sun, to make the weather cooler. A lot more av thim was 'tendin' a shcool, where an ould chap was taiching thim to whistle "Garryowen" backwards. And as for that felly we mit, Patsy Doolan, what gev us the false shtory av the wather roising, he was the biggest fool av all; for he was paling his praties afore he biled 'em!"

"Well," said the King, "av they have no more since than that, they ought not to be dilt wid sevarely, but they must tin av thim be put in the parleymint, annyhow."

And so they wor. But nobody has iver wint to Killogue, by rason av there bein' no road to it, from that day to this—and as then was the first toime that fools was iver thought iligible for office, yez may know it was moighty long ago, begorra!

Souvenirs d'Amour.

AH, love, hast thou forgot the hour,
The hour supreme, too quickly flown,
When first my trembling lips had power
To speak, and claim thee all my own?
Say thou rememberest; once more try
To summon up the blissful night;
Forget it ne'er, I pray, for I
Forget it quite.

Was it upon the beach we strolled,
Beside the immemorial sea,
That night when first my love I told—
Or stammered—to the stars and thee?
Or were we sitting on the pier?
Most likely; 'twas our favorite spot,
As you, no doubt, remember, dear,
Though I do not.

Was it not, rather, at the Park,
After the band had ceased to play,
We lingered in the fragrant dark,
Jealous of that most happy day,
And I on your coy finger, coz,
Slipped our betrothal ring, a pearl
In rubies set?—Psha, no; that was
Another girl.

I have it now; 'twas at the ball;
We'd just been dancing, and you said
You'd like to step into the hall
To try an ice or lemonade.
You took my arm; it thrills me yet,
That gentle clasp; in accents low
I murmured, "Ah, my dearest pet!"
Stop! *Did* I, though?

Perhaps I did, but scarcely there;
You spoke, I know, of your papa;
Now, let me think: was't on the stair?
In the conservatory? Ah!
'Twas there, in that ambrosial gloom,
I knelt before you—was it not?
And told you—something, I presume;
No doubt; but—what?

Tut, tut! How memory plays me false!
'Twas on the yacht, and you withdrew,
I think, to sniff your smelling salts;
And I, of course, I followed you,
Until upon the spray-sprent bow
I whispered all my amorous lay,
And you said—*Peste!* Confound it, now!
What did you say?

I'm sure 'twas either yes or no;
But which? I'm blest if I can tell;
Nor whether it was long ago,
Nor when or where it was. Well, well,
Was ever memory so poor?
To say that word I can't recall! * * *
Nay, come to think, I'm not so sure
'Twas *you at all!*

WALTER CAREY.

Ups and Downs.

ONE day, as I have heard it said,
It chanced a rag and bit of lead
Lay in the kennel snug together
In very wet and muddy weather.
The rag was soiled, and old, and torn;
The bit of lead was bruised and worn;
Two waifs, whose worth, at full account,
Was of such very small amount
They well together might remain,
To bide the pelting of the rain.

Yet, low as was their present state,
They both had known a better fate.
The rag had once been whole and white,
In every way had pleased the sight;
And, in its time, had helped adorn
A bride, upon her wedding morn;
Lent to her figure and her face
An added, though unneeded, grace,
Nor thought such parting and distress
Could e'er befall a wedding-dress!
The piece of lead could not forget
Its fortunes had been nobler yet;
For, molded well, for use of one
Who was his country's faithful son,
It had—though that was long ago—
Been sped against that country's foe,
And, guided by unerring hand,
Had stretched him lifeless on the sand.

There came a man, with hook and bag,
Who bore away the lead and rag,
And both were to a shop consigned,
With many others of their kind.
When winter passed, and summer came,
The former rag had changed its name
To paper, and it might avow
It ne'er had been so white as now.
Meanwhile, the lead, so long despised,
Was altered so 'twas highly prized;
For, melted, purified, and cast,
It was a printer's type at last.
They now, in this, their new condition,
Were put into their old position;
Drawn closer than before, to kiss,
And find their apotheosis.

What greater immortality
Than helping Genius not to die?

JOB CASE.

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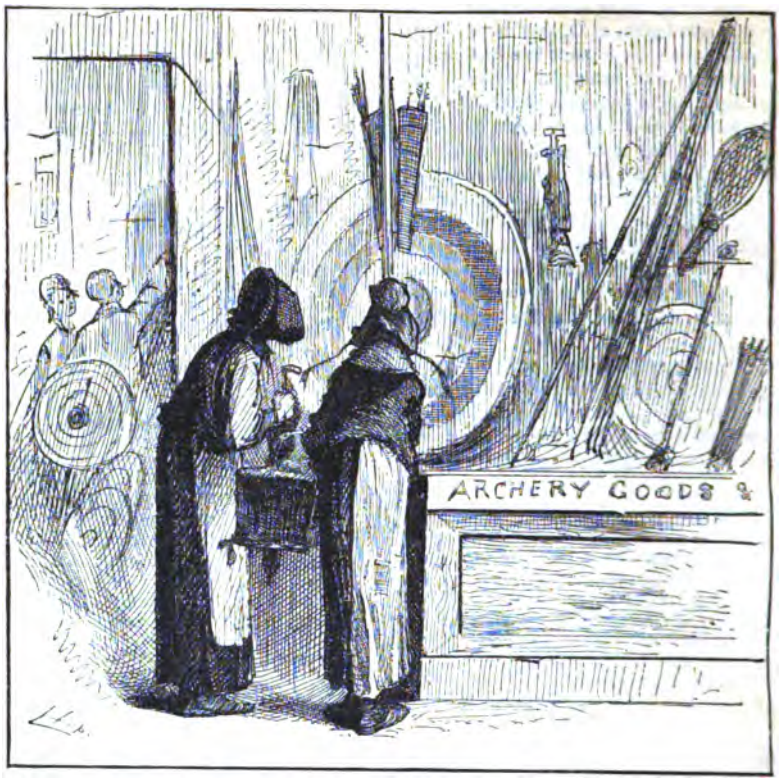

THE USEFUL WITH THE BEAUTIFUL.

MRS. MULDOON.—"And aint that a foine dure mat an' how noice it's made."
MRS. O'BRIEN.—"Yes! an' they've put a pace of ile cloth on the undher soide to kape it from wettin' the kyarpet."

A Rhyme of the Time.

MISS PALLAS EUDORA VON BLURKY
She didn't know chicken from turkey;
High Spanish and Greek she could fluently speak,
But her knowledge of poultry was murky.

She could tell the great-uncle of Moses,
And the dates of the Wars of the Roses,
And the reasons of things,—why the Indians wore rings
In their red, aboriginal noses!

Why Shakspere was wrong in his grammar,
And the meaning of Emerson's "Brahma."
And she went chipping rocks with a little black box
And a small geological hammer!

She had views upon co-education
And the principal needs of the nation,
And her glasses were blue, and the number she knew
Of the stars in each high constellation.

And she wrote in a hand-writing clerky,
And she talked with an emphasis jerky,
And she painted on tiles in the sweetest of styles;
But she didn't know chicken from turkey!

NELLIE G. CONE.

Feminine.

SHE might have known it in the earlier spring,
That all my heart with vague desire was stirred;
And, ere the summer winds had taken wing,
I told her; but she smiled and said no word.

The autumn's eager hand his red gold grasped,
And she was silent; till from skies grown drear
Fell soft one fine, first snow-flake, and she clasped
My neck, and cried, "Love, we have lost a year!"

H. C. BUNNER.

The School-master Abroad.

THE following is a copy of a letter which is vouched for as original, received by a Broadway firm from a Michigan correspondent:

Aug. 10, 1879.

MR. A——
i wish to git the pictuars of all the kings and queens and dubs of each nashon i wish to hav them life size or what is so called. i want them with thare kingtom dress i want them for scenery if you can furnish me them let me know what the expence will be i wish to hav them so i can know them whare thay belong each won thair nashon.

. . . .

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